

captain of a company of riflemen, who died in New York on his way from Cambridge in 1775. By an account in the *Constitutional Gazette* of October 21, 1775, his death appeared to have been an event that excited some attention. He was buried with military honors.

FEBRUARY.

*"It is the heart's own cheer that makes it glad,
And one's own bitterness will drive him mad;
It needeth not that other help be had."*

MAGIC MIRROR.

(*The poor artist speaks :*)

"OH, little verse, just glanced at carelessly,
From the old magazine you speak to me,
Telling the truth;
Why should I let the dull day cloud my eyes?
Why should I care what color are the skies,
Having my youth?
For youth and I can make good cheer together,
And heart and I, in spite of gloomy weather,
Can still be glad and merry,
In February.

"'Tis true that gray monotony is here,
Forlorn, as Death unmourned, lies the new year

Under his pall;
Christmas has gone, with all his holly-boughs,
And January's hopeful, sanguine vows
Are broken all;
Now, on men's hearts, with endless failures dreary;
Now, on men's hands, with endless labor weary,
Like curse hereditary
Falls February.

"I fling defiance at thee, month accurst!
I care not for thy ghost-voice; do thy worst,
My heart is strong;
The spring will come, despite thy chilling frown;
Despite thy doubts, success will bring the crown
Ere long—ere long;
I take the brushes, and my picture, growing
In beauty spite of thee, shall make all glowing
My heart a sanctuary,
Dark February!

"My little room, high up beneath the stars;
My little window, dark as prison-bars,
Shall gleam like gold
With warmth and light, though all my little store
Is spent to keep thee from my attic-door,
Thou doubter cold!
The barren walls, like some Arabian story,
Shall bloom with climbing vines of tropic glory,
In beauty visionary,
Dark February!

"Rare fruits and flowers I'll bring to fill the room,
And purple wines shall drive away the gloom
That thou hast brought;
While my one picture, lighting all the place,
Shall flood me with the glory of the face
That I have wrought,

Till heaven's beauty, with the mortal blending,
Shall lift me far from thee, on wings ascending—

Thou sombre adversary,
Dark February!

"Oh, rare-bright golden curls! now, now, they glow
In the warm radiance that so well I know,
Poor painter-lad!
Oh, earnest, wave-blue eyes! that gaze on me,
Tender and true, speak they a prophecy
To make him glad?
Yes; crowned with love, my future shall be glorious,
Yes; crowned with fame, o'er thee I rise victorious,
Nevermore solitary,
Dark February!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

BAZAAR AT SUEZ.

SEE ILLUSTRATION, LAST PAGE.

THE little Arab village of Suez has become world-famous within the last few years, in consequence of the great canal which bears its name, and by the congregation there of many of the crowned heads of Europe, to pay their tribute to the genius and energy of M. de Lesseps.

Formerly it was only an average Arab village—and a very small one—and the only incident which ever relieved its dreary monotony was the weekly arrival of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer from India, bringing its most miscellaneous collection of animate and inanimate freight. On those days the little place looked busy enough; and, short as the stoppage was, before the passengers were dispatched for Cairo, over the desert (a distance of ninety-four miles), in vans drawn by four mules, time enough was afforded for the motley and varied specimens of European and Asiatic humanity to overflow the narrow streets, and swarm into the bazaars, where all shopping was to be done.

There is a stereotyped sameness in the outward aspect of all Arab villages—a few scattered houses—chiefly huts of one story—with a mosque in the centre, whose round dome and minarets tower over the surrounding houses; a few scattered palm-trees for shade—under which is tethered a resonant donkey, or a sedate-looking camel—with groups of half or entirely naked children sprawling about the doors of the huts. In the larger towns, such as Suez, a bazaar, roofed over and divided into little separate compartments serving as shops, may be found.

These bazaars are the great central resorts both for the industrious and the idle; those who come to supply wants, or fill a vacuum, for they are the great gossiping-places, where many an idle hour may be whiled away.

In its chrysalis state, Suez could only boast of a few two-storied houses, and the large hotel of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, overlooking the Red Sea, and intended only for the transient occupation of the passengers in transit to Alexandria and Europe. In those days there resided there not a dozen Europeans, all told. In 1854 there were but

three Englishmen there: one the vice-consul, another the agent of the steamers, and the third a trader. Yet, strange to say, these three isolated Insulars had all quarrelled with and did not speak to each other; a proof of the danger of too much intimacy in a very restricted society.

The immense works on the Suez Canal, and the influx of foreigners which they have brought, have perfectly transformed and recreated the town. The European population congregated there in 1868 amounted to nearly five thousand, and the native population to more than twenty thousand, and this before the opening of the canal. Should that great work fulfil, even in a limited degree, the hopes or the promises of its founders, we may expect a much more remarkable growth even than this. For not only was this canal expected to be the great means of transit between East and West—far India and remote Cathay—but it was also anticipated that it would open up a new trade of which it would have the monopoly, viz., that of the little-known and little-explored region on the coasts of Eastern Africa. The change in the appearance of the town is already scarcely less than magical to the eyes of those who knew it some years ago.

Not to speak of the immense works and buildings connected with the canal, the outside portion of the town comprises the residences of the European inhabitants, concealing almost the original town and its additions, wherein the natives swarm and cluster together in their ill-built houses of mud and stone.

The great hotel of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and the buildings devoted to its rival, the Messageries Nationales (the French line), and other public offices, give a bustling and lively air to this outer town.

The khédive has also built for himself a new palace, on the north side of the town, commanding a magnificent view—a matter which every Turk pays great attention to. Standing within it, the eye beholds the growing town stretching out below; on the right, the lofty mountain-range of Attaka, frowning down on the Red Sea; on the left hand, standing like a sentinel between sea and desert, the traditional Mount Sinai; and, in front, stretching away to the distant horizon, the smooth surface of the Red Sea—one of the bluest and most placid seas, ordinarily, on which human eye can rest. Behind this palace, like a rival sea, spreads out the bare, bleak expanse of the desert, without tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, to break its drear desolation; a scene, in some respects, even more impressive than the agitated face of the ocean.

The port of Suez is large and safe, and is capable of containing five hundred vessels at one time.

But let us enter the centre of the town, where the natives reside, and we shall see how little the external presence of European civilization affects the Arab, for there all is unchanged. His thoughts and his habits follow the old, stereotyped ones of his race, even as his religious belief, and he accepts, with a protest, even the improvements and the gifts of the stranger.