THE EAGLE.

REMINISCENCES OF MAURITIUS;

THE FEVER OF 1867, AND THE HURRICANE OF 1868.

A FEW years ago, you would not easily have lighted upon a brighter or more charming spot than the sunny "Isle of France." Now it is, for the time, about as cheerful as Cayenne.

* * * * *

I went out, overland—P. and O—in 1863. The pleasant voyage comprised a peep at Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria; a longer stay at Cairo, with its rich bazaars and neighbouring objects of interest, its splendid asses and proportionately magnificent mosquitoes; at Suez, too, and the canal; then ten days' forced residence in the seething harbour, amidst the arid rocks and beneath the burning sky of Aden, famous for its hill-tanks and for its savage, naked, red-haired Somaulies, who dive after coins by the side of your ship all day long, fearless of sharks, or clamour and quarrel on the beach round some unlucky passenger. One sang me his war-song and death-cry, high up in the solitary recesses of the hills among the tanks, in exchange for "God save the Queen" and "Home, sweet Home."

A little later in the voyage we anchored for a short time at Mahé, the chief of the Seychelles group, a most picturesque dependency of Mauritius, about a thousand miles to the north.

We reached our destination on the 6th of January 1864, after a voyage of forty-seven days from port to port, having been delayed a fortnight by various unimportant breakdowns; and were heartily welcomed by our friends, whom our non-arrival had made very anxious.

The appearance of Mauritius, as you approach its shores, is calculated to produce very favourable impressions. A panorama of grotesquely outlined hills, forest-clad till near the summits, stretches itself before you; and a snowy circle of coral-reef and breakers girdles the island, off which keep watch three or four islet satellites at various distances.

The well-named Ponce, or thumb-shaped mountain, and the famous Pièter Both, are conspicuous points. Port Louis lies at the foot of the former, two of its spurs forming the harbour. The latter, with its logan-stone-like summit, consisting of a huge rock neatly poised, but immoveable, upon a single point, and towering above all surrounding things, offers to adventurous young Englishmen and Créoles an object of aspiration not altogether beneath the notice of an Alpine Club.

The sea surfing up upon the reef contrasts with it strangely by the intensity of its blue. The sky is of marvellous softness and purity, the air tremulous with heat. Light, fleecy, silvery clouds wreathe round the mountain tops like gauzy veils; and cane-fields, climbing nearly half-way up, clothe their sides and shoulders like emerald robes wrapped round the bust of some swarthy beauty.

* * * * *

No lack of life and gaiety ashore. A war-ship lies probably in the harbour. Two or three gallant regiments and a full complement of civilians are stationed here and there. Plenty of hospitality is always forthcoming on the part of wealthy officials, merchants, bankers, and planters. The ease and friendliness of

social intercourse struck me at once; and my first evenings were delightfully spent in the company of kind friends and entertainers. We dined amidst what to me, a stranger, seemed almost fairy scenes. The apartment was a latticed verandah, festooned with gorgeous and sweet smelling creepers, twining in and out of the open trellis-work, and perfuming the balmy breeze that fanned us. Soft footed, muslin robed Indian servants had plucked some of the brightest blossoms and freshest sprays, and had most tastefully decorated the room therewith, shredding a few into the finger-glasses and huge hanging lamp globes.

Since the introduction of thousands of coolies to labour in the place of the emancipated slaves, everything has taken an oriental cast. This, superinduced upon the mixed French and English customs of the colony, and its Créole and African surrounding, gives rise to a kaleidoscopic variety far from unpleasing, and long continuing to afford the relief and freshness of novel impressions.

The town, too, as I passed through, presented a curious and interesting spectacle. What variety of complexion, form, and costume! There Indians from North and South Hindostan, blazing in their favourite crimson and yellow, and covered with jewels and bangles of gold, silver, or baser metal. There are Parsees and Persians; Chinese with pigtail, and blue flapping trowser; Malegaches under wide brimmed hats of fine plaited bleached grass; Africans in plenty, with nondescript garments; and black or tawny Créole women, with striped kerchiefs quaintly wrapped round their heads. Everywhere the eye falls upon such a motley group; and the ear receives a jargon of unknown sounds.

* * * * *

As I was rapidly driven up towards the hills by my friend C, I soon felt the lungs expand with fresh air, pure and cool; and I slept that night with open

window, in a delicious climate nearly a thousand feet above the sea. The colony was very gay. I had other things to do. But there were parties and dinners and picnics, croquet and archery soirées, constantly going on. There, as ever, our brave soldiers carried off the palm of victory; doubtless deserved, and certainly won, fair looks, sweet smiles, and merry glances.

* * * * *

But all that has now changed (1867-68). The regiments have suffered like the rest of us. No one has much spirit for pleasure seeking. Indeed, an approach to festivity is an offence. Who could banquet or dance over 40,000 graves? Many soldiers were ordered off to the Cape to get a mouthful of wholesome air; and some civilians, fortunate enough to get away, fled there too, or to Australia or England. Sadly pale and worn those look who are left behind; and the fever leaves a deep mark upon the victims it seizes, who walk about looking more dead than alive.

In 1867 the epidemic broke out furiously and fatally. The early hot months were fearfully portentous. All who could, deserted those low lying regions where it exercised its baleful sway. Such precautions were taken as moderate activity could improvise. Nevertheless, by the end of May nearly a tenth of the population had been carried off. About this period, turn where you will, the sable garb of mourning meets the eye. I drive down the street leading from the hills through the suburbs of the town; and in half-a-mile's length of it I have passed ten, twelve, *seventeen* funerals—raising my hat, after the manner of the country, as many times in token of respect for that solemn presence. Half—two-thirds, probably—of the houses here are closed, marked with chalk upon the doors and windows, or whitewashed all over; many empty, deserted, condemned. More than once has it happened that some one, stepping by chance or charity within such a tenement, has found, maybe, two or three dead, one dying,

and no manner of help whatever. The Superintendent of Police, who has at last succumbed, had harrowing tales to tell of sights he had come across in the discharge of his duty. No one was more faithful; and his death has been followed by the deepest and most widespread regret. Interments take place by fives and tens, in deep pits dug side by side, and filled in quickly with coral lime. In spite of this, the air in the vicinity breathes deadly infection. Sometimes, at this period, so great is the pressure of the melancholy work, that a coffin or shroud cannot be procured for the body; and it is hastily wrapped in a coarse bag and buried, perhaps, without any ceremony whatever, or attendance on the part of friends. I seized, every now and then, some rare opportunity of leisure to go to the cemetery and read prayers over the graves of several at a time who had been thus consigned to their last resting-place a day or two before, during my absence on similar duty elsewhere.

No very decided or comprehensive account has, so far as I know, yet been rendered of this fearful visitation. It is of a low, intermittent form, and prostrates its victims in most cases by the persistent repetition of its attacks. During them the patient usually passes through a cold, sickly, shivering fit, with or without cramps or actual vomiting, into a paroxysm of hot fever, more or less violent, and sometimes attended by delirium; and finally shakes off the fit, if he does so, in a strong exhausting perspiration. The recurrence of this may go on for months, or almost years; and often establishes dysentery and liver disease, whilst the spleen becomes enormously enlarged. The vital powers of the strongest scarcely escape being at last subdued; and the complaint issues in complete cachexy, perhaps dropsy and death. The fever was seldom caught by personal contact, but easily disseminated locally. Anti-periodics and ammoniacal preparations were the chief remedies. Quinine, un-

fortunately, became for a time very scarce indeed, reaching so high a price that I have myself given six shillings for a single dose. Speculators were found, it is sad to say, when this drug was most required to save life, base enough to secure large additional profits by driving the sale at auction, or even withholding it for a further rise. Good air, cleanliness, and generous diet are the best preventives and restoratives. Dirt, bad drainage, careless and unwholesome habits of life, alternations of semi-starvation and excess, were doubtless principal causes of the rapid propagation of the seeds of mortality, whencesoever derived, amongst a population every way predisposed by constitution and circumstances of life, and especially reduced in vigour by the moist heats of the preceding summer succeeding considerable inundations a season or two before.

The Créoles of the lower classes are, as a rule, careless, extravagant livers. The Indians have plenty of money, but are great misers; and will allow themselves for food nothing but rice, with some trifling curried adjunct or a mere spoonful of vegetable. Their lodgings, also, are for the most part miserably insufficient; and, until the law lately took the matter in hand, cows, goats, and fowls often shared with them the overcrowded and filthy huts. With frames indifferently built up, as they could scarcely fail to be, persons of this class, though, to look at, active and healthy, speedily succumbed to the disease.

* * * * *

During the worst time of it all my duties caused me to spend the greater part of the day in the very thick of the disease, at the village of Pailles, which is situated in a marshy and unhealthy plain just outside the town, at the foot of the Moka hills, where the Madagascar winds set full in. When a hurricane afterwards blew down this unhealthy village, already more than half emptied of inhabitants by the fever, I waited upon the Chief Inspector of Police to see if I could persuade

him to burn or clear away the ruins, which were all of wood, mud, and straw, and loaded with infection. Such work is much in the power of the Police in a colony like Mauritius. But it was not thought that the law afforded power to do what was best in this case. So the poor creatures began, without interference, to erect their miserable plague-cages again, as closely packed and more wretched than before. Perhaps it could not be helped. At the time when the fever began to rage this village contained about 3000 people of the humblest class (almost all well-to-do persons having gone elsewhere); and of these 3000 I suppose not 1000 altogether escaped.

My habit was at this time to drive down in the morning from my house, perhaps with the District Inspector of Police or some other resident of Moka, where we enjoyed comparatively good air and health, or perhaps alone. I then went about, riding or walking, under a pith hat, with a calico curtain to it, followed by two or three Indians to carry relief to sufferers in their houses, or to pick up, as we came across them in houses, on the roads, or on the banks of the ditches, the sick, the dying, or the dead. Or, perhaps, I would be occupied in assisting to extemporize a hospital; or in distributing provisions for five or six hours at a stretch to a crowd of three or four hundred fever stricken Indians and Créoles, not of the cleanest or most orderly. I have even mounted guard at the Police-Station; where I have, perhaps, arrived to superintend work of the kind I have been describing, and have found every constable on his back with fever, and not a single healthy person within call for a mile.

