

shore for 2,550 yards southwest of the light-house on Cape Eunostos; a mole, springing from the shore, and extending in a northerly direction for 1,100 yards, and having a width of about 100 feet; and the construction of nearly three miles of quays and wharves, for vessels of the largest size, and with railway connections.

The native and European sections of Alexandria presented a strong contrast. In the former the streets were narrow, irregular, and filthy, and the houses mean and ill-built. The Frank quarter, on the other hand, presented the appearance of a European town, having handsome streets and squares and excellent shops. The streets had been much improved lately by being nearly all paved. The principal hotels, shops, and offices were

situated on the Great Square of Mehemet Ali, the center of which formed a very agreeable promenade, being planted with trees, and well provided with seats. It had also a fountain at each end. In the suburbs were numerous handsome villas, with pleasant gardens. Among the principal public buildings were the palace of the pasha, the naval arsenal, the naval and military hospitals, custom house, bourse, two theaters, several mosques, churches, convents, etc.

The population of Alexandria was of a very mixed character, consisting, beside the native Turks and Arabs, of Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Italians, French, English, Germans, etc. In 1840 it did not exceed 60,000, but in 1880 had increased to over 250,000, about one-fifth being Europeans.

THE DEATH WARNING.

THOSE who have read Charles Kingsley's most admirable historic novel "Westward," will remember the following, in the character of John Oxenham, who figures therein:

"He lifted the cup, and was in the act to pledge them, when he suddenly dropped it on the table and pointed, staring and trembling up and down, and around the room, as if following some fluttering object,

"There! do you see it? The bird! the bird with the white breast?"

Each looked at the other; but Leigh, who was a quick-witted man, and an old courtier, forced a laugh instantly, and cried:

"Nonsense, brave Jack Oxenham; leave white birds for men who will show the white feather. Mrs. Leigh waits to pledge you."

Oxenham recovered himself in a moment; pledged them all round, drinking deep and fiercely; and after hearty farewells, departed, never hinting again at his strange exclamation. After he was gone, and while Leigh was attending him to the door, Mrs. Leigh and Grenvill kept a few minutes silence. At last—

"God help him!" said she.

"Amen," said Grenvill, "for he never needed it more. But, indeed, Madam, I put no faith in omens."

"But, Sir Richard, that bird has been seen for generations before the death of any of the family. I know those who were at South Yawton when his mother died, and his brother also; and they both saw it. God help him! for after all, he is a proper man."

"So many a lady has thought before now, Mrs. Leigh, and well for him if they had not. But, indeed, I make no account of such omens. When God is ready for each man, then he must go; and when can he go better?"

I extract so much because it would seem to confirm the following, which I cut from a newspaper. Does it not seem to imply that the Oxenham gravestone is yet in existence, and supplied the incident of which Kingsley made use:

"In a graveyard near Exeter, England, was erected a memorial stone having these inscriptions:

"Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird

with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished. Here lies also Mary Oxenham, sister of the said John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in the room." Then another sister was spoken of. Then, "Here lies hard by James Oxenham, the son of the said John, who died a child in his cradle a little after; and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterward." At the bottom of the stone there was: "Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the mother of the said John, who died sixteen years since, when such a bird with a white breast was seen about her bed before her death." To all these things there were respectable witnesses, whose names were engraved upon the stone. Whether it is in existence now, we are unable to say.

E. O. S.

OFFICIAL MOURNING IN CHINA.—A correspondent of one of our newspapers, writing from China, describes the conduct of officials there when a parent dies, thus: "The mother of Li Hung Chang has died, and in consequence that eminent public servant has withdrawn temporarily from office. It has been known for some time past that the old lady, who was over eighty years of age, was in a

very precarious condition, and speculation was rife as to the effect which the event might have on the political fortunes of her illustrious son. It is well known that Chinese etiquette strictly demands retirement from office for the space of three years on the death of either parent. To this there is hardly ever an exception. The theory is that the grief of the bereaved son is so inconsolable as to incapacitate him for his public functions, and, moreover, the sacred duties of attending to the funeral ceremonies and performing the sacrifices at the grave must necessarily absorb his time and attention. Whatever his rank or wealth may be, he must go about clad in a coarse hempen garment unstitched at the borders; he must sleep for forty-nine nights on the bare floor, with a brick for his pillow, beside the coffin; he must remain unshaved and uncombed for one-hundred days; and for the whole period of three years he can have no music or joyous event of any kind in his house. At such a time public duty must give way to private, and the official, no matter what his standing, who would omit to report the fact of his father's or mother's decease and request permission to retire would certainly incur grave censure, and probably be dismissed from office altogether."

RED JACKET'S PULPIT.

[Respectfully dedicated to E. Cook, Esq.]

Not far from the village of Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y., there is a beautiful brook flowing through a deep and picturesque gorge, and falling in cascades over a ledge of rocks. One of these rocks resembles a platform and pulpit, and there it is said Red Jacket, the famous Indian chief, was in the habit of airing his eloquence after the manner of Demosthenes, in order to prepare himself to address his tribe. The following impromptu lines, written in part on the spot, may entertain the reader interested in the history of the red man:

I.

Charmed by the soothing music of water,
Down the ravine in silver spray falling,
Where the brook sings songs nature has taught
her,
The gray past to the present is calling.

II.

Red Jacket the chief, so runs the story,
Spoke to tumultuous waves here under

The rostrum of rocks, and here came sweet Flora
With bouquets for the red son of thunder.

III.

He addressed the still trees, and the grasses
That raised here their green arms with emotion;
And to-day, the white cascade that passes,
Encores the speech and speeds to the ocean.

IV.

He toned his voice, to brook notes repeating,
From the soft to tempestuous measure,
That chimed with the nature of brave hearts
beating
With anger, with sorrow, wonder and pleasure.

V.

Hushed his eloquence now and forever,
But his lesson we hear in these waters,
Whose speech to the winds in sylvan notes never
Ceases to praise the braves and their daughters.

G. W. BUNGAY.