

LITERATURE.

MORNING

ON ROSTREVOR MOUNTAIN, IN ULSTER, IRELAND.
BY MRS. E. H. DUNLOP.

'Tis Morning! from their heather bed
The curling mists arise;
And circling dark Slieve-donard's head,
Ascend the drowsy skies.
'Tis Morning! and beside "CLOCH-NHOR"
In solitude I stand,
A stranger on my natal shore,
And this my Fatherland!

ROSTREVOR! each illumined line
Of early life's romance,
Within this beautiful page of thine
Lies mirror'd to my glance:
Clonallen's spire, *Rosetta's* shades,
From classic *Arno's* vale,
To *Ballyedmond's* groves and glades—
Land of my homage, hail!

Morning! the beautiful, the bold,
Hath left his Ocean bride,
And from her couch of wavy gold
Comes forth, in regal pride.
Ah me! I've seen that crown of rays
As gallantly put on,
And watched thy robe of crimson haze
O'er other waters thrown.

Rocked on the billowy bed that heaves
Beneath the burning *Line*,
I've marked where the horizon weaves
Its purple threads with thine,
And bailed in all their pride of birth,
Thy purest lustrous given,
To gladden scenes more fair than earth—
The sea! the sea, and heaven!

Where the wild Emu leads her brood
Across the trackless plains,
And lord of nature's solitude—
The stately cedar, rears;
Even there, through exile's cheerless hours,
Lighted by Austral skies,
I've linger'd amid orange flowers,
To catch thy scented sighs.

Yes, and where *Gunga's* mighty streams
Their sacred waters spread,
I've seen, beneath thy worshipped beams,
Ten thousands bow the head:
And by the *Brahmin's* funeral pile,
In that far hemisphere,
Young *MOEN!* have I not met thy smile
Mocking the burning tier?

In SAUGUR's sickly jungle met?
And on the arid sand,
Where the dark domes of JUGHERNAUGHT'S
Profane PAGODAS stand?
Aye, met, ev'n 'mid the grave-yard gloom,
Piercing the tainted air,
Thy sick'ning rays—a marble tomb—
Engulphs my memory there.

Once, high o'er Afric's Southern seas
In solitary mood,
Within the "Vale of SILVER TREES,"
On Table hill, I stood—
The fresh free breeze—the morning beam—
The vapour-crested brow,
Of CAFFRE HOLLAND—as a dream,
All come before me now!

Again adown that deep ravine
I gaze on fruit and flower—
A labyrinth maze of silky green,
A many-tinted bower.
Tall *Aloes* crown the rocky steep,
Pomegranate blossoms spread,
And the *umkoba's* branches sweep
Across the torrent's bed.

Blushes yon crassula, as when
Its scarlet blossoms lay
In the wild fig or *sumach* glen,
That looks on Table Bay;
And, bearing up by ROBAN ISLE,
From farthest India's shore,
That ship—false dreams! ye but beguile—
I stand beside *Cloch-mhor!*

* CLOCH-NHOR (i.e., large rock) of which it is said that, like the *Fons Solis*, it is warm at the rising of the sun.

SUNSET

ON ROSTREVOR BAY, IRELAND.

It comes again! the sunset hour!
But now it lights a lovelier scene;
Soft as when o'er some fairy bower,
It blends the hues of gold and green;

A chasten'd splendour crowns the hills,
Renowned in legends of my land;
A halo, resting on the hills,
That grace the artist's gilded hand.

Rostrevor's woods and valleys green
Reflect the last soft smiles of day;
And *Ballyedmond* sits the queen
Of fair KILLOWEN's placid bay.

O'er Cranfield's Point, a rising star?
No; 'tis my own low'd beacon light!
Hailed ever by the trusting Tar—
A glory on the brow of night.

The moon-path's on the wave—and, hark!
There's music floating on the breeze!
Heart-thrilling tones, from yon light bark,
Wafted along the sparkling seas.

Yes, this is beauty! this the time
When heavenward thought may soothe and cheer:
Oh! who would mourn an Eastern clime,
That looks on Summer's Sunset here?

