DEDICATION.

To our Mother,—

We affectionately inscribe these, the first fruits of our literary labours, as a slight compensation for the many anxieties she endured during our absence from her, and would that all those who open these volumes might look upon them with her indulgent eyes, and judge leniently the errors which must necessarily accompany the work of such tyros in literature as we are.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned with such absorbing interest towards the East, and any subject relating to India seems tinged with unusual importance, we have permitted ourselves to believe

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that these descriptions of every-day Anglo-Indian life may prove acceptable to a wide circle of readers.

In the narrative we adopted the fictitious name of Dhoorghur (the far-off city), but the reader is requested to bear in mind that the actual place designated is—MEERUT.

We have only to premise, in launching our venture on the great sea of authorship, that both our pen and pencil illustrations are true and faithful copies from nature, and should their perusal excite only a portion of the amusement that accompanied their production, they will have more than fulfilled the hopes of

MADELINE AND ROSALIND } WALLACE-DUNLOP.

February, 1858.

THE TIMELY RETREAT;

OR,

A YEAR IN BENGAL BEFORE THE MUTINIES.

INDIA has long been a household word to us. Father and mother, aunts and uncles, had all spent great part of their lives there; my cousins, as they arrived at years of discretion, all seemed naturally to bend their steps towards the "glowing East." From our earliest infancy japanned cabinets and boxes of marvellous workmanship were as familiar to us as dolls or spelling-books. Bronze Hindoo idols of grotesque form, and preserved snakes and insects of every conceivable shape, decorated our house, which literally overflowed with curiosities; so we

that these Indian l[illegible]s said to have grown up quite in an circle [illegible] atmosphere. My most juvenile re- In[illegible]rances are connected with letters from nam[illegible]ast, the agony of disappointment when th[illegible] did not arrive, and the ecstasy of delight t[illegible]h which they were received. Had my [illegible]her lived, it would probably have been our t to have joined him in India, and as it was, my brother often suggested that we might as well all come out and live with him as stay in England — a proposal we had always treated as a great joke, till one autumn, London being empty, and Paris growing dull, the brilliant idea crossed our minds that we two might run out alone overland to India, take a peep at Keith and the country, and be back in next to no time, almost before we were missed. The more we thought of it, the more delightful and feasible the scheme appeared. The complete novelty, besides the dash of independence and adventure that seasoned the plan, gave it a charm in our eyes. Then, beyond all, the extraordinary opportunities of collecting together with the greatest facility an outfit

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. I.

	PAGE
The Elephantine Brothers	10
The Contrast	11
Van in the Desert	41
Monsieur Grenier	54
Aden	57
The Admiralty Agent	65
Oak Gharrie	91
Benares	111
Native Boat, Cawnpore	114
Bazaar in Dhoorghur	155
Huprassee	166
Holy Tank	202
The Jhampaun	224
Jungle Costume	263
The Dandee	270
Breakfast in the Jungle	272
Chitmutghar and Coolie	274
Dandee in Difficulties	293

Directions to the Binder.

Doorway at Bhargee—*Frontispiece.*		
The Landour House	*to face*	235
Village of Bhargee	„	295
Pal	„	306
Gharrie Men	„	311

of unparalleled elegance, presented to us by the close of the French Exhibition, completely decided us. Mamma, having made the voyage two or three times herself, and knowing that scarcely a mail could leave England without carrying out some friend who would look after us in all needful things, saw no objections to the scheme.

It was then the close of November; so, writing to India to warn Keith of our advent, and to London for the requisite funds, we set to work in real earnest, and laboured so successfully, both in Paris and London, that before February arrived we found ourselves the fortunate possessors of fifty-three dresses each, besides an immense variety of nondescript articles which it would never have entered our heads to purchase at home, but which might (so people told us) be useful abroad. I think, had we known beforehand all the miseries of preparation to be gone through, which seems a necessary preliminary to a voyage to India, we should scarcely have undertaken the trip so hastily. But it was then too late to retreat; so, con-

soling ourselves with the hope that for ten years at least we should never require to be teased by dressmakers again, and our friends by assurances that we should certainly be back in a year like travelled monkeys, we set our faces boldly (metaphorically speaking) eastward ho!

I pass over the touching adieux of our friends, the various farewell parties held in our honour, and the numerous bets taken by unbelieving gentlemen for and against the chances of our speedy return; also, I draw a veil over the inexpressible miseries of packing, the total subversion of all order in the house, our mingled horror and despair at discovering, on the very last day our agent said he could give us for our luggage, that the tin cases provided were not half large enough to hold our Paris finery, and the desperate determination with which we induced any lady in the neighbourhood possessing a tin box to bestow it upon us, our astonishment at the amazing bulk of our worldly belongings, and the indescribable sensation of relief with which we saw them

all depart for the steamer, leaving us a day or two's leisure to breathe quietly. (It is a rule with the Peninsular and Oriental steamers that all luggage must go on board a day or two before the passengers do.)

Last words are always miserable things; only those who have passed through the same ordeal can at all sympathise in it; and, notwithstanding our fixed determination to return so soon, I suppose our party down to Southampton was just as wretched a one as leave-taking expeditions are sure to be both to principals and assistants.

At Southampton the company provide a little steam-tug, which plies two or three times between the pier and the Indian steamer to convey passengers on board and bring back all the friends who have come down to see them off. That wretched little steamer, how well I remember it carrying away its melancholy freight of tearful faces and despairing hearts—what bitter partings, what heartrending scenes from our grand life-drama are acted out here! Do you see that weeping woman, who is stifling her

agonising sobs and dashing the blinding tears from her eyes, that she may take (alas! in how many cases) her last farewell look at the face dearest to her on earth? or that grey-bearded veteran, who, with folded arms and compressed lips, is nerving himself to control his voice so as not to upset the struggling manhood of the fair-haired youth who is now launched forth alone in the battle of life, with his mother's last trembling kiss yet warm on his brow, and his father's earnest blessing still thrilling through his frame? God help the brave young spirit that means to act so nobly, and God help the sad hearts that are borne away! What earnest love follows them—what true souls are pleading in prayer for their well-being! For those who love to study the human heart divested of disguise, Southampton ought to be a most interesting place. At these times it is most aggravating to see people, who, as they say, have got over all their farewells yesterday, looking on, calm (they can hardly be unconcerned) spectators of the scene. Then that horrible band goes

on mercilessly playing through everything in the most excruciatingly correct manner!

While we were still watching the receding steamer, Mr. de Vaux, with the kindest intentions in the world, would come asking us where we chose to sit at dinner, and even about making up our party for the desert vans, till, wishing him at the bottom of the sea, we fled down stairs, and, in the midst of our wretchedness, felt we could never be sufficiently thankful for the luxury of a cabin to ourselves. Never can I forget the dreary desolation of that afternoon: utterly rejecting all the steward's offers of consolation in the shape of dinner or tea, we spent our time in wondering how we could have been such fools as to undertake the journey at all, and reiterating to each other our unalterable determination to return within the twelvemonth—while, to complete our miseries, that dreadful band struck up in the saloon, and we were almost driven frantic by being compelled to listen to all the waltzes and galops of last season, bringing up such vivid pictures of bygone days, when

we never dreamt that steam-boats and India were so soon to be our lot. All days, however long, must have an end, and night at length closed on our sorrows, and morning dawned on a most wretched ship's company, for we fell at once into the track of a storm that blew without cessation till we neared Gibraltar. Scarcely any one appeared on deck for about seven days, and for my own part I only knew when it was day or night by the steward's rushing in to light the lamp or put it out—the stewardess being *hors de combat* on account of the storm. After its violence had a little abated, a few pale and subdued-looking individuals contrived to stagger on deck and look at each other, there being nothing else to see, save the ocean. When at last we made our appearance, sufficiently recovered to think about dinner, every one else had taken his place. The rule is to choose a seat at the beginning of the voyage, which you retain till you leave; of course the places kindly offered us near them by Mr. and Mrs. de Vaux had long been filled up, so the captain, saying he was our

natural protector on board, took us under his care, and assigned us seats near him, between two gentlemen, known as the elephantine brothers, on account of their immense size and imperturbable silence. The captain chose them, he said, because they made the best watch-dogs on board. My unaccustomed eyes were much astonished at the immense quantities of nourishment that seemed necessary to recruit the exhausted frame of my elephant. No wonder he was so stout; everything edible that came in his way was pounced on by his broad, fat fins, and despatched with marvellous celerity. The only words he found leisure to address to me during dinner were, "Tapioca good," with a significant point at the dish. Nora drove her elephant away, by wickedly insisting on asking him questions, till the poor creature, finding his feeding-time getting curtailed, refused to sit longer in her vicinity, and changed his seat.

We found these two ungainly cubs had been sent out on their travels to get polished up. They spent their time in playing chess

THE ELEPHANTINE BROTHERS.

with each other on deck, or in writing their journals down stairs. Several (young) gentlemen on board kept these interesting books, and it was an edifying sight to see them all in the saloon alternately writing and reading out their remarks to each other. I asked one day what they could possibly find to write about, and was told, "Oh, a great many exciting events happened; for instance, during the late storm no less than three gentlemen fell down the same stairs, and

all broke their noses in the same place." Several stalwart-looking youths were so reduced by sea-sickness, that their companions had to feed them with scraps of biscuit and port wine, and then lead them up and down the deck.

I often admired a handsome, spirited little Turkish-Armenian boy, the *protégé* of an English clergyman, who was trying to educate and bring him up with his own sons. The contrast between the fair-haired, quiet, well-behaved English boys and the restless, wicked, sparkling little Turk was so striking,

THE CONTRAST.

churches, gardens, and shops. It seemed to me, whatever you wanted, it was necessary to walk down the principal street first. We laid in a stock of Maltese lace, which was afterwards stolen from us.

Though highly amused, we were very tired when we reached the ship again—making arrangements to be on shore very early to practise with our pistols. Yes, reader—do not start—amongst the miscellaneous articles we had brought from home was a pair of small Colt's revolvers, which we insisted on purchasing, thereby utterly scandalising all our quiet acquaintances, who considered it a wanton outraging of all propriety; but we were bent on having our own way. The Santhal rebellion was still fresh in our recollections, and we had about one thousand miles to travel up country; besides, I knew my brother never thought of moving without fire-arms, and I had often heard that the sight alone of a pistol was enough to frighten a native. People asked, in tones of deep concern, if we really would use weapons of defence in case of an attack

"Certainly," I said; "if it came to a question of my shooting a native or his shooting me, I should choose the former alternative." We had made up our minds, in case of the worst, however, to aim at the legs of our assailants, as I have a slight prejudice about killing a man, and would infinitely prefer disabling him. Mamma was only afraid lest we should manage to shoot each other by mistake; to prevent which mishap we went on shore expressly to practise loading, and aiming at a mark. We acquitted ourselves, we were told, with great credit; and certainly could handle our pistols without feeling afraid of them as we used to do. I always see that ladies, when they do shoot, seem to find it far easier than gentlemen, as from not drinking wine or smoking, they have a steadier hand and more correct eye. The array of fire-arms on board was something marvellous: each gentleman had a rifle, or revolver, with a special, and it appeared unique, improvement which made it superior to any one else's. One afternoon a general cleaning fever seized every one, and

I was amused, on looking down into the saloon, to see each gentleman producing his favourite weapon, and descanting on its obvious merits. Nora went below to give ours to be cleaned also, and in a few moments a stout gentleman, of a peaceful turn of mind, rushed on deck, evidently in a great state of trepidation, and began describing to a friend the uncomfortable sensations he had experienced on seeing one formidable-looking fire-arm after another appearing, till the whole saloon seemed bristling with them; but when a lady stepped into her cabin and exhibited hers, the alarmed Cockney thought it high time to beat a retreat. I mentally trusted any obnoxious native might be as easily frightened.

On the evening of our stay in Malta there was a grand concert given in the town, at which our cousins tried hard to persuade us to appear; but, feeling dubious as to whether the age and standing of these youths entitled them to act as chaperones, we preferred remaining quietly on board. Nearly all the passengers had gone,

and the good old captain, though highly commending our prudence, was sure we felt very much disappointed about it, and by way of devising some means of amusing us instead, he determined to take us in a boat into all the harbours of Valetta as soon as the moon rose.

We prepared for the expedition by dressing in brown hats, dark skirts, and loose scarlet flannel jackets, made expressly for boating in—what I considered the very perfection of feminine nautical costume; yet, when we passed through the saloon, I heard a gentleman say, "I can't stand this. Let me away, let me away, before I get burnt up!"

The captain ordered his boat to be manned by all the little boys in the crew, and we had a glorious row in and out of quiet, secluded little harbours, and underneath the hulls of tall, dark ships, whose black tapering masts were towering up to the heavens; for the English fleet lay anchored here with its Russian prizes, side by side, conquerors and prisoners alike reposing after their toils were done.

There was a splendid moon; and sometimes the oars were drawn in, and the little rowers sang us some well-known chorus, or the bolder ones gave us a solo. It was pleasant to hear their fresh boyish voices, chanting out "Partant pour la Syrie," or, "What will they say in England?" both national songs now. We did not envy the crowded, hot concert-room. Music on the water, and moonlight around, what combination of circumstances could be more favourable to reverie? Accordingly, I fell into a fit of musing, and was so quiet the captain asked two or three times what I was thinking about; so next day, as a mark of my sense of his kindness to us, I gave him a copy of my thoughts almost verbatim. They are hardly worth perusing, unless, reader, you chance to be in our situation, and then I think you will hardly fail to find your own thoughts echoed back to you, in perhaps different words:

'Neath Dian's beams, that, softly bright,
Now flood the world with pearly light,
We o'er the waters, still and dark,
Glide onwards in our little bark,

And yield to musings once again,
That half are pleasure, half are pain.
Ah me! the witchery of the hour
When memory wields her mystic power,
And bids those solemn founts be stirred
Whose deep sad tones are rarely heard;—
Then, as we bow before her sway,
She speaks of those far, far away;
Of happy homes in distant lands,
And lone days cheered by friendly hands.

What thrilling thoughts the bosom swell
When music lends her master spell,
And opens with resistless art
The sealed-up treasures of the heart;
Then paints each scene of bygone years,
The beacon-lights of smiles and tears
That glimmer through the misty sea
And shaded land of memory,
Where float those faded, fleeting dreams
Whose radiance still around us gleams,
Those high resolves and ardent aims
That rouse the soul ere yet the claims
Of worldly thoughts and worldly ties
Have crushed our hopes and dimmed our eyes.

And now, while standing thus between
Our dear old friends and those unseen,
And leaving childhood's world ideal
To mingle in the battle real,
We fix our earnest, wistful gaze
Upon our future's deepening haze,
Oh! as we plead for strength to bear
The all unwonted weight of care
That darkens the horizon fair,
May our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, "Guard us, Lord, from every ill,
And keep our spirits child-like still!"

