

Thursday morning

January 26th 1882

Grand Hotel de l'Europe
Alexandria, Africa

My Darling. The voyage is over
and we are safe on shore. Brown
hands were stretched forth to
welcome us. And aid us from
steamer to boat and boat to
shore. Turbanned and pettievated
men are about us. Bailed women
stalk solemnly along the street
We are indeed in a strange land.
But the floors seem to heave
and the eternal wind is still
rounding in my ears. And yet
there is something strangely
familiar. in the strange scene.
It may be the effect of the
Arabian Nights or my violent
effort to conjure up the scene.
I now see "Bridget" moves

about in calico petticoats. He
is dark and a slender graceful
youth. It is not yet nine
and we have only had time
to have a little coffee etc.

I encountered an old friend
that I had not seen since. I
left London vis. "coffee" real
coffee - not chicory!

I am going to mail this letter
now. We go to Cairo tomorrow.
I think of it Mittie that I am
really in Africa after seven
years of talk and four months
journeying. I saw some men
walking about in "nightgown"
and many in baggy white
trousers. Their turbans are various
in color and their clothes ditto.
The women with their black
masks look frightful.

Once more Good-bye for
a little while and adieu
and thank God with me
that I am once more on land
Yours lovingly Edith