* * * * *

It is well-nigh impossible for those who have never witnessed a similar calamity to form a true idea of the desolation and misery which prevail.

Fortunately, all classes and creeds united heartily to render assistance. Two sisters of charity, with their

lay-helpers (colonial girls), worked most admirably in the temporary hospitals where I took my turn of superintendence; and we had no difficulty in labouring together at such a task and time. The majority of the village was heathen; and, of the rest, the Roman Catholics far out-numbered those of our communion. But all came alike, when from my little chapel, the only one in the place or near, the bell was rung to announce my arrival. The mixed multitude of sorrowful folk would then bring their dead into the church, and place the coffins across the backs of the seats, sit or lie down on the grass outside under the shade, or come in and join to the extent of their ability in the brief, simple service in French, which, if there were no burials to be performed, generally preceded the investigation of their cases, and the administration of relief. There was much need of help for them; for the epidemic necessarily brought hunger and nakedness in its train. The rich came nobly forward to contribute; and the assistance sent from England was most opportune and welcome. My own share of money for distribution of food and clothing amounted to nearly three hundred pounds. A committee of gentlemen was formed for the district. They visited the hospitals in rotation, and superintended the whole system of relief, being in communication with the poor-relief board, and with the board of health. None worked harder or more cheerfully than the Procureur-general of the Colony, whom we lost a year ago through the effects of an accident, and whom all classes equally lamented. The Governor and his Lady more than once visited our hospitals. But it was a long time before this apparatus could be got into order. As is usual, in such cases, there was a good deal of nonsense and delay; and thus many lives were sacrificed.

Yet the particular district I am writing of was the most favoured of all. It comprised the residences of the most important people in the island; and, except

at this one village, it was the least severely handled by the fever. Travelling, occasionally, in other directions, where work of a more general character called me every now and then, I could not help feeling that upon the whole we were comparatively well off; although nowhere, perhaps, was the disease more virulent, or the scourge more fatal in its effects, than in the one spot I have described.

The local authorities seemed helpless, the general population quite 'demoralised,' and the desolation was complete in those districts where an abundance of good European influence—such as we enjoyed in Port Louis, Moka, and Plaines Wilhems—was not brought to bear. The condition of the sugar-estates was pitiable indeed. The mills were converted into lazarettoes and dead-houses; and the fields relapsed into jungle.

The plague, for so it may justly be called, appears to be dying slowly out; but it must be some time before the colony can regain its former healthful reputation. It were much to be wished that science and law could co-operate; and, profiting by so terrible an experience, put the place in something approximating to tolerable sanitary conditions.

Hitherto, the great hurricane of 1868, about which, if these jottings are found to possess any interest, we may in another paper have something to say, seems to have done most good—a temporary benefit, however, only—in this direction. For nothing adequate to the emergency appears to have been attempted for the place by man.

A. D. M.

July, 1869.

VICTORIA PYRRHICA.

Fresh from the fray—but not with wreath
  Of glory on his brow;
Fresh from a late-confronted death
  Which haunts him even now.

But not the less of triumph tells
  A forecast in his face,
Where is a sunshine that repels
  The shadow of disgrace.

For why? A moment's faltering lost
  The battle all but won:
The foe was loth to count his cost
  At setting of the sun.

Another field as dearly gained
  Will end the weary war,
The victor's prize a laurel stained
  With his own streaming gore.

Therefore a fire is in his eye
  At thought of strife to come:
Defeat alike and victory
  Will seal the foeman's doom.

FROM LONDON TO SADOWA.

LETTER II.

DEAR MATHEMATICUS,

An Oxford man being asked his reason why he objected to the present premier as a Member for the University, replied, "He was so d—d intellectual." I fear he would have the same fault to find with the whole German nation. Their being so intellectual is often very painful to an ordinary mortal, like the Englishman. A friend of mine the other day entered into a conversation with a German on board an Elbe steamer. He discovered the German could speak English fluently, so he asked him if he had been to England, The answer was in the affirmative. He then asked him if he did not hurry to London the moment he landed on British soil. "No," replied the German, indignantly, "I went to Stratford-on-Avon." My friend felt the rebuke, but he did not dare to confess to the German that he had never been to Stratford-on-Avon. The conversation went on, and in the course of it, my friend discovered that the German had been to Nottinghamshire; he asked him if he had gone on a visit to Nottingham. "No," replied the learned foreigner, and added, "do you not know what place a German would go to Nottinghamshire to visit." My friend had to confess with shame that he did not. "Newstead Abbey, of course, sir," was the answer.

Those who fight for the rights of women, and

demand loudly that every profession should be thrown open to them, will, I have no doubt be delighted to hear that the women do all the work in Germany. It is the women who plough, who sow, and who reap. Women carry heavy loads on their backs, which does not improve their figure, but the loss of beauty and grace is but a small matter compared to the proud privilege of being equal to, and even greater than man.

The great trait in the German character is slowness: even the railway travelling is slow. I found this to my trouble and annoyance in my journey from Dresden to Prague. I was sorry to leave Dresden, its pleasant environments and picturesque gardens. With sadness I paid my last visit to the solitary chamber in which is enshrined the greatest and most beautiful of paintings. I gazed with reverence upon the Divine face, and leaving I was consoled with the thought that by my frequent visits to that chamber I had possessed myself of a property, which I could only lose when memory and mind themselves were gone.

Great is the difference between Dresden and Prague. It seemed like coming from order to chaos. It is difficult to describe the style of architecture that prevails; but the old picturesque streets and quaint buildings have a beauty of their own, which is hard to sketch in words. The great feature of the town is the number of its statues, every corner, every square contains at least one; I cannot say they were fine works of art, but they were better than the monstrosities which disgrace our own Capital. The old bridge is lined on each side with statues, in the centre is one S. Johanko Von Nepomuk, the patron saint of the city. From this bridge he was hurled into the broad river by the order of the King, because he would not disclose the Queen's confession.

I paid a visit to the Headschin, the ancient palace of the Bohemian Kings, and gazed out of the window of the Council Chamber from which the indignant

Bohemian Counts hurled the Austrian delegates. Legend says, that they prayed to the Virgin, who caught the skirts of their robes and saved their lives; practical folks are of opinion, that a dust heap at the bottom had a good deal to do with it.

The old cathedral interested us; we were shown the iron ring which S. Wencelsus, the victim of fratricidal treachery, grasped in his death agony. There was nothing to admire in the Cathedral. I care not for wax dolls with tawdry finery, nor Calvaries, with wounds splashed with red ochre. Pity I do feel for the poor devotees kneeling before them, but whatever my feelings are on the subject, I take great pains to conceal them when abroad, for I strongly object to the public manner in which my countrymen and countrywomen display their scorn, for we should remember that—

> "Doomed as we are our native dust,
> To wet with many a bitter tear;
> It ill befits us to disdain
> The altar—to deride the fane,
> Where patient sufferers bend in trust,
> To win a happier sphere."

After leaving the Cathedral, our guide asked us if we would like to visit a Convent. From boyhood Convents had always been connected in my mind with dark dungeons and clattering of chains, and so with eager curiosity I asked to be taken there. We were shewn over the establishment by an elderly well-informed lady. For the convent there is an hospital for a hundred poor women: the nuns make up the medicines, prescribe for and nurse the patients. I left the Convent, convinced that religious enthusiasm when it takes this form, is better than tea, toasts, blankets, and incipient flirtation with the curate.

After leaving the convent our guide wished to take us the round of picture galleries, museums, and other lions of Prague. Much to the good man's astonishment

I refused. I had not come to Prague "to do it," or in other words to cram up a certain chapter of Murray headed Prague. I had only a few hours to spare, and in that time I knew I could not thoroughly see one picture gallery, and therefore I could not enjoy it. Two or three picture galleries and a museum would have given me intellectual indigestion. Cramming the mind seems to me as great a sin as cramming the stomach. Oh, how I pity my countrymen and country-women, when I see them rushing from gallery to gallery, church to church, Murray in hand. A fort-night on the Continent, and they must have the most for their money; they come home trying to believe they have enjoyed themselves. The good they have gained, physical or intellectual, is nil.

Having dismissed the guide we made our way to some gardens overlooking the city, and sat down on a bench and enjoyed the view. At our feet flowed the broad Moldau, and, stretching along its banks, the city; above all, on a rising eminence of ground, towered the old cathedral and imperial palace. It was dusk before we left our pleasant seat and walked down to the city.

The evening was devoted to seeing the Bohemian drama. The piece seemed to be a heart-rending tragedy, but being ignorant of the Bohemian dialect, I cannot give you a good account of it. In two acts I understood two sentences. In the first I learnt *the hero* was going out to shoot a hare, in the second that he had succeeded in doing so.

Next morning we left Prague for the battle field. When we arrived at the station of Pardubitz, we took a carriage, and drove to Sadowa. Our route lay through the most fertile country. Men and women were reaping the golden corn in those very fields in which three short years ago Death had reaped so plentiful a harvest. The crosses on the road side, and a few monuments with the inscription, "For God and

their Country," were all that was left to remind us of one of the most decisive battles of the world. Soon there came in view the now historical spire of the village church of Chlum. It was the taking of the hill of Chlum that turned the scale of the battle of Kineggratz. Three times did Von Benedik in person head the troops which attempted to retake it; but the valour of the Austrians was of no avail against the murderous fire of the needle-gun. Each time they attempted to ascend the hill, they were mowed down. Then did the poor old General exclaim, "All is lost but life, and would to God that were too"; and on the field of battle he tried to find a soldier's grave.

We ascended the hill, and from the top could see the village of Sadowa lying a mile-and-a-half below us. The village is but a collection of wooden cottages surrounded by orchards. As I stood on the ridge, and saw stretching far away wide plains of ripening corn, and green meadows with silvery streams winding through them, and hamlets surrounded with orchards, I tried to picture to myself this very scene on the third of July, 1866. These very plains covered with glorious legions of horse and foot; and their peaceful stillness broken by the loud roar of the cannon. In that wood below, in which there is not a living thing stirring, was the fiercest hand to hand fight from tree to tree. Near that little white stream did the lancers of Uhlan charge the iron horsemen of Austria, and these waters were stained with the blood of many a brave soldier.

