

lay two miles below. But one short mile in the rear raced a solid wall of water a hundred feet high, with the trophies of twenty-five miles of devastated country. The hollow, vibrant roar shook the earth and filled the air with a sound indescribably awful, conveying, as nothing else could have done, the idea of blind elemental force. One mile in advance we rode, but the river was gaining, and that mighty booming roar seemed to throb with triumphant joy. I glanced behind, and the memory of that sight will last my lifetime. Within a hundred feet of the mare rose a lofty wall of yellow water, cradling and tossing upon its furious bosom the debris of both wild and cultivated country, great trees and boulders, negro huts and bullock carts, dead bodies and live fish that still strug-

gled and leaped high in the air. It gave me a delirium of terror, and with a yell I lashed the mare forward.

"Don' tek de ford too short, and howld 'Sotis well togedder," roared Bogle; but a long line of glorious ancestry was telling in the mare, and she left me little to do. We gained the ford and dashed into the bed of the river, just as Bogle with a wild war whoop bore down upon his gallant Rosinante. The shallow water flew from beneath the flying hoofs, and we had barely gained the opposite bank when that terrible wall swept down, flooding the land on either side. In one moment the water rose to our saddle girths, but we were safe, and, half swimming, half wading, amid the crashing thunder and driving rain, I went on my visit to the Busha.

A GYPSY RIVER SONG.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



N O daughter of the world am I,
Where stunted freedom shivers.
But I was born beneath a sky
That arches sunny rivers;
Whose children, laughing ripples, run
To see who first shall kiss the sun.

My canvas is the blue, that spills
Dew-fragrance o'er my bowers;
My pegs are cast on distant hills,
And they are fresh wild flowers.
My lamps are stars, all hung about
Till Dawn, Sun's daughter, puts them out.

My cheeks are kissed by perfumed winds,
Whose breath is sweet and fragrant;
For, with a gypsy heart, my mind's
Inclined to lovers vagrant.
But lovers with strong limbs, and eyes
As clear and blue as summer skies.

But if a lover come my way,
True-hearted, brave and human,
He'll find, though Nature holdeth sway,
I've still the heart of woman;
And love as steady as the sky
Or this clear river running by.