The day after we quitted Malta was Sunday, and it was a pretty sight to see all those stalwart English sailors dressed in their Sunday best, with their jaunty neckties coquettishly arranged, and the spotless white trousers and stockings, sported in honour of the day, the latter being too great a luxury for constant wear. All the available seats were placed on deck, and an impromptu pulpit got up, with the union-jack thrown over all, and there, on the sunny waters of the blue Mediterranean, the voice of prayer and praise arose from many an earnest heart. But, notwithstanding the solemnity of the whole, our gravity was hardly tested when the German band, having received instructions to perform the Morning Hymn, struck up, each instrument in a different key, and triumphantly ran a race through six verses. Vainly did we wait for the pause when the congregation were to aid with their voices; the band played steadily on, till some more daring spirits struck in at different parts, according to where they supposed the music was, or

ought to be; and sounds of more dire confusion or discord I have rarely listened to.

As we had now left all appearance of rough weather far behind, our kind captain proposed to get up dancing, that being the orthodox manner of passing the evenings on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamers; so, on mounting the stairs, after tea, we were agreeably surprised to find the decks cleared of all encumbrances, and lanterns hung around, like fireflies. I cannot say they threw much light on the subject, but must have looked very fairylike to any vessel at a distance. The band were arranged round the capstan. After two or three dances with our own set, I was dismayed by the apparition of a small individual, considerably shorter than myself, lost in a huge great-coat, apparently chained on to him, from the massive gold links visible at the opening. This little being requested the honour of my hand for "a round dance," a request I with some difficulty comprehended, never having heard a waltz or galop so denominated before. As I could not possibly ac-

cede to his demand, he sank into his original peaceful obscurity again, amidst a nondescript mass of clerks, schoolmasters, &c., proceeding to the colonies. Though the steamer seemed steady enough for walking, it was trying in the extreme for saltatorial purposes, and I frequently expected to take a flying leap over the bulwarks, quite involuntarily, as you may suppose, but my partner, though a magnificent one at a Woolwich ball, was almost too swift for the circumscribed limits of a deck, and my hands were often extended to grasp the ropes for safety.

The last day or two of our *Ava* life had been spent in an active canvass for places in the desert vans. You are allowed to make up your own party of six (the number each van contains), but if you fail to do so, you must apply to the purser, who allots you a seat with some nearly completed party. It is amusing to see people rushing about frantically, exclaiming, "I only want one more to fill up my number. Smith won't go unless Brown goes too;" and "I have just

room for one; if I go to the purser, he will give me that horrible Dutchman whom no one will admit, he is so stout; or that wretched Frenchman, whose very hair smells of tobacco." The manœuvres to escape going in a van with children, or to be elected to one which boasted the presence of some divinity (for the time being), were edifying, and we had reason to be grateful to Mr. de Vaux, who had settled our desert party almost before we left Southampton; so we looked calmly on amidst all the excitement.

This important point being settled, the balloting for numbers commences. A member of each party draws a number from a bag. The vans start five at a time, with an interval of four hours between each set, till all are despatched. When you reach Cairo you are informed at what hour the first batch are appointed to leave, so that a little calculation tells you when your turn will come. We considered ourselves very lucky in getting that usually unlucky number, "thirteen," as that ensured us some time at Cairo—a place much more worth seeing

than Suez, where the unfortunate early arrivals would have to kill time as best they could. And so, with music, dance, and stormy debate, the gallant *Ava* sped her way, and shortly landed us on the wharf at Alexandria; and then, indeed, every tie of home seemed severed, and we wished ourselves the lucky passengers to return in her. But there was too much hurry and bustle going on for prolonged meditations, and railways won't wait for sentiment; so, after a hurried breakfast, we had just time to reach the station, having witnessed, *en route*, a grand scrimmage among the donkey-boys for patronage.

In the train, people usually arrange themselves according to their van parties, and we were deposited in a broad-gauge carriage, just as if we were going to Edinburgh; but oh! the difference in speed—we seemed to crawl along—and our principal amusement was getting a young Irish gentleman to beg oranges for us, which he did like a true son of Erin, and in the broadest accent. Leaning out of the window and coolly looking into the

next compartment, he said, "Won't ye give us some oranges for a lady, if ye plaise?"—an appeal which was promptly responded to by some dexterous hand neatly pitching them in, and a mock combat ensued. Stopping at one of the stations, our tall friend managed to get out of the window (the door being locked), and made an excursion down the train, pelting in oranges till the whistle sounded, when he appeared amongst us literally like Harlequin, all-fours. The amusement of playing ball with oranges had now become universal; everybody grew vehemently excited about it, clapping their hands with delight at a good catch, and shouting disapprobation at the awkward individual who failed in arresting the ball, letting it slip down the bank, and so losing it irrecoverably. In his energetic attempts to catch an orange, Master Sims lost his hat and pugheree, eliciting a shriek of commiseration from every one in the train as it flew past. The want of a hat in this climate might be a dangerous thing, but we were fortunately able to lend him a spare one—a large

brown mushroom, decorated with blue bows. This he tied on with immense satisfaction, and looked so absurd in it, that we laughed till we were tired. His great delight was to put his head out at the stations and ask the guard some question, to which, seeing the blue bows, he always began replying, "Ma'am," and then, observing the coat, continued, "Beg pardon, sir, thought it was a lady." This was nothing, however, to the sensation the hat created at the Nile, where, the floating bridge not being completed, we had to cross in little steamers, and just as we turned out of the carriages it so happened the homeward-bound passengers were landing, and the amazed consternation with which they regarded young Sims's nondescript attire, supposing that to be the newest importation from the land of fashion, and dreading the being compelled to appear in such a garb themselves, was delightful to behold.

There is a very creditable lunch provided for you at Kafileh, which everybody attacks with the desperation of famished wolves or

hungry railway travellers—much the same thing. At the last station before we reached Cairo, a dragoman hooked himself on to our carriage, having knowingly come out by a previous train to forestal competition, and very useful Omar was in driving away the swarms of donkey-boys and settling us at Sheppard's. After the seven o'clock dinner we determined on a donkey ride. The moon showered floods of light on the dark-green foliage and stately white houses around; and not knowing how soon we might be called on to depart, we wished to make the most of our time. We had great difficulty in procuring donkeys, their owners having departed for the night. Some of the gentlemen, however, worked on the feelings of the more avaricious spirits, and after various small *contretemps* of saddles turning round, &c., we retired to rest, having arranged to start as early as possible for the Pyramids. Six o'clock next morning saw us eager expectants of breakfast in the large saloon, but Mr. de Vaux was informed by the waiter that none was given out till nine. A party

of gentlemen in an ante-room seemed, nevertheless, refreshing themselves very comfortably—a fact which doubled our envy, as we had no time to lose, for Mr. and Mrs. Grier, with whom we were to perform our excursion, were anxious to start. At last a gallant sea captain, pitying our distress, came to the rescue, and after vainly trying to excite Mr. de Vaux to invade the culinary department, that gentleman being far too polite to assert an Englishman's prerogative and command a supply of refreshments, made a successful raid on the pantry. Others joined in the pillage, and it resulted in satisfactory chicken, ham, bread, and coffee. They would have assisted us earlier, had they not fancied Mr. de Vaux was in charge; but better late than never, and with the inner man well fortified, we set out on our expedition.

It was little short of marvellous the speed at which our Jehu drove through the crowded lanes and bazaars of Grand Cairo. At no part could we have passed another vehicle, and what with crowds of pedes-

trians, strings of camels, and many a fair Eastern dame mounted *à la Zouave* on sleek mules, I felt extremely nervous; but Omar's lungs seemed equal to any amount of shouting. We stopped at one of the merchants' stalls to invest in some white muslin for turbans, and found a serious difference between English and Egyptian measurement, albeit both are yclept yards. We laughed heartily at each other's grotesque appearance, with a Moslem turban surmounting a mushroom hat; but how to arrange Mrs. Grier's was a difficulty, that lady wearing a bonnet, and nothing could prevent it looking like Mother Bunch's. At the banks of the Nile in Old Cairo we were ordered to descend, and coachee wisely demanding his fare of twenty-five francs, made off with it, promising to be in waiting on our return. Omar then selected the five likeliest donkeys, which were speedily shipped and sent across. We were then carefully assisted up a plank into the boat, Omar coolly lifting Nora up in the most undignified manner, thinking her not big enough to inspire awe.

Our noble steeds were in readiness on the other side, and, fortunately for Nora and I, we had had some little practice in sitting sideways on a gentleman's saddle, nothing else being procurable. We started at a fair trot through fields and over patches of grass on the confines of the desert. Poor Mrs. Grier had a sad tumble, being forcibly ejected over her donkey's head, and, more frightened than hurt, piteously called on her beloved James to aid her, but he having already experienced no less than three downfals, considered one a trifling circumstance, and cantered blithely on. At the foot of the Pyramids we were surrounded by scores of swarthy Egyptians, in loose, dark-blue costumes and the invariable fez; we had not the slightest intention of performing the ascent, but had long cherished a lingering desire to do so, and finding our guide never for an instant doubted the feasibility of it, we resigned ourselves to the tender mercies of four Arabs, that being the number allotted to each aspirant for surmounting the rugged sides of old Cheops' monument.

Each wrist was seized upon by a dusky son of the desert, while two stood behind ready to relieve the first pair, and, *nolens volens*, we were dragged on to an endless chorus of "Jump, jump"—their only English word. At first it was good enough fun, and the Arabs laughed and chatted incessantly; but soon I got out of sight of Nora, and despite her cries of "Maud, Maud," my attendants hurried me on. Poor Nora! clambering up stones of from four to five feet with her short legs was a difficulty, to say the least of it, while the merciless Arabs would suspend my whole weight from my unfortunate wrists, which I momentarily expected to give way. Every instant increased my exhaustion. Nora was out of sight, and neither Mr. Grier nor little Sims near, and my attendants kept poking their ugly black phizzes and rows of glistening teeth in my face, imperatively demanding "bucksheesh," and significantly pointing at my bracelets and pockets, the latter containing some fifteen sovereigns. At last, when ready to drop, I encountered a fellow-passenger coming

down, who, I suppose, pitied my pallid aspect. He made them stop, and I rested in peace for a few moments, and then at it again. "No surrender!" was the cry; and after ten minutes' more severe toil the summit was achieved, and we were at liberty to sentimentalise and dream as our several tastes might direct. Far away lay the old town of Cairo, with its fantastic minarets and gilded cupolas glittering in the sun, the broad, placid Nile bearing on its calm bosom many a picturesque craft with its queer rig and dark lateen sail. Close by us were the two lesser Pyramids, and the hideous old Sphinx glowered at our feet. Feathery palms broke the horizon on one side; on the other, the endless tract of sand wearied the eye with an oppressive sense of boundlessness. But as the sun was apparently concentrating all its rays on the exact twelve feet square we were resting upon, we thought the sooner we descended the better. This was not quite so fatiguing an operation as the ascent, though the endless jumping was rather wearisome with no assistance but

the same tight clasp on each wrist. When the height from one stone to another was unusually great, one of the Arabs went down first, and, quietly taking Nora in his arms, deposited her on the stone beneath, and she was far too weary to resist or resent the indignity; indeed, throughout, they treated her as a perfect child. In vain she adopted the manners of a woman of advanced age; they were either naturally or wilfully obtuse, and would not alter their behaviour.

And then we went to examine more closely the world-renowned Sphinx, the enigma propounder of the Libyan Desert. Alas! how rudely were my infantile visions of that wondrous being dispelled; shivered into a thousand atoms lay the image I had reared for myself. Two of the dearest dreams of my childhood had been to see the Sphinx of the Desert and the Forest of Fontainebleau. Nature never disappoints her votaries, and the forest far exceeded my highest hopes; but the Sphinx—no, I can find no term strong enough to express my dismay.

I approached the desert, with my head filled alternately with floating dreams of that face Alex. Smith describes as "still looking on with calm, eternal eyes;" and Eothen's enchanting description of "those sweet pouting lips which gave the law of loveliness to the world before the Greeks arose, and decreed that henceforth the short upper lip was to be everywhere the type of beauty." (I quote from memory.) Here was the ideal; what was the reality? A huge square face, whose massive and protruding jaw could only be compared for strength and form to a lion's —a large chasm, where once may have stood a nose, and small, half-shut, peering eyes. Oh, how disgusted I was. I expected to be disappointed with the Pyramids which have been so vulgarised; but the Sphinx—it was too cruel; there was no redeeming point. I could only shut my eyes, and strive to forget it all as soon as possible, and determine that, should it ever be my lot to come here again, I would do so at murk midnight, when the faint rays of the lady moon, and my own yearning desire to restore

my idol to its place, may perhaps enable my imagination to raise again some faint shadow of the image I once delighted to worship. No devotee ever approached the shrine of his patron saint with more awe and veneration than I did—no startled day-dreamer ever woke to find his delusions more ruthlessly swept away, his visions more completely banished.

Some lonely little orchids were flowering under our feet, claiming irresistibly their meed of admiration, and the pleasure of gathering them gave the first hopeful sign of animation and returning interest in mundane affairs after the sobering shock of our great disappointment. So in subdued spirits, fatigued both in body and mind, we prepared to retrace our steps to Cairo.

Altogether we looked upon the ascent of the Pyramids as a melancholy failure, having frequently undertaken far more perilous expeditions amongst the rocks and chasms of our native land entirely by ourselves. It is simply mechanical exertion, requiring neither tact, balance, nor steadiness of head—all

indispensables in cliff climbing. The Arabs themselves are agile as cats, many of them volunteering to scale the Lesser Pyramid in five minutes for the sum of one shilling—a far more difficult undertaking than that of Cheops, owing to the unbroken surface of plaster it presents.

Our donkeys were fully alive to the difference of having their heads turned homewards, and quickly carried us to the shores of the Nile, where a general fight amongst the boatmen ensued for the favour of our patronage. Omar quietly borrowed Mr. Grier's stick, and applied it liberally about the heads and shoulders of the squabblers, speedily dispersing them. On arriving at the other side, as might have been foreseen, no carriage was visible, and as Omar was immediately despatched to bring some kind of conveyance, we were turned adrift in an extremely close and dirty bazaar. I produced my sketch-book and proceeded to transfer some of the groups to it, and women and children crowded round us, uttering cries of astonishment on recognising each

other's figures. I can't say I much enjoyed such close contact; the children are a mass of flies and dirt, and ophthalmia in its worst form reigns rampant on most of them. The strange veil, connected with a hood over the head by a long-shaped piece of brass between the eyes, does not give a pleasing expression to the face, and the unvarying blue-black eyes grow tame after a while.

At last the welcome tramp of donkeys announced the return of Omar. The carriage was, of course, *non est*, and we were thankful, tired as we were, to mount our uncomfortable saddles again. These saddles consist of a small square of wood, covered with sheepskin. A hump rises in front, and is considerably in the way, not to mention the ancient state of the girths, which constantly give way, landing you suddenly in mud or dust, as the case may be. Another scene of fighting of course commenced, summarily quelled by Omar and his knobbed stick, and we reached the shelter of Sheppard's tolerably done up. We were much struck with the spicy character of the donkey-

boys' vocabulary. They pick up any piece of English wonderfully quickly, and each batch of young cadets and civilians passing through take a Young England delight in imparting to them the newest and choicest bit of slang then current. Thus you hear them recommending their donkeys as "bricks," and if you fear a tumble, they sing out "All serene!" This, from an unkempt little Egyptian, has a peculiar effect. They are one and all well up in "Yankee doodle" and "If I had a donkey."