These very cornfields, slopes, and dells and hill sides, which I now saw bathed in the rich glow of sunset, had been covered with the slain—the pride and might of Austria shattered and laid low, "wrapt in the pale winding-sheet of general terms, the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our mind, and it is only by a great effort of genius that our historian can galvanize them into life."

Such is the frailty of our nature that we are more

moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Jenghis Khan.

Standing on a great battle field, one can in some degree realize the horrors of war, but it is the scene of deeds of self-sacrifice so transcendent, and at the same time so dramatic, that in spite of all its horror and crime, it awakens the most passionate moral enthusiasm. That which invests war, in spite of all the evils that attend it with a certain moral grandeur, is the heroic self-sacrifice it elicits.

Yours, &c.

F.

ABSENCE.

FROM THE ARABIC OF BAHÁ-EDDIN OF EGYPT.

Thou art the loved one I adore
None else hath any charms for me,
Yet men and angels chide me sore
For loving

A mutual promise binds us both,
Thou knowest if I speak aright,
With mutual hands our solemn troth
We twain did plight.

Ah! would I knew the moment blest
When thou shalt hear my whispered vow;
With thoughts of love and thee my breast
Is brimming now.

Alas! thou madest all too brief
The record of our converse sweet;
But it shall fill full many a leaf
When next we meet.

But oh beware! lest we betray
The secret of our hopes and fears,
For I have heard the people say
That "walls have ears,"*

* This proverb is also an Arabic one—
"Fehum yaqúlúna 'lil hítáni azánu.'"

Have pity on my doleful mood,
My patience thou hast tempted sore;
Like thee I am but flesh and blood
And can no more.

At losing thee sick unto death
I toss upon my restless bed,
With fevered pulse and gasping breath
And aching head.

That horror of a sleepless night
To whom shall I for succour call,
When sleep, if proverbs speak aright,
Is Lord of all?

My wearied orbs are hot and dry
With gazing after thy fair face,
Oh! when shall my poor longing eye
Such thirst efface?

I only crave an easy boon,
Perchance it may remembered be;
For shame have I to importune
So urgently.

They say thou dost reproach me, love,
Yet would I might my fault divine!
Say on—my life is God's above,
My honour thine.

Let thy dear image hovering nigh
A watch upon my actions keep,
'Twill tell thee if I close an eye
By night in sleep.

The balmy breeze that lightly blows
Shall bear a loving word from me;
Speed to her Zephyr! Heaven knows
I envy thee!

Speed on and my beloved one greet,
(Her name thou mayest well divine),
And tell her that her anger's heat
Has kindled mine.

Nay! gentle gale speak not a word
Of anger, for I feel it not;—
'Twas falsehood, let what thou hast heard
Be straight forgot.

Great Heaven! perish every thought
Of wrath against so loved a maid;
Nay, if her sword my life blood sought
I'd kiss the blade.

The pain she giveth I prefer
To joy from others;—by my truth
The injury that comes from her
Is kindly ruth.

Each day I send my envoys there,
But bootless do they aye return;
Each day brings forth some gloomier care
For me to learn.

And now I bid the very wind
To speed my loving message on;
As though I might its fury bind
Like Solomon.

LETTER FROM CAIRO.

My Dear ——

At Cairo I realized what I had failed to do thoroughly at Alexandria, that I was actually in the East; the crowded unpaved road, the noisy crowd dressed in every variety of costume which we are accustomed to associate with dramatic pictures of Blue-Beard, *1d.* plain and *2d.* coloured, the constant yell of Ya Mo-hh-amm—mud, &c., and the solemn *Essalaam Alaikum* all round, left no doubt upon my mind that I was really in Cairo, and not (as the strings of camels led me to suppose at first) taking part in a circus procession along a dusty street. Dust, yes, long before I got to the comfortable New Hotel in the Frank quarter, just opposite the Ezbekiya, I had become perfectly familiar with this ophthalmia producing plague of Egypt, and I had not sat down to lunch many minutes, ere I was equally alive to the pestilential persistence of flies and felt that had I been in Pharoah's place, I could then and there have paid the passage of every son of Israel to New York or elsewhere. Feeling somewhat lonely, I went down to the Bab-el-Hadid where the S——'s live, and inquired for them, but was told they were out. A second visit about an hour after was equally unfortunate, but as I was coming back, amongst a little knot of Syrians drinking coffee in the Ezbekiyeh, I discovered the forms of both brothers as large as life and (in their cordial greeting of me) quite as natural. I had scarcely, congratulations over, grasped the hot fingán

(coffee cup), or began my first choking-cough over a *shísha* (narghíleh), before I found myself at a Crystal Palace entertainment with nothing to pay for it. For immediately there appeared a troupe of performing Arabs, who stood upon each others heads, hung by their eye-lids upon their mutual finger-nails, somersaults with drawn daggers fixed against their sides, and in fact, conducted themselves in a most dangerous and gratifying manner. Amongst them too, was the funny man who went wildly at his somersaults, but always fell with a heavy bump upon the small of his own back or on the head of a byestander, and who, in the exuberance of his spirits, seized a casual little boy by the feet and swung him round and round, distributing with centrifugal liberality the contents of the youngster's skirts, which consisted of some hundreds of apples and other promiscuous dainties. At about 10 o'clock I sought my hotel, the lad Abdallah preceding me through a short cut, bearing a lantern to guide my feet in the way, and halloaing out to the foot-passengers to get out of the Khawájah's path. Just before this I took a stroll round the Ezbekieh, and listened at a Caffè to some Arab songs, very pretty and very monotonous withal. You may imagine the sensations with which I beheld this dramatized representation of the Arabian Nights, saw real Arabs playing on real Canoons, Kemenghis, and Nais, and heard real enthusiastic turbaned Moslems shout in solemn and approving chorus All-llah, at every cadence of the tune. One dusky connoisseur, in his great joy made a hissing noise through his teeth, and ever and anon he patted his hands to the time of the music, and shouted yah allah, wah allah, in the most earnest and idiotic way I ever saw. The next morning I spent with S——, and after lunch thought I would ride down to the Khan el Khalílí, or Persian and Turkish Bazaar, to enquire after the whereabouts of my friend Ali Rizá Effendi. I told the donkey boy to stop at the mosque *El Azhar*,

that I might see what it was like before visiting it; and here my knowledge of Arabic saved me from what might have been an unpleasant adventure, and brought me out with flying colours. I will tell you how it happened. Seeing a large door, I walked up to it without noticing that I had actually passed the sacred precincts of the outer court without taking off my boots! I was of course immediately surrounded by a horrified crowd of "the Faithful," to whom I explained my mistake, with the addition of the deprecatory *istagh fir ullah.* One young fanatic in the crowd cried out *anta Muslim*, "are you a Muslim?" and I rebuked him sternly and decisively with the remark *lá tukaffir un-nás!* "Do not accuse men of being Káfirs," this not only had the desired effect of turning the tide in my favour, but was repeated in a tone of conviction by the surrounding crowd, and the sceptical youth was ignominiously expelled from the assembly amidst a shower of blows, whilst I was courteously asked to step inside. I however declined, alleging conscientious scruples, which consisted really in an indisposition to entrust my boots with them at the door. A young and respectable looking Egyptian (from his blackish skin, I think he was from the Saíd) offered to conduct me to the Khan el Khalílí, which he did, discoursing pleasantly all the way. He had witnessed the occurrence, and offered me a piece of advice; it was, to look out for the donkey boy, and when I found him, to administer unto him a severe beating about the head. I thanked him, and said I would think about it. Arrived at the Khan el Khalílí, I was not long in finding some Persians, who gave me the information I desired, though the eliciting it entailed a half-an-hour's chat and compliments, with the accompaniment of smoke and coffee upon the shop front. As I came home, I saw an excited female soundly rating a man whom she declared to be her husband; he denied the soft impeachment, and administered several sounding cuffs in

the ribs, on which, and on a police-officer coming up, she went away owning herself mistaken! Another amusing sight which I saw the same afternoon, was a man with performing monkeys, which drilled, turned somersaults, and handled a live snake. The same day (Sunday) I had an interview with Abdallah Pasha, an Englishman, who has been in Cairo many years, and was a great swell under the previous Viceroys. He received me very courteously and in the oriental style, with coffee and pipes, handed by black boys, as is most fit. This evening too, as I returned to my hotel, I witnessed a performance of a Zikr by some dervishes. The munshid, or "singer," chants some verses of the Koran, and sentences in praise of God or Mohammed, while the other performers shout allá-ah, álláh, állah, állah....h, &c. until they are considerably more than hoarse, and bob their heads about like excited Mandarins; the whole affair concludes with the prayer for Mohammed. After it was over, one of the dervishes appeared to have had a "call" to do a little extra *inshad* on his own account, so he began to chant "*ash-shamsu wal kamaru musakhkharátin bi dumúthihi;*" now the passage, as I remembered it, concludes with *bi amrihi*, and he was accordingly called to order, and had to try back; but as he got into a worse mess than ever, he was promptly repressed, and substituted the inspiration of *tambak* for that of religious enthusiasm. On Monday morning I went to see the English Mission Schools, and was very much pleased with the progress of the boys; at S——'s request I examined some of the little fellows in English reading and Arabic Grammar.

Here at lunch I tasted Lentil soup, the national food of Egypt, and from the top of their new house I caught my first glimpse of the pyramids. By this time I had established a perpetual donkey boy, a nice willing fellow, with a fast-going untiring little beast. Ali vows that no one shall ride his donkey while I am

in Egypt, and is ever on the look out for me at the hotel door. The other day, hearing that I had walked down to S——'s, he was horrified at the fatigue to which the Khawága was being exposed, and I met him as I came back shouting and screaming, and asking every one after me. I am now quite proficient in the etiquette of Cairo's crowded and picturesque streets, and as I trot along on my bran new *steed*, I shout out *ya bint, ya rágul, ya Khawágah*, as the case may be, varied with the more particular directions of yamínek shumálek, &c., and sometimes if determination be needed, I sternly yell Ahh—séb howa—Abook!

