

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. VI.

TRINITY COLLEGE, NOV., 1885.

No. 5.

## CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS.	
On the Nile.— <i>Trefoil.</i>	3
The Influence of the Intellectual Movements in England in the Eighteenth Century upon Subsequent English Thought.	5
Leaves from a Prophet's Note Book.— <i>Q.</i>	10
POETRY.	
General Gordon.— <i>W. J. Rogers.</i>	5
Do. <i>dit.</i> — <i>J. F. A. W.</i>	9
EDITORIALS.	
ROUGE ET NOIR.	12
English Course.	12
Literary Institute.	12
FOOTBALL.	13
LITERARY NOTES.	13
COMMUNICATIONS.	
The Choir.	13
Our Greek Song.	13
ABOUT COLLEGE.	14
TRINITY MEDICAL NOTES.	14

## ON THE NILE.

It was on an afternoon in March, last year, that I first learned to envy those favoured ones who can spend some sunny months upon a dahabiyeh. The day was Egyptian; I cannot praise it more, bright, as it was, with the brightness of southern Italy, clear, with the clearness of one of our own October afternoons, a gentle breeze, cool with the coolness of a sea wind, but twice as fresh, waving the ripening barley and swaying the palm trees sleepily, as we made our way, my friend and I, over the great lion-guarded bridge to the mooring place of the Nile boats. "There will be wind enough to take us up the river, but the Arabs must row us back again." A sail on the Nile! This was more than I had looked for; a fitting close to my happy stay at Cairo.

"What is a dahabiyeh?" Well, it is something like a cottage and something like a scow, with romantic associations and a big sail. To be sure it has a graceful bow, and its cottage is not of the ordinary type at all. For, by way of a roof, it has a deck with an awning above, where one may sit to sip his coffee and enjoy the delicious desert air. The sail, too, is quite unusual, stretched upon a boom that springs from near the bow, like a great inverted crescent, and cutting the mast at about a quarter of its length, sweeps away up into the sky above. One may rent a dahabiyeh as he would a house, "furnished" with everything, even the crew, steward, cook and general servants, as well as captain, helmsman, sailors and rowers;

and from the time that the tenant enters into possession he finds him possessed—taken in hand completely—by the sheikh, so that henceforth he need not even think again if he would rather not, until the season is over. Everything can be provided and every journey planned without him. To be sure he need only hint that he would like to have a few days at Philae, or a trip into the Delta, and it is done. He knows quite well that were he to sleep for a few days, Karnak or Tauta would be reached rightly enough. His wife need never be at all disturbed about the roast beef, for the kitchen is equally self-acting. If she is one who likes directing, she may enjoy seeing her commands carried out to the letter; but if she would rather think about other things, or not think at all, the marketing and the cooking will go on wonderfully well without her. She may go to sleep, too, if she likes, and I think she had better do so, if she does not appreciate the Nile. Some people don't. Poor things! There really are some human beings who do not enjoy the Nile land, in spite of all her charms. Like her queen of old, Egypt generally vanquishes her conquerors, holds them there by a magnetism quite her own, or sends them away again her longing lovers; but yet there are some she cannot hold through no fault of hers. Octavianus did not yield, but the reason is not to be sought in Cleopatra. Like the notorious silver churn, that could not be wheedled as a knife or a needle, the want was in his own metal. Beings who can't appreciate Egypt and her river should not be allowed to stay there. They are unhappy themselves, and they are a great nuisance to everybody else.

The beauty of the Nile is quite unique. Although its banks are low and flat, yet there is no monotony in the scenery, ever-changing as the boat glides on, here a stretch of waving grain, there a grove of palm trees, now the villa of some Pasha gleaming in the sun, and at the next bend a low, gray village near the bank; here a patient ox toils his weary way round and round, as the graceful sakiyeh lifts its water-buckets to irrigate the fields, away off there, near the sky-rim, a hoary pyramid speaks of the elder time, now a loaded camel shambles along the shore, and now a mouldering ruin comes in view, and behind and beyond all, the desert sands rise and fall in hill and hollow, gleaming and glowing, now gold, now purple-brown in the shifting light and shade of a southern winter day. That river would have a fas-