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A LITTLE JOURNEY

MARGOT ASQUITH

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1594

A LITTLE JOURNEY

BY

Oxford and Asquith,
" MARGOT ASQUITH, *countess of.*



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PART ONE

13th November, 1891.

WE settled it was impossible to let Papa off—though he objected to the last moment, and when asked by Arthur Balfour on Wednesday, 11th, at dinner, how he felt, he said, “As well as a man going to be executed can.” Having filled a bag and basket with every sort of thing—from old letters and books to powder and a buttonhook—Lucy and I drove to Victoria Station and said good-bye to Evan Charteris, Spencer Lyttleton, Sir Algernon West, Ernest Crawley, Charty and Ribblesdale.

We had a fair crossing and an excellent meal with M. Bocher. He had a reserved carriage locked up for us from Calais here. Papa read a book by A. Edwards on Egypt, Mamma perused Dante and I finished “Madame de Remusat.” We all slept on and off.

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RHEIMS.—We arrived here at 8.15 this morning. Mamma told me she had left her purse and diary behind her, but this did not annoy her except for a moment. We went to see the cathedral when we had finished our coffee and rolls. It is very beautiful, and finer outside than anything I ever saw—except perhaps Lincoln. I have seen finer environments and finer interiors; but for imagination, boldness and detail, I can hardly fancy anything more wonderful. It is as strong and severe in its decay as a skull, and has all the elegance and refinement of old Venetian point lace on the wedding gown of some great lady. There was a wailing funeral service going on, and a large congregation of praying people, chiefly of men. The altar was hidden by black merino, and much of the decoration was swathed in black. The coloured glass starring the roof flashed like gems upon our eyes. Mamma and I knelt and said our prayers. I felt far from home. Papa looked at many very poor pictures of Christ upon the Cross, objecting in a critical spirit to the way they were hung.

In the afternoon we went to see a Monsieur Bauer, to whom we had a letter of introduction from a great wine merchant. He was a courteous

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and intelligent German, who spoke all languages, and took great trouble to show us the cellars and the whole process of champagne making. After this, he took us to his office, and insisted on our tasting two bottles of exceptionally dry champagne, which I thought excellent. We drank his health and asked him to join us in our drive round the town.

Rheims is old and scattered, with a fine town hall and some interesting churches. It trades largely with us, and has woollen factories. Papa would talk his French, which was not half as good as M. Bauer's English. He told us that the last two *good* years for champagne were 1880 and 1887. He said to me, "Although I have been twenty-five years in France, I have never met one *entirely sincere* Frenchman."

Milan, 16th November, 1891.

WE arrived here at 9 to-night, having left Rheims for Lucerne yesterday at 9.20 a.m. It was a glorious night; the lake shimmering in an ecstasy of moon and stars; the town misty and breathless, and the high throbbing electric lights added to the blue darkness. I stood on the balcony

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of the Grand Hotel and watched the reflection in the flat lake. I finished the first volume of the "Memoirs of Marbot"—an interesting and direct account of Napoleon's engagements.

Had it not been for the scenery, I should have got on with the second volume, but it is a big book, though quickly read. It was a relief to get to the other side of the St. Gothard Tunnel, and find the country steeped in a snowy fog. One hundred interruptions of castles, churches, ravines, "bits" here, openings there, torrents and lakes everywhere had kept me in a continual dance. We were also under obligation to a civil and enthusiastic fellow-traveller, who knew every inch of the route, and even supplied us with maps. Papa had been foolish enough to try several languages on him, asking if the railway paid as "we seem to be the only first-class travellers," he said.

Mamma was deep in a book on Egyptology, given to Papa by Ribblesdale. She was awed and attracted by the dimensions of the statues and obelisks, one of whose feet alone, she told me, measured 6 ft. "It seems frightful! Just think, Margot, it is bigger than you!"

Dimensions are always puzzling, and convey

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nothing at all to my mind and I was deep in Austerlitz. Papa pleased me more by telling me that the second book Caxton had printed was a rhymed treatise upon hunting (translated by Berners), but this was a serious interruption, and conveyed my thoughts to Easton Grey and my horses, from thence to Leicestershire, ending with Mashonaland and Peter Flower. He soon tired of this, and being in great form began pointing out the beauties of Como, and a sky which was unfortunately clearing up. He pretended he would like to live in "a little house just like that," pointing to the white unpretentious architecture we were constantly passing. I retorted that none of them would hold even his letters. Mamma teased him very deliciously. We dined at 6.15, and read till bedtime.

Rome, 17th November, 1891.

WE got up early to see Milan Cathedral. It is white and spiritual-looking outside, but it is largely faked inside and the false roof jars upon me. Papa spoke at the top of his voice while all the people were praying. I have come to the conclusion that he has really immense moral senti-

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ment, a good deal of artistic sentiment, and no religious sentiment whatever; awe is unknown to him.

We got into the train at 9, and arrived here at 11.30. I finished the second volume of "Marbot," which is long. I read the last fifty pages standing up near the lamp, as it shook less, and the daylight had been considerably diminished by forty-nine tunnels on the sea coast. Papa said, "Oh! those envious tunnels!" As our eyes squinted first with the dazzling sunlight and dancing water, and seemed to fade and become extinct with the dim lamp and stuffy interior of our compartment, we began to feel irascible and exhausted. Papa told me about the Devon and Consul Copper Mine, whose shares went from £1 to £1,000, which interested me enormously, and he told it extremely well.

Rome, 18th November.

ON arriving at 11.10 a.m., tired and dirty, I wrote to Mr. Rennell Rodd and Lord Dufferin, to tell them we were here, and in the morning Harry Cust and Rodd came to fetch us and show us Rome, and Lord Dufferin asked us to dine with

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him, but luckily, we leave the day he wanted us, as dining out after sightseeing is trying. I made an appointment to go and see him the next day.

We started our tour by going to see St. Peter's. I have been fortunate enough to hear Rome poorly described, so I am enthralled by it all. I had no idea that the approach to St. Peter's was so splendid, the colonnade and steps so vast, and everything such a beautiful colour. I can quite imagine St. Peter's disappointing people who expected it to be dim and worshipful. St. Paul's in London has more quiet, and many cathedrals have more reverence, but none of them could express more triumph. It is not prayers, but cheers, a kind of golden hurrah shouted up to heaven. It is too large to love, too bright to see, and too big to criticise. People have their own architecture like their own colour, and mine is not Roman; but I have no limits in taste and with all its faults I still see the greatness of St. Peter's. The high altar is the ugliest specimen of tortured taste that I ever saw in my life. The finest thing in the whole church is Michael Angelo's Virgin holding the dead Christ in her lap. Such a lovely little *woman's* face, such unquestioning resignation and sorrowing

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sympathy, and the long bony body of Christ full of feeling!

As usual, I passed a funeral; I am pursued by funerals—which is so unnecessary, as I never forget death, not for one moment of the day. The chants of monks and the thud of the long procession woke me up. I ran on to the balcony in my dressing gown, and saw the cross carried down the flaring Parisian street of modern Rome by white-cowled brothers, brown monks and sisters of charity; the coffin followed and a host of mourners, and carriages of flowers rolled out of sight.

After seeing a service at St. Peter's, and hearing fine music, we went over the Vatican. At first it looks like one row of cottages on the top of the other—little yellow houses put upon each other at different angles, with small windows, the whole building peering above a strong wall. But when you walk past the striped guards, up the stairs, and see the amount of courtyards, and rooms of frescoes and statues, you cannot connect the interior with what you see looking up from outside. The Sistine chapel and Michael Angelo's ceiling are feasts of beauty, but so difficult to see that it made my eyes ache. The figure of Adam in the

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Creation is a perfection of line, and the little squatting woman at his feet with prophetic eyes and light green suit is very fascinating. Michael Angelo's imagination is almost too male and muscular, and though not as beautiful as his men, he makes women like women. He looked upon men as athletes and women as mothers. Of the sculpture I liked the torso, with "Apollonius" printed underneath it most of all. There is benediction in the attitude and yet power enough to kill, and nothing but one's fancy to decide which he is doing. I don't care for the Apollo Belvedere, but there is a beautiful young athlete at the end of a long hall which is called the Apoxyomenos.

We lunched at a pothouse off macaroni and salad, and then drove to the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Capitol. I was spellbound with wonder and depression at the ruins of so much greatness and glory. The earth seems to have sighed *so* deeply that she shook off all her ornaments. A few fine columns, like tiaras on faded faces, some remnant of joyous nobility—still stand erect and beautiful; but there is a look of fatality about the whole place which haunted me, and I never saw a *sadder town*. Not all the noise of newness, or all

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the remade gaiety of modern buildings and boulevards, theatres, and promenades can really touch the central current of Rome, the deep "noiseless current." It is dead and only the ghosts live. At every corner you feel the futility of man, and hear the faint, repeated echoes of laughter. A little child gambols over the broken pavement, and you feel the greatness of God. We walked up the steps to the Capitol, and saw the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, with his kind old face, and hand stretched out to bless the town.

We drove out to St. Paul's, a fine, modern church, with four rows of grey marble pillars, and no seats at all—more like a banqueting hall or a senate house.

Harry Cust and Rennell Rodd were with us all the time. I discussed modern politics with the latter and the "Rape of the Sabines" with the former. Then we drove up the Pincian Hill, and looked at the outline of Rome against a scarlet and saffron sky. There was a little black ilex avenue and round stone fountain; then a low wall, which we leant over and gazed at the dome of St. Peter's, while I said my prayers.

