

where extreme misery triumphs over the strength of maternal affection.

It seems impossible to obtain a distinct idea of the origin and history of the so-called tribe of Ghawazees. Of course the nature of their occupation precludes the possibility of any unity of blood; but there are certain traces of a distinct type, which reappears here and there in remarkable purity. Forms and faces cannot surpass in beauty those of the complete Ghawazee; and, wonderful to say, in spite of the life of debauchery these women lead, they *keep* far better than their more virtuous sisters. Does labour destroy beauty more effectually than vice? Or is it that the Ghawazee, leading a life of leisure from her youth upward; surrounded ever by some of the accidents of wealth – garments of fine tissue, ornaments of gold and silver, – feeding on stimulating food and drinking something more generous than the cold water of the Nile; her ears soothed by music, and her imagination spurred by amatory songs, and by communion with men rendered intelligent for a while by passion – under all these influences does the Ghawazee acquire a mental superiority, which acts outwardly, and successfully combats the fatal progress of decay? The hetairae of ancient Greece retained their charms when those who, perhaps, eclipsed them as maidens had settled down into demure matrons, not lovely but respectable; and the same observation has been repeated on their modern descendants – ‘for instance, Ninon de l’Enclos’. These are not satisfactory speculations. It might be possible, however, to explain the mystery to the honour of virtue, and to the advancement of our notions on female education.

The facts which have suggested these remarks are well known to all Egyptian residents; and it is scarcely necessary to allude to the celebrated Kutchuk Hanem, who, for I know not how many seasons, has withstood the admiration of a whole procession of pilgrims to Gizeh. No doubt she will one of these days be pushed from her stool by some more youthful competitor, and compelled to become a Magdalen in spite of herself; but in those unrigid countries the daughters of the castanet are not driven to fall back on philosophy, piety, scandal-mongering, or the hospital. A new career opens when the old one has closed; and Safia, who has lately become a decent gentlewoman of Cairo, after twenty years of public life, is by no means an extraordinary instance. Most probably her wealth had something to do with finding her a respectable husband; but I