

IN CAIRO

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In Cairo by Wm. Morton Fullerton

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WM. MORTON FULLERTON

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BY

WM. MORTON FULLERTON

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TO THE
REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

These impressions of mine, I confess it eagerly, were recorded most especially for my own pleasure. But then, when it occurred to me to show them to others, the public of which I thought, as embraced by that word of indefinite boundaries, was only the public which already had learned to love Cairo, and which, as I hoped, might like to verify its impressions and revive the old affection in these pages.

Yet now I am even bolder, and I shall be disappointed if what I have written turns out to be meaningless even to a larger public—to people who do not know Cairo as yet, but whom I would lead to the suspicion that it is adorable among the great cities.

*I would wish that, sombre as may appear the Cairene colours and the Cairene light through the undelicate medium of my prose, this little book may still help to prevent travellers fresh come into the oppressive charm of so new a world from feeling any sickness for home. And to be *dépaycé*, as Frenchmen sometimes say, in a word untranslatable in English by one equally precise, is for travellers such a common experience of pain!*

*But whether all these aspirations, a little vain, will be vain in, to me, a less gratifying sense I do not know; yet of you, my dear old friend, I feel sure. So it is to you especially that I send this book, largely because it recalls the first time when as a traveller I spent unforgettable days without your sympathy. Can we ever forget, we two, the evenings in the garden by the Rhine at Coblenz; our afternoon wandering in that old world valley of Birkenau,—the place among all soothing and enchanted spots where Mr. Stevenson's *Will of the Mill* should have been born,—when I left you at the little *wirthschaft* to climb the Feldberg, now three years gone the first May; the great burst of Italian sunlight over our heads in Verona; or Botzen and Venice and Freiburg, Treves, and the Hartz and Mont Saint Michel, and then my first England, so long a home to you and to all who bear your name, with all the memories conjured by these and other words that mark the pages of our "purple year"?*

Yes, in Cairo you were missed; and later on not less when I found myself in Athens. And that other friend who was with me there,—he, even though he had met you but once in the quiet library of Craigie House, was always regretting with me your absence too. I wish I could have reproduced his drawings here to show you one of the reasons why you would have found it pleasant to be with us. But once we men begin regretting, and when should we ever cease! Never for my part; never at least so long as to regret restores to me the vivid reality of a friendship like to yours, as these memories do now to

Your devoted

W. M. F.

PARIS, July 26, 1891.