We called upon the Slades on our way home;

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and found the Colonel tired out with nursing his little girl, and a governess who had gone mad. The room was very dark, and full of photographs. I saw an old one of Charty and one of me, and a lot of Woolwich and Aldershot groups of officers, etc. Mamma and I drove home and we dined alone. After dinner, at 11.30, our guides called for us and took us to the Colosseum, to see it by moonlight. We were silent with its beauty and size and I could hardly sleep when we returned to bed.

19th November, 1891.

I WENT to see Lord Dufferin, and was much struck with the hideous taste of the Embassy and the beauty of the garden. I had a nice talk with Lord Dufferin. He advised me to marry; said I was too nice to be alone, and too clever not to be helping some man. He begged me not to be led away by personal attraction, and said respect was the first thing and love the second. He is very wise, but like all deaf people, pretends to hear, and has lost much of his social *éclat* and reply in general conversation. He said he could not look forward to the coming Radical Government, and asked me about my Gladstone visit. Papa and Mamma

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picked me up, and we went on to the Capitol with Harry and Rennell Rodd. There are some fine things there, notably the heads of the emperors. I was disappointed with the Gladiator, admired the bronze Centaurs, bas-reliefs, bits of scrolls, and tombs with their faces weighted with sorrow. We then drove along the Appian Way, and saw the Campagna and the Catacombs. I knew I could not escape the latter, though I hoped a cold in my head would protect me. I am not much of a tourist but, after all, it is better to see everything.

We had glorious weather—not *one* bad day, nor, indeed, since we left London have we seen a cloud. Mamma, Papa, and I dined with the Slades. I sat next to Dr. Axel Munthe, whose “Letters from a Mourning City” Maude White translated. I found him original and interesting, full of fancy, with a kind of lurid humour. We got on well as I recognised him quickly.

20th November.

MR. MUNTHER called, and drove me to the Pantheon, which I thought remarkably ugly inside. We went to two or three other churches, and then he took me to see the room Keats

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died in. The Dr. lives in a regular rabbit warren—a mixture of his early taste in stuffs and velvets and his latter simplicity. Books, bronzes, religious relics, and medical problems, square chairs and some morbid French landscapes made up his interior. He is an artist and a poet; he said I had flown across his path like a little brilliant bird that comes quite close and then flies away; that I surprised him and brought him back to life; but that he wished he had met me before I was spoilt. I assured him I was quite unchanged; as I was born with what he minded and had in no way improved! He said my brain worked at lightning speed, and added that I must not think his indifferent English precluded him from being an excellent judge both of character and intellect. He took me to the station where he kissed my hands.

We arrived at Naples at 7.30 and were joined by Cust and Rodd, who were staying in the same hotel, having left Rome by the night train. Our hotel was on the quay, and I woke up to the sound of the waves blown up in the night. I went out on the balcony, and nodded to the jabbering flower boys below, holding up large bunches of yellow and pink roses. This greeting brought one of them up-

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stairs, and we gave the little blackguard two francs for roses, which we observed were sold all over the streets for fourpence.

I never saw such a compound of squalor, idleness, gaiety, dirt, noise, and colour, as Naples. Everything is done in the street—dressing, cooking, cows milked, boots cleaned, men shaved, girls sewing and singing, or brushing each other's hair. Everyone begs; match-girls, flower-boys and cabmen run after you; lava, coral, tortoise-shell, all are shown with monkey gestures and in a harsh voice they call out: "Vär cheap, vär cheap!" The clothes and cloths that hang out of the windows, play and plait in the wind across the narrow slums. The harness of the ponies is lovely—and there is a little figure to keep off the evil eye on their forehead bands. The drivers scream at each other and race together, or stop to get a light from each other's cigars, quite regardless of you. We drove to the Museum and for two hours I was intensely happy. The Narcissus thrills one by his grace; and the Mercury, with his serious, alert face and lovely darting figure. Every bronze is a masterpiece, and would appeal to quite ordinary people. You want nothing on your side to see such asserting

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beauty; all criticism is silenced, and you can only wonder at people tolerating anything ugly near them again.

There are disadvantages as well as advantages in being as sensitive to form and beauty as I am. Want of grace influences my opinion of people, and nervous clumsiness makes me cold with impatience. I am fairly quick myself, but I don't think I upset things or step on dogs or trip over carpets, or waste a hundred matches before lighting a candle or a cigarette, or spill champagne, or prick my fingers. It is not a caution, but accuracy and scrupulosity. Papa tries me very highly with lunch in the train and at all meals as he is so hasty; he drops his pear upon the railway floor, and coffee on his clothes. He eats everything except what he doesn't like, and then says, "I am obliged to be a little careful, you see" (when rejecting some Continental contrivance of rice and indiarubber mushrooms). I chaff him about this; he has the quickest, but the most generous temper I ever saw. Mamma and I had a slight tiff in the Cameo room of the Museum. I said I felt nothing on seeing cameos as they did not appeal to my sense of beauty, at which she replied, in a nursery formula, "If you

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had to make one you would admire them soon enough." I pointed out that manual labour, while commanding my respect, in no way increased my admiration, and would turn indifference into dislike if I were the toiler. I felt quite cross and hated myself for it afterwards. Apart from this, we have been perfectly *d'accord* and wonderfully happy together.

In the afternoon Harry and Rennell took us to Pompeii. It rained a little, and was rather tiring walking on the flagged streets, but it is wonderful to see. One room was painted that lovely earthy red, and decorated with a Louis XVI *escritoire*, with wreaths and bows in green and gold. In another—all fragments, with no roof, and the rain blowing down the court—I saw a rose tree in full blossom. We picked some maidenhair at the foot of a Corinthian column and I sent some of it in a letter to Evan.

We waited an hour at the station, as the trains in Italy keep the most fantastic time. We all dined together, and I quarrelled with H. Cust over Victor Hugo; I rather gave away my case by exaggeration. We are on the defensive with each other

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over literature, as he thinks me a fool, and this is irritating, but he takes nothing really seriously—above all, his friends. He is seriously in love, but does not love seriously.

PART TWO

Sunday, November 22nd.

WE left Naples at 6.30 and had an endless journey to Brindisi, starting with eight in a carriage. I heard a Neapolitan Jew, after gazing at me, say to his friend that I was charming. He spoke in dialect, but one wants no interpreter for this kind of language. I had a cold in my head and chest, and my hair felt heavy. Thanks to Papa, preferring to listen to Cook's man, who met us at the station, instead of our courier Corelli, we were bundled into a 'bus with eight people in it, and there we waited an hour till everyone had reclaimed their luggage. As there were two ships and several 'buses, a stormy confusion raged between the passengers. Oaths in every language and a jumble of Italian, French, English and American voices reached our ears. We all sat passive, while the porters peered into the railway carriages. At last, after a tedious wait, we drove to the P. and O. ship *Bokhara*—a long, jolty drive. We climbed up the

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slanting board of a moderate-sized ship, and I was greeted by the old familiar smell of smuts and oil, steam and noise. A highly fringed stewardess with a superior manner showed us our berths—a small, ugly, narrow room with three beds in it which Mamma and I had to ourselves. A row of mustard-coloured wooden basins on an upper shelf above my head did not restore my confidence. The water bottles and the washhand-stands looked dirty, and the beds were iron-hard. We washed as well as we could, and turned into an endless dining-room, where we sat down on each side of the first officer—the sort of man I never meet—small, with clear eye and yellow hair, indifferent and civil, with a scanty laugh and businesslike way of eating or refusing. He was neither stupid nor vulgar, clever nor refined, just a simple, everyday man. After eating soup and chicken we went to bed, arranging shawls under the sheets. My bed, which was under the window, commanded a searching draught, and our door shut imperfectly; but as the ship was still and we were tired, we dozed off; suddenly we were awakened by the most awful noises; doors banging, people talking, every voice on each side distinctly heard—only thin planks between the cabins—

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porters, people and baggage overhead, which went on most of the night. Huge boxes and cases were dragged along over our heads and bumped down, sometimes one bump, sometimes three or four for each box; there must have been at least a hundred, and feet going all the time, with shouts and screams. That night was my idea of hell! At 6.15 I felt a longer drag than the others, and then three little muffled bumps, and I knew the ship had started on the smooth harbour water. By this time the sun was flooding the water and illuminating our cabin, so that sleep was out of the question. Then the plates were laid and breakfast began to be prepared, more feet moving, china smashing and, thanks to the motion of the ship, our door was perpetually bursting open.

Monday, November 23rd.

OUR stewardess came in at 7.40 with tea, and I felt as if I had never been in bed at all. We got up after 10, as the sea was still, and I went to have a big bath of hot salt water with a strong smell in it of oily steam. I had a foot-pan of fresh water to soap with. The screw below the bath made me feel as if I had no inside worth mention-

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ing. We all went on deck, where I tried to read; but the wind was just enough to make this tiresome, and whichever side I chose to sit on was smutty, so I walked up and down and looked at the other people—a tiresome lot of faces of the type one sees at stations or *table d'hôte* or in the English churches abroad—one nice-looking man, Captain Martyr, in the Egyptian army, and rather a pretty, airified American woman with a challenging walk and complacent face. After walking up and down with Papa, I went to my cabin, and wrote this diary, sitting on a low box, and putting my ink and paper on the bed, a shrill draught all round me, and the throb of the engines underneath. At 1 we lunched, and Papa talked to an American lady, while Mamma and I ate curried eggs. I began to feel ill in the middle of lunch, and went to bed directly after without exactly undressing. There was hardly a motion; but my head ached, and I lay still for two hours; then, making an effort, I went on deck and found Papa with a huge cigar playing quoits, and was introduced to his new friends—Captain Martyr, in Egyptian army, who cursed sea voyages, and a nice Mrs. and Major Fenwick in the Cairo police. I made myself agreeable, but I felt

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too ill to stay, so went to bed and talked to the stewardess, and soon found out all her history. It was a curious one, reminding me of a Whyte Melville novel, "The White Rose." A flashy garrison girl, who comes to a poor end. She had been engaged to a man, "hevry hinch the very hessence of a gentleman"; but she ran away from him and married a good-for-nothing who had attracted her. He beat and ruined her, and died of a "gy life" (gay life). He was a splendid-looking man, "big-grown with a black beard," and an awful black-guard. She had "a hodd thousand or more," but he had spent it all, etc. With this kind of talk I got through the evening of the 23rd.