Aye, who would mourn?—I would not now
But that a tomb on India's shore,
Beneath the palm tree's spreading bough,
Shadows this glorious prospect o'er.

Travels in England and Wales. Part 3rd. By J. G. Kohl.
London, Nutt.

We have been a good deal interested in looking over some of the pages of Mr. Kohl's late tour through England, the title of which is prefixed to our present notice of the work. The parts which have more particularly caught our attention are those wherein the author describes Oxford, Eton, Winchester, &c., and as we are aware that there are many of our Colonial readers who cherish an affectionate regard for the scenes of their youth, we have much pleasure in extracting for our present number those parts of a foreigner's description of their Alma Mater, which we think will be found interesting.

Dear the spot
We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot.

There are some remarks, however, in Mr. Kohl's notice of Oxford which, professing to be an account of the University, had better, we think, have been left out: we allude to what the author terms "Oxford slang." At which of the Colleges Mr. Kohl was so familiarly treated, he does not inform us, surely not at Christ Church, Brazenose, &c. But we must proceed to our extracts, the first of which that has been selected is the following—

The difficulty of throwing off a description of Oxford, or giving the German reader an idea of this city and all the beautiful objects which it contains, is rendered very great by the dispersion in different quarters of the things that are worth seeing, whereas in our universities they are brought together and concentrated. There are here, for instance, no fewer than 24 different colleges and halls: and each of these colleges has not only its own beautiful gardens, its own curiosities, its own magnificent buildings, its own splendid chapel and rich library, but each has also its own arrangements, its peculiar customs and feasts, its separate regulations, privileges, and relations to the whole university. The stranger ought to visit them all, to get acquainted with, and to describe all, and yet this is almost impossible. I must therefore be contented with giving a sketch of the little which I was able to see; which, indeed, was a great deal for me.

The College rules and regulations are then described by the author, not indeed briefly, as he would seem to intimate, but by entering fully into the whole plan, so far as the author was acquainted with them, of the statutes and ordinances of the University, and giving to his fellow-countrymen of Germany a very graphic account of our educational system, differing so much, as it essentially does, from their own.

The next extract which we have to lay before our readers, is one which, in reference to the appearance of the Oxfordmen, were it not so general, might be thought perhaps by some to be too flattering—

The Oxford students are the finest body of men I have seen anywhere; the finest, I mean, in person, and the most elegant in dress. This arises from the fact of their being almost all from the higher, or at any rate the educated classes, among whom, in England, decidedly the finest men are to be found. The rich students in Oxford are not nearly so wild as the rich among us, nor are the poor ones so poverty-stricken. Indeed, none are absolutely poor; for those who get nothing from home are supported by foundations in the colleges. In fact, the lower classes in England study far less frequently than they do in Germany. How many sons of well-to-do peasants and labourers come to our universities. Here, in Oxford, however, it required some considerable time for thought before they could name to me a single farmer's son among the gowmsmen. I was informed that the average expenses of a student living moderately in this university might be estimated at about £200; and this, I suppose, was pretty accurate, as according to the statutes of the university, the income of a grand compounder must amount to £300 per annum. Students of the rank I have before mentioned are of about the same class, and live in something of the same style, as do those in Göttingen who receive from their parents from 300 to 400 thalers yearly. There are not to be found in Oxford any students who manage to live by giving instruction in music, drawing, Latin, Greek, and all conceivable arts and sciences, and who study on with scanty fare and in narrow garrets till they become great scholars. All the roads here are smooth, and the goals to which each must attain are settled beforehand. And as it is with the external, so may it perchance be with the interior discipline—with learning itself. Learning is here, as it were, confined in a walled convent garden, into which nothing unorthodox, nothing irregular can enter. Every one knows his way—none can wander; but, as a consequence, no one makes a new way for himself—no one hits upon new discoveries. In our German universities, on the other hand, learning may be likened to an attractive wilderness, into which many thousand students rush. Some of these walk by well-known, well-trodden paths; some pursue their own way; and others are lost in thus pursuing it. Some, however, come upon new and beautiful pastures and discoveries. Whatever happens, each has mainly to thank himself for. In Oxford, where none are lost, and where all the sheep are watched and counted, where things are regularly and systematically acquired and examinations held in them, they owe all to the ancient mould in which all minds are cast.