Sometimes I wear my white hat, but I find the fez much more comfortable, as I do not get so pestered with *good donkey, sare*, from ragged young proprietors, who would, I suppose, have me ride about Cairo a là Ducrow, astride of several. There is a queer smell about all Eastern cities, which is most perceptible at night—it is not very bad, but proceeds from the dried bones of animals cast outside the walls, and picked by the dogs and jackals of the place. I have been twice to the citadel to see the mosque of Mehemet Ali, the scene of the slaughter of the Memlooks; you get a most magnificent view of Cairo from the lofty terraces, with the desert and the Pyramids of Ghiza and Sakkára behind. There is a young conjuror (quite a boy) who does some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks in front of the hotel, and we have quite a tribe of snake charmers, with great ugly looking cobras, swelling out their hoods and biting futilely at their master's naked legs. The beasts are quite harmless, having been deprived of their fangs; but they are not nice to see, neither is it an appetizing sight to see the exhibitor hold a rattlesnake in his mouth for safe custody, when his hands are full. On Wednesday evening I went to a Moslem wedding, the bride was the daughter of the Sheikh el Hârah, the head man of the quarter. I did not of course see her, but

Mrs. S—— told me she was very pretty, but looked worn out with the fatiguing and absurd ceremonies. I saw the wedding procession too in the day time, but found it difficult to persuade myself, that the little pillar of red shawls which was being paraded about, was really the happy bride. The entertainment consisted of music and songs by the "Almas" or singing women. The prima donna of Egypt *Almâz* was there, and sang from behind a curtain at a window of the Hareem looking over the court. She is fat (I am told), but rather nice looking, and between each ditty regales herself with some narcotic drug smoked out of a chibouk. We did not hear her at her best, as she will not put forth all her strength at first, but waits till past midnight for the grand display. Her voice is mellow and full, and she manages to throw a great deal of pathos and feeling into the love-songs which she sings. We, together with the more distinguished guests were accommodated in a nice large room, beautifully spread with Turkey carpets, but the rest had to crowd the court yard, and a tremendous row they made. The street outside was all illuminated, and sweetmeats and joking was the order of the day. The next morning I spent in buying materials for my Oriental dress, which is to win the hearts of the sheikhs in Gebel-et-Toor. I have got a dark but pretty blue cloth for the jacket and *bags*, which are to be profusely ornamented with braid, a yellow silk waistcoat, and a silk scarf which would rouse the envy of a Spanish dancer. The tailor (*Khaíyát*) is now at work on it, and I am to have it home on Thursday. It was on the afternoon of this day, that I paid my first visit to the inside of the Alazhàr Mosque. I shall not give you a description of it here, as I want to write it more in detail. I discoursed while there with several of the sheikhs, who were pleased to express their admiration of the enlightenment of their Frank visitor, and one of them who came to the door with

me, patted me on the back, and exclaimed fervently—*Inshallah tislim un qarîb!* with which I as fervently remarked to *myself* that, thank God, I shall do nothing of the sort. However, everybody was very civil, and my friend the Sheikh would'nt let me give the door-keepers any bachshish, to their great sorrow. On Friday, October the 30th, I went to see the Pyramids.

In order to avoid the heat of the day, I and a young Englishman who was staying here got up at half-past three o'clock, and after a cup of coffee set off accompanied by a guide and my donkey boy Ali, for the Pyramids of Ghiza. Nothing more quaint or romantic can be conceived than our asinalcade by moonlight through the straggling streets of Old Cairo, then deserted, save by a few stragglers who saluted us as we passed with *Niharak Said*, "good morning to you," and addressed Ali and the guide, who being true believers, were of course more important personages with *Assalam Alaïkum.* From every minaret rang the clear voice of the Muezzin, warning the hushed city that "prayer is better than sleep," and the subdued blue light that fell upon the hundred domes of Cairo, and lit up the white walls of the palace of the Walidah Pasha, threw into deeper shade the goblin forms of the prickly-pear-tree that bordered the path, producing a wierd fairy-like effect, that is altogether indescribable. Thus we trotted quietly on to the banks of the great sea, as the Cairones call the Nile, and embarked, donkeys and all, in a dirty trim built boat, for the pretty village of Ghiza, on the other side. While we were yet in the centre of the yellow sluggish flood, a pale rosy light appeared upon the horizon, and as though some unseen hand had suddenly withdrawn the veil, a bright but misty morning light revealed the clustering palm-groves and the gardens that skirt the banks of the Nile. Emerged at last from the narrow lanes, we came upon the open road that leads straight to the desert, and there looking

grey and ghost-like in the morning mist, stood the three Pyramids of Ghíza, while further still behind them and like a spirit semblance of themselves, were the scarcely less monstrous stony mounds of Sakkara, and behind all, the desert, the vast uneven waste of arid sand. The fearful desolation of this last, is rendered still more apparent by the contrast with the half-cultivated land and scattered palm-groves, which reach up to its very edge. After a mile or so past half-submerged fields, where the shadúf (original instruments) was still briefly at work, we came at last to the point where the canal intersects, or rather abruptly terminates the road.

Until this moment the huge triangles had not seemed to grow larger as we neared them, for they appeared to scorn to change to the eye like common buildings, and stood there looking solemnly conscious of their own eternal vastness. At this point there is a quaint bridge, or rather a series of brick walls built across the canal, which are transformed into a bridge by placing rough beams across, when any great personage brings his carriage to the spot. We, however, went over in a boat leaving our donkeys in charge of Ali, and after a few minutes' row, set our feet for the first time upon the actual tangible, uncomfortable sand of the desert. A few minutes brought us to the base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and then began a series of haulings, pullings, jumpings, and scramblings up huge blocks of stone, which ultimately eventuated in my being dragged breathless up the last few courses of masonry, and set upon the top of Shofo's (Cheop's) mysterious and mistaken pile. Here my Arab guides began to discourse eloquently about the hardship of the money which would be paid to the sheikh, being divided amongst 30 men, and suggested the propriety of individual bakshish for themselves. But I solemnly drank water from the proffered dórag, and bade them trouble me not now as we would pay all below. They

then entreated us to allow them to carve our names upon the summit, but we preferred leaving that method of immortalizing our names to makers of washing-powder or rival bootmakers. We however did allow a sturdy young Arab to run down one Pyramid and up another in 10 minutes for our delectation, a performance for which they demanded 3*s.* from each of us, but I offered them a shilling and flatly refused to listen to any other terms. When I had sufficiently recovered my breath to look around, I realized a similar scene to the beautiful picture of Elijah Walton's in the Fitzwilliam Museum, save that instead of the after glow of sunset, the early rays of the morning sun shed wondrous streaks of golden light across the sands as it peeped from among the clouds that had not yet quite dispersed.

Presently we recommenced our descent, and after being jumped from stone to stone by two stalwart Arabs as a baby is jumped off a doorstep, we sat down to rest upon two huge blocks at the bottom. After this, a dirty Arab boy brought us dirty coffee in dirty cups; but we drank it, for we are familiar with dirt now. A little rest, and then in again to the inside of the Pyramid which is entered from an aperture some way up the side. You slip down a granite shaft, are hauled up a slippery crag, creep along a slippery slanting chimney bent almost double; then, find yourself in a high narrow passage, and creeping through a little door, stand in the centre of the black granite heart of the Great Pyramid, and beside the huge sarcophagus of the now forgotten king for whom it was built. The walls hereof are ornamented (of course) with visitors' names, some in humble candle smoke, others wrought with glaring paint, but principally those of pious Muslims who wish to inform the world—or that small portion of it which gets inside this mysterious hole—that Heaven has brought them there to testify that Mohammed, &c.

Though what they found in this black shiny den to confirm their belief in Mohammed's prophetic office, is more than I could discover. Next we penetrated into a little chamber at the entrance, and on our way to which an Arab made (on the consideration of a florin) a perilous ascent up the 40 feet high wall into the chambers above and did not break his neck, which I considered mean. To see the huge bats flying out, as he invaded their domain, was a wierd sight. After this we settled with the sheikh, turned a deaf ear as long as we could to the noisy, screaming crowd, who yelled for bakhshish; and when they got too pertinacious, I beat them off with their own weapons, and, yelling volubly at them, I put to them some pretty parables, such as the injustice of the labourers pressing for pay when the master builder had been paid for all, and such like. It is astonishing how talkee-talkee goes down with the Oriental; they not only acknowledged the justice of my remarks, but left us to quarrel amongst themselves for the 2*s.* they had previously received. Our next visit was to that great, dull, dreadful sphinx, who seems to curl her lip scornfully at the stupidity of the Arabs, who call her Pharoah. Close by is a tomb or temple just below the surface of the ground, and built of huge unwrought granite blocks, a few minutes walk further on brought us to the catacombs where many a hieroglyphic still remains to mark the spot where, perchance, some eye-witness to the Exodus was laid by sorrowing friends; but now their place knows them no more, and country gapers at the British Museum laugh at the funny pictures painted on poor Potiphar's coffin-lid. Tired, but pleased, and saddened with our short sojourn in this grim city of the ancient dead, we trotted briskly back to Ghiza.

Here the scene was far different to that which we had beheld on passing through by the early morning's light; now as we sat upon the Mastabah of a Turkish

Caftè, and waited for our boat, we saw every phase of Egyptian village-life in all its noisy, squalid, opthalmic reality. Yet the half-blind, dirty creatures seemed happy withal, and I came to the conclusion that good spirits and bad living are not incompatible after all. A pleasant sail across the now glaring surface of the Nile beneath a burning sun, a rush to shore amongst hundreds of boats filled with a shrieking, laughing crowd, brought us to the other side, where we awaited the landing of our donkeys, and were of course assailed on all hands by importunate cries of *Bakhshísh yá Khawágah. 'Ala shán ay?* I asked a sturdy young beggar "What for?" "Because I am so poor," he replied. "Then," said I, "*Yuhannín*," "may God pity you"; and as no beggar can stand that solemn but decisive reply, he disappeared. The art of pious repartee, as applied to beggars, is a very useful one, and I have now the whole vocabulary at my tongue's end; and many a piastre it saves me, to say nothing of ridding me of unpleasant neighbours, for be it known every Egyptian *is a host in himself.* Therefore I am profuse in such sorrowing ejaculations as "Heaven show thee grace," "My malady is written in the book of fate," &c.; and if it all fails, I have recourse to the sharp command "Arga" (get back), "Oh, Father of Satan," or "little mother of bitterness," as the case may be. A long but pleasant ride through a park *Junaina*, which would have been very pretty had not the palm trees and cacti been inches thick with dust, brought us back to our Hotel and grateful lunch.

