

Literature, &c.

EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL  
MAHMOUDISH CANAL—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR—  
ATFE.

ARRIVED at Alexandria, the traveller is still distant from the Nile. The Canopic mouth is long since closed up by the mud of Ethiopia, and the Arab conquerors of Egypt were obliged to form a canal to connect this seaport with the river. Under the Mamelukes this canal had also become choked up, with the great vivifying stream thus ceasing, Alexandria languished—while Rosetta, like a vampire, fed on her decay, and notwithstanding her shallow waters, swelled suddenly to importance. When Mehemet Ali rose to power, his clear intellect at once comprehended the importance of the ancient emporium. Alexandria was then become a mere harbour for pirates—the desert and the sea were gradually encroaching on its boundaries—but the pasha ordered the desert to bring forth corn, and the sea to retire, and the mandate of this Albanian Canute was no idle word—it acted like an incantation to the old Egyptian spirit of great works. Up rose a stately city containing 60,000 inhabitants, and as suddenly yawned the canal, which was to connect the new city with the Nile, and enable it to fulfil its destinies, of becoming the emporium of three quarters of the globe. In the greatness and the cruelty of its accomplishment, this canal may vie with the gigantic labours of the Pharaohs. Three hundred thousand people were swept from the villages of Delta, and heaped like arid along the destined banks of that fatal canal. They had only provisions for one month, and implements they had few, or none; but the pasha's command was urgent—the men worked with the energy of despair, and stabbed into the ground as if it was their enemy children carried away the soil in little handfuls; nursing mothers laid their infants on the shelterless banks; the scourge kept them to work, and mingled blood with their milk, if they attempted to nourish their offspring. Famine soon made its appearance, and they say it was a fearful sight, to see that great multitude convulsively working against time. As a dying horse bites the ground in his agony, they tore up that great cave—20,000 people perished, but the grim contract was completed, and in six weeks the waters of the Nile were led to Alexandria. The canal is forty eight miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and eighteen in depth; it was finished altogether in ten months, with the exception of the lock which should have connected it with the river; the bey who had charge of this department lost his contract and his head.

We embarked in a boat not unlike those that ply upon the Grand Canal, and to say the truth, among the dreary wastes of swamp that surrounded us, we might also have fancied ourselves in the midst of the Bog of Allen. The boat was towed by four wild, scraggy looking horses, ridden by four wilder, scragger looking men—their naked feet were stuck in shovel stirrups, with the sharp sides of which they scored their horses' flanks, after the fashion of crimped cod. It is true, these jockies wore tattered turbans instead of tattered hats, and loose blue gowns instead of grey frize. Yet still there was something very disilluisionizing in the whole turn out—and the mud cabins that here and there encrusted the banks did not tend to obliterate Tipperary associations. But—held! there is a palm tree, refreshing to the cockney's eye; an ostrich is trotting along the towing path; from a patch of firm ground a camel rears its melancholy head; and by Jove, there goes a pelican. We must be in Africa, or else a meagerie has broken loose from Tullamore.

We pass, for some miles, along a causeway that separates the salt water Lake Mareotis from Lake Mareotis. Nothing can be more desolate than the aspects of these two lonely lakes, stretching, with their low swampy shores, away to the horizon. If Alastor, or the spirit of solitude, was fond of yachting, these waters would be the very place for him to cruise in, undisturbed, except by the myriads of wild fowl that kept wheeling, shrieking, and whistling round us. These lakes seem to have been born for one another; but the Pharaohs, like poor law guardians, saw fit to separate them. Their object, however, the reverse of the said poor law, was to make Mareotis fruitful. A vast mound was raised, which kept the salt lake at a respectful distance, and until the English invasion in 1801, or at least until the sixteenth century, the greater part of Mareotis was a fertile plain.

Bonaparte, after having defeated the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, had taken possession of Cairo. Having denied Christ in Europe, he acknowledged Mahomet in Asia; having butchered his prisoners at Jaffa, he was defeated by the Butcher Pasha and Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre; having poisoned part of that army whom he called his children, he started for Paris, and left the remainder to encounter alone, those

"Storms that might veil his fame's ascending star." That remainder occupied Cairo, under the gallant and ill-fated Kleber. He had accepted terms of capitulation from the Turks, which Lord Keith refused to ratify. The moment Sir Sydney Smith learned the English admiral's determination, he took upon himself to inform Kleber of the fact, and to advise him to hold his position. The Turks exclaimed against this chivalrous notice as a treachery, and there were not a few found in England to echo the same cry; but the spirit which dictated the British sailor's act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedou-

\* Diezzar—in Arabic, a butcher.

in and the palaces of the despot, that England preferred honor to advantage. Battles, since then, have been fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear "by the honor of an Englishman."