That evening the front of the hotel presented a delightfully exciting scene from the crowds of donkey-boys fighting for notice, and the number of itinerant vendors striving to persuade us to buy their goods, chiefly consisting of folding-up paper lanterns, punkahs of various shapes, and coloured veils, all indispensable, they assured us, for the desert journey.

Before reaching Alexandria, every gentleman, as if by magic, came out in a pugheree, a thick roll of muslin twisted turban-wise round their wide-awakes, with two ends

carefully disposed to fall behind, partly for ornament, partly to keep the sun off the neck, the whole tastefully surmounted with a coloured veil to protect their eyes, for we now began to understand what an Eastern sun was like.

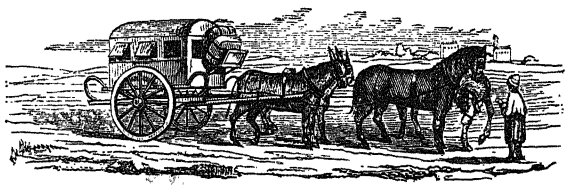
We had no time next morning to think if we felt tired from our unwonted exertions, for our batch of vans started at five A.M. A hurried candlelight breakfast, anything but genial, and then we were all packed according to previous arrangements. Again our sea-going friend showed his thoughtfulness for our comfort in procuring us each a delicious cup of hot coffee, which, in the shivering feeling induced by such early rising and the cool air, was very enjoyable. All the cadets are collectively placed under the charge of the senior officer going out—not that he looks much after them, but still he has the power to forbid their gambling, or doing anything manifestly improper. Who undertakes to see them across the desert I know not, but it must be an unenviable task; and as we were returning to our hotel the night

before, we saw a van standing with five griffs, patiently beguiling the time by smoking, while they waited for a missing comrade, who, however, not turning up in time, they proceeded without him. If you lose your seat through carelessness in this way, the company are not responsible for your transit across the desert, and how such people manage I cannot say.

As you are probably two nights separated from any kind of baggage, it is important to have all necessaries with you compressed into as small a compass as possible, and the difference of opinion on this subject between passengers and coachmen often leads to "terrific rows." I should guess the Jehus, being Egyptians, sometimes give themselves airs in the hopes of "bucksheesh." Mr. Wallis, having a wife, nurse, and child to provide for, considered himself entitled to a good-sized leather bag, which the coachman decidedly objected to. When Mr. Wallis deposited it in the van, coachee strove to drag it out. This John Bull defied him to do. Coachee then said, till the obnoxious bag

was removed the van should not stir. J. B. instantly announced his perfect willingness to wait all day, and night too, till at length, as usual, English obstinacy defeated Arab impetuosity; and coachee, fearing to be left too far behind by his comrades, drove off in a foaming fit of baffled rage.

The fates seemed combined against our making a clear start, for what with kicking horses, &c., we made little or no progress for



VAN IN THE DESERT.

an hour. Each van contains six persons, and is pulled by four animals, the leaders—horses —often symmetrical little things, though very vicious; the wheelers are always mules, which on this day certainly fulfilled their part of the old proverb nobly. We thought ourselves very fortunate in starting so early, as, besides the sunrise, in itself a grand sight,

we were anxious to see as much of the desert as possible, and with six pair of eyes, all keenly looking out, nothing could escape us; so no wonder we saw more than all the other travellers put together. Little scraps of mirage were constantly appearing, just like the glittering effect of the sun on rippling water, with a vague kind of landscape behind. We distinguished some scared antelopes bounding away, and disturbed vultures and wild dogs from the skeletons of the camels and horses lying dead on the wayside.

The road is tolerably good across the desert, though fearfully monotonous, and we were thankful to reach the stations, at three of which a kind of nondescript meal is laid out, consisting chiefly of skinny birds, supposed to be chickens, but no larger than pigeons. A wonderful compound, popularly styled camel-stew, with fly-sauce, and a very wizened-looking joint of cold meat, was gravely pointed out to us as the shank-bone of a camel. After all, however, one can make a very good meal. They always have excellent ham and biscuit, and often

good rice and curry. The worst of it is, the drinking water is so bad; it is brought from Cairo in skins and kept in tanks, so it becomes quite green and thick. There was no soda-water, and Nora and I, not having learnt to drink bitter beer, had no resource left but oranges, and were most thankful for a supply of them from our thoughtful sea friend. There is a poor Englishman's grave at the third refreshment-station; he died suddenly here, and was buried in the sand, with a heap of stones over him to keep off the wolves and birds of prey. What a melancholy resting-place!

But the longest day must have an end, and all weariness was dispelled in delight at the first sight of the moon on the Red Sea, which we had ample time to admire, as we did not reach Suez till twelve at night. The crossing the desert is looked upon as such an infallible test of temper, that a gentleman, who had been considerably smitten with a pretty girl on board, very sagaciously managed to get into their van for the transit, and next day informed me he was quite cured, as the

young lady's temper had been unequal to the trial. Pity it is more individuals do not follow my sage friend's example, and try some experiment of the sort ere taking the final plunge.

Morning at Suez found us and many other anxious inquirers wandering about in quest of some beloved box or favourite bag apparently missing, for all the baggage, mails, and cargo of the steamer is collected as the files of camels come in, and laid in the open space of ground outside the hotel, literally an acre of boxes; and as this is the only chance you have on the way of seeing all your luggage at once, and assuring yourself of its safety, many people try ocular demonstration to satisfy their minds on the point. It is no easy matter, however, to identify any particular box among a hundred others precisely similar, and you meet puzzled individuals gazing wildly about, and getting more hopelessly bewildered every moment, till at last they rush frantically away in desperation, feeling persuaded that *that* box has been left somewhere on the road, and the

company must be somehow responsible for the same. Many heartrending scenes were being enacted. Here a stifled shriek of despair announces that the top of a lady's bonnet-box has invaded the interior, and so adieu to Alexandrine's airiest compositions; there a manly voice, making remarks more expressive than polite, proclaims the fact that somehow salt water has penetrated his gun-case, and coated his favourite rifle with rust. And now behold the advantages of travelling without a gentleman. The moment Nora and I appeared, we were overwhelmed with offers of assistance. "There's a portmanteau of yours up here." "Here are two of your trunks." "Only tell me how many boxes you have, and I will soon find them all for you." "Miss Leslie, there's a deal case of yours coming unfastened, but I have ordered a man to nail it up." "I saw one of your bags in the office;" and so on, till with our own eyes we saw each precious package was safe; and this is always the case with ladies alone. Every gentleman feels bound to assist them; whereas, if you

have a gentleman with you, people look on grumpily, and never think of helping you, however much you may require it, because that would be aiding him, which they don't choose to do. It was melancholy to see some of the boxes quite battered to pieces and the contents falling out. It is impossible to have too strong trunks for the journey. I must say our luggage presented a heterogeneous mixture of shapes and sizes, and I may just here remark that we paid the company the sum of 12*l.* extra for overweight of luggage; so let those who imagine they may take as much as they please, learn experience by our fate, and be wise in time. We never thought of there being any restriction; and you are only allowed three hundredweight each. Certainly we were taking a frightfully heavy rifle for Keith, expressly made to shoot elephants with, and our saddles weighed something considerable.

I was delighted with the complexion tint of the Suez Arabs; it is exactly the right depth for a picture; perhaps the men,

from being exposed to the sun, are too swarthy; and then they are so dirty, it is difficult to tell what they were originally, but the children are just perfection; their glowing, orange-tawny arms were so beautiful, it made us look quite with disgust on our cold, unmeaning white ones. We peeped into an infant school, and saw a whole set of bright-eyed little heads, adorned in fez caps, rocking to and fro industriously, and chanting that monotonous drawl, which seems their only idea of lessons. The hotel here is, without exception, the most filthy, uncomfortable, worst-managed, and highest-priced place I ever saw; any decent innkeeper would make a fortune in next to no time; but then, I suppose, the dirt, heat, flies, and ennui would kill most people in a year, so the man who stays must have some compensation. From all this discomfort we were glad to step on board the little steamer which was to convey us to the *Bengal*, then awaiting us four miles lower down. We were quite struck with the foreign ap-

pearance of the ship's officers, many o whom were listlessly looking over the side watching our advent. They were all gaunt yellow, hungry-looking men, with discon tent legible on most of their faces.

We did not discover the extent of ou losses till fairly under weigh, when, o diving into the recesses of our black leathe bags, we found half the contents had bee abstracted, many most valuable belonging departed for ever and aye. Imagine Nora consternation on finding one bag vanished containing a complete set of hair cushion rollers, together with two lovely plaits hair, which she had laid in to guard again the possible ravages of fever on her tresse What could she do? It was a loss not be spoken of to the masculine gender, wh would never have viewed it in the painf light it merited; so, in melancholy silenc she bore her bereavement; but, as she touc ingly observed, "What use *will* my bea tiful false hair be to those nasty Arab They can't wear it, and will just offer it f sale to the next set of passengers; and

have a horrible conviction that my name was somehow mixed up with it."

But even this was not the worst; words cannot describe the mental horror I endured on first becoming aware of the absence of my Diary. Nora and I had often been laughed at for carrying about with us two bulky, ledger-like books, with massive locks, the inside of which no mortal was permitted to behold; but, spite of all ridicule, we persisted in retaining our precious diaries; and now this repository of all my choicest secrets was in possession of some unbeliever, whose profane hands might break open the lock, and expose it to the eyes of some Englishman, who perhaps might, for the fun of the thing, publish it! What a horrible idea! No wonder I flew on deck in despair, to communicate my loss to Nora, and would not be consoled by the offer of some gentlemen to recover the book at any price from the thieving Arabs, on condition they might read it first—a proposal I unhesitatingly rejected; and after enduring three days and nights of agony of mind on the subject, con-

ceive, if you can, my rejoicing to find that on changing our cabins a few days after coming on board, the precious book had been left in my old berth, and was restored to me intact, to be more carefully guarded than ever.

Our first night on board the *Bengal* was one of unmitigated wretchedness, as we then awoke for the first time to a full consciousness of the "plagues" of Oriental life. The *Bengal* was swarming with cockroaches of enormous size, and in a rampant state of hunger and liveliness, apparently ready to attack anything. Hundreds were slaughtered in the energetic chase that immediately commenced, but the more you killed the more numerous their companions became, till at length, despairing and fatigued, we sat down to contemplate our position. Mrs. de Vaux stood for two hours outside her cabin, deaf to the expostulations of her husband and the stewardess, positively refusing to re-enter it unless the body of THAT cockroach she had seen was brought out to her. I wonder Mr. de Vaux did not at

once find a cockroach (no difficult matter) to pacify her; but I suppose he considered it his duty to endeavour to teach her to fortify her mind against foolish fears, and all that sort of thing. The stewardess declared that taking in the cargo had disturbed the creatures, and made them restless; but they were perfectly harmless, and, in a day or two, would subside into their habitual quietude. And with this assurance we were fain to content ourselves, and take possession of a cabin, where, from every article you touched, out scuttled three or four great monsters, with their scaly legs quite making a rattling sound on the oilcloth, so active that it was almost impossible to catch them, and so hard that it was very difficult to kill them; a very determined rap with a shoe only made them lie still for a second or two, and then off they ran as lively as ever. The crowning point was placed on our grievances by Nora discovering, on lifting up her pillow, a snug party ensconced, only waiting the moment of darkness to run over her face. It was too cruel, under these

circumstances, to expect us to extinguish our light at half-past ten, and leave the cockroaches in undisturbed possession, for the quartermaster knocks at each cabin at that hour, with "Lights out, if you please, miss!" and, if you do not instantly comply, he has strict orders to come in and "douse the glim" himself—a threat which compels you to consign yourself to total darkness just as you see a whole army of moving black spots storming your counterpane. We had not felt the hardship of the "early closing movement" on board the *Ava*, but now we determined to evade it by all the means in our power, and soon discovered that by keeping a box of matches in readiness, when the quartermaster left the saloon we could relight our lamp, and continue our defensive operations undisturbed. Habit lessens all marvels, they say, and certainly we got in a degree accustomed to the cockroaches; but my nerves were fortunately never tried by the presence of a rat—I feel convinced I should have committed some rash act. We of course heard fearful le-

gends of their doings in former voyages; how they ate off ladies' nails and eyebrows, and dragged their shoes into the saloon; and how a young lady, waking one night to find one curled up on her nose, sprang straight out of her berth, and ran shrieking the whole length of the ship, to the forecastle. How she got back we never heard; I should judge it must have been rather a trying process. The heat now began to be something frightful; not so much that the thermometer was high, but there was such an indescribable oppression and closeness in the atmosphere, it was suffocating; and yet it was called "coolish weather." During the hot season, we were told, the ladies all sleep on deck, their cabins being fit for nothing but salamanders; and a curious effect it must have had to watch the ascent of the veiled beauties, arrayed in every imaginable variety of cloak and hood. The deck is divided down the centre by a sail, and mattresses laid all over: at a given signal, all profane gazers are ordered away, and the silent procession troops up, and each finds

her resting-place. At early dawn they again retire, to simmer slowly in their close cabins, till the deck's ablutions have been performed, and order restored for the day. Most of

MONSIEUR GRENIER.

the gentlemen spent their time in sleeping in various grotesque attitudes on deck, and the ladies seldom came out of their cabins,

but lay still, fanning themselves all day. They advised us to do the same; but we found the closeness down stairs unbearable, and much preferred the unconfined deck. One day, while in my cabin, Nora rushed down in such a breathless state of suppressed laughter, it was some time before she could explain what had happened. She had gone on deck with the ship's kitten in her arms, and found scarcely any one there, save one gentleman, who was sound asleep, in such a comfortable attitude, head well back, mouth open, and hat down over his eyes, that she felt much inclined to fling the cat upon him, and the temptation was too great to be resisted. The captain just then appearing at the door of his cabin, she appealed to him by a look and movement of her hand, and as he seemed to nod assent, she stole behind the sleeping victim, and, taking a good aim, sent poor pussy flying, who, just alighting on his face, sent his hat off, and, what with the start of waking and the impetus of the blow, rolled the poor man, chair and all, over on the deck. She dared not wait to see what next befel, but darted

down to the security of her own cabin, and then, hearing the aggrieved man's voice in the saloon, we neither of us ventured to go out and face him so soon after the insult. He was wonderfully magnanimous, however, only prophesying that when we reached Calcutta he should take dire and signal vengeance on her. People always threaten that kind of thing when they are going to a place they know very well and you do not.

