


In drawing out what Juliet calls "sweet sorrow."

The fiat has gone forth ; your wonted lair
Must find itself untenanted to-morrow,
While ye are travelling onward, and
prepare
For dissolution ;—now the maid Louise
In vain shall seek you by your favourite
trees.

And I shall miss the homely grace that lay
in

 Lumps, lines, and features pleasant to
the feet ;
More shall you and I spend any day in
Long lazy strolls where wood and mea-
dows meet ;

Never again shall we come homewards
through
The growing corn ; the corn has come
through you.

Yet, comrades, let each one, his Fate obey-
ing,

Against all bootless pining now agree—
Each in his turn must leave his place (not
staying

For one last look) and face the things
that be ;

What they shall be, ye know not, part or
whole

Nor where shall rest at last the battered
sole.

Therefore, farewell ! Ne'er, with his cold
grey wing, Time

Shall dull your memory or dim your
praise.

No ! for your life has seen my brightest
springtime,

And now before me lie the sterner days.
Gently, but firmly, thus from off the shelf

I take you down : I'll soon be there myself.

TUNG CHIA.

Miscellaneous.

THE HANGCHOW BORE.

The Bore of the Tsientangkiang was seen to great advantage on the 8th, 9th and 10th owing to the combination of a full moon at perigee with a high north declination, the sun near the Equinox, and a strong north-easterly wind outside the Hangchow gulf. The sea rose much higher than usual in the estuary and the water at Haining rose at high tide to within 18 inches of the top of the sea wall abreast the Pagoda, i.e. 22 feet above the level of low water. The Bores of the 8th and 10th were 11 feet ; that of the 9th 12 feet high, 400 yards out from the sea wall.

Probably the most interesting feature of the phenomenon was the rebound from the sea wall two miles east of the city of Haining where the two branches of the flood pouring in from the estuary met and suddenly conformed to the narrow mouth of the river which is here only one mile wide at low water. The confused masses of water tumbling over each other behind the advancing cascade, and finally falling on to the back of the Bore in a series of magnificent rollers, while the flood still maintained its great speed into the river, was a grand and exciting spectacle. The top of the rollers measured 25 to 30 feet above the level of the river in front of the Bore, for a space of five to ten minutes. On each of the days mentioned, the Bore arrived earlier than usual owing to the quicker rise at the mouth of the estuary ; and travelled at a greater speed than has been formerly reported. On the 9th, the speed on passing Haining was 14 knots, or over 16 statute miles, per hour. On the 8th (Chinese 18th day of the 8th moon) the Taotai and between five and six thousand people assembled on the sea wall between the two buttresses to witness the Bore. The night Bores of the 7th and 8th of October were heard at Haining 1½ hours before they arrived, when the front of the flood was distant 12 to 15 miles.

It is estimated that during the passage of the Bore on the 9th, 1,750,000 tons of water passed the Haining pagoda in the space of one minute. We recommend those of our readers who desire to see the phenomenon, when the moon is in perigee in November, to arrange their arrival at Haining in time to see the night Bore of the 5th which will probably be heard about eleven o'clock and to remain for the night bore of the 6th. Those who have time to wait for the day bore of the 7th will find it probably nearly, if not quite, as high as that of the 6th, which is theoretically the best day.

The phenomenon is witnessed at its best from the buttress a quarter of a mile east of the Pagoda. A visit should be paid to the highest gallery of the Pagoda about 10 a.m. in order to obtain a comprehensive view of the river at low water.

The next opportunity of seeing the bore well is the 6th of November, and the following notes, which have been kindly given us, will be found very useful by those who contemplate a visit to Haining :

Shanghai to Kashing	240 li.
Kashing to Haze	65 "
Haze to Sajao	27 "
Sajao to Haining	18 "
	350 "

A launch with one houseboat in tow can go to Sajao in 16 hours, she should not draw more than 4 feet, rather less as the water is falling ; with a draught of 4 feet she will graze the bottom in the suburb of Kashing, the entrance of Haze creek, and the suburb of Haze. Kazae should be avoided in going to Kashing as the lowdahs do not think there is water enough round the city. On entering the Haze creek take a small channel to the right, just after passing the large stone bridge at Kashing, lowdahs pronounce this the deepest channel, although there is just 4 feet of water.

