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## THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood;  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone—  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone;  
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's wood  
Rush'd burning through his frame,  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame—  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,  
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars—across his soul  
There swept a sudden change,  
Ev'n at the pilgrim's glorious goal,  
A shadow dark and strange,  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all?*

No more than this!—what seem'd it now  
First by that spring to stand?  
A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
Bathed his own mountain land!  
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,  
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,  
His childhood's haunt of play,  
Where brightly through the beechen shade  
Their waters glanced away—  
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,  
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought  
Of each familiar scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
With all that lay between;  
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
The whirling sands, the red sunoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?  
The spirit born to roam?  
His weary heart within him died  
With yearnings for his home;  
All vainly struggling to repress  
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven  
Beheld his bursting tears.

Ev'n on that spot where fate had given  
The meed of toiling years.  
Oh happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

## THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Thomas Vincent, a non-conformist minister, who was ejected from the living of St. Mary Magdalen, in Milk-street, and during the great plague remained in the city, and preached regularly to the great comfort of the inhabitants under the affliction of the raging pestilence, was an eye-witness of the subsequent conflagration. He wrote, "God's terrible Judgments in the City by Plague and Fire," and has left a circumstantial relation in that work of the progress made by the flames, and their effects on the people.

### VINCENT'S NARRATIVE.

It was the 2d of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began. It began in a baker's house, in Pudding-lane, by Fish-street-hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger, and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad; and, like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses; rusheth down the hill towards the bridge; crosseth Thames-street, invadeth Magnus church, at the bridge foot; and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricado against this conqueror; but, having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about; and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground; then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back to the city again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames-street, westward; where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

Fire! fire! fire! doth resound the streets; many citizens start out of their sleep, look out of their windows; some dress themselves and run to the place. The lord mayor of the city comes with his officers; a confusion there is; counsel is taken away; and London, so famous for wisdom and dexterity, can now find neither brains nor hands to prevent its ruin. The hand of God was in it; the decree was come forth; London must now fall, and who could prevent it? No wonder, when so many pillars are removed, if the building tumbles; the prayers, tears, and faith, which sometimes London hath had, might have quenched the violence of the fire—might have opened heaven for rain, and driven back

\* The arrival of Bruce at what he considered to be the source of the Nile, was followed almost immediately by feelings thus suddenly fluctuating from triumph to despondence. See his *Travels in Abyssinia*.