We reached that unique spot, Aden, in the morning, but were advised not to land, as there was nothing to see, and the heat was overpowering—blazing is the only term to describe it—so we sat patiently on deck all day, employed in sketching the burnt-up, cinderish-looking hills, and watching the griffs on shore, who were running races on the native ponies, and getting some "frightful spills." Several returned on board very lame in consequence, besides being laid up with fever afterwards; so on the whole we were rather glad we had remained quietly in the ship, though the operation of coaling is very dirty and tiresome, and we had to

ADEN.

take refuge on the skylights, from the "washing decks" it rendered necessary. Some gentlemen amused themselves with taking photographs of Aden; but we heard afterwards that was only a *ruse* to get pictures of ourselves and others on board, which we considered rather impertinent. I remember thinking they turned their camera the wrong way at the time.

The sea after leaving Aden is a source of perpetual astonishment: covered during the day by flocks of pretty little flying-fish, shoals of "skip-jacks"—the harlequins of the deep—and quantities of porpoises, with sometimes a shark or turtle; at night lighted up with phosphorescent fire, and so calm, that the very stars were reflected in long rays of pale light, as the moon is at home. The atmosphere is so clear you can distinguish most plainly the colour of the stars. We passed close to the Maldives—low, tropical-looking banks of cocoa-nut-trees, just such as you see in pictures.

As we neared the shores of Ceylon, we all began to be on the *qui vive* for the first sniff of those "spicy breezes" which poets

describe as being perpetually blown off that island; and while we were at dinner, some of the knowing ones had the decks and bulwarks rubbed over with a horrible kind of lemon-grass oil—a coarse, rancid sort of verbena scent—so that each griff as he came on deck exclaimed, "Well, I do smell something!" So no doubt he did. The scent was so overpoweringly nasty, that most of the ladies felt sick, and the worst of it was, there was no escape from it all night.

Long low reefs of rocks, covered with the invariable cocoa-nut down to the water's edge, were all we saw of Ceylon that evening. Next morning beheld us early on shore, and, on reaching the pier, we were put into vehicles much resembling bathing-machines in shape, with windows, and driven to some of the accredited lions. Very stupid, of course. The natives puzzled us extremely: no amount of conjecture could settle which were men and which women; all appear to wear the same costume precisely, though I hear there is some slight difference in their jackets, which we could not discover. All rejoice in long ebon tresses, carefully turned

up with tortoiseshell combs. The Cingalese gentlemen are quite *au fait* at that mystery to our countrymen, viz., "back hair." Thanks to our powerful friend at court, a pleasure party had been organised to Wak Wallee, a lovely spot some four miles inland, and the head steward had orders to provide a suitable repast; accordingly, several suspicious-looking hampers, containing taper-necked bottles and a bulky bundle in a blanket, accompanied us. The road led through forests of cocoa-nut-trees, interspersed with plantains; here and there cool green paths gave you tempting-looking peeps through the interminable groves, showing little thatched huts surrounded by swarms of juvenile blackies, playing beneath the shade of stately palms. This our first acquaintance with tropical vegetation was quite startling.

After the arid, parched rocks of Aden, and the many days' sea, it was most refreshing to our wearied eyes to drink in the gorgeous beauty of everything around: the luxuriance and astonishing variety of the foliage, the

12.155

fantastic shapes of the trees, and then the extraordinary profusion of flowers, their wonderful size and colouring—those rich, sleepy-looking, creamy blossoms, with their heavy Eastern fragrance lulling your senses into forgetfulness, and steeping your soul in the luxuriant indolence of an Oriental fairy tale; and then those deep, fiery crimson cups, with their glowing petals and their dark, palpitating hearts, transporting you at once to the land of magic and genii! In these days, however, you are allowed no time to indulge in day-dreams, nor were we inclined just then, for it was delightful to hear the screams of pleasure with which people recognised some old greenhouse friend in the hedges. To say nothing of the ferns, only fancy that lovely *Pteris tremuli*, the petted darling of so many a lady's fernery, whose delicate fronds are with us so tender and transparent, spreading out large green leaves, looking quite vulgar in their rude health! Really I was fairly wearied out, and so much excitement before breakfast makes your head ache, so we were fain to

lean back in silence and enjoy the beauty of the scene. Not long were we left in peace, however, for our spirited steed positively objected to perform his duty any longer; and after vainly trying every kind of expostulation, we were compelled to alight and ascend on foot the steep hill which leads to Wak Wallee, and truly thankful were we to reach its welcome shade and cool verandah. Most of the party had already arrived, and we all did justice to the various good things, iced champagne, and claret cup provided for us. Eating and drinking are sad interruptions to romance; nevertheless, we felt more at liberty to admire the prospect after our repast The horizon around was bounded by blue hills of every shape and tint; far and near the eye wanders over broken ground, covered with interminable cocoa-nut-trees. In the valley at our feet, a broad river divided itself into many a silver stream, that wandered away into the silent forest; while close to us, under the feathery foliage of palms and date-trees, were seated a party of natives, who, scenting "bucksheesh" from

afar, had gathered round, and were sedulously devoting themselves to our amusement. Some offered for sale those bright-coloured stones expressly manufactured in Birmingham for the Ceylon trade; and others, stripping off a palm-leaf, proceeded to invent marvellous birds, stars, and ornaments out of the strips; then, suspending them on pieces of grass, shook them about for our edification. They were most ingeniously constructed, and we took some to the ship for the benefit of the children. They brought us also bunches of nutmegs in their hard, green coats: they were not half ripe, but looked very tempting. At length, one by one, the carriages were reluctantly turned homewards. We were the last to depart, and were brought to a sudden stoppage by finding a huge tree felled and laid right across the road. Here was a catastrophe; other road there was none, and we were already late. At length the horse was unharnessed and led over the tree, then we severally stepped over, and lastly the carriage, by the united efforts of Mr. Duncan,

coachee, and some apathetic-looking natives, was safely deposited on the other side. Our journey was continually interrupted, for these horses have all a bad habit of jibbing dreadfully; and whenever, in consequence, we came to a stand-still, poor Mr. Duncan had to descend and turn the wheels round, while a shower of blows on the horse's back admonished that animal to proceed.

We found, to our horror, on reaching the steamer that we had far exceeded the appointed hour of sailing. I had not the least idea we were so late. Fortunately we had some people of consequence with us, or doubtless Nora and I would have been left behind. Those passengers who had returned in time were naturally very angry with us for keeping them waiting so long, to say nothing of the important despatches we delayed on their road. As soon as we got on deck, some people told us the Admiralty agent was dreadfully displeased with us; but we instantly turned the tables on him, by attacking him so unmercifully for having failed in his promise of joining us, that we

bewildered the poor little man to such an extent, we fairly made him believe it was entirely his fault the mails had been detained a moment. He looked so absurd afterwards, pacing the deck cogitating deeply over his misdeeds, that I could not resist making a sketch of him. Here he is.

THE ADMIRALTY AGENT.

At Ceylon the purser laid in a goodly store of pines and plantains wherewith to stock our desserts, and these were hung in tempting clusters from the iron stanchions

by which the boats were suspended. Towards this Eden of forbidden fruit many a griff's longing eyes were turned. The cadets had their manly dignity to keep up, however, while we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves, and the display was really more than we could resist; so, after dropping a few hints as to our fondness for fruit in general, and plantains in particular, and boldly expressing our intention of stealing some if possible—hints of which no one would take any notice—Nora determined to help herself from the purser's fruit-garden. So, choosing a time when nearly all the passengers were down stairs, and the moon not having risen, partial obscurity shrouded the decks, and calling to mind successful orchard raids of former days, she mounted the bulwarks, stepped into the boat, and triumphantly seizing a handful of bananas, returned to the deck with her golden prize, to the intense bewilderment of the startled quartermaster, who was not quite sure, first, if she was canny, and secondly, whether he ought not to report her to the captain for

stealing and breach of discipline. How he settled the matter with his conscience I know not, but a few days afterwards a bunch of plantains was sent to our cabin for our private use, with the compliments of one of the ship's officers, who, I suppose, had once been fond of plantains himself, and pitied us our daily temptation.

Our arrival at Madras was signalised in the same manner it had been at Aden, by an irruption of Coolies, all talking and gesticulating together. The heat was stifling, and we had no inducement to go on shore, having left our nominal chaperone at Ceylon. We determined, had the surf been very high, to go through it by way of excitement, but the day was so still it was not worth the trouble, so we contented ourselves with examining the different wares brought for sale. And first, the ices. I don't know how many vendors of that commodity beset the steamer, nor how many gorgeous coloured glasses of red, orange, and pink ice were carried about all day. The officer on watch exacted a kind of black mail, consisting of unlimited

ices, in consideration of allowing the men a stand on deck. I have no doubt it assisted in washing down the coal-dust. We heard the ice was very good, but did not venture on any ourselves. The officer on watch, being the youngest on board, swallowed so many, I felt sure his careful mother at home would have been alarmed at such indiscriminate indulgence. We contributed our little mite to make up for the mother's care he doubtlessly missed, by frequently bringing up raisins, figs, and such delicacies from dinner for his benefit. I am sorry to say he occasionally displayed considerable temper, in requiting our kindness by pitching the dainties overboard; but he was a well-disposed boy on the whole. The jugglers, so famed in Indian tales, played their parts well. They fried rice, multiplied balls endlessly, and performed several wonderful feats. They had a dried snake-skin which they assured us would come alive, and after blowing on it for some time the man produced a large, lively snake. Nora just saw it move, and shot down to her cabin, there to lie *perdue*,

despite our young friend the middy's offers of turning the men out of the ship.

I must refer again to those fearful cockroaches. On retiring to our cabins a nightly fight commenced. Tap, tap, went shoes energetically, but the enemy were too strong for us, and often have we been awakened by an alarming sensation of something crawling over our faces, a hasty dash of the hand confirming the fearful suspicion that it was a cockroach. Our cabin being near the pantry, we were afflicted with an extra number of these horrors. The transparent character of the cabin partitions allows interesting scraps of conversations sometimes to be overheard; for instance, in a lady's voice: "George, I'm certain I heard something crawling." No response, George being in the land of Nod. "George," louder, "are you asleep? There's a cockroach. Oh, dear George, do get up and kill it." Some sleepy-toned remonstrance implies he'd rather not. "George, I'll never love you any more if you don't instantly look for that cockroach." And on no response being made to this terrific threat, a

sound of weeping and lamentation ensues of ever having left her dear mamma and her home for an unfeeling wretch who doesn't care if she is happy or miserable. By this time the original instigator of the matrimonial fracas, the offending cockroach, has marched off, leaving the unhappy George wide awake, and fully aroused to the necessity of consoling and soothing the delicate object of his affections, while every griff within earshot is shaking with laughter, and longing to cry out "Encore!"

While at Madras we received letters sent to await us there by the thoughtful kindness of a veteran Anglo-Indian of the old school, telling us what we were to do on arriving in Calcutta; and though personally unknown to any one there, it was a reviving feeling to think that people were expecting our arrival, and making preparations for it. After two or three tedious days up the Hooghly, the steamer anchored off the handsome houses and pleasure-grounds of Garden Reach, a suburb of Calcutta; and while we were gazing curiously on the shores of a

land that for a twelvemonth at least was to be our home, we found two gentlemen had come on board to fetch us; so, hastily taking leave of all our old friends on board, we prepared to land.

Reader, have you ever experienced that uncomfortable sensation, going to stay with people you have never seen or heard of before? for this was our unenviable plight. The family who were to have received us were unable to do so, owing to the unexpected illness of one of its members; and Mr. and Mrs. Norton, hearing of our expected arrival, with that prompt hospitality to be met with only in India, instantly offered their house for our reception; and though we had always been in the habit of looking on all Indians as one large brotherhood, it was with no slight feelings of trepidation we quitted the old *Bengal*, and, stepping into the carriage waiting for us, drove to Chowringhee.

Though now fairly landed in the East, we were far too much occupied by the flutter and agitation of our novel position

to have time to consider what our first impressions of scenery and people might be. It was late in the evening, and as we emerged from the cool, dark night under the spacious portico, and looked into the brilliantly lighted hall of Mr. Norton's house, it seemed as though our stereotyped ideas of India were going to be fulfilled. Marble pillars and steps in the front, and a crowd of graceful, bowing, sable attendants clustering together behind, it only wanted a tame tiger and an elephant in the distance to complete a legitimate picture of Indian life. Though a murmur ran through the swarthy crowd of "Khana!" which was interpreted to us as meaning the Sahib was at dinner, in a few seconds our courtly, genial host, and pretty, delicate-looking hostess, were standing in the hall, doing their best to obviate our natural feelings of shyness, and welcome us to India. As it was late, and we were really tired, we soon retreated to our rooms, and commenced our first acquaintance with mosquito curtains and Indian waiting-maids under the most

favourable auspices. Mrs. Norton's head woman being a Portuguese, could speak English very well indeed. We took a careful survey of the rooms, thinking we should surely turn up a scorpion or two, to the great amusement of the Ayahs, who followed all our movements; but, discovering nothing more alarming than a lizard, we consigned ourselves to peaceful slumbers, till wakened at seven next morning by the Ayahs to take our cup of tea and bread-and-butter, and to know that a new phase of our lives had begun. On board the steamer we had been continually changing; each day there was something new and interesting; but here, for the first day or two at least, everything was so unexceptionably well arranged, so perfectly quiet and orderly, so utterly strange, and, as a necessary consequence, so dreary and depressing, that it was by the most stoical determination alone that we kept our spirits up at all, or checked an earnest, longing desire to return by the next steamer. Very soon, however, we began to find out connecting

links with home in the great chain of society round. Our veteran friend and first correspondent at Madras sent a telegraphic announcement of our arrival to Keith at Dhoorghur, more than nine hundred miles off, and brought us back an answer from him, waking up again our strong inducements to remain out one year in the country. Mrs. Norton's indefatigable kindness never failed, and things began to brighten up; still we were firm in our determination to hate India, and received the visits of one or two of our fellow-passengers with the delighted *empressement* only bestowed at home on old and tried friends.

On making inquiries respecting our journey to Dhoorghur, we found the prospect looked rather formidable. You travel in little carriages, technically termed "gharries," holding two people, and drawn by one horse. You retain the same gharrie all the way (unless it breaks down; a frequent occurrence), and relays of horses are kept waiting at stations on the road: this is called travelling by dâk. Laying your dâk for an up-

country journey is a most serious undertaking, not to be hastily commenced, or lightly spoken of; and the awe with which we heard our contemplated proceedings considered, impressed us with a deep sense of its importance. The first thing to be arranged is the day on which you may leave Calcutta. As the gharries and horses are of course limited, only a certain number of travellers can be allowed to start at a time. Keith was naturally anxious we should join him speedily; and on account of the daily increasing heat it was thought expedient for us to start with as little delay as possible; but really to hear the interminable impediments thrown in the way by the director of the Dâk Company, one would have thought he was personally interested in keeping us as long as practicable in Calcutta. One day, some bridge having broken down, there were "thirteen of our gharries detained on the other side; and, until we hear they have crossed, it will be quite impossible to give any new dâks;" then, some native Rajah, moving, had monopolised all the horses in

his district, and we must be patient till he had passed; then, fifteen young cadets, just arrived, were waiting to join their regiments, and must be forwarded with the smallest possible delay; and at least eleven young ladies besides ourselves had to be sent up, under the charge of their several Ayahs, to the various residences of their anxiously expectant friends. "But next Thursday week —yes, perhaps, on Thursday week, he could not promise, but we should have the first refusal of that day's dâk, and should hear further from him on the subject;" and, as he inexorably refused to name an earlier day, we were fain to content ourselves by enjoying Calcutta in the mean time.