Mr. Kohl, during his visit to Oxford, is invited to a wine party of undergraduates; but what he means by "pretty" songs, and the men never ceasing for a moment to sing against each other, we are at a loss to conceive. Greek and Latin, we are aware, used to be interdicted under a heavy penalty, but conversation in the vernacular tongue was tolerated, and the privilege of it exercised in sound argument at times, at these convivial parties.

I was especially struck with the multitude of pretty songs which these young men remembered. At an evening party, which lasted till a late hour of the night, the guests never ceased for a moment to vie with each other in songs. I remarked, too, that none of those who were asked to sing made any fuss about it, but even if he had a very bad and inharmonious voice, sang what he happened to know, and as well as he could. This, too, is the case with English ladies, who, when called on to sing, require far less pressing than our German ladies; and without any affectation, though with grace and modesty, sing what they are asked for, even though often, the truth cannot be concealed, with less precision and less harmony than our German singers possess. It also appears to me characteristic that each knew his song perfectly, were it ever so long, and sang it without an error to the end. In some of the songs, I might say in most of them, both the words and music were charming. Among other things which I heard, was a satirical song against the French. During this, it seemed to me that many looked at me, as if asking my pardon, as though the song bore upon me in some measure. We continentals are generally considered in a lump by the English as half Frenchmen: indeed, the mob in England assumes every foreigner at once to be a Frenchman. I have no doubt, indeed, that the Oxford students know the difference between a native of Germany and of France, but still I think they might have been influenced by this universal English prejudice.

We next proceed to give the following description of the leader of the peculiar tenets of the Oxford or Tractarian school of Divines—Mr. Newman:—

The sermon which I heard from Mr. Newman, was upon the subject which forms the main theme of his whole theory. The text was taken from Isaiah, "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills." In the course of his sermon, he urged that this edifice of the Church was not the work of man, but was of God's own foundation, and that not only the building itself was builded of God, but

that also its watchmen, overseers, and warders, the Christian priesthood, had received their office and their authority from God himself, who gave to Peter the power to bind and to loose, which power has descended from Peter to the whole Christian priesthood, of whom the Romish portion alone has abused it. As I had already learnt Mr. Newman's views from a perusal of the 'Tracts for the Times,' and could learn nothing new of his principles from his discourse, I turned all my attention to the manner in which he propounded his opinions, and his personal appearance. In this, as in his published writings, the idea of the Jesuits, without my will as it were, flashed across my mind. Mr. Newman, as he appeared in the pulpit, struck me as a lean meagre-looking man, with a stern, motionless, and inexpressive countenance, which had nothing either attractive or repulsive in it. His eyes were small and without fire, as far as I could judge through the elegant spectacles which he wore. The sharp lines on his face appeared to me to denote a clever man, and the thin cheek and wrinkled skin marked out the learned and laborious student. His hair was combed quite smooth, and its straight lines ran parallel with the straight lines of his features, which looked as if he had combed them as well as his hair. I repeat once again, that I was assured Mr. Newman bore an excellent character. And if I make these remarks upon his features, it is not because I had a preconceived dislike to the man, whom I never saw but this once in the pulpit, but because we all, in some degree, carry the appearance and outward form of our principles, without being conscious of it, and because consequently such remarks contribute as well to the characteristics of a thing as a criticism of the thing itself. In his whole appearance lay a certain repose, I might say a rest and a holiness, which was, in the highest degree, peculiar, and it appears to belong to all pious men of his party. He spoke very calmly, or rather without any pretence to emotion. His arms were generally hidden under the border of the pulpit, his spectacles almost always rivetted to his papers; without betraying any outward fire, without deep emotion, without enthusiasm, without employing the ornaments and convincing powers of eloquence, he read off his discourse upon the kingdom which the Lord had established on the hills and on the tops of the mountains. I can scarcely express the singular impression which was made upon me by hearing Mr. Newman utter, with the greatest apparent indifference, the most remarkable phrases, as for instance:—"The vast Catholic body of the holy Church of Christ throughout all the world is broken into many fragments by the power of the Devil." There occurred also other and stronger phrases, which he enunciated with a repose, and, at the same time, a decidedness, which struck me as quite peculiar from their contrast of matter and manner. "Newman," said one of his friends to me, "avoids carefully all eloquence, all inflammatory declamation, all overflowing enthusiasm, and is anxious that the clearness of the matter and the necessity of his conclusions should enlighten and strike every one who hears him." But I fancy that he is calm, less from design and self-command than by nature, and such a repose being as it is not without severity and passion, strikes one as very unnatural in a matter of such importance and grandeur, as that which the Puseyites profess to put forward. Inward conviction, and the being perfectly possessed by an idea, leads, of itself, to enthusiasm, as when the fire of the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles, and made them glow with action, and speak miraculously in a hundred tongues. This want of enthusiasm, which marks the head of the Puseyite party, does not tell well for their cause, which they have built only on authorities, and knotty expositions and arguments.