On Thursday, November 26th.

WE arrived in Alexandria at 7 a.m., after a hot, sleepless night. Lovely sunrise; the Khedive's palace, a white building with flat roof, rising out of a violet sea, looked particularly Oriental. Fearful jabbering and confusion of dragomen and luggage, fly-men, pilots, soldiers, policemen, children, screams and perspiration! We gave up the first train and drove round the

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town to a garden full of roses and date palms, passing a lot of handsome white donkeys, Arabs and people of all sorts, some in white hoods, others in turbans and fezes, or tarbouches, as I think they are called. They are a nation of great manners over here. The bow the gardener gave me, as if apologising for his gift of roses, was splendid, full of grace and dignity. But the poor are hideous!—the women like mummies covered with flies; and children like dolls of rag. We passed a tent in which an Arab wedding was going on, and long, low, minor music accompanied it. Our dragoman, whose English wanted interpretation, said, “One Arab takes one woman—music—you see.”

Masses of dusty earth and cabbages; horrible dogs wandering disconsolately about; dromedaries, goats, buffaloes, starved cows and skeletons of horses; men and women smoking, squatting and washing, and I saw no grass. We had lunch at the Hotel Khedive. I took up the *Egyptian Gazette* and read the death of Lord Lytton, and was much shocked and wrote to Lady Betty.

We travelled to Cairo, leaving Alexandria at 4; arrived at Cairo at 8 and drove in a *char-à-banc* to the hotel. My eyes, though extinct with fatigue,

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dwelt with delight on so much that was beautiful and unexpected in the hotel.

Luigi, the proprietor, is a genius, I can see. I found three letters for me from Sir Algy West, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Milner.

Cairo, Hotel Continental, November 27th.

I SLEPT badly, as I hate coarse, unbleached sheets, and iron-hard pillows, and mosquito nets make me feel hot. Got up at 3 a.m., found nothing to do; opened the windows and went to bed again; slept fitfully till six. Mr. Milner called and took us to a mosque at 10.30. I like to talk to him, though he makes me feel a little too dependent on information to talk really well. Arthur Balfour has precisely the opposite effect. The fact is, I do *not* know enough, and all the "imaginative insight" in the world will not serve instead of knowledge to eighty out of a hundred people. I had a fascinating drive through the big streets and byways under the highest of light blue skies and a lovely sun; groups of graceful, idle, slovenly Arabs sat or lolled, with lithe limbs, and folded gowns gathered round their arms and legs in coloured

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beauty of violet, blue and white. White here seems to have brown shadows like Munkácsy's pictures. Sloping, shuffling camels with tragic faces slipped silently past with men on their backs carrying babies and bundles wrapped in dust. The people here are always tired, and always dirty. The riders seem to be part of their mounts; they move with the uneven paces of camels or donkeys, and sit on their backs with or without reins or stirrups. The white donkeys with their poor heads tightly tied up are magnificent. I went up to one grinning Arab boy and loosed his donkey's head, to his vast amusement. He bowed, touching his head and breast, and I smiled my apology.

The mosque was curious and savage. A stone stair outside (such as you see in an English granary), with steep steps, four or five, and wide, sloping, dark stone passages, with badly paved floors and odd dark corners. I passed a few beggars sitting with their heads on their knees, and women with their faces turned to the wall, and their babies sitting straddled on their shoulders. We came to a wooden bar about 2 ft. off the ground and a row of Turkish slippers under the bar. These were tied on over our shoes by squatting negroes of

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no distinguishable race, after which we went into the interior of the mosque. It was a wild-looking place, open at the roof, with a round stone fountain, or pond, covered in by a sort of baldaquin with three steps round it, where the worshippers were washing their feet and stomachs; further on there was a single step leading to a sort of alcove, showing the road to Mecca, inlaid with Moorish marble of faded colours, originally, I dare say, very fine, but all out of repair, broken off with a streak of turquoise stone, like an ember in a dead fire. No altar except this corner, but a pulpit for the preacher, and a raised square place like an idealised cabman's shelter, where a man reads from the Koran all the time. It was Friday, the Arab Sunday, so service was going on. Men on bits of matting, kneeling with their foreheads upon the ground, turned towards the east, and the brown soles of their feet made a long line.

In the afternoon Mr. Milner took us to the pony races, where we saw Cairo society, and were introduced to the Barings and Grenfells, etc. Sir Evelyn struck me as a man of stature, and I am sure she is a great lady. Lady Grenfell wonderfully agreeable with a small waist, and her husband,

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big, genial and Oriental in appearance. The race-course is lovely, surrounded by palm trees; and in the evening the citadel above Cairo looked peach colour with the faint afterglow.

November 28th.

WE went to the bazaars and bought silks and embroideries. Papa became rather impatient. I don't care about shopping with a man, although I am not very feminine as regards shopping. I never go except as an accompaniment to someone else. I bought a Sais's dress to dance in and a little blue savage-looking ornament.

In the afternoon I rode on Captain Martyr's pony with Major Fenwick. It was a funny little pony, an Arab, with short shoulders, a hard mouth and the stumbling gait of a thoroughly bad hack. It trotted as if it had a cart behind it. We rode through the town to the racecourse, which we galloped round. Papa played golf on bad ground, and I got home late and hot to find Mrs. — anxious to take me to Lady Grenfell's "afternoon." I dived into a bath and my clothes, and went to write our names at the Barings. Mrs. —, a most good-natured sort of woman, told me several

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times she was not a “big person in Cairo, but enjoyed herself all the same.” I listened absently. She asked me what I should do if I were placed in the same dilemma as she had been—the General’s wife had, or had not, called on her; should she, or should she not, call upon her? or some such problem. I felt as if I had been translated into a society novel such as those sold for “light reading” on a railway stall—“Cut by the County” or “Ought We to Visit Her?”

Mr. Milner took us to the opera in the evening, and we saw a French company perform “Le Barbier de Seville.” Italian music is insultingly obvious, and has no argument whatever. Between the airs—which are pretty—there is insignificant padding, which is irritating to a musical person.

Sunday, November 29th.

I GOT up late, having had a bad night. Nervous of the animal world, hot and exhausted, I lay awake, thinking of a hundred things, till 4 a.m. I went to church with Mamma and Papa in the morning, and soldiers showed us into our pews. We heard an excellent sermon. The clergyman

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said the reaction from a Puritan hell into modern heaven turned God from good into good-natured or words to that effect. He quoted Buckle and Tennyson, and yet spoke quite simply and directly. After lunch Captain Martyr drove with us to the University Mosque—quite the most marvellous sight I have ever seen. Thousands of men and boys in groups on the floor, learning the Koran, some learning by themselves, others round a professor; all speaking at once and swaying to and fro; rings of children that made me giddy to watch, all jabbering their lessons. Some men, entirely covered up, like graceful corpses, sleeping on the floor; others on their little matting or piece of carpet praying. It was large and low, full of pillars like a crypt, with flat stone roof and straw matting and an alcove to Mecca. It was a religious university, and not one word of what they learn there is, I am told, of the slightest use to them, but the same teaching has gone on for ages and ages. The effect of light from big openings in the roof between the grey pillars on these myriad of sitting figures was immensely striking. I saw some fine intellectual faces among the teachers; they looked clean, interested and unself-conscious.

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Mr. Alfred Milner took me for a long drive up the Nile. The loveliest effects I ever saw were the sailing ships, with their bent poles and sails furled round them, like the petals of a flower when the sun goes down, all closed round in a kind of close virginity, white and beautiful; the masts shooting up into a red rose sky, with purple bars across and, as it were, preventing the palm trees from catching fire. We walked and drove in turns and had a memorable talk. He has a very rare mind. Without being a humorous man, he has a fine sense of humour; and if he likes you enough to forgive your spontaneity, you expand and feel remarkably at your ease with him. The Nile was full of twinkle, reproducing the sunset with a smile.

PART THREE

Monday, November 30th.

MAMMA not well. There is something in the Cairo air that is a trifle upsetting. She stayed in bed, and Papa went to a gun shop with Captain Besant, to see about his gun and cartridges for the Nile. I do not know what he will shoot, unless a camel or a crocodile! I took the opportunity to buy some Arab silky cottons for my maid to make me a shirt. I took my dragoman, whose face reminded me of my groom, Frost; rather darker in colour than the regular Egyptian; very clean and well dressed. He bargained for me, and said I was so fine and kind because I smile at the natives, and they all loved me—which was a sort of blarney. He took me to a scent shop, and the man, squatting, as they all do here in their open booths, begged me to sit down. It was like a little stage, and I sat where the footlights ought to have come, and dangled my feet over a raised edge. He opened several big bottles, and, taking my hand,

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turned my sleeve down, and rubbed my wrist with a pungent smell of violets and syrup, and then kissed my wrist with infinite grace. I bought some violets and attar of roses in pretty bottles, and he gave me some incense for a present, bowing low. I departed, holding my white skirt rather close, as the jostle of children, donkeys, women, flies, watermen and beggars in the native bazaar is stifling, and you have an idea that so much hot dirt must beget disease. The children came and touched me, and stared, and ran away, as if I were too clean to be real. They are all like great babies and very easily amused.