HAJJI.

TO ROSE.

"WITHOUT a thorn there blooms no rose,"—
'Tis thus the time-worn saying goes,
Which never will to us be true
Since we've a thornless Rose in you.

Thou wast a glimpse of soft blue sky
Between the clouds, beyond the wind,
Dear child; O take this little wreath
With sweet forget-me-nots entwined.

LILIAN.

PART I.

SPRING'S VOICES.

I.

Where a long-drawn waving valley
Sinketh down a shoreward slope
Nestle hollows gay and flowery,—
There the childhood of her hope,
And the maidenhood and girlhood
Glided peacefully away.
Twenty years of early living,
Still expanding for the day
When the Fairy Prince in wonder
Came and touched the golden gate,
Passed the portals wide asunder,
Brought the rose of life and fate.

II.

Swallows were building beneath the eaves,
Nightingales warbling thro' the green leaves;
Under the windless ivy boughs
Ever more sweetly at evening's drowse
Trilling, trilling are duly heard
The fast clear notes of the cuckoo-bird;
Ever and aye on the noonday hush
Stealeth the lay of the mellow thrush;
Deep in the woods a startled cry
Clearly from pheasant breaks, o'erhead
Chaunteth the cushat cheerily
In myrtle bower engarlanded;
All in the springtime again 'tis heard
Calling and answer of bird and bird—
Love, love, love, where thee they greet,
There shall the sparrow's chirp more sweet
Carol than nightingale's love ladened lay
Out from the heart of the breathing may.

III.

O tenderly wake Love's home-sweet thoughts!
Springing up all of themselves, as the flower
We cannot tell how, in what hidden hour
Upsprings; so fairly and delicate grown
Out from herself and herself alone
The tender veins of thought uprise,
And work their sweet charm before our eyes.

That charm, 'tis a rose that from briery spray
Plucked to engarland some long summer day,—
Love still imparting a fragrant decay,—
Softly at even we buried away.

Sport with thy rosebuds by porch and by bower,
Crowning, uncrowning, in springtide's own hour,
Child of the earth, yet ne'er vex thee to know
That which Time's opening leaves may show.

IV.

Let Love's day,
As it may,
Brightly and pleasantly pass away;—
Soft and slow,
Sing they so,
To a few chords soft and low:

"Did you love together
All the tender May?—
In the wood, bird answered bird
Day after day.

"'Neath the skies of Summer
Did your love wax strong?—
Birds warbled in the wood
All Summer long.

"'Neath the storms of Autumn
Did you bend together?—
Birds crouched silent in the wood
All the Autumn weather.

"'Neath the snows of Winter
Did you lie together?—
Birds from out the wood, they say,
One wintry day
Flew far away—
Did you fly together?

* * * *

V.

Suddenly, swiftly, a rushing wind
Passed from the north wide over the hill,
Keen and relentless, before, behind,
And for a moment their heart grew chill—

"Ah, what hast thou done, my love, my love!
Ah, dearest!" the maid did say;
"Ah, what hast thou done, my gentle love,
That thou must away and away?
"Yet stay," she said, "again one kiss,
One kiss to help the lone years thro'"—
"O not for evermore!" he cried,
"And time dreams on o'er waters wide,
"And I shall home to you."

For Francis he must rise and go
Across the spreading foam;
Two empty-handed years shall flow
While time rolls swiftly on;
And he will home to win his bride,
The fairy Lilian.

VI.

They sat and watched the sun away,—
The waves leap'd flinging on the rocks,
The sands spread shining round the bay,
The birds flew scattering wide in flocks.

They sat the sun out,—then they rose,
Each clasped a hand that each felt cold,
The mist-wreaths veiled the afterglows,
They turned—the world looked grey and old.

And o'er the hills' empurpled pale
They passed into the night of tears,
The moon still driving off her veil,—
A night of vague, vast, mist-wrapt fears.

PART II.

LIFE'S WATERS.—I.

Floating down the Stream.

VII.

Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river,
Downward and onward and forward for ever,
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

Shall you look twice on it? never, O never!
River, nay rivers, they flow down for ever—
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

And so, I deem,
In the rushing stream,
Faint seemed the past as some foolish dream;
For blythe and free
Beyond the sea
In a land of sunny daughters,
In lotus-bower
He quaffed of the flower
Which whoso tasted by streaming tide
Forgat him straightway of all beside,
Of his home *beyond* the waters.

VIII.

O, wherefore should he build the wandering bark
For the wild, wild paths of the ocean dark?

For Marian's tresses blow bright, they say,
And Janet hath glances more fair than the day,
And with Kate the round
Of the dance is crowned,
And Margaret singeth to rhapsody;—
For to maidens belong
Both dance and song,
And music and minstrelsy,
Dance, song, music, and minstrelsy.
Then wherefore should he build the wandering bark
For the wild, wild paths of the ocean dark?

IX.

THE MAIDENS' SONG.

"If you'll walk on the Sunside as far as 'twill go,
"For you and for you will the violets blow;
"For you will the primroses courtship make
"With the springtime and sunshine and May;
"To you will the lilies ride over the lake,
"While the daffodils bloom round the bay;
"In the wood all day long will the ring-doves coo,
"And the thorn-bush to roses break;
"The garden will teem with spices for you,
"And the rainbow keep watch over all for your sake."

Chorus.

"Where the narciss is fairest of all to see,
"And the crocus in golden gleaming,
"And the umbrage pale of the olive tree
"Like mist-wreath in moonlight streaming."

X.

And O, those lulling numbers
Ring sweetly down the stream—
One face i' the cold blue waters
Is fading like a dream;
In the waters of the brooklet
On her way to join the sea,
That murmured late so fretfully,
Now prattle glad and free
Between the sun-bright lilies
With glossy full-fed leaves,
Tall blossom-flags, and rushes
In softly pressing sheaves;—
It broadens and it deepens
In gushing swelling tide,
Like dreams the rich meads flying
The mellow banks beside;
It hath joined the clear-voiced river
In current deep and strong,
The waters gather, gather,
As the full tide rolls along,
Still onward and unceasing
By sandy bar and keel—
To the rapids downward, downward,
See the rushing waters reel
And plunging, twisting, turning
In hoary foaming tract,—
Ho! the waves are leaping, flinging,
O'er the roaring cateract!

LIFE'S WATERS.—2.

Waiting by the River.

XI.

Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river,
Downward and onward and forward for ever;
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

Shall you look twice on it? never, O never!
River, nay rivers, they flow down for ever—
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

But beside the farther shore
As he found and left her, there
Stayed the lone one, evermore
Fading in the shadowy air.

The sea, the wide, wide sea is still
With no glad ship-sail whitening,
And bare and lone the high-crowned hill
In the lone sunshine brightening.

Adown its long-drawn heathery sides
Weary and waste the pathway glides,
And faintly and far glow the Isles of the Blest
'Mid the sun-drunken waves of the far-gleaming West.

XII.

The Eastern windows opened she wide,
And heard the song of the restless tide;
But o'er the wild paths of ocean dark
Wandering home there came no bark.

Then to the casements of the West
She turned, where the waters flow soft to rest;
And if one had floated in with the tide
He had found a gentle yet weary bride.

LILIAN'S SONG.

"The river followeth on, it knows not whither,
In a sweet awaying;
With restful flowing and with wakeful slumber,
All strife staying.

"Dream not that it forgets its natal mountains,
Its maiden May;
That it forgets the downward-flinging fountains
Of youth's day.

"Rushes press and cluster, whispering, quivering,
Listening night and day;
It pursues its wistless, wistless wandering
Toward some fond far-away.

XIII.

So did seven long years roll over,
So life's lonesomeness was passed,
So she left the quiet valley,
All her sorrows coming fast;—
Seven long, hard, years,
With toils and tears,
With faint far hopes and crowding fears,
With human sighs and suffering,
With weariness and wayfaring,
And the grave at last.

PART III.

LOVE'S REST.

XIV.

"She said "In Death there is no fear,
"And wherefore should ye be afraid?
"For perfect Love doth Fear cast out,
"And love in Death is perfect made.
"O stretch thine hand, O drink thou deep
"Of Love that thirsts to make life sweet
"In dreamy cold and barren heat.
"O stream of life! O flowing time!
"Eternal, yet but half sublime;
"And thrice three thousand years away
"From bliss, from rest, from calm, they say."

"One rest hath Life's unresting ocean,
"The contradictory rest of motion,—
"When wave meets wave and forms a crest
"Of momentary mutual rest;
"When heart meets heart in thrilling chime
"Whose echoes ring thro' distant time,—
"Ring, but untuned they rise and fall o'er earth and sky and sea,
"For the harmony of the lyre and the bell is the world's harmony."

XV.

"There is no fear in Death!" she said,
"No fear in Death for me;
"Its dewy finger thrills," she said,
"Its touch is light and free;
"Its holy, placid tones," she said,
"Call cool o'er land and lea."

"O bid the earth lie light!" she said,
"All lightsome let it be;
"Nor lay me deep, tho' low," she said,
"Beneath the spreading tree;
"And take this casket small," she said,
"And bury it low with me."

There was no hurry in her hand,
Her tones were light and free;
They saw that life was wearying
And so they let her be;
And when they folded her away
They sang full pleasantly:—

XVI.

"Deep and away
Thro' the leaves now,
At the close of the day
Thou hast dropt from the bough.

"Thou hast spun the long web
That was set thee to spin—
Now rest for a moment,
And then pass within.

"Thou toiledst a thorny
And wearisome way—
But to-morrow, to-morrow,
When waking, how gay!

"Thou wilt laugh, and thy voice shall be loosened in song,
Thou wilt stretch out thine hands and be free—
'I have found my heart's Love! I have found my heart's Love!
'I'll ne'er leave Him, He ne'er will leave me!'"

