

The wanderers seek their harvest of the richly lavished orb.  
The dread Sirocco wind of doom has passed unheeded by  
O'er the charnel fields of battle with its Empire wasting sigh!  
Is not the night a solemn boon won from the Angel's care  
Whose mission lulls the earth to rest while they are watching there?  
The guardian Sentinels who wake to hear throughout the skies  
The Stellar Anthems from those isles of midnight glory rise.  
From all the distant isles of light—but see the brilliant ray  
Of Venus calmly shining in the young moon's silvery way!

It floats in deepening silence on—it fades now from the view—  
It seems a bright transparency upon the shadeless blue—  
The radiance of the virgin orb has hid the trembling Star.  
No vapoury haze or transient mist is gathered round to mar  
The thrilling grandeur of the scene. The Twilight's bride is veiled—  
And from the pure and breezeless depths her quivering gleams have

[failed.]

But mid way through the moon's sweet form we see the dawning light  
Of her unshadowed beauty on the eye lids of the night  
The lovely star shines forth again with an unrivalled power.  
No lingering shroud remains to trace the farewell of an hour.  
And fully now she is revealed, her regal crest is seen,  
Enclosed within the circlet of the Evening's scepterred Queen.  
For in her half illuminated round the crescent world is hung  
Just like a Turkish banner on the night's dark azure flung.  
It is a glorious pageantry, that star and moon enshrined  
Upon the pillared vaults of Air. Their influences bind  
Much of our Earth worn destinies—As we intently gaze  
The Great Jehovah's finger guides the distance lighting rays!  
And now the morn eyed Pleiades from Heaven's environ's wake.  
As dawn wings from the ocean's breast in solemn silence break.  
And o'er the wide horizon float the pearl hued clouds in slow  
And graceful ripples on the wind, like mountain cradled snow.

M. ETHELIND KITTSOON.

William-Henry, Feb. 27th., 1862.

(Gazette de Sorcel.)

## THE RIVER OF SPEECH.

There flows a river through the earth—  
From hills of heaven it hath its birth,  
Through all the lands that speech hath gone,  
For men to float their thoughts upon.

Some send rich fleets of myrrh and gold,  
Ships argosied with gems untold;  
And though the men upon the shore  
Bind them upon their hearts, the store,  
Like prophet's oil, grows more and more.

And some send flowers from fairy lands,  
That float to little children's hands;  
And some—alas! that this should be—  
Send ships that sail to meet the sea,  
Beneath the pirate's flag of black,  
With wreck and rapine on their track.

And some send idle straws alone;  
And some rich seeds, that may be sown  
In quiet creeks; for they will rise,  
Dear flowers to aching hearts and eyes.

And some send holy words that shed  
A strange light on the river's bed—  
A light so steady, earnest, fair,  
You almost think God's stars are there.

Long years ago, past ships and stars,  
A fleet sailed through the Eastern bars,  
And on the wave a heavenly spell,  
A silent consecration fell.  
The stream grew holy as it bore  
Christ's spoken thoughts from shore to shore.

R. I. Schoolmaster.

## Notes of Travel in the East. (1)

## THE PYRAMIDS.

The Egyptian railway is admirably managed, and has a neat and clean appearance, the sleepers being of iron, instead of wood, as usual. The speed attained over the one hundred and forty-two miles, stoppages included, averages about twenty miles an

hour. The engineers are mostly Scotch, though occasional; a native may be seen on duty, an arrangement calculated to excite an unpleasant feeling. It is in contemplation to carry on the railway towards Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea; this would shorten the overland-route, and lessen the time now required, by four or five days, besides avoiding the risk incurred in navigating the gulf, from coral-reefs of great extent.

On our arrival at Shepherd's excellent hotel, we were enabled to make arrangements for starting, the following morning, on a visit to the Pyramids. Accordingly after an early breakfast, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Murray, young Denny and myself, went together, in a carriage, to old Cairo. On the way we passed the spot where (as tradition hands down) the infant Moses was taken from among the bulrushes.

We crossed the Nile in a ferry, and found donkeys awaiting us on the farther side; speedily mounting, we were off at a gallop, accompanied by Arab boys, shouting most vociferously, and, every here and there, making a fresh rush on us for *bachsheesh*. We speedily crossed the wood of palm-trees, and were soon on the spacious plain, where the great battle of the Pyramids was fought in 1798, and where the Mamelukes were so completely routed. The words addressed by Napoleon to his troops, before the engagement, occurred to our minds as singularly adapted, on such a scene, to inspire his soldiers with more than wonted ardour:—  
"Remember, that, from the summit of these Pyramids, forty centuries contemplate your action!"

The Pyramids strike all travellers with feelings of wonder and admiration, which are increased in intensity the more nearly these huge monuments are approached. The height of the chief pyramid, ascribed to Cheops, is 477 feet, being 40 feet higher than St. Peter's cupola at Rome, and 133 feet higher than St. Paul's in London, while the length of the base is 720 feet; of the second pyramid, the perpendicular height is 456 feet, the slanting height 508, and the side of the base 684. These dimensions are larger than have been usually assigned, but this is accounted for from their being taken by Belzoni from the base cleared of the sand and rubbish.

When viewed from the ground, the stones forming the graduated steps seem so small to the gazer upwards, that a doubt arises in his mind, whether they will be sufficiently large to sustain the point of his shoe. Many visitors are consequently deterred from attempting the ascent, but suddenly three or four Arabs seize the hesitating adventurer, and urge him upwards in a rather compulsory manner—one taking hold of each hand, and one or two pushing behind.

The blocks of stone are regular, about three feet deep, and as many wide; so that persons ascending, on perceiving that the steps do not diminish in size, gradually lose the idea of danger, gain confidence, and, after some twenty minutes of pretty severe exercise, reach the top,—a plain surface about thirty feet square.

From this eminence there is a magnificent and altogether a most interesting view. The Nile, varying in width, is seen meandering through the desert, and it has the appearance of a green snake, with the desert on either side, all dull and dreary. Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, seems to lie at your feet; the Delta, so famous for its rich and fertile soil, forming the dead level towards the Mediterranean; the Pyramids of Sakkara; Memphis, and the Libyan desert—are all in sight.

The process, however, of being pulled and pushed up by the Arabs, is, after all, not very pleasant, and something more than a joke. They treat the adventurer under their hands as if he were a bale of goods; and the wonder is, how he can escape without having his arms dislocated. They all know a little English now-a-days, and are fond of singing. "I have a donkey, and he would not go!" was one of the first exclamations that greeted the ear on our arrival in Alexandria, but, at the Pyramids, the refrain was:

"Englishman—very good man,

Englishman—gentle-man,

*Bachsheesh!*"

In fact, *bachsheesh* is their constant cry, ever in their throats and on their lips; and it is not so wonderful, perhaps, when we

(1) The above are selected from Mr. Forsyth's work, a notice of which appears in another part of this journal.