After lunch I went for a ride with my friend of the boat, who kindly mounted me on an Arab three years old—small and slippery, but full of vitality, and moved like oil under me. He took me to the desert, beyond the powder-magazine, through some suburbs and stray buildings to the Khedives' tombs. We seemed to be riding on rock sprinkled with sand, very hard and uneven and dull loose stones all over the place. Major Fenwick was not prejudiced by this; and, when we were a little less upon the rock and more upon the sand, we started full tilt, passing a travelling party of donkeys, right up

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over a rise of the ground, till we got to a flattish top, from which we had a marvellous view of the Nile stretching below us in a tan-coloured desert. We saw three foxes, two like cats, sunning themselves in the rocks, and the third stealing along under the tombs. I could not have "halloed" to save my life, though they were just like English foxes, big and swift, with grey hairs in their coats. We had to pick out our way here and there, as the ground was cut out into chalk pits. The Jewish cemetery from a distance looked rather pathetic, as Arabs do not allow a Jew to be buried in Cairo, and sometimes the police have to protect Jewish funerals. There is an extraordinary fascination in galloping silently along the desert—a feeling of warm, still desolation. The palm trees thrust their copper lances into the sky, and burst into green as they get near the sun. The citadel looked like the background of a religious picture, with a pink and lilac setting, each angle reflecting a different colour, like the facets of a jewel. An occasional camel and group of Bedouins slipped noiselessly past, and I felt as if I had intruded upon the Old Testament.

In the evening Mr. Milner and Captain Besant dined with us, and then Papa, they, and I drove in

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an open carriage into the bazaars, where there was a feast they called Mulid el Hasanain (the feast of Hasan and Husain), which was most curious. The whole native population in the streets and every shop, booth and stage (as I call them) were illuminated; the houses joined by flags, small, square and red, with a white pattern.

As there are no pavements to distinguish where to walk and where to drive, and the crowd was immense and highly excited, driving was dangerous. The people work themselves up by swaying to and fro, and beating gongs and singing monotonous chants, which tone in well with the native colouring; everything there is in a minor key with endless repetition. I can imagine being hypnotised by the sound and the swing of an Arab crowd. The sharp, sudden scream of a lunatic as he passes you with his arms up and his mouth open makes you start. He will stop and smile at you, with an air of half savage, half friendly good nature. We saw women dancing in a revolting way, shaking their stomachs and bosoms, while keeping their heads quite still; their eyes were painted till they glowed like snakes; they were naked to the waist, and a sort of heavy embroidery skirt caught up to show a bit

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of leg gave an air of squalor. They hold themselves beautifully, and their necks are straight and strong from carrying weights. We got out of the carriage and walked down a dark alley to look at a Persian carpet shop. Mr. Milner knew the man, and they handed me up on to the stage, and offered us tea. I had my short, red Spanish gown on, and a diamond at my throat, which I saw two Israelites staring at. I wore a black hat and my blue and sable cloak. We all sat on chairs. Mr. Milner in his tarbouche looked quite Oriental. We had glasses of strong black tea—very good—and I felt as if I were doing the heroine at amateur theatricals, only the masses of people passing at our feet were not taking any interest in the play. We shook hands, and smiled, and went away. When Mr. Milner asked how trade was going on, the old shopman answered, "Much business—small profits." The usual Cairo lie, as I hear they coin money in the carpet shops.

The Nile, Cook's Steamer "Rameses," Dec. 1st.

WE embarked at 10, armed with roses presented by the hotel-keeper. The Continental Hotel is the best I have ever seen in any

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country—bathroom, bedrooms, lighting and ventilation perfect. Our *salon* was quite beautiful, hung with satins and embroideries that filled my eye. I wish I did not set so much store by beauty; I could look at a bright colour or a fine design for hours. If I were allowed to ride and read and make love in the sun, I could be intensely happy. I was born out of doors, but, though a gipsy in some ways, I know no one upon whom dirt, ugliness, discomfort and unpunctuality jar so much. A mixture of a city clerk or post-office woman and a wandering circus girl.

I felt in watching my parents what a wonderful cross they made. As a family, we ought to be more remarkable. The refinement and gentle unworldliness, mixed with originality of Mamma; her sensitive shrinking from moral responsibility and decisions of any kind; her social diffidence, unselfishness, and reserve—all fit and modify Papa's abundant vitality and fearlessness; his push, unself-consciousness and unreflecting remarks are too simple to offend. He has the sweetest and most generous temper, and the finest kind of nature, incapable of hurting anyone's feelings—too busy, too healthy, too fond and full of life to feel anything

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morbidly. His brain has, through circumstances, developed sides, of which his children know nothing; but we are all more like him than Mamma in our energy and geniality to strangers and servants. The boys have more of Mamma's self-effacing reserve, but we have Papa's confidence and hope; we have missed the beauty of my mother's family and I cannot share her view that this is a good thing—"It protects one from temptation," she always says.

On Cook's Steamboat.

THIS ship or boat is a model of clean, wise arrangement; good berths, a fine deck, and shaded from the sun. It is expensive and beautifully done. As there are about thirty passengers, while room for eighty, we each have a double berth to ourselves.

The Nile is quite still, nothing upsets, not even my interior, which is saying a good deal. My temples rumble a little, but, on the whole I feel well. The air is like Scotland on a September day—clear, strong and lovely. Though I trembled in anticipation of this journey, I know I shall enjoy myself. You cannot escape draughts on a ship—of

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that I am sure; and I doubt if people read much on a yacht. I wrapped up warmly, and read Wallis Budge's book on the Nile, with which Mr. Cook presents all his passengers, and which teaches one a great deal. I also read an article in *Blackwood's* on evacuating Egypt—extremely reliable and sensible. As a party cry, it is wicked, as well as foolish, to talk of evacuating Egypt. Gladstone is as ignorant of the true state of this country as a child is of matches; and his foreign policy is insular to a degree. What with Salisbury's want of tact and Gladstone's party squibs, Egypt is likely to become a great difficulty to us.

After an early lunch, we landed at Bedresheyra, and mounted on donkeys to ride to Memphis and Sakkara. The row and crowd of donkey-boys, all keen to tell you of their donkeys' merits, was deafening. "Ah! ha! here!—vär good—all right—gallop fast! Yah! ha! speak English he," etc. I chose a small white donkey, with his mane painted orange, that proved to be an angel; quick and sensitive to my heel, he threaded his way along a towing path, between two cultivated swamps, where men and boys were working without clothes. We rode many miles, a party of twenty off the ship.

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I was quite happy, on a comfortable saddle of Cook's, riding my fleet little donkey.

We saw the remains of Memphis, and the colossal statue of Rameses II, 48 ft. in height, but it was lying down, and we climbed a scaffolding to see its gigantic face, and the serpent, which is the symbol of royalty, on his diadem. We passed some old, ugly, and not very high pyramids, and the Sakkara, the burial-ground of the ancient Egyptians, which are like so many sandy holes. One donkey fell, and the gentleman flew over his head. At first I thought mine would, as the ground was too rough for his little pattering feet; but he never stumbled once, and we went on to the Serapeum, or Apis Mausoleum, where the sacred bulls at Memphis were buried—great granite sarcophagi, which we descended underground to see. We walked down endless corridors in a stifling atmosphere breathed by thousands of tourists, as unchangeable as the catacombs, and quite unventilated. The place was lit by tallow dips, which we all held.

The only beauty I saw was a tomb of some great ruler (B.C. 3500), a stone room covered with faint bas-reliefs of him and his wife and various animals. The ruler very big, and his wife sitting at his feet

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clasping one of his calves, with little figures of his retainers all round him. The donkeys, geese, birds, crocodiles, cats, etc., all beautifully drawn; they might have been done yesterday; every nostril and claw was raised in fine stone. The ruler and his wife were coloured a sort of Pompeian red, smeared all over their stiff, wide-shouldered, slim-waisted bodies.

We returned at 4, and as I was full of desert sand, I had a bath. I went on deck and watched the wonderful river. It is full of turns and bends, and the banks are beautiful, with strips of emerald where the ground is cultivated. High pampas grass on orange sand, or plantations of palm trees standing in the water. We keep in the middle of the river, which is wide; but we can see the banks and country clearly. The Bedouins camp out in corn or sugar cane; their camels lying down round them. They live in mud huts with no windows, like the old nursery picture books—"Beavers at Home," or any other animal that raises mounds over its back.

The hilly outline of the horizon is what surprises me, as I always thought the desert was flat and uncultivated. The boats, filled with green rushes,

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have pointed sails, and are wonderfully picturesque, the men standing up lazily rowing a single oar, between high bending masts. The hills on the horizon are sand, and take curious shapes. They look as if they had been made by the Egyptians, who were artists in everything except in their men and women, who lack grace and variety.

Sometimes the villages are superior—square, low, stone houses with windows, and in front of them herds of goats, donkeys and starved-looking dogs, all the colour of sand and revelling in the mud at the edge of the Nile. We saw a flock of pelicans flying into the sun, and flocks of turkeys.

I cannot do anything in a draught, except walk and smoke cigarettes, or lie on a chair and think. We have breakfast at 8, lunch at 1, and dinner at 7; electric light goes out at 11, and the ship does not move at night, so I look forward to sleeping well, which I seldom did in Cairo. The air here is really creative and I feel well and happy.