XVII.

So wings the Soul escaping to her star,
Beyond the land of day-dreams, gleaming far—
No jarring clamour, no dull silence there,
No frowning clouds above the calm sweet air;
No shade, but only shadows softly fall
From bright-bloomed bowers with sunshine round them all.

Peace to the charméd Form; as Death
Findeth, so he leaveth—there
Slept her last look, sleeping now,
Lay the bands of clinging hair.

So fades the light of morning bright
From off some snow-clad hill,
Yet coldly white and pure to sight
It gleams like marble still;
In wan sad hour faint droops the flower,
A thousand roses die,
While glittering far the silvery star
Unchanging shines on high.

XVIII.

O the linden-tree waves, and blooms the bay tree
As it bloomed in the days that used to be,
And the song of the bird
Up and down it is heard
In the long-drawn nave of the wood;
But of the Singers we loved the best
One is away, and one is at rest—
Flown from out of the wood.

Now all is hushed, and all is still,
And over them all spreads rest and peace;
Ah, rest indeed!—but up the lone hill
Who comes slow as the shades increase?
Only a man with a steady stride,
Only a voice that bitterly cried
O'er the wild winds as a knell of fate
Whose echoes fell back—"Too late: too late."

XIX.

O the linden-tree waves, and blooms the bay tree
As it bloomed in the days that used to be,
And the song of the bird
Up and down it is heard
In the long-drawn nave of the wood;
But of the Singers we loved the best
One is away and one is at rest—
Flown from out of the wood.

Yet where the soft-bloomed hyacinths blow,
And the murmuring bee roves to and fro
In the drowsy noontide air;
Yet where those wondrous lilies bright
Gleam in their silvery bands by night—
Saw ye no phantom there?

A Spirit blooms by the old bay tree,
A Spirit sighs on the night air free,
Swayed by the passing breeze;
And under the stars two Spirits rove
Home toward the dusking linden-grove
Shaded with spreading trees;—
There, when the leaves were swayed and stirred
Slender and sighing tones were heard
Joining in strains like these:

"Of a whispering Stream
The heart doth dream,
But far, and O far her waters seem;—
Ebbing, flowing,
Coming, going;
Nothing fixed, but all endeavour,—
Passing, passing on for ever.

"Passingness hath passed away;
But the Stream streams on, they say,
On for ever, on for aye."

SPRINGBOKS ON TREK.

KEISKAMMA Hoek is one of the most lovely spots in South Africa. It lies in a deep and well wooded valley of the Amatola mountains, surrounded on all sides by towering peaks, which seem to rise one upon another until they culminate in the grand heights of the Thomas mountain. Through the midst of the vale, overshadowed by dark clusters of yellow-wood trees and willows, flashes the mountain stream, which, swelled by numerous tributaries from the Amatolas, gradually broadens into the great Keiskamma river.

The country is well stocked with game. Various kinds of antelopes are to be found in the bush. Leopards, wild cats, and other animals abound. The riverside trees are thickly hung with pendent nests of the 'green sprew,' and flocks of screaming parrots are ever darting from branch to branch, their brilliant plumage glancing and glittering in the sun.

It was in this 'earthly Paradise' that my lot was cast during the year 185—. I was quartered, with a few fellow officers, at the military post near the 'Hoek,' and for the first few weeks lived a life of true enjoyment. Few days passed during which we did not make a circuit through the neighbouring bush, and add some fresh trophy to our collection of 'horns and hides.' But in time even this began to pall upon us, and we determined to institute a hunting expedition on a grander scale than we had before conceived.

Accordingly, we sent word to several of the Fingo

'locations,' and fixed a day for a 'drive,' ordering about a hundred of the most distinguished hunters to assemble at the military post at the appointed time. It was decided that we should take a couple of 'tent' waggons and a full supply of provisions, and form an encampment on the 'Bontebok flats,' which lay on the other side of the Thomas mountain.

These 'flats,' or plains, derive their name from the 'bontebok,' a species of antelope, which, however, has now entirely disappeared from those parts. The 'springbok,' an antelope so called from its wonderful powers of jumping, is found on the flats in great abundance; and besides springbok, there are many other kinds of bucks, including wildebeeste, hartebeeste, and others. Ostriches, and even lions, are also to be seen there at times. It was therefore with no small interest that we looked forward to the expedition, and great were the preparations which occupied us during the intervening days.

On the day in question, I awoke at a very early hour, and after swallowing my cup of coffee, turned out of bed and began to dress with all haste. In the midst of my ablutions my curiosity was excited by a great confusion and noise which was taking place in the courtyard; and stepping out into my 'stoep' or verandah, I beheld a strange sight—so strange, indeed, that the reader must pardon a short digression while I try to depict the scene.

In the middle of the court stood our two 'tent' waggons, and twelve yoke of oxen were being 'spanned' to each. Hottentot and Malay drivers, with curious peaked straw hats, and costumes of varied hues, were belabouring the poor animals with their immense whips of bamboo, and 'sjamboks' made of hippopotamus' hide, at the same time uttering the most unearthly yells and imprecations. 'Hur'r't ye schelm!' 'Hur'rt, trek ye donder blitz England!' 'Hur'rt,—ek sal ye slann,—hur'r't Blaubok!' Such and many more

were the curses heaped upon the heads of the wretched animals, while their flanks were being lashed by a bastinado of the merciless sjambok, in order to enforce their submission to the yoke.

Beside the waggons was assembled a group of about two hundred natives, Fingos, Kafirs, and Hottentots, of varied and motley appearance. The greater portion of these were the hunters, or rather beaters, who were to accompany us, and who were for the most part in strict hunting apparel. If I were to try to describe this apparel, the attempt would be futile, for it consisted in simply nothing at all. No, I am wrong. Some of them had beads strung round their waists, and some copper rings on their arms and legs—*sed præterea nihil*. So much for the dress of the mass. But some of the grandees, proprietors it may be of a few head of cattle, and probably of not a few head of wives, were clothed in a manner suitable to their rank and dignity.

Cast off European clothing of all kinds, old hats, old and tattered trowsers, tail coats, regimentals, top-boots, and bright coloured handkerchiefs, figured in the most lavish, inconvenient, and fantastic profusion. One old chief I particularly noticed. On his head he wore a tiara of cowrie shells, which stood out in fine relief against his jet-black wool; two blue crane feathers waved above: his 'kaross' was made of the finest lynx skin, and fell gracefully about his tall figure, giving him almost a majestic appearance. But the whole effect was spoilt and rendered ludicrous by a huge pair of military top-riding-boots, which lay in gigantic coils about his ancles and calves, and seriously impeded his locomotion. The absolute uselessness of these incumbrances was apparent from the fact that he had taken the precaution to cut out the soles, in order to walk with greater ease. Oh vanity! art thou more ridiculous in the poor Kafir chieftain, or in the tight-laced high-heeled beauty who waddles

painfully along Regent Street, or Brighton parade? But let us return.

We were soon ready to start, and when on the point of setting out a ceremony was performed, which was supposed to have a propitious influence on our day's sport. A native wrapped himself up in a blanket and threw himself on the ground, intending thereby to personify a wounded antelope. I cannot say that the representation was much more illusive than the man who personifies 'Wall' or the Moon in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. However, he was immediately set upon by a body of yelling men and yelping curs, of whom there were at least two hundred present, and stabbed to death by numerous 'assegais.' Every man present seemed to feel himself bound to give the poor fellow a poke in the ribs with his spear or knobkerry—indeed it seemed a very seasonable opportunity for paying off without suspicion, or fear of resentment, any old grudge. When I say that the man was stabbed to death, I speak metaphorically. I will not further retard the course of my story by describing the lovely scenery that opened before us as our long train wound up the valley of the Keiskamma, or the grand panorama which lay beneath us, white with the morning mists, when we had reached the lofty pass at the summit of the Thomas mountain. Suffice it to say, that before mid-day we had pitched our camp, and 'outspanned' our cattle, near the St. John's river on the Bontebok flats. We immediately made preparations for a 'drive.' A line of natives was formed, extending for about a mile, and spread itself over the undulating country at the foot of the mountains, with the object of driving all the game through a narrow passage between the river and some precipitous 'krantzes.' We had previously hastened forwards and taken up a station in a position commanding the pass. As the line approached our excitement increased. We imagined that we heard the mimosa bushes and

long grass snapping and crackling under the tread of large game. We were already in fancy firing into a dense line of animals; and we distinctly saw more than one antelope, precursors doubtless of a mighty host, leaping through the underwood towards us. 'Only blauboks,' whispered my companion, 'do not shoot yet.' So we let them pass, and waited. A few minutes afterwards a black face peered through the bushes, and one of our drivers stepped into sight, followed soon by several others, who with loud exclamations of disgust informed us that they had not started a single head of game except some paltry blauboks and hares. The whole country seemed to have been deserted. We were furious, and swore that we would get the rascally niggers well thrashed for deceiving us in such a manner.

It was growing late, and as there was no time for another drive before nightfall we dismissed the men, and with vexation of spirit turned our horses' heads towards the open plain, hoping to meet with a few solitary springboks. We separated, and rode forward, keeping some distance apart, and acting independently of one another; for the only chance of success in the open depended on surprising a herd in one of the little dells or 'kloofs,' with which the flats are scored in all directions. I was ascending with drooping spirits from one of these, after a fruitless search, when suddenly a scene was presented to my eyes, which I shall never forget. The whole country before me for miles, as far as I could see, was alive with an innumerable multitude of game. Onwards they surged towards me. Thousands upon thousands, in dense array, raising thick masses of dust, trampling one another down in their impetuous advance, rolled onwards towards me like a mighty flood of waters. Onwards, ever onwards they surged; and as the foremost ranks drew near, I saw that the mass consisted of 'sprinboks;' but amid them, borne along helplessly

by the irresistible torrent, I observed other game of various kinds. Here the tall, flexible neck and pointed head of a giraffe might be seen towering above the moving sea of antelopes, while the poor creature struggled vainly to stem the resistless stream; there an ostrich, with outspread wings flapping vehemently, but all powerless to escape. And as I gazed on this wonderful spectacle the dense host approached ever nearer. Onwards they surged like a thick thundercloud rolling along a mountain steep—onwards, ever onwards. —No stay, no check; incessantly they pressed forward; and should any for one instant halt or fall, he was carried headlong, or trampled down and trodden to death by the merciless sharp hoofs of the onward pouring multitudes. Nearer and nearer they came. Louder and ever louder arose the thunder of the countless feet. Fifty yards barely separated us. Rapt astonishment gave place at length to a sense of danger, and I seized the bridle to turn my horse's head. But it was in vain. With stiffened quivering limbs he stood transfixed with terror: his glazed eye, his dilated nostril, his short quick snorts of fear—all assured me that it would be impossible to make him move. In the extremity of desperation I buried my spurs deeply in his sides. In an instant he reared, striking out wildly with his front legs, and with a sharp neigh fell over backwards.