Society in any highly civilised town must be much alike all the world over; and visiting and shopping in the morning, tiffin at two o'clock, the evening drive on the Mall when the sea-breeze sets in, with a late dinner, and perhaps a ball, does not sound so very unlike the usual routine of a London day. Every one knows Calcutta is a magnificent city; its rows of dazzling white

mansions would be princely residences in England; its well-watered roads, and beautifully laid-out squares, could hardly be surpassed at home. The nightly scene on the Course is very striking in some respects, in others very like home. Gentlemen on splendid Arabs are bending beside carriages in which recline languid ladies with the newest possible Paris bonnets on; pretty, pale children go out for their airing in fairy equipages; graceful girls ride by, with the very same hats you saw a month or two ago in Rotten-row. Half shutting my eyes, I often fancied myself in the Park again; only here all the children are lying back sound asleep, exhausted with the heat, all the ladies look pale and weary, and the gentlemen tired and melancholy. Instead of the pleasure-boats of the Serpentine, you see here large ships and frigates anchored close to the drive. One peculiarity of the river is, that the banks become deep so suddenly you can step off the crowded Course on board the largest vessel. The black Jehus here are quite as proud of their position as their

dignified and white-wigged brethren at home; and the two native Syces who run after the carriage with the pretty white chowries (horse-tails they carry to flap off the flies), are far more picturesque than our stately footmen.

It is "the thing" here, as at home, to drive very slowly, but sometimes a buggy appears coming at a reckless rate, and people say, "Of course that's some American captain. They always drive at that frightful pace till they succeed in smashing themselves or some one else." Once it was my lot to behold—strange, unwonted sight—a bride in full costume, with all her bridesmaids—low dresses, orange-blossoms, and all complete—driving in state up and down the Course. Whenever there is a wedding among the half-caste population, they are kind enough thus to display their bridal splendour to the eyes of an astonished public. One naturally looks round for the elephants you have been taught to believe are everywhere to be seen, but elephants are not allowed into the streets of Calcutta for fear

of alarming the spirited little Arabs; so this one great Eastern feature is totally wanting.

Everything is on a grand scale, and the marks of wealth are profusely lavished around; but though people open their houses in a style of princely hospitality, still I should think that to the timid new comer, whose heartstrings are still quivering with the severing of all his home ties, the glare and glitter, the etiquette and immovable rules of society, must be positively hateful. It must be very difficult in any necessarily confined society to avoid falling into a kind of local jargon of conversation, and no doubt nearly every circle at home lays itself open to such a charge; but of all incomprehensible things, the technical jargon of Anglo-India is the most overpowering. I remember once being thrown in some degree upon the hospitality of a Yorkshire farmer, and for a couple of hours listened to a language of which the keenest attention scarcely enabled me to catch the meaning of one word in ten. German would have been simple in comparison. The good man was quite flattered

by the breathless interest with which I appeared to listen to him, but the strain on my faculties was so great, I did not recover the fatigue for a week. With something of the same bewildered sensation did I now every morning sit listening to the cream of Calcutta hopes and fears, gossip and fun, feeling every instant more and more hopelessly confused, every moment more helplessly overpowered. If now and then a ray of intelligence seemed to dawn on my bewildered brain, the next sentence was sure to crush down the presumptuous idea, till I really often thought another half hour would infallibly make me idiotic, and hailed the announcement of tiffin with delight. The dramatic effect of these conversations I can never hope to render in words alone, but I may venture to give English readers some faint idea of what I underwent in attempting to follow dialogues like this:

"So I hear Smith is sent up to the Mofussil, and we are to have Grant here." "Dear me! I thought he was in the Judicial." "So he is; but interest, you

know——" "What is Stevens doing in Calcutta?" "Don't you know? He is to be Deputy-Assistant Advocate-General." "Why, I thought Jones was promised that." "Yes, but he's gone into the Commissariat." "Ah! they always manage to make that do." "Did you hear they had offered the Salt Chokees to Brooks?" "Well, he won't take it, will he, after they behaved so badly to him about those Omrahs?" "I don't know how that may be settled, but I know he must move, as Saunders is to be Superintendent of the Abkaree Revenue." "You don't say so! Then what's Brown to do?" "Oh, *he's* been offered the Twenty-four Pergunnahs." "You don't mean that! Why, what *can* Government be thinking about?" "Ah! you may well say so. Talk of the right man in the right place indeed!" Enter Jones, to whom the news is repeated. "Yes, I heard it, and very much pleased I was, too. He's just the fit man for it. That's the second unexceptionable appointment Government has made this season." Enter Brown, who is congratulated, and replies:

"No; the fact is, I just told Government they might as well appoint my Khitmutghar, for anything I knew about the duties of the office." "Then what are you going to have?" "Why, I hear Dean's going home, and I have some promise of being Civil Sessions Judge in his place; and then, you know, that's a kind of step into the Sudder Adawlut." "Into the Sudder?" An ominous silence ensues. Perhaps some of those present have had an eye in that direction for themselves or friends, for the pause is broken by a burst of indifferent topics, and the visitors depart.

What between "Civil shop" and "Military" ditto, one might sooner learn a new language altogether than make yourself conversant with Anglo-Indian technicalities. Doubtless the spirited interchange of sentiments on the part of new comers of different degrees of griffinage sounded nearly as stupid to the old hands, for they often sat by with a bland smile of forbearance on their faces while we eagerly discussed the state of Rotten-row and the last Botanic, or com-

pared notes on the Princess's and the Opera, evidently thinking life too short to be wasted on such small ends; while we were in turn baffled and awe-struck when they recommenced their interminable "shop." We fortunately had two opportunities of seeing the beauty and fashion of Calcutta in ball dress, and once in fancy dress at a splendid ball given to Lady C.; but with the exception of punkahs and thermantidotes (a singular contrivance with wheels for creating a draught of air), all was precisely like a very good ball at home. Punkahs do not strike you much in a ball-room, but in a church, when there are two or three dozen flat, white boards, with dimity frills sewn on to them, all being jerked violently over your head at once, and all out of time, I defy the most serious-minded attendant to refrain from feeling exasperated first, and sleepy afterwards. One feels if the Coolies would only pull them all one way just for a moment it would be an inexpressible comfort to your eyes; but no, they perversely persist in pulling them just contrary. There's a

punkah on the eve of catching up its fellow —breathless excitement—now how tiresome —it's all wrong again. Who *could* attend to service under such distractions? As for the clergyman, I could not listen to what he was saying, because I was so astonished at his remembering a single word when his congregation were quite invisible, nothing to be seen save that sea of white moving punkahs, waving about all around, entirely hiding him from sight one moment, and the next showing shifting glimpses and dissolving views. I never heard so fatiguing a sermon.

The most disagreeable part of Calcutta life is the state of espionage in which you live. Your most secretly laid plans are instantly known to the whole world, and highly embellished tales of all you say and do fly round the community like wildfire, of course gathering as they go. People say the native servants propagate these reports, for though pretending to know nothing of English, they understand enough to make a great deal of mischief. The rapidity with

which news circulates is startling. We were told by a friend that half an hour after our arrival, he and all the other gentlemen in the clubs of Calcutta knew we had brought pistols out with us. It has rather a sobering effect to learn you are thus watched. They all seemed perfectly well acquainted with our resolution of returning home in a year's time, and all laughed most openly at the apparent absurdity of the idea, offering to take any amount of bets with us on the subject. They little knew the iron wills of the people they were speaking to; every one, however, thought we had done a very spirited thing in coming out, making a pleasure trip of so long a voyage, and told us that our determination of facing all the unknown dangers of a dâk journey was, to say the least, "very plucky." All people who have never been to the Mofussil look on the undertaking with great respect and some alarm.

I do not know how the days slipped away; the mornings were usually occupied with visitors or shopping, and after tiffin, what

between the real necessity of not exerting ourselves at all, on account of the heat, and the fancied necessity of wearing a new bonnet every night on the Mall, which of course always had to be unpacked, with all et ceteras to match, from the depths of some mysterious box, we had a hard life of it. Each day added to the stores being prepared for our dâk trip: we were only passive instruments. Mrs. Norton consulted some of her friends, and daily received new suggestions of something absolutely indispensable. It was like victualling for a siege: Guava jelly and marmalade, all manner of biscuits, tea, preserved meats, soda-water, sweet syrups, wine, or any other beverage you drink. We stipulated for an endless supply of coloured railway literature; yet with all this preparation, it was only the night before we started that our old ally, Mr. Duncan, sent us a large supply of pillows, and spoons, and forks, all invaluable comforts on the road, and which had been till then forgotten. An Ayah, with very superior credentials, had been engaged to accompany us; she claimed

twenty rupees per month for wages—a very large sum in these parts—in consideration of being able to speak English, but the only words I ever heard her use were, "My darling child"—a phrase she repeated most glibly, but always completed the sentence in Hindostanee, so we were not a bit the wiser for it. As you are only allowed a certain quantity of luggage in a dâk gharrie, after selecting those articles you cannot do without, you bid a sad adieu to the remainder, and consign it to the tender mercies of an agent to be forwarded by that slowest of all slow movements, yclept a bullock-train; and if you are singularly lucky, you *may* see it again in six weeks or two months, at the earliest. But so many and so unaccountable are the delays which befal these unhappy trains, that an interval of six months between despatching and receiving a box is thought rather quick travelling, and many anxious expectants of Paris millinery, after patiently waiting a whole year for the appearance of the bonnet which is to electrify the station, and writing unweariedly to

every postmaster on the road for information, finds the missing box has been peacefully reposing in some out-of-the-way receiving-house, and the contents are of course faded and old-fashioned; or having perhaps been fished up out of some river on the road, the finery that was to have totally eclipsed and struck envy into the heart of every other lady in the place, is reduced to an indistinguishable mass. Nor are ladies the only sufferers: gentlemen expecting saddlery and crockeryware often find their tempers equally tried by its total destruction. In fact, every day in India calls more deeply on that very large stock of patience which, it is to be hoped, every one who lands on these shores has laid in, or woe be it to him.

At length our dâk was announced as "laid," and as it seemed impossible that any one could suggest anything more to be procured in the way of stores, we prepared to leave our hospitable friends, and take a final plunge into the unknown land before us. Our last night in Calcutta was spent at a

ball, from which we returned just in time to change our aërial dresses for something more suited to our long, hot, and dusty journey, the first hundred and fifty miles of which were to be performed by railway. Mr. Norton accompanied us to the railroad station, which, being unfortunately on the other side of the Hooghly, from the "west end" of Calcutta, before reaching it you have a long drive and a disagreeable river to cross, for this branch of "Gunga's stream," so celebrated by poets, is a broad, rapid, peculiarly dirty, and by no means tempting-looking river. We were told we left "blue water" behind on entering the Hooghly, and certainly it is more the colour and consistency of pea-soup than anything else. The railroad is only open as far as Raneegunge, where our gharrie was in waiting. All railroads are provokingly alike, but the country we passed through was new enough—dotted over with many strange-looking native villages, swarming with little black children, strongly reminding us of the bronze Hindoo idols at home.

At Raneegunge we found Mr. Boyle (an utter stranger) ready to meet us: some friend in Calcutta had written to him to do so. It seems the usual thing for people here to send you on from one station to another, consigned to the care of some of their friends, who appear to think it the most natural thing in the world to take any amount of trouble about you. What a pity that railroads and increasing civilisation should alter such an agreeable state of things.

We found also that Messrs. Sandford and Merton, two young cadets, fellow-passengers of ours from England, were to start by dâk up country at the same time we did; so Mr. Boyle directed the coachmen of our two gharries always to keep close together, in order that we might give and receive assistance in case of accident, as he thought, though we were all such dreadful griffs, that they might be some protection to us on the road; and of course they were proud of the charge. In an uncivilised country like India,

where ladies are not treated by the natives with the reverence they receive at home, the presence of a gentleman is often indispensable.

We all took tea together in the somewhat melancholy-looking hotel, and then Mr. Boyle packed our gharries for us in the most scientific manner. It requires some skill and experience to put everything where you can easily find it again, and yet out of the way. We looked with great interest on the vehicle which was to be our abode for so many nights. It was a light, small carriage,

DAK GHARRIE.

made entirely of wood, and painted green. There are no seats in it, but a mattress is spread over the bottom, on which you recline the whole way (and now we mentally thanked our friend for those pillows); a shelf at the foot held our books, biscuits, tea, &c.; a netting nailed at the top received our hats and other superfluous articles (I hear when families travel that is the baby's place); two pockets at the sides were filled with soda-water; and the well underneath was crammed with bags, extra stores, &c. Ayah and the boxes were stowed away on the top of the vehicle; and, to complete all, a small lantern hung suspended from the middle to light us on our way. While the process of packing the two gharries was going on, Mr. Sandford borrowed Mr. Boyle's little tattoo (pony), and, though warned the animal was vicious, started to have a canter, from which he returned in safety, though he informed us afterwards, privately, that he had had no less than seven tumbles.

At last all was completed, and we started, highly excited and in great spirits, the coach-

men having received orders to stop at some dâk bungalow about eight the next morning, where we could rest during the day, and start again at night. These bungalows are built by Government entirely for the use of travellers, at intervals of about fifteen miles, the whole way along the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to the Himalayas. They are mostly built on the same plan: two principal rooms in the centre, and a dressing and bath-room on either side. A Khitmutghar is placed in charge. Our first night passed without any adventures, though the novelty of our position, and the jolting and dust of the gharrie, effectually prevented any chance of sleep; besides, our two companions being equally restless, generally hopped out of their gharrie at every stage, and came to know how we were getting on.

