

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LIFE UPON THE NILE—MEMPHIS.

Smooth went our boat along the summer seas,  
Leaving—for so it seemed—a world behind,  
Its cares, its sounds, its shadows; we reclined  
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze  
That whispered through the palms, or idly played  
With the lithe flag aloft—a forest scene  
On either side drew its slope line of green,  
And hung the water's edge with shade.  
Above thy woods, Memphis!—pyramids pale  
Peered as we passed; and Nile's soft azure hue,  
Gleaming 'mid the grey desert, met the view;  
Where hung at intervals the scarce seen sail.  
Oh! were this little boat to us the world,  
As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,  
Circled with friends, and gentle maidens fair,  
While southern airs the waving pennant curled,  
How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace  
We gained that haven still, where all things cease'

(Altered from) BOWLES.

READER! even you may some day be induced to change the feverish life of Europe, with all its perplexing enjoyments, its complicated luxuries, and its manifold cares—for the silence, simplicity, and freedom of a life on the desert and the river. Has society palled upon you? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short sabbath of repose? Has our coarse climate chafed your lungs, and do they require the soothing of balmily breathing breezes?—Come away to the Nile! Has love, or hate, or ambition, or any other ephemeral passion, ruffled up a storm in our butterboat of existence? Here you will find that calm counsellor Egeria, whose name is Solitude. Have the marvellous stories of the old world sunk into