Wednesday, December 2nd, 1891.

A QUIET day; no expedition. I wrote my diary, played the piano, spoke to a French lady, but grudge all time wasted in talking

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to people that I do not feel I can listen to. I speak without saying anything, and listen without understanding. I am glad of this, as I shall have time to read and write. I began to long for England and the grass and rain.

I never go abroad without feeling pride in my country. We are honest and trusted; we are brave, and inspire courage, and we are cultivated and clean. If you want to flatter a Frenchman or an Austrian, you have only to say you took him for an Englishman. We women get our taste in clothes from Paris, but the French and Austrians get their clothes in London, and their tastes in sport from us. We might do well to copy the manners of the Austrians or Arabs, and imitate the French in their enunciation and cooking of vegetables. Beyond this, I never saw a country that did not tempt me to say, "Thank God I am English," or a religion that did not make me pray for others and bless my God.

There are three things we lack, and perhaps always will lack—courtesy, music and sculpture. The French are far ahead of us in these. Also there is a fashion in our literature for confused form. We have humour, philosophy, morality

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and poetry in our novels, but no style. Meredith cannot be said to have *l'oreille juste*. The French are monotonously fond of one subject in their literature, but their method and style are perfect. They begin and finish at the right place; they choose happy epithets, and do not repeat themselves or weaken their vocabulary by slang. There is an opening now in France for a healthy novelist with imagination and humour. Their books want filtering; ours need condensing.

Nile, off Assiout, Thursday, December 3rd.

WOKE up, feeling dull. Wrote letters to England. We stopped and went on land to see the small tombs. My donkey, odious brute! fell twice. I slipped off successfully each time on to my toes. Our dragoman wanted us to walk up a hot, sandy hill to see an ancient tomb, and most of the party went, but I remained sitting on the rocks, looking over the landscape—high and green corn below and a silver line of Nile beyond, with rock hills above us; all the donkeys and Arab boys, in lazy groups, waiting for their riders.

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December 4th.

LANDED at Assiout at 3, and went for a donkey ride. We rode through the bazaar, and I bought two yellow silk sashes, a bunch of roses, and a large dirty coffee-pot—savage and handsome, made of copper. There was a marvellous sunset, like flocks of gold birds disappearing into hell.

In the evening an old reverend gentleman challenged me to dance with him. I always thought he was a little touched in his head, and he told me that after a heavy fall he had lost his memory. He danced foolishly, but actively. I was persuaded into dancing alone with my castagnettes. I got no letters in Assiout, and could have sobbed with intense disappointment and boredom. My twenty-five fellow-passengers looked ugly and common, and I execrated travelling. I hate the idleness, monotony, and helplessness of a ship; the up and down! up and down! noise of paddles and the unchanging ugliness of the crew. If it were not for the Arab servants, and the outlook, I should go into a consuming melancholy. Not a man here ever opens a book, except a wall-eyed professor, who speaks to no one, not even to his wife. The general

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talk is whether the boat, *Rameses the Great*, has or has not better food, or people, or accommodation, and whether the old gentleman does not drink to inspire such activity. I assured them that he was mad enough to make him independent of any restorative.

PART FOUR

Assiout, December 5th.

NO letters! How slender one's hold upon one's friends is! I believe if I were to stay in Egypt a year and die of any of the many disgusting sights here (donkeys' wounds pricked with pins, babies' eyes eaten out by flies, boys beaten, horses starved, etc.), no one would miss me. One makes as much impression on people as a fly on a bun. When I read of Parnell or Lasalle or smaller men who have arrested attention, I feel full of envy, and wish I had been born a man. In a woman all one's own internal urging is a mistake; it leads to nothing, and breaks loose in sharp utterances and passionate overthrows of conventionality.

We walked up a hill to see the view of the town this morning, which was repaying, though I felt sore with disappointment at getting no letters. It is one of the drawbacks of ship life that, unless you lock yourself in the bathroom or lie in your berth, you are never alone. It is as necessary for me to

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be alone some part of every day as to wash, dress, read or ride.

Sunday, December 6th.

I HARDLY realised it was Sunday, but read the morning Psalms in Laura's prayer book, and wondered if God did much for me. Read Duntzer's "Life of Goethe." Extremely hot. Papa finished "Eothen." Hated myself for feeling so bored and depressed. Unable to write or read for wind and people. Read review of Rosebery's "Pitt" and Traill's "Salisbury," and an allusion to George Curzon in the *Review of Reviews*. Felt happy at thinking of my friends' advancement—Arthur Balfour and George Curzon. Read quotations out of M. Filou's article on J. Morley; was much struck by several things, especially the last saying, "Truth is quiet." It seemed to heal me. The French admire J. Morley immensely. This summer M. de Vogué raved about him to me—if you can imagine the praise of so stiff and grave a man being called raving. I can quite see how thoughtful Frenchmen must be struck by Morley; his austerity and healthiness must almost wound the majority of them, while exciting their high-

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est admiration and respect. He looks at life from a height, quietly, objectively and a little greyly. His philosophy steps in between him and political power. He lacks faith. There is a thin veil between his principles and his personality. One knows—without asking why—that he will never be Prime Minister. M. A. Filou says of Morley's "Compromise": "It is a frank book; a little blunt; not very conciliatory; and very imperious as a summons." He says of his "Rousseau": "It is in this book that we find those alternations between disdain and indulgence, that shrinking disgust, and returning out of pity, which characterise him, and which his subject, alas! so well justified."

Monday, December 7th.

SAW Denderah, the finest temple we have yet seen. The top of each column is caught up like a curtain and coloured turquoise blue; they are covered with bas-reliefs of kings and prisoners, ships and serpents. I noticed a finer type of face—Nero on one wall and Cleopatra on another, and a lovely panther—with a dead figure lying on it—Greek in design.

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Luxor, December 7th.

WE got to Luxor in the finest sundown I ever saw; no trace of brown river, merely a sheet of molten, undulating gold, verging into copper towards the banks. The whole inhabitants turned out to see us arrive—dignified, graceful figures, in long chemises of brown or green, blue and white; handsome, superior men, for Luxor is a big town. They stood, or squatted, or leant against their donkeys, with a background of the massive granite blocks of the Temple of Luxor. The many columns were in long avenues, a colossal figure of a god or king between each, and a finely cut obelisk stood out violet in the dead sunlight.

Mr. Harris, my nice ex-railway director, took Papa and me across to the hotel to see if there were any letters. We walked through the garden and the old gentleman stopped and, picking me a pink rose, said, "I know a genuine article when I see it—I am too old to flatter. Young lady, you are charming." I found eighteen letters, three of which were quite incomprehensible to me from Mary Drew: "Risking mischief-making, I cannot resist this enclosure" (I need hardly say there was *no* enclosure); "but if you can go and see him, you

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will soon be on the best of terms," etc. Who "he" is I have no notion whatever! I at once wrote to ask. The next was from E. C.: "I regret having sent you my letter. Why can I not trust you?—Yours in nothing but haste.—E." Having never heard from E., I could not understand this, and felt vexed at the stupidity of my friends, but proceeded to devour charming letters from Mr. Asquith, Ribblesdale, Oscar Wilde—dedicating a story to me, "The Star Child"—one from Mr. Rodd, sending me the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and one from Mr. Algernon West, sending me Lord Rosebery's "Pitt," which I read into the night and early morning.

Luxor, December 8th.

WE crossed the Nile to see the tombs of the kings and lunched in "Tomb 18." Much as I respect Cook and despise people who think it vulgar to go and see places of interest in company with strangers, I felt a faint shudder at the announcement of our lunching spot! Most of the tombs are 30 ft. to 40 ft. underground, and the colours wonderfully preserved. Some of the ceilings most beautiful. I was immensely pleased with a

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yellow panther surrounded by stars and a snake with three heads, four legs, one tail and two wings.

After lunch we climbed up a wild, sandy, stony hill to see a view of the desert and the Nile, lonely, savage and strange. I was reminded of some text in the Old Testament about the shadow of a great rock in a dusty plain. After a long ride we sailed back across the river to our steamer in the warm light of sundown.

Sitting next to Mr. Harris at dinner I had a good talk. He was discussing French poetry, and I abused the *Messieurs* and *Mesdames* and general pooriness and stiltedness of Corneille and Racine. He told me that Byron had called French poetry "Monotony in wire," and I delighted him by telling him of a gentleman who had never known Platonic affection till he married. *A propos* of Dizzy and his power of cut and thrust, he said that after some speech of Lord Salisbury's he had said, "The noble Lord's invective lacks finish." Mr. Harris is a subtle-minded, clever old man.

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Luxor, Wednesday, December 9th.

I READ Rosebery's "Life of Pitt" in bed and watched the scarlet sun rising over the hill. My berth is close to the water, and the moon slants over the blankets, casting a light on my modern purchases of scarabs, mummies and blue "uspabli" figures neatly arranged on the uninhabited bed.

We rode from Luxor to see Karnak (date about B. C. 1600), perhaps the finest temple on the Nile. The type of face on the walls is magnificent, and all is in perfect preservation. It rather damps my enterprise being in a small, dark room full of fellow-passengers holding tallow dips in front of their noses, listening to the monotonous voice of the dragoman telling lies about Rameses or Seti, with bats whirling round our heads.

After lunch we were photographed in a vulgar group, ruins in front and columns behind, and two handsome savages imported from the hills. My face comes out large and solid, and Mamma's looks like a heathen idol!

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December 10th.