Next morning commenced our acquaintance with dâk bungalows, and the very first step revealed a serious deficiency in our stores; for, on sending the Ayah to ask for some towels, she came back, saying there were none. Here was a misfortune! Our

English ideas had never extended to providing towels ourselves, and, as no Indian thinks of travelling without them, of course our Calcutta friends never doubted that we were properly supplied in that respect. On consulting our companions, we found Mr. Sandford in the same predicament; but Mr. Merton, having instructed an agent to provide everything requisite for his journey, produced a bundle, and generously divided them equally amongst us; but, though more than enough for one, it formed rather a scanty allowance when distributed among four. We were far too grateful, however, to complain; and every afternoon the said towels might be seen, washed, and drying in the sun for the morning's use. And now began our troubles with the language. We had relied greatly on the Ayah, and finding her totally useless, were thrown entirely on our own resources. I had learned, before quitting the steamer, about twenty common sentences, which were of inestimable benefit to us; and, after a lengthened interview with the Khitmutghar in charge, we succeeded in ob-

taining eggs, grilled fowls, milk, and an unlimited supply of hot water for tea. This is all they can furnish you with; everything else you carry yourself. The moorghie (native chicken) is a most unpromising looking article of food, which nothing but stern necessity compels you to eat. You see numbers of these unfortunate creatures marching about the compound as you drive up, and the moment breakfast is ordered the chase commences, which of course ends in the capture and death of the unhappy fowl, who, in a few minutes after, is placed, broiled, on the table, woefully skinny, and tough, and tasteless, to a degree scarcely conceivable in England. In curry, of course they taste better; but we did not much relish the rancid butter used in native cookery, and preferred knowing what we were eating. For some days we cheerfully ate grilled moorghies, eggs, and biscuits, for breakfast, and ditto repeated at dinner; but now these dainties began to lose their relish, and then we fell back on our potted meats. But as most of the biscuits were slightly sweet, the com-

bination was not pleasant; and as for preserves! I shall never recover my taste for guava jelly and marmalade again, nor have I yet learned to look with equanimity on gingerbread, that comestible usually forming our first meal about daybreak, when, finding ourselves in want of something to do, and knowing we had no chance of breakfast for some hours, we amused ourselves by eating nuts and dispensing them to our companions.

That first day passed off very well; and when the coachman arrived up to time in the evening, we started, flattering ourselves our journey was going to be the easiest thing possible. The farther we got from Calcutta, however, the worse our horses became. Every six miles you arrive at a "chokee," and change horses: harnessing each fresh horse was the signal for a scene of biting, kicking, plunging, and rearing, that would have sent most ladies at home into fits. The horses seemed perfectly unbroken; and when, by main force and the assistance of several Coolies, the

harnessing was effected, the creature would stand on his hind-legs for some moments, and then insist on turning round to take a good look at us, or at the back of the carriage, so that we momentarily expected it to upset. Sometimes they were dragged out, roaring, screaming, and biting, like tigers, and, when harnessed by superior strength, positively refused to move at all; on which some dozen Coolies flung themselves on the wheels, and, turning them round, pushed the gharrie on the hind-quarters of the animal; and if this proves ineffectual, they tie a rope to his fore-legs, and drag him on till he is compelled to move. It appeared to be an understood thing between the quadrupeds and bipeds engaged in the struggle, that if the former was once got into motion, it must go on to the next chokee, which, after resisting to the last, for form's sake, it generally did at full gallop, making up for lost time, and then yielding its place to the next in order, who went through precisely the same manœuvres. At first it was impossible not to

feel somewhat anxious as to what our fate in the *mêlée* might be; but afterwards we learnt to look to these constantly-recurring scenes at the chokees as the chief source of amusement and excitement through the night, and felt quite defrauded of our rights when any mild-tempered animal allowed itself to be quietly harnessed, and proceeded on its way without giving any trouble. When a horse totally refuses to move on, these ingenious people have a mode of lighting a fire underneath the animal, and when the heat becomes painful, the creature gallops off; but I am assured (though I never saw it) that the horses sometimes become so cunning as to defeat the aim of their tormentors by lying down on the fire, and so extinguishing it.

Crossing the first two or three rivers was rather trying to our nerves. The gharrie stops, and the horse is taken away, but there are no lights or other signs of a chokee; and while you look out, wondering what is going to happen to you, suddenly a swarm of yelling, screaming, black Coolies

swoop down on you, and carry your gharrie off bodily. I defy the most strong-minded woman not to feel very much frightened when she finds herself surrounded by water, and apparently completely at the mercy of a set of demon-like beings, who encourage each other on by a series of yells and shouts worthy of Bedlam. A young lady who passed a few nights before we did, told me she quite gave herself up for lost, and when she reached the other side was in such a state of agitation, that she willingly gave these black rascals a rupee (2s.) each, which they, seeing she was frightened, demanded, when they would have been handsomely paid with a couple of annas (3d.). When we got across the river at last, we found our two friends waiting at the water's edge: they had been carried over first, and being startled themselves, knew we should be dreadfully alarmed, and tried to insist on the two gharries being kept together, but, finding themselves powerless, they came as near as they could to reassure us. On each side of these rivers there is generally a long

tract of deep sand, over which you must be pushed by men or bullocks, as horses cannot manage it at all.

No more chance of sleep for us that night; and very early next morning the coachman positively insisted on our alighting and getting into the gentlemen's gharrie, as our wheel was too much broken to go on. There was no time allowed for deliberation; so, snatching up a few necessary things, and leaving our luggage to its fate, we were all four packed into one gharrie, Nora and I crouching inside, and the two gentlemen sitting with their legs out of the windows, till we reached the next dâk bungalow, where we were turned out and left to our own devices for the day. Under the most favourable auspices, a day in a dâk bungalow is apt to become monotonous even to griffs, to whom all is new. Our first care was to order breakfast; then, having settled which room was to be the dining-room, we separated to take a bath and dress for the day. And what an indescribable comfort it was to get rid of all the dust and tumbled things

of the night, and emerge, freshened up, to enjoy breakfast as best we could, first always ordering a Coolie to pull the punkah. Government generously provides punkahs to all the bungalows, though the rest of the furniture is of the scantiest possible description, consisting of a bedstead, table, and one or two chairs in each room, and a most meagre supply of crockery-ware. You are supposed to bring all comforts with you. Breakfast over, we ordered dinner, and, being rather tired of the eternal grilled moorghies, did our best to change the bill of fare. We had seen some geese on the road near, and tried to make the man understand we wanted one roasted. This being a flight above my colloquial powers, we had recourse to pantomime; but in vain. Perhaps it was not the right season to kill a goose; but at any rate we gave up the attempt in despair. We must have succeeded in making the man understand we wanted something extra to eat, for in a short time he returned with a large, lively, grey rabbit in his arms, which, on being set down,

began careering round the room as hard as it could tear. The Khit, pointing to it, said significantly, "Curry." We all laughed heartily, but, tired as we were of moorghies, we could not fancy devouring that poor grey rabbit; so, shaking our heads, the Khit marched off with it. Nora and I then retired to our rooms to read or sleep till dinner was announced, after which meal we began repacking our stores and preparing for departure. On the evening in question, however, we had some doubts about getting off at all. There being only one gharrie, we walked a long way down the road to see if there were any signs of the other coming up. As far as we could see, the road was empty, so we concluded, rather despondingly, we were doomed to pass the night there; and the Khit coming in, made us comprehend that it would be necessary to have two Chowkedars (watchmen) in case of Dacoits. Acting on this hint, the two young men began to look at their swords and examine the loading of our revolvers, when, delightful sound! the missing gharrie drove up,

and, cheerfully paying off the Chowkedars, we went merrily on.

After proceeding some way quietly, the gentlemen's gharrie came into violent contact with a down-country vehicle, both coachmen being doubtless asleep, and in a moment all was confusion. The whole front of their gharrie was smashed, the coachman sent flying into a hedge, where he lay howling dreadfully; the poor Syce was carried away with his leg really hurt. The two occupants of the down vehicle were laughing and trying to patch up their dilapidated shafts and harness. It was astonishing how soon the confusion subsided. These collisions are too frequent to cause any remark. The coachman was picked out of the hedge and ordered to drive on, and the only harm done (we were laughed at for considering the Syce's lame leg as an accident of the slightest importance) was, that the shelf containing their stores being broken to pieces, they reposed for the remainder of the night on a bed of broken glass, guava jelly, tea, cigars, and brandy, the mingled odours of

which were very unpleasant. Besides, the dust poured in in such volumes, they were obliged to adopt the uncomfortable attitude of lying on their backs, holding up a blanket with their feet, to save themselves from being choked. Soon afterwards an obstreperous horse in their carriage ran into ours, and stove in the whole of the back, so that we were compelled to have it changed at the next station. It was a mercy our heads were not broken. Then, just as we were composing ourselves to slumber, the rickety motion and sudden jolting of our carriage, with the crashing of boughs on the top, and the shrieks of the Ayah, who was afraid of being rubbed off, announced we had certainly left the road, and, on looking out, we found we were descending a very steep declivity, and heard the shouts of the gentlemen, who, seeing us disappearing into the ditch, were flying down the bank to assist us. After blowing up the somnolent coachman and bullying the horse frightfully, we were with some trouble extricated from our perilous position without bodily injury, and pro-

ceeded on our way; but these and similar mishaps were of such constant occurrence, that Nora and I were obliged to be always on the alert. We heard afterwards of other travellers who went regularly to bed and slept all night comfortably in their gharries, but we were compelled to be always dressed and ready for all emergencies. That same topic of dressing has been much discussed at Calcutta, and various opinions were given us on the subject; but we found far the best plan was always to wear a dark barège skirt, which was cool, and did not look rumpled easily, and a loose, white muslin jacket, which, with a waistband and ribbons, appeared quite respectable in the daytime, and was quite comfortable for reclining in at night. We had fortunately a large store of these jackets, and found them an immense comfort. It was extraordinary how soon we fell into the routine of dâk travelling, and how much each day added to our experience.

Gentlemen are proverbially more restless under inaction than ladies, and our two friends found the day hang very heavily on

their hands. Their chief employment after breakfast was to unpack their shell-jackets and swords, in which gorgeous garb they would array themselves, and commence a never-ending dispute on the respective merits of their facings, and buttons, &c., which, however, whiled away an hour; and then they usually fell to arguing. Having been schoolfellows at home, they knew each other's weak points well; but Mr. Merton being a Londoner, and older both in years and experience than his companion, a hot-headed Highlander, had greatly the advantage in an argument, and invariably succeeded in turning the conversation to the absurdity of a penniless Scot boasting of his "lang pedigree." Mr. Sandford, who always ran blindfolded into any trap laid for him, would retort, he supposed Mr. Merton had no family to be proud of; when the unmoved Londoner would go on to speak of the Scottish kings, whom he designated as nothing but "petty, marauding chieftains;" while Mr. Sandford, firing up, declared vehemently that "some of the most chival-

rous names of Christendom had sprung from the royal blood of Caledonia." He would then rush into the verandah to cool his heated brain by the solace of a cigar; while Mr. Merton chuckled internally over the splendid rise he had taken out of the fiery Scotchman.

Every afternoon we were sure of an hour's amusement in looking over the bungalow book—a volume in which all travellers are expected to record their names, when they arrived, when they left, what they gave the Khit, with a column for general remarks, which people will fill up with a detail of their sentiments and feelings, in spite of a grave remonstrance at the opening of the book from the postmaster of the district, who balances these books monthly, to the effect that remarks are only requested regarding the state of repair of the house, and furniture, and the behaviour of the Khit. Notwithstanding this explanation, each succeeding party of travellers persists in announcing, for the benefit of future comers, that they feel "very comfortable," "quite serene,"

"all the better for brandy pawnee," with facetious remarks on the former names. People may take up their abode for as long as they please in these bungalows, paying a rupee per diem to Government for the same. For any period under three hours you pay eight annas (one shilling). The book usually made its appearance towards the evening, when the Khit brought in the kettle for tea, as we always fortified ourselves before starting with a mild refreshment of tea and biscuit.

These two youths seemed to find insurmountable difficulty in the language, for when Nora and I had learnt the names of everything in common use, the only words impressed on our companions' minds were, "Arg" (light)—a shout which at the chokee was always responded to by an angular native bearing a live cinder on a brick, by means of which our friends imbibed the fragrant weed—and "Ghora lao" (horse bring)—an order which was thundered out whenever the desired animals seemed not forthcoming. As Mr. Merton rarely pro-

nounced his r's, I sometimes wondered how the natives comprehended him at all.

At Allahabad Mr. Merton was to leave us, as the finger of destiny, represented by the number of his regiment, pointed another way. We were quite sorry to part with so agreeable a companion, so perfectly gentlemanly a protector. Mr. Sandford was to go on with us, and, before leaving, Mr. Merton took his friend aside, and read him a long lecture on the onerous nature of the duties he was undertaking. Mr. Merton evidently thought that hitherto the charge of our precious selves had been entirely on his shoulders; now the responsibility devolved on Mr. Sandford, who was emphatically warned to eschew smoking and beer, lest the somnolent qualities of those articles should overpower the watchful wakefulness necessary to guide our griffinish steps through the dangers surrounding us. All this, and much more, was instantly repeated to us by Mr. Sandford, the beautiful transparency of that youth's character leading him to impart to us immediately everything that was com-

municated to him. Both these young men had all the stuff in them necessary to make good soldiers; but I much fear India will soon alter that buoyant light-heartedness that led them, when with us, to look on every new *contretemps* as a fresh piece of good fortune.

The peeps of country we got on our road up, when there was light enough to see anything, were not prepossessing, being usually long tracks of dry, white dust, as far as the eye could reach, without the slightest elevation to break the monotony of the view; but when we passed through native villages before the inhabitants had all gone to rest, the glimpses we got were picturesque in the extreme—groups of weird, impish-looking figures seated round their fires, cooking and smoking; those who wished to sleep stretched on their charpoys in the open air, with a swarm of little, naked, bronze children, all merry and laughing, and one and all presenting corporations which might compete with any alderman. Why all native children, even the merest babies, present this extraordinary appearance, I never heard. Some

BENARES.

say the mothers tie a string round their bodies and feed them till it breaks; at any rate, the fact is universal. Native children seem very much coaxed and petted by their seniors; and I am sure that very green John Bull, who is represented as being so astonished at hearing foreign babies crying quite naturally, just like English ones, instead of screaming in French, could not have been more amazed than I was to see a gaunt, black-bearded man dandling a two years child on his knee, and amusing it with the very same old sounds and grimaces that have

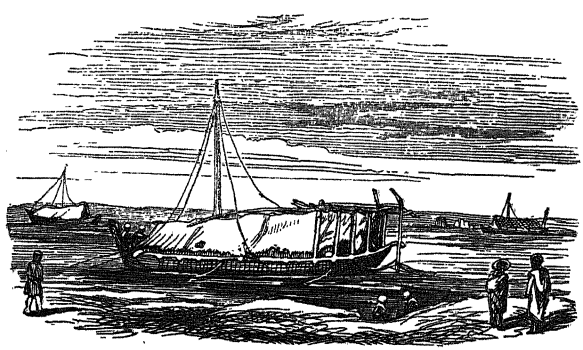
charmed and soothed our nursery children ever since we have had nurseries at all. I suppose it shows how necessary they are, or they would not be in such general use.

Sometimes, when passing through a village, we witnessed a fête going on, and the hideous music, yelling, shouting, nasal singing, uncouth gestures, and strange garb of these demoniacal-looking natives, strongly reminded me of the pictures of Pandemonium. We sometimes overtook long trains of bullock-waggons crawling lazily along, and raising dust enough to choke every one they met: no wonder they take a year to get up country if they always walk at that pace. Whenever a train appeared in sight, our coachman extracted some very wheezy notes from a battered horn, to warn the drivers to keep on one side; but as the men were generally asleep—and when awake the bullocks were very difficult to manage—I often expected, as we came tearing along at full speed, that our light carriage would come in collision with one of these enormous vehicles, in

which case it would infallibly have been smashed.