I was prepared for this, and just escaped being crushed by the fall. The first idea that occurred to me was that I must take to my heels as quickly as I could, for the bucks were now within thirty yards, and there was no time to be lost. A few seconds shewed me the impossibility of flight, for I found that I was being gained upon with terrible rapidity.

Onwards they rolled, like a mighty billow sweeping towards the land, ever lifting higher its toppling crest, until with a terrific thunder it burst upon the shore. How could I escape? In the agony of my despair

I sank upon my knees and cried to God to save me—to have mercy upon my poor widowed mother, if not upon me. In a moment, as it were, flashed across my mind, vivid and swift as lightning, the incidents of my past life. Scenes of my childhood, long forgotten; scenes of a later and less innocent age; faces of dear friends; and that face dearest of all, with its deep earnest eyes of love, and its sweet calm smile—the face of my mother: all these were presented to me in an instant, with a vividness which has left its burning imprint in my mind to this day. Oh! the deep agony of despair! who can know what it means, until he is brought face to face with death?

Nearer and nearer they came; and a cloud of thick stifling dust rose as they trod, and darkened the sky. And I bowed my head to the ground and awaited death, knowing that it was impossible to escape through any vain efforts to stem their irresistible force. And now I felt the earth tremble with the trampling of their feet. I knew that they were upon me. I felt their hot breath, and the suffocating dust, as the deep array rushed down upon me,—and with a great leap sprang far over my head.

I was saved. I had by the greatest good fortune placed myself in the midst of an old waggon road; and, as I well knew, no springbok would tread on such treacherous ground, but would cross it at a single bound.

Blinded and suffocated with dust and the rank smell of the antelopes, I lay there; while over me a perpetual stream of bounding springboks formed a vaulted roof. I must have remained in this position for above an hour, when I could endure it no longer and fainted away. The next object that met my eyes was the great golden moon staring at me from the dark star-spangled heaven, while I lay in the midst of the plain on the dewy grass. It was with some difficulty that I made my way to our encampment, through which

I found that the springboks had passed, overturning and trampling everything to pieces. All of the men had taken refuge on the heights, and had returned, except one of my brother officers, whom we almost gave up for lost. On the next day, however, he returned. He had been overtaken by the whelming host, and had been carried along on his horse in the midst of the herd for the whole night. As daylight dawned, and he was beginning to lose all hope, he perceived that the dense body was beginning to separate; and within an hour the only sign of this mighty multitude was a few scattered herds of springboks grazing on the green slopes of the Amatolas.

H. B. C.

TO MEMORY.

I.

O pensive Treasurer of the happy past,
Whose sunshine is the light of bygone years,
Whose down-droopt eyes, for ever backward cast,
Are mellow'd with the mist of tender tears—
Sweet Memory! oft in solitary hours,
And chiefest at this season, when the blight
Of autumn settles on the fading bowers,
Thou hast unlock'd for me thy choicest store:
Again I woo thee; while the hearth grows bright
Amid the deepening twilight, come once more!

II.

It is sweet summer in the human heart
When thou and Hope are sisters; welcomely
We greet thee, when the joy from which we part
Is but the earnest of what is to be.
I trust that summer-time is mine as yet,
Tho' the year hath its autumn; wherefore bring
No heavy-folded cloud of dim regret,
Nor sombrous drip of cinerary boughs,
But come, all sunny with the smile of spring,
The bloomy myrtle twined about thy brows.

III.

And yet I do not bid thee travel far
To fetch thy gleanings from the golden ways
I roam'd on under childhood's dawning star,
Or the bright promise of my boyish days;
I do but ask thee for the past delights
The year that is hath given thee; bring again
The balmy mornings and the moonlit nights,
And those sweet summer joys within thy call—
Days in the woods, and by the rolling main—
Thy joys, but also Hope's—the crown of all!

HOW I BECAME LADY THORBURY.

I HAD a letter this morning from my cousin, George Isleworth, of your College: you shall read it.

DEAREST CISSY,

I was asked the other day to write an article for the *Eagle*—that's a Magazine published at our College once a term—and rashly promised to do so. Now I had a general impression that I had only to take a sheet of paper, mend a pen, and sit down at my writing-desk, and the only difficulty I should find would be in choosing among the thousand and one subjects that would instantly suggest themselves to my mind: and that, the subject chosen, my pen would fly over the aforesaid paper, and presto! a brilliant article would be ready to adorn the pages of the *Eagle*, and reflect no small lustre on your humble servant. But whether it was that so many subjects jostled each other at the gate of my brain, that not one ever fairly forced its way in, or whether all my original ideas had been anticipated by others, certain it is that, although I have three times taken a sheet of paper, mended a pen, and sat down before my writing-desk, I have not yet been able to produce a single line of any kind. In this strait I have just bethought myself of the story of your marriage and the Anti-what's-his-name which led to it. Will you give me permission to tell the story, or, better still, write it yourself? I have not forgotten the famous "Essay on Selfishness" you read before the Ladies' Mutual-interchange-of-information Society at Hawksbury. Everybody remarked, if you remember, what a wonderfully fine literary taste that essay showed. Please write at once, and be sure to enclose the manuscript.

How are Everard and the baby? Has the latter any sign of hair on its head yet? I was told yesterday of a man who was born bald, and has never grown a hair all his life through. I shouldn't wonder if your baby is in the same case.

Ever, dearest Cissy,
Your affectionate Cousin,
GEORGE ISLEWORTH.

That was the letter, and here is the story of my courtship and marriage.

It does not happen to every woman to be indebted for a husband to Dr. de Bosch's Anti-Odontodyne. It happened to me.

My cousin Virginia and I were brought up together from childhood. We learnt our alphabet together, we went out of short frocks together, we "finished" at the same London school, we came out at the same ball. Our homes were two miles apart: but it was so common for us both to be found at one house, that many who lived in the immediate neighbourhood would address me by my cousin's name and my cousin by mine. In other respects too Fortune had treated us with striking impartiality. Virginia was dark: I was fair: but I believe our personal attractions were about equally balanced: at all events when we summed up the events of a ball, one could seldom boast of having had more eligible partners than the other. We were both only daughters, and our pecuniary expectations, in neither case inconsiderable, were as nearly as possible the same.

Yet with all these advantages, we had both celebrated our twenty-fifth birthdays (they fell in the same month) and were still unmarried. It was not that we had had no opportunity of changing our state: we had each had five suitors at our feet: but we had never once hesitated for a moment to reject these aspirants: and singularly enough, the rejection was in every case fully approved by our parents, and our reasons invariably identical.

My father's estate was separated from my uncle's, through a great part of its extent, by a long strip of land which formed part of the great estate of Thorbury. The late baronet, Sir Frederick Thorbury, died about a year before I was born, leaving an only son Everard, an infant six months old. The poor little baronet was a weakly and ailing child. When the time came for him to cut his teeth, he almost suc-

cumbed in the fierce struggle that ensued, spite of all the help which nature could give him: and as he grew up the seclusion and sedentary habits entailed by his feeble health made permanent the shy and retiring dispositon which was to some extent inherent in him.

Now it so happened that Virginia and I were christened on the same day: and from the church the party assembled on the occasion adjourned to a luncheon at my father's house. At this luncheon somebody, in a speech intended to be humourous, first invoked every blessing on the heads of the two children, our unconscious selves: and then concluded by proposing the health of the future Lady Thorbury.

"Lady Cecilia Thorbury!" cried my father, raising his glass.

"Lady *Virginia* Thorbury!" retorted my uncle.

"Well," said my father, "we won't quarrel about it, George: of course you will naturally be a little disappointed when Cecilia becomes Lady Thorbury: so I hereby promise to make over to you £1000 on the wedding-day."

"I shall remember your promise," said my uncle, "and I will do as much for you the day Virginia becomes my lady; I will place £1000 to your credit at Coutts'."

Thenceforward it was a standing joke between the brothers to speak of my Lady Cecilia or my Lady Virginia, as the case might be.

Meanwhile, Sir Everard's guardians had decided that he was not strong enough to fight his way at a public school, and had sent him to a private tutor in a distant county; and as he spent the holidays with one or other of the said guardians, and had only visited Thorbury a dozen times in as many years, the random prophecy of which I have spoken, seemed anything but likely to meet with fulfilment. But after Sir Everard, who was now at Christ Church, Oxford, had attained

his majority, he began to spend his vacations more and more at Thorbury, and to take a languid interest in the field sports for which our county is famous. He was still, however, bashful in the extreme, and for a long time evaded all proffered hospitality. At length an accident brought him into closer relations with our family. A virulent form of typhus fever made its appearance among the servants at Thorbury, just at a time when Sir Everard happened to be temporarily disabled by a fall received in skating. Sir Everard's medical man, who was also ours, considered it highly dangerous for him to remain at the Hall: but on the other hand, his broken leg made it impossible for him to be moved to any great distance. In this dilemma Doctor Sherborne asked my father to give Sir Everard an invitation to stay a short time with us. This my father very willingly did; and Sir Everard, sorely against his own will, was constrained by the Doctor's urgent representations to allow himself to be transported, one cold December day, a close prisoner to our house. Here we did all we could to relieve the monotony of his confinement: and gradually his reserve thawed so far that he would occasionally originate a remark even to Virginia or me—for Virginia was at this time spending one of her long periodical visits with us:—while to my father he would talk with comparative freedom, though he generally lapsed into an embarrassed silence the moment my cousin or I entered the room. His recovery was rapid, and in six weeks time, he was able to leave for Oxford: but from this time we saw a good deal of him in the vacations, and people began to rally Virginia and me on Sir Everard's admiration. The perplexing thing was that we ourselves in talking over the subject, as we often did (for we were too much attached to each other to have any petty jealousies between us), could never make up our minds which of us he preferred. One day he would be devoted to me, another he would

be inseparable from Virginia; and if, as sometimes happened, he chanced to be placed between us, his evident bewilderment and the distraction of his ever-shifting glances were almost too absurd. His bashful manner, however, was rapidly wearing away; and if he could but have married both of us, I think he would probably have mustered courage to make the proposal in a very short time after he first made our acquaintance.