GOT up early and saw the Temple of Medenet Habon—also two colossi, one of which is supposed to sing. They sit, large and faceless, looking towards Mecca, the green corn and silver thread of Nile joining the horizon below them. We hired a sort of boat and went on the river. Our sails swelled in the wind as we dipped and sped along the Nile. I took my shoes off and sat on the edge, dangling my feet in the water and telling ghost stories over my shoulder to my fellow-passengers. I am looked upon as an acquisition here, and am listened to and laughed at.

In the evening we were invited by the Italian Consul to go to a “fantasia,” or native dance. We went into a crowded stone-paved room a step off the street. A few lanterns hung from the walls, a piece of Persian carpet on the floor, and at the end of the room several Arab men and women squatted on the floor. Before we were seated, a hideous female in a long striped dressing-gown, with coins on her forehead and elastic-side boots, began to chink copper castagnettes and shake her corsetless figure, wriggling and gliding slowly round the circle. A dismal little gong and squeak rose from the

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floor, repeating the same two bars of minor wailing for an hour without variation. Sometimes the woman stopped, shaking her breasts and stomach, and in shrill and wrangling Arabic addressed other two women. This was friendly and casual and meant nothing in particular. Later on the other two joined the dance in a more exaggerated form. Papa was so shocked that he left the room. The bottle trick was clever. A thick-lipped, aggressive darkey rolled over and over like a large undeveloped fish, with a lighted candle in a bottle on her head, her vast hips collecting folds of bedgown round her till her white-stockinged legs up to her garters, and elastic-side boots were exhibited.

Friday, December 11th.

WE left early for Esneh, where we saw a magnificent Roman temple underground. I was accompanied by a student with books under his arm. I asked him what he was reading, and found he spoke English beautifully, and the book was rather a stiff work on mental and moral training. I thought him interesting. He was a Christian of the name of Victor Gladius. I got a letter from

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him at Assouan, beautifully written, beginning: "Dear Miss,—I am in high spirits to write to you. As soon as you left Esneh I was thinking about you. . . . Suppose I may have a good mind, a sound judgment, a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought of views, believe me I am not a genius, and can never become distinguished without severe application; hence all that I have must be the result of labour—hard, untiring labour," etc. He wants me to get him an appointment under "Hulner" (he meant Mr. Milner). I went to see his neat little room; it was rather touching—a lot of books, among others, Wallis Budge's "Nile."

Assouan, Saturday, December 12th.

WE got to Assouan late, and I rode on a camel for the first time through the bazaar. I was introduced on my return to some English officers—Lord Athlumney and Major Lewis. I was promised a mount by Athlumney and arranged to go to their parade next day. (Rather a relief to meet a gentleman.)

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Assouan, December 13th.

THE Soudanese soldiers are tall, large-mouthed and of nigger type, and were dressed in tarbouches, loose, grey-blue cloth coats, knickerbockers, high white "spats," like Highlanders, with red sashes round their waists. We breakfasted in the messroom. We were the first European women that had crossed the barrack-yard for eight months, and I could see courtesy and enthusiasm in every movement of these nice Englishmen. I looked at the mignonette sprouting at intervals in the hot sand amid large-leafed weeds, and told the young gardener that the weeds would choke the mignonette.

Lord Athlumney: Weeds! Why, that's my mustard and cress. It does grow rather large here.

Major Lewis: Praise our marigolds, Miss Tenant; they have come up in no time, and aren't they jolly colours?

(We heard a voice shouting: "Muggins! Muggins! how about those eggs and bacon?")

Lord Athlumney: This is the messroom. Let me introduce you to Hunter. (I bowed to the voice.)

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Margot: I think I heard you ordering a British servant to get our breakfast.

Hunter: Oh! Muggins isn't English; he's an Arab. Funny name, isn't it? I suppose it is short for something or other!

We all sat down in a bare, stone-floored, wooden-roofed room, with the walls distempered a chilly grey. I admired a lamp.

Major Lewis: Oh! that's Drago's; he's an awful swell! He'll show you his room, and you must play the piano. We have only got one.

Macdonald: And you must pour boiling water in *that* to drive out the scorpions before you can make a sound on it.

Lord Athlumney: I wish we'd thought of it, and we would have had it tuned.

Hunter (to Muggins): Hi! (followed by an Arabic oath), not cold turkey! grilled, you stupid; and look sharp. I'm afraid (turning to us), you are having a very poor meal. Would you rather drink Moselle cup or champagne? We can give you lots of that. I must say the tea is rather earthy.

Lord Athlumney: Hunter is such a Sybarite! If he had been weeks in the desert with nothing but

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salt wells and a chance of a dervish bullet to pull you together, he'd find the tea all right.

Lewis: Come and see my room.

Lord Athlumney: Mine is nearest; come and see mine. You dance awfully well, don't you, Miss Tennant? I'll show you a photograph of Letty Lind.

I delighted him by telling him she had given me lessons for two months. We adjourned to his room. Between photographs of ballet girls, soldiers, relations, courbashes, spears and swords were hung up and a view of his Irish country place. He showed me everything, even to blood marks on an old bastinado. Our expression of horror delighted him, and Lewis added, "Oh! that is nothing; his servant is a murderer, and ought to be serving his time now—manslaughter they call it—and if it hadn't been that his last master was a fiery tempered chap he would not be here now."

Margot: How?

Lewis: Oh! they came to arrest him, and S—— said, "What the hell" (or words to that effect) "do you mean by arresting my servant?" And his language was so awful that the native police retired.

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We left them standing up against the white barrack wall touching their tarbouches.

In the afternoon I put a judicious safety-pin into my white skirt, and put on the smartest shoes and stockings I possessed and skewered my straw hat. I was mounted by Lord Athlumney on a really beautiful Arab, about 15 hands, chestnut, with a turned-up nose and the gamest eye I ever saw; a little devil, and as swift as a swallow. I faced the dancing air and galloping plain of the desert. We went as fast as we could, and I felt I was showing more ankle than the safety-pin had guaranteed! Athlumney, seeing my efforts to keep my petticoats neat, said, with frank simplicity, "Oh! never mind. If you knew what it was to see a well turned leg after these Arab shanks, all bone, you would forgive us for seeing beyond your ankle." We rode home past the Beshareen camp with a white moon rising behind us and the scattered colours of a gorgeous sunset. It was dark when we reached Assouan, and the sky was spangled with stars.

PART FIVE

Assouan, Monday, December 14th.

MAJOR LEWIS, Lord Athlumney, and Mr. Hunter fetched Papa and myself for a ride, and, with the eyes of the entire Assouan population upon us, we started off at a gallop through the town, nearly colliding with camels and donkeys, or the groups of squatting women and smoking men. My horse turned into his stable, going a hundred miles an hour, and, had it not been for the sand, must have slipped up. I thought he would brain himself against the wall, but, after an oath from Athlumney, I reassured my friends, and we reached the rough ground. Papa did not like the rocks, but they amused me. I have heard so much of Arab ponies over rough ground, and I do not think they are over-praised—active, sure, and smooth on hot, slippery rocks. I would trust them not to fall in places, where I certainly should be on my head.

We returned as the moon rose, and Major Lewis begged us to come and have tea in his room. As he

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had had to pick up my hat twice in the ride, I though it was the least we could do. He was charming to us, and his bedroom a study. I felt translated into a Kipling story—the rough resource of his chairs and cupboards, the string bed in the open air, the neatly-kept boots, spurs and whips hanging against a scarlet curtain on a bare wall. While Athlumney was showing Papa his Arab shields and spurs in the next room, Major Lewis was kissing my hands, and telling me I was the most wonderful person he had ever met—gay, kind and true, and a delight to be with. I told him, if he did not take care, I should believe that I had deceived him about myself, and that it was lucky I was leaving at day-break.

The officers dined with us that night, and we had a regular orgy and “fantasia.” I danced with my castagnettes and I think I danced better than I ever did in my life. The audience acted like a stimulant on me. The iron supports to the ship ceiling broke a little of the monotony of the deck, and my scarlet frock and black lace petticoat did good service. I heard Mr. Hunter say it was the most lovely thing he ever saw. A crowd of Arab sailors watched me from a distance. Cook’s tourists sat against the

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deck railing, and the five officers in uniform made a ring round me. We finished with Sir Roger de Coverley, and accompanied them to the shore to see them off. They looked like Bedouins as they galloped away, their black silhouettes clear against the white Assouan houses.

December 15th, 1891.

WE got to Luxor at tea time, and received a batch of letters. Lord Lytton's successor not named officially. Prince Eddy's engagement to Princess May announced. I read Arthur Balfour's Glasgow address. The *motif* not distinct and, though clever, left you chilly. To say "knowledge is not power" to students at a university, is discouraging in the first place, and a platitude in the second; it is one of the things one knows but does not tell. I read an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on Madame Ackerman, a rebellious atheist, who constantly rails against the God she refuses to believe in. There was a nice quotation from Madame de la Fayette.

"La religion n'a pas à toutes les questions une réponse aussi précise que celle de l'immortalité en face de la mort; mais il n'est pas de douleur qu'elle

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laisse sans la soulager. C'est la différence d'une plaie qui est pansée à une plaie que ne l'est pas."

After dinner we rode to Karnak. I had the fleetest donkey, Minnehaha (laughing waters), and we flew, till the crupper broke, and my saddle collided with its ears. While the strap was being mended, my friends caught me up, and remonstrated on the danger of galloping in the dark, where the shadows look like fences and cart ruts are as black as graves. I left my party, and, sitting under the piercing black shadow of one of the columns, looked at the obelisk. It stood aloof and penetrating, with a single star above it, and was so beautiful, that it filled my soul with reverence.