I used often to lie looking out into the night as we were being rapidly whirled along, and think how easily we might be carried off anywhere, and by anybody, and no one be a bit the wiser, and then months of research would fail to discover our whereabouts to anxious friends; and the nervousness entailed by these uneasy thoughts could hardly be dispelled by the remembrance of that brace of revolvers reposing at the bottom of our gharrie, or even by the neighbourhood of that gallant youth who was quietly slumbering in the carriage behind. And yet I have often heard of young girls, just arrived from England, put into one of these gharries, with a body-guard of one Ayah, and expected in about a month's time to turn up somewhere in the Punjab, a distance of sixteen hundred miles. Incredible as it may sound at home, they do seem to arrive somehow in safety. Up to this time all our adventures had been great fun; good

health and spirits had carried us through everything happily, but the first touch of illness brought forcibly before us our terrible helplessness and loneliness. From my unfortunate English inability to sleep, excepting when quite undisturbed, through all these weary nights, I never seemed to myself to lose consciousness at all, and this, added to our being such dreadful griffs as not to insist on the coachman stopping before the heat of the day began (they kept us out sometimes till noon), gave me a smart attack of fever. I felt it coming on as we left Cawnpore, but I would not give in, and by



NATIVE BOAT, CAWNPORE.

the time day dawned I was fast becoming worse, and Nora terribly frightened. As was natural in the first moments of alarm, all the awful tales of the sudden illnesses of India we had heard rose to her mind. I was really too ill to speak; totally powerless, and far from all human help, she could only sit bathing my temples with water, and asking for aid where none seek it in vain.

At last the sound of wheels told the approach of another gharrie, and Nora frantically besought the driver to stop, in the hopes it might contain some European who could give us some directions. The stranger gharrie drew up a short distance from us, and she jumped out without any covering over her head, and but one shoe on, so fearful was she of losing this chance of information. No doubt she told her tale in a pitiable state of suppressed grief and agitation; but the travellers, being half-castes, with the usual apathy of their class only grunted out a few words signifying that the bungalow was not far off, and there was no European station

near. Half maddened, she returned to renew her entreaties to the driver to proceed faster, Mr. Sandford adding a more substantial inducement in the shape of a bribe, so we quickly reached the bungalow, and found another traveller already there. Nora pencilled a hasty line explaining our state, and asking if medical assistance was procurable. I lay down on one of the small charpoys, and was fast becoming insensible. At all events, the quiet and darkened room was better than the jolting gharrie and burning sun. The Unknown answered the note in person—a subdued-looking individual, very gentle, and who seemed to pity us thoroughly. While they were deliberating what to do, Mr. Sandford drove up. On our gharrie increasing its speed, his had fallen behind, and shortly had subsided into a ditch, overturning Mr. Sandford and all his belongings. I can fancy the flood of broad Scotch the irate young man poured on the obtuse driver. As we had no quinine to administer, the stranger suggested sending

for a native doctor. These men are educated in Calcutta, and walk the hospitals there; they are then generally affixed to native regiments. It being the only resource, he was accordingly summoned. Just as he arrived at the bungalow, a Captain Dean alighted, and was immediately accosted by Mr. Sandford, who gave a hurried sketch of our position. Captain Dean instantly recognised the black medico, saying he knew him well. The man, having been attached to his regiment, had often attended his children.

But I leave it to my readers' imagination to picture, if they can, the scene. I was lying, barely sensible, in a burning fever, and utterly regardless of appearances, my hair having all been let down to allow my head to be more easily wetted; Nora standing by me, alternately crying bitterly and laying wet handkerchiefs on my forehead; the Ayah, crouching at my feet, murmuring incessantly, "My darling child;" a turbaned individual, with dusky hands, feeling my

pulse; Captain Dean interpreting, and Mr. Sandford leaning awe-struck against the door, fearing to be left alone, and yet not daring to enter, while the stranger we had first applied to was busy arranging a tattie. Of course I understood nothing of the consultation, but was suddenly aroused by the word "calomel," which I positively refused to touch, having a mortal horror of that drug; whereupon the medico fell back upon soda-water, of which we fortunately had a good supply, and this simple remedy constantly administered, combined with perfect quiet, revived me considerably. The Chupramou bungalow seemed patronised that day, for, during my formidable consultation, a lady in a palkee arrived. This was a great boon to us, as she could speak the language, and, with the ready kindness of an Anglo-Indian, installed herself by my bedside as head nurse. But we were forbidden to think of stirring that night, as any fatigue would have induced more fever. It was Sunday, and we could not help contrasting our posi-

tion with that of our friends at home, and feeling what a mercy it was mamma could not see the state her precious daughters were in. Very long that day seemed, and very dull it would have been, but that towards evening I was so infinitely better that Nora was able to go into the verandah for a little air and exercise, and found Mr. Sandford in all the importance of preparing to keep guard for the night. He borrowed one of our pistols, and, as a means of inspiring a salutary awe in the minds of the natives around, loaded it, then stole behind an outhouse, where they were in full enjoyment of the evening hookah and gossip, and, at the moment when their mirth was highest, fired off all six barrels. Total silence fell on the group, each feeling certain he was a dead man, till some more courageous ones venturing to move, and finding they could do so still, the rest took heart, and carefully felt themselves all over. The important pistol was again loaded, and Mr. Sandford then took possession of the room

next ours, ordered a supply of candles, and, holding his drawn sword in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, rigidly set himself to keep awake all night. Nora, however, persuaded him to lay the pistol down, as we felt certain he would be firing it through the wall in his sleep. We then made ourselves as comfortable for the night as the erratic gambols of some lively lizards on the walls admitted.

Next morning found me free from fever, though rather weak, but perfectly equal to continue my journey that night. Captain Dean had taken his departure the evening before, promising to send up a telegraphic message from Cawnpore to Keith, begging him, if possible, to come and meet us. Previous to starting, however, he bestowed a serious exhortation on Mr. Sandford (every one seemed to think it necessary to give him advice), which that ingenuous youth took the earliest opportunity of imparting to us, the pith of it being, after some highly complimentary personal observations on us, that

"Mr. Sandford was to look to himself, as he (Captain Dean) could plainly see we were never meant to marry ensigns." Mr. Sandford often chuckled and rubbed his hands, just as if it gave him a great accession of importance, in his own estimation at least, to be supposed capable of standing in need of such a warning. The night passed over without any adventures save the loss of a pith helmet, in which Mr. Sandford had invested the day before, and which rolled out of the carriage while its owner was asleep. Things are often dropped out in this way if you are not careful, as it is too hot to keep the doors shut; indeed, we heard of a lady who nearly lost her baby in the same way. Waking up one night, she missed it, and ran frantically up the road looking for it; fortunately it was found about a mile behind, quite unhurt, having fallen on a thick soft bed of dust, and providentially no jackals or wild dogs had come near it. Babies in India seem often to have narrow escapes, for some friends of ours,

when travelling, were pitched out of their gharrie pell-mell, and on looking about to see what harm was done, the baby was found lying under a heavy box; but, as its father observed, its bones being only gristle, they rebounded like india-rubber when the pressure was removed, and it was not a bit the worse for its temporary squeezing. It is really amazing to think of the number of gharries that are upset and smashed every day, and how few people ever seem to get hurt.

No sooner was I perfectly recovered, than Nora began to sicken, precisely in the same manner. It was no great wonder if our spirits fairly sank under this new misfortune, and we began anxiously to look for Keith's arrival, or for some finish to be put to our daily anxieties. Fortunately, this time, we were able to stop at an English station, and send for an orthodox English doctor, whose authority, of course, we dared not question, and who sent her compounds to swallow of whose ingredients we were totally ignorant. She took

them all, however, most scrupulously, and from their effects, or the quiet, became so much better, that we were allowed to proceed that evening. Mr. Sandford was to have left us here, but he could not think of deserting us in our distress, and determined to go on until we either reached Dhoorghur, or met my brother, whom we momentarily expected. The doctor had warned us that we must be housed in some bungalow before seven o'clock in the morning, or the consequences might be serious. Our only means of quickening our speed was by bribing largely; and, accordingly, Mr. Sandford offered a four-anna piece at every chokee. Under this silver spell the horses came out like magic, and we galloped over the ground in fine style; but, alas! our good fortune was only transient; a few bumps, a sudden stoppage, and then a gentle subsiding to one side, and we discovered the melancholy fact that a hind-wheel was off, broken into little pieces, and Mr. Sandford's coachman, instead of stopping to help us, went on faster and faster,

till he disappeared altogether. Our coachman then deliberately unharnessed his horse, and galloped after them, leaving us to do what we could, which was not much. I pulled the cushions out of the fallen gharrie, and made a couch for Nora of them; and there we were left, Nora, myself, and the Ayah, sitting for two mortal hours by the roadside, watching the last beams of the declining moon, and wondering what amount of truth there might be in all the legends we had heard of tigers, snakes, and Dacoits. We had not then learnt to dread the night dews as even more formidable than these open enemies, nor did it strike either of us that the doctor had been giving Nora calomel the day before, and, consequently, exposure even to the hot night air was very dangerous for her; and, in fact, she caught a cold that night, the bad consequences of which she felt some time after; so, on the whole, I much preferred the simple remedies prescribed by my sable physician. No visible enemy made its appearance, and the utter solitude was un-

broken, till two Burkandazes (native police), passing by, discovered the prostrate gharrie, and while the Ayah was giving them a voluble account of the misfortune, poor Mr. Sandford drove up in a breathless state of agitation. His horse had bolted, and could not be stopped for six miles; and when at length it was pulled up, and our panting coachman arrived to recal him, he could only just comprehend that some serious accident must have happened, and returned, fully expecting all the way to find one or both of us killed. On his arrival he hardly dared to ask what was the extent of the injuries received; he must have been agreeably relieved to find us, as usual, unhurt. Now, as it was imperative that Nora should proceed at once, and make up for lost time, we took possession of his carriage, while he mounted on the top; and, leaving the Ayah to look after all our property in the fallen carriage, we once more commenced our weary journey. How long we proceeded I know not, but the carriage stopped suddenly, the door was pushed back hastily,

and a familiar voice exclaimed, "Maud! Nora! wake up!" It was Keith. And now this long-looked-for meeting had arrived, it was so very like one of the many day-dreams I had arranged about it, that I could scarcely realise the fact that we were really awake, and actually so near the end of all our troubles. Indeed, it was difficult at first to believe, especially by the dim rays of a lantern, that the tall, gaunt, thin, long-faced individual before us, dressed entirely in white, with hardly any hair (that ornament having been cut off during a recent fever), and his head surmounted by a huge pith helmet, was really the same long-absent brother whom a carefully cherished photograph at home had represented to our sisterly eyes as a stalwart and handsome-looking Highlander. However, the fact was undeniable; and, rousing ourselves up, we got into his gharrie—our third move that night—and, with many sincere thanks, we took leave of our kind champion Mr. Sandford.

I shall always regard him as an old friend

wherever we may meet. He was a rough diamond, that could be easily polished; and while he retraced his steps towards his own station, we gave ourselves up to the blissful consciousness that our long and toilsome journey would soon be over, and the relief and delight with which, after all our misfortunes and adventures, we resigned ourselves to the guidance and protection of our brother, may be imagined, though not described. Keith told us afterwards, that, in searching for us, he had stopped every "up-country" gharrie that passed him on the road, and his Chuprassee had ruthlessly wakened up every traveller by inquiries for the two Miss Sahibs, who were thus fortunately found at last.

I have been thus minute at the risk of being thought prosy, in describing all the details of a dâk journey, because if railroads continue progressing at their present rate, dâk travelling for such long distances will soon belong as much to the annals of the past as posting does in England. The expenses of the journey to us were, first, 350

rupees (35*l.*) for the gharrie and horses; then every coachman drives you a distance of about sixty miles, and receives a bucksheesh, varying from eight annas to a rupee. Our daily expenses for two were about four rupees, but there were innumerable claims for bucksheesh from Bheesties, Punkah-wallahs, &c., so Mr. Sandford generally put twenty rupees at a time into his pocket, and paid everything; and when that was finished, everybody paid him his share, and he began again with twenty more, as being the simplest way of keeping accounts.

The first few days of our life at Dhoorghur were unparalleled for dulness and gloom. We reached it one fine morning at six o'clock, having been ten days and nights on the road, and dusty and weary enough we were. Keith led us at once to our side of the house, and left us to refresh ourselves preparatory to breakfast. Lutchmie, the Ayah, being still absent in charge of the boxes, a low-caste woman was temporarily called in, who kept bowing every time we looked at her, till I feared she would be

seized with vertigo. Keith was obliged to go off to his Kutchery (court-house) directly breakfast was over, and we were left to follow our own devices till seven o'clock; as it was then only ten, we did not much admire the prospect. We wandered through the silent rooms, dimly lighted and almost unfurnished—bare, whitewashed walls, no curtains, and the wooden rafters above looking like a barn—and wondered if all our days were to be equally dreary. A bachelor's residence certainly presents no contrivances for killing time.

Keith's bookcase was filled with law commentaries and various judicial works; and the Waverley Novels, when discovered, were hailed with rapture, and carried off in triumph to our own rooms, whither we retreated, to be out of the way of the numberless tall figures gliding in and out to have a look at the new Miss Sahibs.

A welcome diversion took place in the middle of the day, by the arrival of our boxes and Lutchmie. We set on our baggage with enthusiasm, and began arranging

our wardrobes on a scale of neatness they never had presented before nor have since. Luckily, Keith came in earlier than we expected, or I think we should have been forced to quarrel by way of variety, and summoned us to see the horses he was training for our carriage, going round the compound in the break. They were pronounced satisfactory, and we were informed we might shortly have our evening drive—a delightful relief after a day of confinement. Keith had a perfect menagerie of dogs, with all of whom we had to make acquaintance. Some of them positively refused to receive our friendly advances, growling defiance at us, as base usurpers of their master's attention, causing him to overlook them; and all were tardy of being convinced that we were not some new kind of game introduced for their special edification, and the threatening manner they sniffed at us was rather alarming. It gave us some slight idea of the quietude Keith's household were accustomed to, that his dogs had apparently never seen the phenomenon of a lady in English attire.

The evening passed quickly away in talking over home affairs; and the next day being Sunday, Keith was at liberty to stay with us, and we did not feel inclined to appear at church, knowing that strangers in India must undergo a tolerably strict scrutiny. Monday saw us fairly started on the sea of Indian life, receiving visitors, &c.