As it was the years rolled on, and, as I have said, my twenty-fifth birthday was past and gone, and I had just refused the last of the aforementioned offers —a most eligible one: but, the very day before it was made, Sir Everard had spent the day with us and had never shewn me such marked attention. I was, therefore, I own, a little vexed when, some ten days afterwards I read in a letter from Virginia, that she too had received attentions, "which I am sure my dearest Cissy, if you had been present, you could but have construed in one way: I really believe he is coming to the point at last; and I am certain you will feel it almost as much a relief as I shall, shall you not, darling?" Strange to say, I could not quite echo this last prediction from the depths of my heart.

I was not sorry when, the next day, my father asked me if I had any shopping to do in town; he was going up for the day, and would take me with him. I at once accepted his offer, and we left by the ten o'clock train. Just before we started, my aunt, a sister of my mother's, who was staying with us, asked me to bring down a bottle of Doctor de Bosch's Anti-Odontodyne, her sovereign specific for the toothache. I gave her a careless promise, which I as lightly forgot when I reached town. I had made my purchases, and my father and I were on our way to the station in a cab, when, by some strange coincidence, my eye happened to light upon the words Anti-Odontodyne, printed in gigantic letters on a dead wall. Thus

reminded, I stopped the cab at the next druggist's shop, and bought a bottle of the precious elixir. We arrived in good time at the station, and took our seats in an empty compartment; but just as the bell had rung our door was violently thrown open, and a porter crying, "Room here, sir," ushered in Sir Everard himself! He was so evidently pleased to find himself in our company that I could not find it in my heart to bear malice, especially as his manner was more than usually warm, and his air of devotion manifestly genuine and unassumed. I should rather have said that it was so at first. For after a time his tone became constrained, and he gradually fell into a profound silence, turning himself away from me and gazing intently out of the window. This was succeeded by perplexing symptoms of restlessness, and at last, when the shock of a passing train had made him turn his face for a moment, I was alarmed to see that it was white as a sheet, and contracted with an expression of intense agony. My father too had caught the look: and crossing over said hurriedly "Good heavens, Sir Everard, what is the matter?"

Sir Everard groaned: and hid his face in his hands, but instantly recovering himself and looking up, he said,

"A paroxysm of neuralgia, that is all: but you must forgive me, the pain is absolutely intolerable."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before I had seized my satchel, snatched my aunt's bottle, and poured out a dose of the Anti-Odontodyne into the cup of my small sherry-flask.

"Drink it," I said, even laying my hand upon his arm in my excitement: "drink it."

He obeyed mechanically

The result was instantaneous.

Every trace of pain died out from his face, and a wild rapture of intoxicated joy took its place.

A moment more and I found myself clasped to his heart, and kisses raining down upon my lips.

"I love you, Cecilia" he said; "I have always loved you, my preserver!"

This did not last long. My father had risen with an angry flush upon his cheek. Sir Everard saw it, and a hot and painful blush showed his awakening consciousness of the *faux pas* he had made. But suddenly his brow cleared: a bright thought struck him.

"I have been impetuous, sir," he said; "you must forgive me. I do love your daughter, and I cannot do better than ask her, in the presence of her father, to be my wife."

I will not dwell on the conclusion of the scene. Suffice it to say that my father was even more easily mollified than I was (and I was not *very* implacable); on one point only was he firm even to obstinacy. He would not allow his own selfish—if paternal—feeling, or any foolish coyness on my part to stand in the way of Sir Everard's happiness. He knew what his own feelings were, when he was in Sir Everard's place, and he insisted that the marriage should be fixed—*for that day fortnight!*

And on that day fortnight my father paid £1000 to my uncle's account at Coutts'.

T. M.

OUR CHRONICLE.

WITH the commencement of a new volume of *The Eagle* it is satisfactory to have to announce a brightening prospect. One encouraging sign is the considerable reduction in the debt which has been effected during the past year; another, to which we attach even greater importance, is an increase in the number of articles contributed to the present number. The recurrence of the latter symptom will be looked for with anxiety next Term by all friends of *The Eagle*, who will then be able decisively to pronounce it convalescent after its recent sufferings by inanition.

Mr. Haskins has resigned his place on the Editorial Committee, and has been succeeded by Mr. A. A. Bourne.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College on November 8th:

J. Blanch, M.A., 9th Wrangler, 1865.

P. H. Kempthorne, M.A., 8th Classic, 1866.

H. Humphrey, B.A., 5th Wrangler, 1867.

E. Carpmael, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1867.

W. Griffith, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1868; 2nd Class Classic, and Bell's Scholar.

R. E. Verdon, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1868, 2nd Class Classic, and Senior Moralist, 1868.

J. Elliott, B.A., 2nd Wrangler, 1869, 1st Smith's prizeman.

G. H. Hallam, B.A., Senior Classic, 1869, Craven Scholar, 1868.

The Deanery of Ely, rendered vacant by the appointment of Dr. Goodwin to the Bishopric of Carlisle, has been accepted by the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D., formerly Fellow and Tutor of this College, and now Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Merivale, who is well known as the author of "The

History of the Romans under the Empire," has held since 1848 the College living of Lawford, Essex, which will be vacated by his preferment.

The L. M. B. C. Long Vacation Scratch Fours were rowed on Thursday, 5th of August. They were breast races up the Long Reach. Seven boats started. The winning crew were:

1 W. J. Clark	T. B. Spencer (*stroke*)
2 J. M. Johnson	L. H. Evans (*cox.*)
3 E. Carpmael	

A general meeting was held on Thursday, 14th of October, when the following motions were brought forward and carried:

(1) That the Treasurer publish every year an account of the receipts and disbursements of the Club.

(2) That the Captain of any racing boat, if not rowing himself, shall appoint a vice-captain, who must row in the boat.

The officers elected for the Term were as follows:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer: J. Noon.
Secretary: W. A. Jones.
1st Captain: J. H. D. Goldie.
2nd Captain: H. Latham.
3rd Captain: A. J. C. Gwatkin.
4th Captain: J. Collins.
Questionist: T. B. Spencer.

The University Fours commenced on Friday, 5th of November. The boats entered were: 1st Trinity, 3rd Trinity, Lady Margaret, Trinity Hall, and Sidney.

The L. M. B. C. were drawn in the 1st heat with Trinity Hall and Sidney. Sidney won this heat, the Lady Margaret being second; 1st Trinity won the 2nd heat, and in the final, Sidney beat 1st Trinity. The L. M. B. C. crew were as follows:

1	A. J. C. Gwatkin	12	2
2	J. Noon	12	0
3	J. W. Dale	12	3
	J. H. D. Goldie (*stroke*)	12	2
	H. B. Adams (*cox.*)	8	3

The Pearson and Wright Challenge Sculls were rowed on Saturday, the 20th. Won by Goldie; W. A. Jones, 2nd; P. Lang, 3rd.

The L. M. B. C. Scratch Fours for the Michaelmas Term came off on Wednesday, 24th of November. Twelve boats started. The winning crew were as follows:

1 J. N. Quirk	3 J. B. Margerison.
2 C. S. Foster	P. H. Laing (*stroke*).

In the Long Vacation the Cricket Club had a stronger Eleven than usual, and the matches with other Clubs were generally rather one-sided. The following are some of the principal matches:

St. John's L. V. C. *v.* Working Men's College. St. John's won easily. The chief scorers were L. C. Norris (not out) 136; E. Carpmael 118.

St. John's *v.* United Servants. St. John's won easily. W. W. Cooper 56, A. A. Bourne 42, J. Wilkes 75, E. Carpmael 39.

St. John's *v.* Christ's. Another bloodless victory. A. A. Bourne made 57, Rev. E. W. Bowling 36, J. T. Welldon 30.

St. John's *v.* University L. V. C. The latter made 238, and St. John's made 275; of which J. T. Welldon contributed 135, W. W. Cooper 37, W. F. Smith, 26.

College *v.* Servants. Won by the College, A. Hoare being chief scorer with 52.

St. John's *v.* Mr. Heppenstall's Eleven. The former made 181; the latter 45 and 46. L. C. Norris scored 65, H. T. Wood 25, J. Wilkes 42.

In all the matches H. Pate was irresistible as a longstop.

A Second Eleven also played several matches, and met with considerable success: the chief performers being F. Coleby, C. H. Cook, W. H. Duncan.

The Club has been rigidly economical this year; but the number of subscribers is so very small that it is extremely difficult to keep the expenditure below the income. There were only fifty members during the May Term.

C. U. R. V. B Company. The following promotions have taken place in consequence of the resignation of his commission by Lieut. Ryder. Ensign Roberts has been elected Lieutenant, and Corpl. G. A. Greenhill, Ensign.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Friday, December 3rd, and was won by Corp. C. Carpmael.

The Competition for the Roe Challenge Cup for Recruits took place on Saturday, Dec. 4th. The Cup was won by Private A. H. Roughton, who has also won the Officers' Pewter for the present Term.

The following Prizes, open to all members of the Corps, have been won by members of B Company during the past year.

In the Third Class Handicap Private Bainbridge took the Second Prize.

In the Second Class Handicap Private E. Carpmael took the First Prize, and Corpl. Carpmael the third. Corpl. C. Carpmael was one of the four chosen to compete in the Long Range Match against the Oxford University Corps. The match took place at Cambridge on June 12th, the Oxford Corps being defeated by 37 points.