Kleber was assassinated by a fanatic, instigated by those priests whose faith he had offered to profess. The incapable Menon succeeded to the command. Abercrombie anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 2nd of March, 1801, but was prevented from disembarking, by a continued gale of wind, until the 8th. Soon after midnight, a rocket from the admiral's ship gave the signal for landing—and the boats, crowded with 6,000 troops, formed in such order as they could maintain on the yet stormy sea. Then, through the clear silence of the night, the order was given to advance, and the deep murmur of a thousand oars made answer to the cheers that urged them on. It was morning before they approached the shore, which blazed with the fire of the French troops and their protecting batteries—but on they went, as reckless as the breeze that wafted them, till the boats took ground, and then leapt upon the bayonets of the French, advancing through the surf to meet them. The foam soon changed its colour as they fought among the very waves, but nothing could stand the British onset long. The 23d, and the flank companies of the 40th, drove the enemy before them, and received and broke a charge of cavalry with the bayonet. The sailors, harnessing themselves to the field artillery, dragged it through the heavy sands, under the fire of the French batteries, to whose roar they replied with loud and triumphant cheers. The British troops now rushed on to the mouths of the cannon, swept the artillery men from their posts, carried the batteries with the bayonet, and stood conquerors on the Egyptian shore. On the 13th, a sanguinary engagement took place, without any result of importance. On the 21st, the English occupied a line extending from the spot we are now sailing over to where the sea glistens yonder, about a mile away. Their right flank was covered by a flotilla of gun boats, under Sir Sydney Smith—the left by redoubts. The French had partly restored the ancient lines of circumvallation, near Alexandria, which Sir Ralph Abercrombie was preparing to storm, when the enemy's confidence and impetuosity induced him to abandon his strong position, and advance to meet the British in yonder plain, where a few palm trees still mark the ground they occupied. I need not tell the results of that glorious day. The 42d Highlanders and the gallant 38th regiment there won the proud name which they have since borne stainless through many a bloody field. The seaman there fought side by side in generous rivalry with the soldier—in a word there Abercrombie conquered, and there Abercrombie fell.

"Sweet in manner, fair in favour,  
Mild in temper, fierce in fight!  
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,  
Never shall behold the light."

The command devolved upon Lord Hutchison, a worthy successor of his gallant friend. The powerfully written, manly, and feeling dispatch, in which he announced the victory of Aboukir, and the death of Abercrombie, is, perhaps, as fine a composition as our military records can supply. On the arrival of Sir David Baird from India, Cosseir and the Nile, Lord Hutchison advanced upon Alexandria, which capitulated, and soon after Egypt was abandoned both by conquered and conquerors to the Moslem. It was in this last advance that the embarkment was cut by the British army. Six dykes were opened, but the intermediate banks soon gave way, and the sea burst freely into lake Mareotis, submerging forty Arab villages with their cultivated lands. It was seventy days before the cataract subsided into a straight. The sea is now once more banked out by the causeway on which the Mahmoudish canal is carried to Alexandria, and Mehemet Ali intends to drain the lake, and again to restore it to cultivation; but the rain which the hand of man, "so weak to save—so vigorous to destroy," effected in a few hours, it will take many years to restore.

Gentle reader, we are done with war—and if you should add, "time for us," I can only say, that I felt bound to account for the pleasant looking lake, on whose banks I have long detained you, and, more truly, this I was loath to add my pebble to the cairn upon Abercrombie's grave.

It was midnight when we arrived at Atfe, the point of junction with the Nile—and a regular storm, dark and savage, was howling among the mud built houses, when we disembarked there, ankle deep in slime. A crowd of half-naked swarthy Arabs, with flaming torches, looked as if they were welcoming to us the realms of darkness, jabbering and shouting violently, in chorus with the barking of wild dogs, the roaring of the wind, and the growling of the camels, as a hail storm of boxes and portmanteaus was showered on their backs; donkeys were braying, women shrieking, and Englishmen cursing sonorously, and the lurid moon, as she hurried through the clouds, seemed a torch waved by some fury, to light up this scene of infernal confusion. My friend and I fought our way through the demon crowd, gave some of the ban dogs reason for their howling, and, losing our way in an inclosure, stumbled over one of the only two pigs in the Land of Ham. These unclean animals, are kept by a Frenchman, who magnanimously prefers pork to popularity, and is about to establish an hotel in this most diabolical village, it has ever been my lot to enter. Marvelling whether we should ever be restored to any of

our luggage, we groped our way through sleep-Arabs and kneeling camels, and found, to our pleasing amazement, that our baggage, which appeared to scatter widely and as suddenly as a burst rocket, was piled upon the deck uninjured, and our big breeched servants were smoking on the portmanteau pyramids, as apathetically as two sphinxes.

We are now upon the sacred river—but it is too dark to see its waters gleam—and the shrieking of the steamer prevents us from hearing its waters flow. What a paragraph! And is it possible, ye Naiads of the Nile, that your deified stream is to be harrowed up by a greasy, grunting steamship, like the parvenue river of vulgar Europe? That stream—that, gushing from beyond the emerald mountains, scatters gold around it in its youth—that has borne the kings of India to worship at ancient Merae—that has murmured beneath the cradle of Moses, and foamed round the golden prow of Cleopatra's barge! Unhappy river! Thou, who in thy warm youth hast loved the gorgeous clouds of Ethiopia, must thou now expiate thy raptures, like Ixon, on the wheel? Yes, for thy old days of glory are gone by—thy veil of mystery is rent away, and with many another sacrificial victim of the ideal to the practical, thou must, forsooth, become useful, and respectable, and convey cockneys. They call thy steamy torturer the Lotus, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower, begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its colyx.