The following account of Eton and the connection of such names as Wellington, Buccleugh, &c., with corporal punishment, will be rather startling to some of our young friends at the Sydney College; and, on reading it, we could not help contrasting the author's assertion of the use of the birch with Canning's indignant refutation of it in the *Metropolitan*, the joint production of himself and Frere, whilst at Eton—"Tell these good people (we quote from memory) how widely mistaken they are in supposing that the mind of youth, like the vegetation of the walnut tree, is quickened by blows in its advances to maturity—tell them that the waters of Helicon do not flow with brine; nor are the laurel and the birch so intimately interwoven in the chaplets of the muses, as they are willing to believe." We think the author has made a mistake in saying Sir Robert Peel was an Etonian; Peel was at Harrow, not at Eton:—

The arrangement of punishments at Eton, as it was described to me, awakened in me both astonishment and attention. They are at times very severe, and all the scholars, with the exception of the sixth (the highest) class, are subject to corporal chastisement. Even in this upper class it may happen, that if any boy has committed an offence for which he especially deserves this punishment, he may be degraded into the fifth, and thus become amenable to the rod. The execution of this corporal punishment is intrusted to the head-masters of the school, and is enforced after, and not during, school hours. I say that this arrangement excited my astonishment, and partly too, my admiration,—my astonishment, because such regulations appear so little in harmony with the spirit of our age, and the school ordinances of the Continent,—my admiration, because I think that the English are perfectly right in continuing this ancient mode of punishment. I believe that the removal of corporal punishment from our schools, is only a part of our effeminacy, and of the decay of discipline and manners among us. Three quarters of our human perverseness, our laziness, our self-will, our impatience, in a word all our sins, are in the flesh, and cannot be got out of the flesh by working upon the mind, but upon the body. For in the way in which anything gets into a man, in the same way must it be got out of him: what has come in through the spirit, must come out through the spirit, what has come in through the body, must come out thereby. One could reason a good deal on this matter, but experience removes the necessity for reasoning. For on one side, put every argument which has been or can be adduced against this kind of punishment—that it injures the feeling of honour among children, that it makes them like slaves and lowers their character, that it is unworthy of spiritual, reasonable beings, and the like,—and on the other side set Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, the Dukes of Buccleugh, the Grahams, and many other great Englishmen, who were educated together, or at various periods at Eton, and who all, till they went to Oxford, were liable to the cane and the rod, and then see whether the character of these men have suffered in energy, whether they have become slavishly inclined, whether they have a less tender and susceptible feeling of honour. This cannot possibly be maintained. On the contrary, one is compelled to suspect that to this very discipline and severity, under whose prescriptions they were brought up, they owe a portion of their energy and greatness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Lever (Harry Lorrequer) intends to open the coming year with a new serial work. We understand the scene is laid in the South of Ireland, in the latter part of the last century.

MR. GOULD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE KANGAROOS OF AUSTRALIA.