When about 2 miles off Haze Pagoda turn to the left instead of going straight ahead, and keep the Pagoda on your right hand ; on entering Haze suburb cast off the houseboat as there are some very sudden turns with lots of boats in the way ; at night there are barriers across some of the bridges here. After leaving Haze steam due West for a distance of about 27 li, when Sajao is reached from where the creek for Haining branches off to the left. This creek is about 18 li long and not navigable for launches owing to sharp bends, small bridges, and shallow water. Any ordinary houseboat can go right to the end of the Haining creek, from whence there is only two minutes' walk along the city to the sea-wall but smells enough to last you for two months ; ladies are therefore reminded not to forget their eau de Cologne when going there.

The scenery from Kashing to Haining is lovely in the day-time, but passes description with the moon shining from a cloudless sky.

To see the Hangchow Bore is worth the journey.

DEATH OF MR. TONG KING-SING.

News was received on Friday last of the death of a man of light and leading among Chinese civilians, though indeed he was a titular official, Mr. Tong King-sing, to whom more than to any other civilian, the solid progress in the arts of peace that China has made in the last twenty years is due. We gave a sketch of his life only last June, when we reported the banquet that was given to him at the Gordon Hall, Tientsin, to celebrate his sixtieth birthday, and need only now recapitulate the chief points in his career. He began life as an assistant in an auctioneer's office in Hongkong in the early days ; was afterwards a colonial government interpreter, and then for many years in the service of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.; and throughout his life

his honour and integrity have been spotless. For two years he travelled in the West with the late Mr. George A. Butler ; and the Kaiping collieries, the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Co., and the Tientsin Railway, remain to testify to his wide knowledge, his energy, and his powers of organisation and administration. He was a consistent friend to foreigners, many of whom he attached to himself warmly, and his death is an enduring loss to Chinese and foreigners alike.

THE OUTRAGE ON AN ENGLISHMAN IN SHENSI.

Last year the people of England were moved to wrath by the unprovoked slaughter in China of two of their countrymen, this year we are confronted with a determined attempt to slay a third. The victim this time is the Rev. F. Hugh, Pro-vicar Apostolic of Northern Shensi. His story runs as follows :—

Whether due to the continued drought and the supposition that the foreign religion had something to say to that, or whether from a hope of plunder, or whether the work of private revenge, or perhaps a combination of all these causes, a formidable conspiracy with the professed object of uprooting the Christian religion arose in the district of Ngantung Hsien, Prefecture of Yuanngan Fu. The first attack was made on the mission of Petchawan. Nearly two hundred men took part. They broke up the school ; stripped the chapel ; seized the catechist in charge, bound his hands and feet together behind his back, so tightly that the cords penetrated the flesh, and then gave him a sound pommelling with stones. They even threatened his life if he did not return to the faith of his fathers :—"Seize a sword, cut my head off, I shall always die a Christian," was the brave reply. A second Christian who came to his aid got a severe mauling. Luckily for himself the landlord was hidden away and indiscoverable, though a diligent search was made after him. His crime was having let his premises to the mission. For the space of three days the rioters made free feast of our provisions,—being a time of famine we had not a little stored away for our college and the poor. Getting wind of the affair, I immediately hurried to the spot and found the story, alas, too true. There was nothing to be done, but to inform the mandarin of the town. I handed in a list of some twenty culprits. What must have been the surprise of the mandarin when not only twenty, but two hundred answered his summons. They flocked into the *yamen*, and could not be induced to leave until their companions had been released on bail. The magistrate sent unofficial news to the prefecture asking advice. Meanwhile he invited me over from Waiaopu, a large centre of commerce here in the north, to the seat of government Ngantung Hsien. I arrived in due course with six Christians, witnesses in the case. The inn was the only place open to us. I had the honour that evening of being visited and stared at by the whole band ; one only displayed outwardly the rage that perhaps others held hidden in their hearts. Some, I believe, had come against their will, but it is wonderful what blind obedience Chinese pay to their chief. They had made up their minds not to accept any sentence that did not justify their unlawful manner of acting. "Rather," they said, "seize the magistrate, and carry him back to Singan Fu." No hard job, considering that the tribunal is almost defenceless for want of police. The next day the mandarin called together his council, three or four *literati* of the town. Their action made it clear that the mandarin left the arrangement of the affair in their hands. Immediately after the sitting I was honoured with their visit. They informed