December 16th.

WE left Luxor after many affectionate adieux to our friends. We sailed all day. I had a talk to a new and charming passenger, Mr. John Scott, the Chief Justice out here—a friend of Lord Dufferin—a very gentle, sympathetic, cultivated man, who lent Papa his *Times*, and me books of all kinds and reviews. I read Ribblesdale's "Journey with Parnell," in *The Nineteenth Century*—very well done; also M. Filou on John Morley, and

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Traill's "Life of Salisbury." I had a long talk with Mr. Scott about Egypt and Gladstone's foolish speech at Newcastle, and felt more convinced than ever of the impossibility of evacuation. The result would be a fearful state of things here; ultimate annexation.

Abydos, December 17th.

WE all three got up early and rode our donkeys for twelve miles. It was splendidly plucky of Mamma. We lunched at Abydos, which is a grand temple, beautifully preserved bas-reliefs, and the history of Egypt since heaven knows when, clearly cut in acres of wall. We rode home through bean fields, which smelt like England: Mamma, Bates (my mother's maid) and I all together, ambling along in the clear soft air, quite easy and happy. I got a telegram from Lord Athlumney, "To-day I find the world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with sawdust; horse pining away; am seeking consolation in the desert.—A."

Assiout, December 18th.

WE got to Assiout in the afternoon, and accompanied by Mr. Scott, I went on shore. He received fifteen native judges, and gave them

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coffee. He ordered a carriage and pair to drive Mamma to the foot of the hills to see the finest view in Egypt. Papa and I rode donkeys, and had a nice *tête-à-tête talk*; he is well and happy, exchanging reminiscences with Mr. Harris on old Bath days and early actors—Helen Faucit, Macready and Malibran. He has a wonderful memory, and knows Byron, the Ingoldsby Legends, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tommy Moore, by the yard. He told me that one day in Bath—when he was about eighteen—while looking through a tobacconist's window, he saw a very pretty girl behind the counter, upon which he walked into the shop and straight up to her, kissed her, saying as an excuse, "It was all her fault for being so pretty!"

We climbed slowly up the hill, and sitting down, looked over the valley of the Nile. The corn was greener than emerald, and the colour of the earth left by the overflow was a warm red chocolate. Below us lay the town of 5,000 inhabitants, built of mud bricks, but relieved by five or six beautiful minarets. The dyke along which we rode wound between us and the town, and was a busy thoroughfare of camels and donkeys. The groups of travelling Arabs and Bedouins, with loads of stone and

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corn and sugar cane on their donkeys, made a harmony of faded colours, like a Persian rug; men were standing in the water, up to their middles, washing clothes or sheep, and one was singing, in a loud, soothing monotony, a song like Biset's "A l'Hautesse Arabe." The range of the view from Assiout Hill gives one of the most complete ideas of Egypt, I think.

December 19th.

SIR HENRY ROSCOE and Mr. Darwin came to see us from the other ship, *Rameses the Great*. We discussed the evacuation of Egypt, and were all of one mind. I need hardly say that we got warmer over the discussion than if we had differed. I wrote this diary, and read "Collette," and walked up and down with Mr. Scott, who remembered Posie and Charty as little girls going to Palermo in 1869. I asked Mamma what had decided her to send them to Palermo. She replied that she and Papa always looked upon the map to see how far south a place was.

After dinner, Mamma, Mr. Scott and I talked of life seriously. I began by saying that I could not have married a country curate; that it would have

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stified me. Mr. Scott said very simply, "One career is much the same as another, if you forget yourself in your work; in any case, you do but scratch the surface." This depressed me, as I felt its truth, and I tried to defend myself; but I knew all the time that he was right. We watched a large moon rise while we continued our talk which brought an ache into my heart, though my friend was as hopeful as Wordsworth in all he said. He has gone through much, and life has assumed its right proportions with him. I found Mamma reading "Lead, Kindly Light," when I went in to say good-night to her.

Cairo, January 3rd, 1892.

WE have been here a fortnight to-day, and my impressions of Cairo society are quickly told. Lady Baring seems to me to have the most dignity—perhaps from nature, perhaps from the importance of her position. She is aloof and keeps clear of social factions and petty provincial disputes. Sir Evelyn has natural authority, and impresses all with respect. He is full of every English virtue, with an English sense of humour, and a great appreciation of literature of all kinds. With-

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out being what I should call an intellectual or subtle man, he is a man of intellect, and has excellent common sense. His determination might amount to obstinacy, and he has a directness of purpose bewildering to all the Orientals. He is youthful and simple in his domestic relations, loving little jokes, and telling good stories. Under a short-sighted, rather silent exterior, he really observes everything, and is *trés convaincu*. Without having the fancy to be conceited, he knows the value of his own qualities. I like him much, and had some interesting talk with him.

Lady Grenfell is a very important and active member of society—a fashionable figure, with a small waist and a great deal of social energy. She and Sir Francis, or “The Sirdar,” as he is called, are delightful together, most happy and understanding. He is a perfect dear—big, comfortable, authoritative, enjoying everything, arranging everything; fond of work, full of military effect, and full of heart and nature. I often ran in before dinner to have a talk with him.

Mr. Milner is both practically and intellectually the first of our English officials; he is loved and trusted, and has done more to make our occupation

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popular than anyone. I never met Scott Moncrieff, but Garstin, his successor, is a dear man, sensible, unaffected and intelligent. Mr. Money is the oldest English resident in Cairo. The pretty woman of the place is the General's wife, Mrs. W——, a lovely, elf-like little face, with fresh colouring, good hair, eyes and eyebrows, and coral pink run into a white skin—what Baron Malorti would call a “keepsake” face. General W—— is handsome and looks about thirty-five. Colonel Kitchener is a man of energy and ambition, but he has not got an interesting mind.

The only two natives of real intelligence and interest that I met while I was abroad was Princess Nazli, the ex-Khedive's first cousin, a woman of European emancipation, receiving both men and women unveiled in her own house, although outside her home she wears the yashmak. A woman of past forty, powdered and painted under the eyes, with the remains of beauty; a face full of experience and intelligence; a great talker, frightfully indiscreet, but graphic, and well taught in English. The other, an Armenian, Nubar Pasha, ex-Prime Minister, a man of sixty-eight, and extremely clever, with a subtle intellect, and unscrupulous political morality.

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December 29th.

MAMMA and I were taken by Lady Baring to see the Vice Reine, as the Khediva is called. She was on her dahabieh—a stoutish, fair-complexioned lady, with a Parisian dress of stone-coloured cloth and skunk fur. She spoke French, and we all sat in a circle round her. An occasional remark was made on the obvious—the weather, the Nile, the ship, or the teacups. We all spoke French. I sat next Lady Alice Portal, who looked charming in a large black hat. We drank coffee out of jewelled teacups.

PART SIX

December 31st.

PAPA, Mamma, Godfrey Webb, Miss Fane and I visited Wilfred Blunt, an enthusiastic Radical poet, with an elaborate plan of living like a Bedouin, under the impression that people in the world are saying: "Strange man that! buried in his wild desert life, writing and reading," etc. He is one of the most beautiful men I have ever met. We went in a dusty train to a little station, and were met by the great man beautifully dressed on a splendid white donkey. A lot of donkeys and camels waited to take us to his house.

There was a strong contrast in Papa's neat, dapper person, dressed in Lovat mixture, with a green Tyrolese hat and smart "spats"—energy and success in every movement—following this tall, artistic dreamer through a labyrinth of unroofed Arab rooms into an orange garden, and presented there to a *farouche* and good-looking daughter "Judith," also in Bedouin garments with an ivory

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dagger stuck through a wide silk sash and a long brown cloak paralysing to all movement, but graceful and pretty. The girl showed me her bedroom—a squalid mixture of rags and shields. A gun hung upon the wall. I asked its purpose, and she said it was to protect her from the Dervishes. I pointed out the civilised distance that separated her from such a probability, and she said, “Any animal, hyæna, etc., might come at night.” I replied, “Would not an umbrella be handier? or can you shoot?” She blushed, and I felt I had said the wrong thing. Lady Anne was very nice to us, and gave us tea; and we then all rode off to the ostrich farm, on the way to the station. This was tiresome and full of fleas.

We dined at the club, guests of Major Lloyd, Captain Beauchamp and Captain Martyr. I went to the midnight service with Mamma and Godfrey, and Papa went to the Walkers’ party. I stayed alone for the Holy Communion, a beautiful service, which I shall never forget. The clergyman preached on the future. I gathered from his sermon that we should not find the continual new openings and opportunities which the word “future” implies to

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hopeful young people, but a chaos of consequences closely and inevitably woven with the past. I walked home with Alfred Milner.

January 7th, 1892.

I WENT to Princess Nazli's opera-box. She told me much of the education of women and her short married life. She has *de beaux restes*, but is heavily painted under her eyes. We spoke of her cousin, the Khedive. She said he was stupid and kind, and when I added "Very good, I have heard," she said, "He has the virtue of his nature, and no more." She was brilliantly indiscreet, and told appalling stories of Oriental vice and ignorance. The Arab pashas are brutal, not to say bestial. She said she would rather die than be under the French, and raved about the greatness of England and all we had done for Egypt. She has many friends—the Dufferins, Layards and other English correspondents. She put her cloak and yashmak on me, and begged me to be photographed in them. I was assisted by a hideous old slave, whom the princess told me had been one of her husband's mistresses. She was brought up with her and thirty other slaves. One day in a rage she

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told me she sold all these early companions of her youth as a public example, and gave the money to the Turkish army, which was in rags. Now, she tells me, she has to pension them off, and they live with her or about the house like vagrants.