We were soon fizzing merrily up the stream and after a night spent upon the hard boards in convulsive efforts to sleep, that were more fatiguing than a fox hunt, we hurried on deck to see the sun shine over this renowned river. Must I confess it? We could see nothing, but high banks of dark mud, or swamps of festering slime—even the dead buffaloes, that lay rotting on the river's edge, with a pretty sprinkling of gutturous looking vultures, scarcely rapid one for leaving Europe. In some hours, however, we emerged from the Rosetta branch, on which we had hitherto been boiling our way to the river, and henceforth the prospect began to improve. Villages sheltered by graceful groups of palm trees, mosques, santons' tombs, green plains, and at length the desert—the most imposing sight in the world, except the sea. The day past slowly—the view had little variety—the wild fowl had ascertained the range of an English fowling piece; the dinner was as cold as the climate would permit—the plates had no knives and forks, and an interesting lady had a drumstick between her teeth, as I pointed out to her the scene of the battle of the Pyramids, which now rose upon our view. That sight restored us to good humour, we felt we were actually in Egypt—the bog of Allen, the canal boat, the cockney steamer itself, failed to counteract the effect produced upon us by these man mountains, girt round with forests of palm trees. As the sun and the champagne went down, our spirits rose, and by the time the evening and the mist had rendered the country invisible, we had persuaded ourselves that Egypt was, indeed, the lovely land that Moore has so delightfully imagined in the pages of the "Epicurean."

From the London Punch.  
THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,  
Till the brain begins to swim,  
Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! Men, with Sisters dear!  
O! Men, with Mothers and Wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A Shroud as well as a Shirt."

"But why do I talk of Death—  
That Phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear the terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep,  
O, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime  
Work—work—work,  
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain beam'd,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Sketch of a Lecture delivered by J. Augustine  
Smith, M. D., before the Lyceum of Natural  
History, in the City of New York, December  
9, 1842.

DIFFERENT RACES OF MEN.

[Concluded from our last]

We seem to owe our origin to the mixture of these branches of the Caucasian race—viz., the Celts, who inhabited the British Isles and Armorica and Bretagne the Northmen, who invaded Europe in the tenth century, and the Germans, who are subdivided again into the Saxons and the Goths. Besides these, two other classes—namely, the Teutonice, who inhabited what now is Prussia, and the Slavonic, who dwelt in Poland, Bohemia and Russia, contributed to our existence. The Caucasians generally, and the Celts in particular, are indolent captious, and pugnacious to a high degree. If they can act the part of robbers, they will be sure to do it; and this wherever they obtain a foothold. The Germans were more pertinacious and more industrious, but still possessed of the same tendency to plunder. This is the reason why the Indians of our Continent have been continually pushed backward, and why they must inevitably in the end be exterminated. From the moment our people got a footing on this continent, the destiny of the Indians was sealed. They were the most worthless of all the inhabitants of the globe; and it is utterly impossible to civilize them. Dr. S. said he spoke not as a moralist, nor said aught of the right or wrong done. He merely mentioned a necessary fact.

The truth is, said he, mankind are everywhere the same. Give them power and they will always seek conquest. Thus has it been even with the colony of negroes planted at Liberia. We receive by despatches from the Governor news that they are gradually pushing their frontier further towards the interior; and this is precisely what might have been expected. Dr. Smith said he had always believed that the English would plant themselves in China; though he confessed he had been disappointed in having lived to see it. And when all Australia and New Zealand are peopled with such a race, they will attack the Japanese, force them to trade with them, and eventually get possession of their country. In truth nothing but force can keep our race in order; and other nations must compete with us in the arts of war or they must yield to us. This continual extension of the power of the Circassian race, if it has its evils, has also its advantages; and the world is improving under it. There never was a time when there was so much intelligence, so much virtue, so much happiness as now. A gradual course of improvement is in progress. War, for instance, is less frequent than of old—not because there are not men enough ready and willing and able to fight; but because it is becoming too expensive; nations cannot afford themselves the amusement. And so it will continue to be. The English language, English liberty, and the English religion are destined to overspread this whole continent, from its northern to its southern extremity.

These remarks, Dr. Smith said, would doubtless suggest the question, whether these different races were different in their origin, or whether they all descended from one pair. This point, Dr. Smith said, he argued about a year ago with a profound anatomist, who contended that all were not descended from one pair. Dr. Smith said he asked him what he would do with the plain declaration of the Bible, that all men were descended from ADAM and EVE. He said he believed every word of the Bible, but not my deduction from it. But this, Dr. S. said, was not satisfactory; because a conclusions legitimately deduced from certain premises, has all the force of these premises. He had always believed that the fact was as stated in the Bible, and it was sustained, he said, by analogy, and contradicted by no known fact; although there are difficulties which cannot as yet be explained. He had argued this