On looking over the last number of *The Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, No. 93, December, 1844, our attention was agreeably arrested by the description given of the Kangaroo, by a late visitor to our shores, Mr. Gould; the passage referred to occurs in the proceedings of the Zoological Society; Professor Owen in the chair; and as the extract will be found less cumbered with technical and scientific phrases than is usually the case at philosophical meetings of this kind, we have transferred it to our columns, accompanying Mr. Gould's description of the animal with a wood-cut of our own.

With respect to the Kangaroos, I have heard of the little silver-haired Lagorchestes (*Lagorchestes albipilis*), and have tried hard to procure a specimen; it is a species well known to the natives of Moore's river, by whom it is called "Nar-nine," and is only to be found in densely thick scrub on flats, and on the edges of swamps where the small brush *Melaleuca* grows so thickly that it is almost impossible for a man to force his way through; its runs being under this, the animal escapes even the quick eye of a native. The only possible means of obtaining it is by having a number of natives to clear the spot, and two or three with guns and dogs to watch for it.

This beautiful little animal makes no nest, but squats precisely like a hare, as I have been assured by Mr. Johnson Drummond. Of the other species with white behind the ears I can learn very little: are you satisfied it is not a variety? I have seen many with white spots about different parts of the head, which is said by all the hunters to be a common occurrence; the only character which appears to me to approach a specific difference is the redness of colouring, which has been often observed by hunters; the woolly nature of the fur is only the winter covering common to all of them.

The grey kangaroo, (*Mycropus Ocydromus*), Gould, of which I have a very interesting series, has very thin hair in summer, while in winter the coat is thick and woolly.

The male is called *Yoon-gur* and the female *Work* by the aborigines. This large kangaroo is tolerably abundant over the whole colony of Western Australia, from King George's Sound, south, to forty miles north of Moore's river, the farthest point I have reached; it does not appear to confine itself to any peculiar description of country, being as often seen in the gum-forests, among hills, as in the open plains and clear grassy hillocks; it is however more numerous in the open parts of the country, where it is not so liable to surprise. In travelling from Guilford to York, from two to four or five may occasionally be met with; but farther in the interior, particularly at Gwangum plains, herds of thirty to fifty may often be met with: further south, beyond Kojenup, they are still more numerous; in fact, I have never seen in any part of Australia so large a herd as the one I met with on the Gordon plains in 1840; at the most moderate calculation there could not have been less than five hundred kangaroos; several of the party, in their astonishment, considered there were even a greater number than I have stated.



The large full-grown male is termed a Buck or Boomer, and attains a great size, when he becomes a most formidable opponent to the best dogs in the country, few of which will ever run a large Boomer; this may in some degree account for the few instances of very large ones being killed. It is not by their great speed that they are enabled to escape; on the contrary, their great weight in some measure incapacitates them from running fast, or to any great distance, so that almost any dog may overtake them; instead, therefore, of running away, the Boomer invariably turns round and faces his pursuers, erecting himself to his full height, if possible with his back against a tree, and thus await the rush of the dogs, endeavouring to strike them with his powerful hind-toe, or catching them in his fore-arms, and while thus holding them, inflicting dreadful and often fatal wounds with his foot. Old dogs well broken in, and accustomed to hunting the Boomer, will keep him at bay by their barking till the hunter comes up, who is generally furnished with a short heavy stick, and with a blow or two on the head brings the animal down. Even the hunter often runs a hazard, for a Boomer will frequently, on the approach of a man, leave the dogs and attack his new opponent most fiercely; and at times it is no easy matter to avoid being severely cut in attempting to kill it. When closely pursued it takes to the water, and as the dogs approach, catches them in its arms and holds them under him till drowned. If the water be too shallow for drowning them, it has been known to catch one dog and place it beneath its feet, while courageously waiting the approach of a second. The swiftest runner is the female of the first year before having young, and of the second year with her first young; at this age her speed is so great that she is termed the "Flying Doe;" if she obtains anything like a fair start, she will give the fleetest dogs a long and severe run, and will frequently succeed in outstripping them; upon finding herself too closely pursued she attempts to evade the dogs by making a sudden leap, almost at a right angle with her course, and the dogs, not unfrequently when very close to her, and at full speed, bound past her to such a distance, that by the time they regain the tract the kangaroo has gained so much ground as to get fairly away; but this stratagem often accelerates her death, for in turning off so suddenly the whole weight is thrown upon one limb;