January 7th.

I RODE to an early review on a smart-actioned chestnut of Captain Beauchamp's. I felt happy in the glorious sunlight, racing and bounding along the short, sandy grass of the racecourse, with the dust blowing and the bands playing with a crude military rhythm accompanied by the rat-a-ta of little drums, all the staff galloping and curvetting round the dignity of Sir Francis Grenfell, who looked magnificent on his grey Arab.

After lunch we went in a steamship to see the Barrage, with Alfred Milner and a lot of other people. It was a marvellous sight—perfect mechanism and beautifully kept. Originally French, but practically adapted by us, the three great branches of the Nile are entirely workable through the Barrage. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff has done wonders for the irrigation of Egypt.

On our return we heard that the Khedive had

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died. The native doctors were almost entirely to blame, as they treated him for diseases he had not got. National prejudice kept all English doctors away from him. Sir Evelyn Baring told me that there were a certain number of people in Cairo who thought he had poisoned the Khedive. The sudden blow of the Khedive's death affected everyone very much, and we all wore black that night.

January 8th.

WE went to the Khedive's funeral, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Abdin Square, full of soldiers and a brilliant coloured crowd kept in order by mounted police. Major Fenwick and Colonel Kitchener in cocked hats, using their batons with much violence. Godfrey Webb, Papa, Mamma and I sat on the wall of the barracks overlooking the great square. I frightened my friends by hanging my feet over, as the twist the seat gave to my ribs when sitting the correct way was more than I could stand. The sun beat fiercely on our white wall. We were so much above the crowd that the effect was more like a Turkey carpet finely woven of beautiful colours than an excited, condensed, swaying mass of people. Shrieks and odd sounds rent

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the air, and an occasional Arab in orange or turquoise would break the lines of the police and rush across the open spaces like a Derby dog, hotly pursued by a mounted and perspiring officer. Carriage after carriage of white plumes and black bonnets drove into the square—ambassadors, ministers and officials of all kinds with grave faces. Everyone seemed to be waiting for someone or something. Out of the far corner of the square, before the front door of the palace where all the principal people stood, emerged a group of men carrying a coffin upon their heads. It was like a large primitive toy steam-engine. A little funnel with the Khedive's tarbouche placed on the top and all his medals hung round it. Eight of Cook's steamboat men in sailor jerseys and with naked legs and turbans walked in front with vast wreaths of violets and laurels, and immediately following were fifty hired women in black, with long black veils, all wailing in loud, long, shrieks, and throwing dust from the road into the air. They tore their black draperies, flinging gaunt arms above their heads and waving bits of fusty black in the wind. They were hirelings, and their shrieks a custom without soul, but bought grief is barbaric and haunting. After these came

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the procession of important people, headed by Sir Evelyn Baring and the French officials, etc.

I need hardly say that the crowd broke loose, and the confusion in the square following on the procession was terrific—the screams, scuffles and beatings and the kaleidoscopic colours all riveted us, and appeared like a realistic picture of the Crucifixion without the peace of the Cross. The silent guard of the sunburnt citadel, mosques and minarets were paying a greater tribute to death than the uniformed procession or yelling crowd.

January 12th.

WE met Nubar Pasha, the ex-Prime Minister, a remarkable man, with a quick, subtle Armenian mind. At first the conversation hung. Nubar talked of Palmerston. Papa spoilt this by saying in a tone of surprised remonstrance, "I knew him," which did not advance us. I began to abuse the Egyptians in a half-laughing, half-serious way; but he stuck up for them in a light, quick, effective manner. He said he was as much an Egyptian as Goschen was an Englishman. I said that from what I had seen of Egyptians, I would rather be an Armenian, at which he bowed. I asked why he

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should wish to claim their nationality, and went on challenging him, till I made him laugh by saying, "You know if there were ten Egyptians as clever as you, we should not be occupying Egypt." He smiled, and said my intelligence renewed his youth (he is sixty-eight), and asked why he had not met me before. He abused Sir Evelyn Baring, with whom I hear he had had a hot quarrel. He praised Milner highly. His hatred of the French amused me, but I expect he hated us just as much. I felt he was a wily, wicked old man, but his manners are imperial, and he has a fine head.

Wednesday, January 13th.

WE were given a dinner at the club. I had a delightful talk with Tom Baring on early English literature; discussed the "Sentimental Journey," "Richard II," style in prose and novelists in general. We played "Consequences" and "Telegrams." After dinner Godfrey and I did the best "telegrams," and gave the subjects.

1. Trying to pass on to another lady a drunken maid.
2. An American husband warning his wife against Cairo society.

I don't fancy the Turf Club in Cairo has often had a lot of people with pencils in their hands sitting round the dinner table.

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January 14th.

ILUNCHED with Sir Evelyn, and he drove me back. We heard of Prince Eddy's death. This cast a tremendous gloom over everyone. I wrote to the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) and feel deep sympathy for them both.

January 15th.

A MEETING at the Continental Hotel to sign a telegram of sympathy to the Queen. Sir Evelyn made a short and genuine speech. Mr. Money spoke for everyone with a true ring of eloquence and condolence, alluding to Queen Victoria's letter to wives, mothers and sweethearts at the time of the Crimean War.

Saturday, January 16th.

MY last day in Cairo. I got up early, and went for a long walk with A. Milner and had a memorable talk. I feel enriched by one great and true friend. I found Papa packing up on my return, fussy and busy (he left out his nightgown in the end!) but was very good and uncomplaining, considering his servant, our courier, was unable to do him the smallest service, being laid up with low fever.

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Farewell visits were paid us by people, and presents of all kinds given. Major Lloyd begged me to take a little old silver matchbox which had been all through the wars with him, also a cigarette case. He is a gentle soldier of the best British type. Captain Beauchamp drove us to see the arrival of the young Khedive. Sir Evelyn had a military escort, which caused a sensation. I thought it clever of him to assert his authority at a critical moment. There was a small Arab boy in a yellow chemise climbing up a date palm in the private gardens of the barracks below who fascinated me; he looked like a lovely little parrot in the palm tree.

We had time on our return to change into traveling gowns and catch the evening train to Alexandria. Every friend came to see me off at the station with bonbons, flowers, fruit and presents. We steamed slowly out of sight of our waving friends. Arrived at Alexandria; doubtful meal; iron pillow; Lady Charles Beresford reading a French novel on her bed at 9.30 p.m.; her child dangerously ill with pneumonia in the next passage.

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January 19th.

STARTED on the *Gironde*, the foulest boat that was ever called seaworthy—small, old, dirty and rolling. Vile food at surprising hours—coffee at 7.30, dinner with five courses at 10.30 a.m., cold ham and beef at 2, tea at 7, and a heavy meal at 9—all poisonous.

January 20th.

MY third day on the *Gironde*. I have got up for the first time, chiefly to please Papa and Godfrey and get what is called “the splendid fresh air,” but what, on a ship like this, means a searching smell of rotten tomatoes and a driving gale of little smuts, which go into one’s eyes whichever way one sits, walks or turns. I love Dr. Johnson more than ever, because he shared my loathing for the sea and said that “no man with the wits to get into gaol need be a sailor.” Never a moment’s quiet; and this throb, throb, eternally felt, first in one’s temple, then in one’s stomach, echoing through the marrow of one’s spine; stale food, condensed sweetened Swiss milk, and no possibility of fresh water or fresh anything; steam, smuts and cooking following the ship unceasingly. Papa and Godfrey

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are splendid sailors, good-humoured and happy, and smoke all day. Mamma and I have nice talks; she is a sweet companion. She came down to talk to me to-night after dinner.

Mamma: Godfrey asked me if I played backgammon. I told him I had not played for forty years.

M.: Is it a nice game, Mamma?

Mamma: My dear, I would as soon run and kick a ball along the floor. (Laughter.)

M.: Did you eat any dinner?

Mamma: No, it was poor stuff. Your father said it was good, and I did not contradict him.

M.: You're so sensible; but you know, when I hear nonsense talked, it makes me physically ill not to contradict. Listening to Papa at times, when he quotes the last fool, and then adds, "I am not saying one thing or another, but just telling you the opinion he gave me," is more than human nature can bear.

Mamma: I too have been very impatient with him. He talks without going into the thing, and flies off about nothing at all.

M.: You are very wise with him; the older I get the more I see it. Why didn't you influence

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him to think less of material things? His first questions about a woman are nearly invariably "*Est-elle riche?*" (I don't know whether he thinks French modifies his curiosity); and the second, "Have they any children?"

(Later on). *M.*: I'm so glad you taught us, by your remarks and example, the unimportance of one's likes and dislikes, heat and cold, and whether people are vulgar or not.

Mamma: It is cruel to make children precious. They have little tolerance or unselfishness, and become odious to themselves and to other people.

M.: I'm glad we were allowed to see and be with whoever we liked. It gives one courage, and I'm sure it makes one capable. Look at Charlotte.

Mamma: Her courage is marvellous in everything. I believe if she had to go to New York to-morrow morning, she would pack up and be quite ready to start.

M.: I should *not* be so good for a journey, I fear!

Mamma: You see, you are a wretched sailor. I think you have more social courage than anyone I ever saw in my life.

I said good-bye to Mamma and Papa at Mar-

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seilles Station on the night of the 23rd, and I felt my heart tighten as I kissed them both. I had loved my time abroad with them, and whatever I may have said about trifling irritations or any seeming irreverence of criticism, it does not touch or diminish my true appreciation, gratitude and unchanging love for them both.

January, 1892.

THE END

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