the leg is consequently broken, the animal falls, and the next moment becomes an easy prey. Even large bucks are sometimes taken in this way: in their flight and anxiety to escape the dogs, they often run against a stump or a tree with such violence as to be killed on the spot.

It would scarcely be supposed, from seeing this animal in confinement, where it appears so quiet and harmless, that it can be excited to rage and ferocity; yet such is the case in a state of nature. Upon finding itself without a chance of escape, it summons up all its energies for a last struggle, and would often come off victor if it had dogs alone to contend with: the moment it sees the approach of a man, it appears to know instinctively that he is its most formidable opponent; its lips are then curved and contracted; its eyes sparkle with rage, and seem ready to start from their sockets; its ears are in rapid and constant motion, and it utters its peculiar though not loud voice—a sort of smothered grunt, half hiss, or hard breathing; its attention is totally withdrawn from the dogs to its new enemy; regardless of their rush, it loses its former advantage; and the dogs having once fairly got hold, the animal is easily brought down.

If a female with a tolerably large young one in the pouch be pursued, she will often, by a sudden jerk, throw the little creature out: whether this is done for her own protection, or for the purpose of misleading the dogs, has been debated by hunters; I am inclined to think the former is the case, for I have observed that the dogs pass on without noticing the young one, which in general crouches in a tuft of grass, or hides itself among the scrub without attempting to run or make its escape: the mother, if she eludes her pursuers, doubtless returns for her offspring.

The kangaroos inhabiting the forests are invariably much darker and have a thicker coat than those of the plains; the young are at first of a very light fawn-colour, and get darker until two years old; from this age they again become lighter in colour, and the old males become of a very light grey; the coat, as already mentioned, being in the summer thin and hairy, and in the winter of a more woolly character. It is no unusual occurrence to find them with white marks on the head, particularly a white spot between the eyes or on the forehead; in one instance, I observed the whole of the throat, cheeks, and upper part of the head spotted with yellowish white. Albinoes have been frequently met with. The largest and heaviest kangaroo of this species, of which I have any authentic account, was killed at the Murray, and weighed 160 lbs.

The Englishwoman in Egypt. 2 vols. Knight & Co.

'*The Englishwoman in Egypt*,' by Miss Lane, is a series of familiar letters, the nature of which is explained by the title. How the better half of creation "gets on" in the East, when Eastern born, we know pretty well already, thanks to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Miss Pardoe, Lady Londonderry, and last, though not least, Princess Maria Theresa, the Babylonian. But how a Frankish gentlewoman would succeed in a residence among people and customs so different from those of her birth and her boarding-school, was less clear to us; and we are obliged to Mr. Lane's sister, Mrs. Poole, for her experiences. Must we add, that considering the popular purpose of her letters, we fear she has too largely availed herself of her brother's common-place books. There can be no doubt as to the value of Mr. Lane's collections, but they intermix as awkwardly with the more familiar narrations of the lady, as a column of an Encyclopedia would do, interleaved among the Old Man's 'Bubbles,' or the Pyrenean pictures of Mrs. Bodington.

On landing at Alexandria, Mrs. Poole seems to have been struck by the universal comfort, if not richness, of the people's costume, and painfully impressed by the appearance of the children; all of whom looked languid and emaciated. The cupboard-like shops, too, were new to her; and the solemnity of the Muedin's call to prayer failed not of its usual effect. We have not forgotten the picturesque pen-sketch of a like moment, given in a letter from Widdin, by poor Wilkie. The voyage from Alexandria to Cairo, Mrs. Poole's destined abiding place, was partly done in an iron track boat, drawn by four horses. By day, the transport along the Mahmoodeeh canal was not disagreeable, but at night the plague of fleas, and what Mrs. Tuppin called "black beads," became hideous. Two days and two nights, moreover, had they to wait at the junction of the canal with the Nile, for the boat which was to take them up to Cairo. The voyage occupied three days; but it was not deficient in interest. Fooweh, with its beautiful women and its pomegranates; Sais, with its glimpse of the ocean of sand—the Great Desert; Cafz-zeiyát, with its companies of festival-keepers; Nadir, with its buffaloes, had all to be passed before the pyramids came in view, and before they reached Boulak, the port of Cairo. Here the ladies of the party had to Orientalize themselves, by donning the heavy and shrouding costume of the country: and then to mount asses, as the means of entering the city. The ride was disagreeable from the clouds of dust; but the sights of Cairo, when reached, proved a reward in full to our stout-hearted and cheerful authoress.

What these sights are, we shall not at present attempt to enumerate. The following incident, however, as throwing light on life in the East, may be especially pointed out for the benefit of "young housekeepers," to say nothing of its secondary merit of furnishing a tolerably good ghost story to all who collect curiosities of that description. The first thing, of course, to be done, on arriving at Cairo, was to make choice of a comfortable abode; and by good luck Mrs. Poole found a mansion, almost new, though on the old construction; to be had, too, for the little more than nominal rent of £12 per annum.

On the ground-floor is a court, open to the sky, round which the apartments extend, gallery above gallery. Round the court are five rooms; one large room (a mandarah) intended for the reception of male guests, with a fountain in the centre; a winter room; a small sleeping-room, for any male guest; a kitchen, and a coffee-room, for servants. On the right-hand, immediately on entering the street-door, is the door of the harem, or the entrance to the stairs leading to the ladies' apartments; the whole of the house, excepting the apartments of the ground-floor, being considered as the "harem." On the first-floor is a marble-paved chamber, with a roof open towards the north, and sloping upwards, conveying into the chamber generally a delightful breeze. There are also five other rooms on the first floor; and in each of the two principal apartments, the greater portion of the floor, forming about three-fourths, is raised from five to six inches, the depressed portion being paved with marble. The reason for thus laying the floor is, that the outer slippers are left on the depressed portion, and the raised part, which is matted, is not to be defiled with

anything which is unclean. The feet are covered, in addition to the stockings, with a kind of inner slippers, the soles of which, as well as the upper leathers, are of yellow morocco: they are called Mezz; and the outer slippers, which are without heels, are styled báboog. * * * The walls throughout are whitewashed, and the ceilings composed of fancifully carved woodwork, in some instances extremely tastefully arranged. Besides the rooms I have mentioned, there are three small marble-paved apartments, forming, *en suite*, an antechamber, a reclining chamber, and a bath. * * Above are four rooms, the principal one opening to a delightful terrace, which is considerably above most of the surrounding houses; and on this we enjoy our breakfast and supper under the clearest sky in the world.

This was all very charming; but it will be seen that Cairo houses have other nuisances besides black beetles, spiders, and scorpions:—

We were much surprised, after passing a few days here, to find that our servants were unable to procure any rest during the night; being disturbed by a constant knocking, and by the appearances of what they believed to be an 'Efreet, that is, "an evil spirit," but the term 'Efreet is often used to signify "ghost." The manner of the servants' complaint of the latter was very characteristic. Having been much annoyed one morning by a noisy quarrel under our windows, my brother called one of our servants to ascertain how it had arisen, when he replied, "it is a matter of no importance, O Efendee, but the subject which perplexes us is that there is a devil in the bath." My brother being aware of their superstitious prejudices, replied, "Well, is there a bath in the world that you do not believe to be a resort of evil spirits, according to the well-known tradition on that subject?" "True O my Master," rejoined the man, "the case is so; this devil has long been the resident of the house, and he will never permit any other tenant to retain its quiet possession; for a long time no one has remained more than a month within these walls, excepting the last person who lived here, and he, though he had soldiers and slaves, could not stay longer than about nine months; for the devil disturbed his family all night." I must here tell you that during our short stay in the house, two maids had left us, one after another, without giving us any idea of their intentions, and had never returned, and the cause of their sudden disappearance was now explained by the men, their fellow-servants. Certainly our own rest had been grievously disturbed; but we had attributed all the annoyance to a neighbour's extraordinary demonstrations of joy on the subject of his own marriage.

It appeared that a former owner of the house had murdered a pedlar and two slaves in it: one of them in the bath. By way of atonement he had bequeathed the tenement for religious purposes, reserving, however, a life interest in the premises for Mrs. Poole's landlady, "the Bed of Tulips:—"

We can only regret that my brother engaged the house in ignorance of these circumstances; had he known them, he would also have been aware that the prejudice among the lower orders would be insurmountable, and that no female servant would remain with us. The sudden disappearance of our maids was thus quaintly explained by our doorkeeper. "Why did A'mineh and Zeyneb leave you? Verily, O my master, because they feared for their security. When A'mineh saw the 'Efreet she said at once, 'I must quit this house; for if he touch me, I shall be deranged, and unfit for service;' and truly," he added, "this would have been the case. For ourselves, as men, we fear not; but we fear for the harem. Surely you will consider their situation, and quit this house." This (he thought) was putting the matter in the strongest light. "Try a few nights longer," my brother said, "and call me as soon as the 'Efreet appears to-night; we might have caught him last night, when you say he was so near you, and after giving him a sound beating, you would not have found your rest disturbed." At this remark it was evident that the respect of both servants for their master had received a temporary shock. "O Efendee," exclaimed one of them, "this is an 'Efreet, and not a son of Adam, as you seem to suppose. He assumed last night all imaginary shapes, and when I raised my hand to seize him he became a piece of cord, or any other trifle."

The next feat ventured by the 'Efreet was to walk round the gallery in clogs, knocking, as he passed, at the doorkeeper's door with a brick:—

Another singular circumstance attending this most provoking annoyance was our finding, on several successive mornings, five or six pieces of charcoal laid at the door leading to the chambers in which we sleep; conveying in this country a wish, or rather an imprecation, which is far from agreeable; viz., "May your faces be blackened."

During Ramadan, the nocturnal demon (as the Rev. Mr. Holdenough would have called him) was considerate, and left the English family at peace; but that holy time once over, he fairly began the war of ejection in good earnest:—

To describe to you all the various noises by which we have been disturbed is impossible. Very frequently the door of the room in which we were sitting late in the evening, within two or three hours of midnight, was violently knocked at many short intervals: at other times, it seemed as if something very heavy fell upon the pavement close under one of the windows of the same room, or of one adjoining, and as these rooms were on the top of the house, we imagined at first that some stones or other things had been thrown by a neighbour, but we could find nothing outside after the noises I have mentioned. The usual noises continued during the greater part of the night, and were generally like a heavy tramping, like the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water-jars which are placed in recesses in the galleries. Our maids have come and gone like shadows ever since our residence here, excepting during Ramadan *saue qui peut* seems to have been their maxim; for they believe that one touch of an 'Efreet would render them demons. A few evenings since, a maid, who had only passed two days in the house, rushed to our usual sitting room, whence she had just removed our supper, exclaiming that a tall figure in white had stood with arms outspread at the entrance of the upper gallery to prevent her passing. We all immediately returned with her, and as you will anticipate, found nothing. This white figure our servants call a saint, and they assert that the house is haunted by a saint and an 'Efreet. One man assures us that this same saint, who is, to use his expression, "of dazzling whiteness," applied himself, one night to the bucket of the well in the court, and, having drawn up water, performed his ablutions and said his prayers. Frightening servant maids is rather inconsistent, I ween, with such conduct. Certainly the servants do not complain without reason, and it is particularly grievous, because there is not, throughout the whole healthful part of the city, one comfortable home vacant. During Ramadan, the Muslims believe that 'Efreets are imprisoned, and thus our servants accounted for our freedom from annoyance during that month. We on the other hand believed that we had bolted and barred out the offender, by having discovered his place of ingress, and were much disappointed