Our first two or three days in the large old house at Dhoorghur were anything but enlivening, especially before we got settled to our various employments; indeed, the whole house, with its huge dark rooms, from which all light was carefully excluded, and its long rows of pillars and arches, had a kind of Castle of Otranto look, and the utter impossibility of moving out of it all day made us fancy ourselves prisoners in an enchanted palace, under the influence of some magic spell—an illusion increased by the complete silence that reigned around, unbroken save by the ceaseless swing of the punkah, while ghostly forms, with swarthy faces and white raiment, were continually gliding about, apparently objectless.

I never could understand why these servants passed in and out of the room so often; my private belief is they kept up a constant espionage over us, the results of which were retailed to our friends' servants over the evening hookah. But the uncomfortable feeling of "eyes" everywhere was not pleasant; you might look up any moment, and catch them peering in under the half screen suspended in the doorways, and then a suppressed titter ran through an anteroom, giving a sensation of unlimited numbers. We used to feel thankful when tiffin was announced by a meek-looking Khitmutghar, with folded hands and bent head, as it gave us some occupation, and, by good management, might be extended to an hour.

Though our servants pretended not to comprehend our mother tongue, we were afterwards convinced in many ways that their ignorance was in some degree assumed, as when Nora and I spoke to each other in French they invariably quitted the room.

It is nearly impossible to escape for one

moment from the prying black eyes and stealthy movements of these numerous attendants. In the public rooms they are always walking noiselessly in and out, and startling you by placing a note in your hands, and addressing you, when you believe the room vacant. If we attempted to escape into our own rooms, it was worse still, for, however quietly you walked in, some unseen intelligence was instantly conveyed to the Ayahs, and in a few moments their white garments appeared in the verandah, and they came trooping in from all sides. At first this was an intolerable nuisance; we had no less than three always haunting us. First, that very superior woman (in her own estimation), Lutchmie, who had been entrusted with the charge of our precious selves up from Calcutta; but, as her wages were double that of any other servant in the north-west, my brother begged she might be returned to her native city as quickly as possible, before she stirred up a rebellion in his house. She was only waiting a good opportunity of going down coun-

try. The second woman (also Musselmanee), who was to replace her, was a quiet, dignified person, with the remains of some beauty. She never appeared to do any conceivable thing, except arrange the drapery of her sarree in graceful folds, and hand things to us brought by the under-woman, who was an active, clever little creature, frightfully ugly, of a very low caste, who did all the work of our rooms. While we were dressing, these three women always sat in a row on the floor behind us, with their six big eyes following our every movement, and whispering comments on everything we did. Reflected in the glass before me, I could always see these three black faces, thrown into striking relief by their white draperies, gazing with untiring astonishment at us. Sometimes the effect was so absurd that we could not help laughing. I remember the cushions or whiskers on which we rolled our hair were a source of perpetual astonishment and amazement to them. Letting down your hair was always a signal for a series of energetic nudges; and when

the marvellous cushions appeared they all showed their white teeth and shining eyes in concert. My politeness restrained me from making use of the only Hindoo word I knew relating to the subject, it being equivalent to "Get away with you!" so we were e'en compelled to submit daily to the martyrdom with a good grace, till one day, on feelingly lamenting our miseries to a lady, she called our various attendants in, and explained to them "that it was very rude to stare at people dressing, and in future they were always to sit outside the door till they were called;" and the relief and comfort to us were inexpressible.

And now for an account of our first introduction to Dhoorghur society. We were to make our *début* at a dinner party given by the Commissioner, under the most favourable auspices as far as patronage went; but poor Nora was anything but happy in her mind at the prospect, having caught cold during that little episode by the wayside on our journey up. She felt her complexion was not satisfactory, so at first took to her bed,

and vowed she would not go at all. However, my persuasions, combined with some curiosity to inspect the society we were cast amongst, gained the day; and behold us fully equipped for the evening. It seemed so strange, driving along through the bright moonlight in an open carriage, without cloaks or shawls; but the heat was suffocating. We entered the room through a drapery of lace curtains, and found the usual amount of stiff sentences being exchanged between the company while waiting the arrival of dinner. Nora looked relieved when an officer who had called on us led her in to dinner, while I was consigned to the charge of a gentleman whose jacket presented a perfect blaze of golden embroidery. The smallest of small-talk then ensued, our hosts considering they had done enough in providing a splendid dinner and two new young ladies for their guests' edification. Perhaps some of our relatives may be inclined to think the latter item a small one; but *n'importe*, we were *new*—a great consideration in India.

I always found that dinner-givers gave themselves little or no trouble about anything. In a well-trained household the Khansamah (butler) arranges everything, and each guest brings his own servant, who waits on him exclusively, and never thinks of attending to any one else; so if you have not got your own Khitmutghar, or a stupid one, you stand a good chance of being starved. Round soup, or any popular dish, these servants cluster in crowds, and positively struggle for the first supply for their own particular Sahib, while outside you hear a subdued fight going on continually for the earliest choice of clean plates or fresh champagne. All natives are so much alike I could not attempt to distinguish any of our men from the others, nor could I have asked for anything if I had; and having waited patiently a long time for some water, I applied to my glittering neighbour, who succeeded, after some delay, in telegraphing back his man from the middle of a very hot encounter, and especially ordering him to bring me the desired beverage. I never

could conceive at first why the water was always brought to dinner in old wine-bottles, which looked so ugly after our bright crystal at home; but I soon found the greater ease with which these bottles can be kept in the ice, and brought out fresh and fresh made them much to be preferred. When we adjourned to the drawing-room it looked very cheerful, being well lighted and cleared for dancing. Oh, the delights of a Calcutta matting! but woe to the unhappy griff unused to it, who, after six lessons at home, recklessly confides himself and his trusting partner to its slippery surface—a spread eagle being the invariable result. All our lady friends will sympathise in our feelings during the first few moments of suspense. Would our captivating toilettes be unavailing in procuring us partners, and of what kind? Fortunately for me, I made my *début* in a waltz with Keith, and could not have chosen better for myself. Nora was whirled round the room by a tall artilleryman, whose epaulette she had the greatest difficulty in hanging on to, at the risk of rubbing off her nose, while

we both had the pleasure of knowing that two or three eye-glasses were steadily fixed on our white shoes, which were decorated with cherry-coloured bows. And this was the beginning of a controversy, that raged long and violently as long as we remained in the station, about these said bows. We persisted in wearing them, both because we liked them, and also had the authority of our Paris shoemaker for doing so; but the society of Dhoorghur were divided in opinion as to their merits. Some gentlemen admired them extravagantly, and some ladies instantly followed our example; others stood aloof, to hear what the general opinion would be on the subject before they committed themselves finally; while some people disapproved of them entirely, and discoursed quite learnedly about "effect" and "colour" when striving to put down the unoffending "bow" movement.

Altogether, the evening was amusing, and Keith came home determining forthwith to give a dance himself, the preparations for which we commenced the next day, by

making out hieroglyphical lists of names of people who had called from the pile of cards in the baskets, and sending an invitation to the owner of each card therein contained.

And here I must allude to the dire perplexity we were often thrown into by these same cards. Two officers would generally call together (I suppose to keep each other's courage up), and send in two cards, which informed you that Messrs. Smith and Jones are standing before you. We rise and bow silently, wondering which is Smith, and which Jones. A lively conversation ensues on the last dust-storm and the great heat, with awful pauses, generally ending by the two visitors starting up spasmodically, then rushing forward they shake hands with you nervously, and depart. On the Course that evening we bow bewildered to some individual in a similar uniform to our visitors, and then, instantly feeling convinced it is the wrong person, drive on, growing very red in the face.

As the evening of our party drew near, we held many committees as to ways and

means. Keith had never given such a thing before, and I felt our London experience was worse than useless. Instead of writing to Blagrove for the number of musicians we wanted, feeling sure the result would be perfection, Keith wrote to the colonel of a native regiment, whose band was reported a good one, requesting its services for the evening, and, being graciously referred to the bandmaster (an Englishman), had an interview with that worthy. I directed Keith to ask for six men, thinking that a sufficient number for our rooms. But, to my dismay, we were informed that the band, being composed of natives, who are taught music simply by constant repetition, it was impossible to divide them, or the men, finding themselves put out, would be perfectly useless. This was somewhat provoking. As we especially wished to have an evening party, and not a ball (every lady understands the difference), the prospect of an entire band was somewhat alarming. However, as the option appeared to be the whole band or none, we chose the lesser evil; and as we fortunately possessed a large verandah, the

band, consisting of some thirty men, were safely stowed away in it; thus achieving a double advantage, that of dulling the sound and putting the performers out of the way, much to Keith's satisfaction, he having an insurmountable objection to dancing in the presence of "niggers."

The music settled, next came arrangements for supper, and here Keith left us, saying he could not attend to Kutchery work and supper too. And now, instead of a hundred-and-one pastrycooks, ready to furnish every conceivable edible at a moment's notice, or the experienced cook revelling in visions of the jellies and creams which were to be the pride of the evening, everything had to be entrusted to native servants, in whose powers I had little faith. However, supposing all other party-givers in the station must find themselves in the same predicament, and feeling all communication between ourselves and our servants to be hopeless, we had recourse to a lady friend, who promised to aid us. Accordingly one morning our kind ally,

Mrs. Douglas, arrived, and summoning our Khansamah (head-servant), informed him we wanted to have a party, and asked what he would give for supper. After musing some moments with a puzzled look, he suggested "a roast sheep." "Oh, you guddah!" (donkey) was instantly the natural reply of the Anglo-Indian; then, turning to us, said, "You see, my dears, this man evidently knows nothing; he must not be trusted. I will consult my Khansamah, who understands all about these things, and will send you a list, which your man can get translated in the bazaar, and that will settle it all." We were of course delighted to leave the whole affair in her hands.

Suppers are much the same things here as at home; only in the hot weather cream is difficult to procure good, and before the ice-pits are opened, setting jellies, &c., must be trying to a cook's temper and skill. We were puzzled in the list sent us to find a "goose pie" particularly insisted on, till we heard that all raised pies are thus denominated, whatever may be the season of the

year, or the materials of which it is composed; and this is always a certain success in a native's hand.

The morning of the eventful day found our rooms cleared for dancing and profusely decorated with flowers, while nearly all the civil service of Dhoorghur, having cut Kutchery for the day, were assembled in them, everybody suggesting some new and impracticable improvement, or pleasing themselves with the idea of being useful. The gentlemen, with their coats off, both on account of the great heat and also to look business-like, were alternately executing grotesque dances with each other by way of practice, calling on us to direct them through the intricacies of some entangled "renversé," and rushing off to concoct some mysterious and nauseous compound of claret and green tea (too scientific a process to be trusted to servants), meant to impart increased vigour to the dancers in the evening; while Nora and I, on our knees on the floor, were patiently endeavouring to rectify the depredations the rats had made in our Calcutta

matting. Now and then we were all summoned to inspect some newly arrived supper-dish, decorated in an entirely original and striking manner by our ingenious Bobbagee (cook). Altogether, what with laughing, talking, making lobster-salad, arranging fruit and flowers, it was the queerest day I ever spent; no maid to look after our things, or dress us. An Ayah takes an hour to lace up a dress, and then does it all wrong—most dreadfully trying to one's patience. I know for a fact that many married ladies teach their husbands to do it. There's conjugal helpfulness!

At last, with the thermometer over a hundred, our guests began to arrive, and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves as we best could. One comfort was, our guests knew each other much better than we did, so no introductions were necessary; had they been, I don't know what we should have done about names.

I did not see much difference between this and an English dance, except the principal topics being, "Oh, So-and-so could

not come, he's got fever;" "I luckily got my hot fit over an hour ago;" while one of our guests had had her finger bitten by a snake the day before, but it was progressing favourably. And then people seemed so careful about overfatiguing themselves, and wanted to leave directly after supper; replying to my astonished remonstrance at such a Gothic proceeding, "Ah! Miss Leslie, when you have been another hot season in India, you won't be so fond of dancing either."

We succeeded in making a few energetic people stay for a second supper, so our "ball" was considered a most spirited one, though at home I should have looked on it as a languid failure.

The only other remarkable feature of the evening was the behaviour of the "band-boys," who, being introduced into the supper-room, pounced on everything eatable, even down to a ham, and carried it bodily away, as announced to us by a breathless Khitmut-ghar when we were discussing the events of the evening before separating.

Our first dinner party was a terrific failure.

There were some married people not invited to the dance whom it was imperatively necessary to have; so we gave ourselves up victims to necessity, and after racking our brains to remember, and tongues to produce, some of the unearthly sounds carefully culled from our vocabulary, gave up the attempt in despair, and having written out a list such as our English experience dictated, requested Keith to translate it to the Khansamah, which he did; but the man evidently thought we had the most meagre ideas on the subject of a feast compared to his own, and consequently altered our select list to please himself. The result was, on the evening in question a heterogeneous variety of articles appeared on the table, in defiance of all rule, which would never have suggested themselves to me. Thus, a leg of mutton was dropped, as if by accident, between a piece of veal and a turkey, while a shoulder jostled some sweetbreads and oyster-patties, and every available corner of room was somehow filled. Keith, who never saw what other people had on their tables, was fully

alive to the deficiencies of his own, and looked aghast at the whole proceedings. Nothing could be done; the servants could understand no words, and were obtuse to all signs; so Nora and I, feeling perfectly helpless, could only talk unconcernedly, and try not to laugh at the unending profusion before us. So the dinner passed off somehow. After all, people are not *exigeant* in India, particularly to new comers. They know too well the difficulties we have to contend with; but we took good care, after that painful evening, always to warn the man, on pain of instant dismissal, not to exceed the list given him by so much as a piece of bread. I conclude we had a very stupid man to deal with at first, for our later experiences of dinners, &c., were much more easily managed, and without the slightest trouble.

Before describing an Indian day, it is necessary to have some idea of an Indian night. We retired to our rooms about half-past ten, which, though sounding quite a primitive hour to us, was later than many of our friends', early parade and hard work necessitating early

hours. The furniture of our rooms consisted literally of two ponderous wardrobes and two little low beds, with net mosquito curtains, placed in the middle of the room just under the punkah, the walls pierced with doorways on all sides simply for better ventilation. The dressing-room on one side opened into the verandah, in which I often stood to enjoy the stillness of the night, putting to flight a whole tribe of Punkah-wallahs waiting outside till wanted for Keith's punkah and ours; at least the Ayahs always rushed out and dispersed them whenever I approached the windows. The scene at night was very tempting, the broad white pavement of the verandah looking so pure and peaceful with the chequered shade of the round pillars thrown across it by the moon—quite a long colonnade; the air was heavy with the scent of orange-blossoms and the large Indian jessamine from the garden which came close to the house; fantastic-looking palms and other trees closed a picture which I often wished the home people could see. You could not, however, yield

your spirit up to enjoyment, for there were numbers of bats swooping about, and I have a great horror of such unclean animals; then one dared not step off the white flooring of the verandah, for the house had been celebrated for snakes, and the gravel all round it had been broken up to prevent their approach, snakes having a dislike to moving over rough places. The drowsy hum of the insect world rather heightened the repose of the scene, but a horrible screech from some night bird, or the unearthly cry of the jackal, sends you back into the house with your dreams of home all shattered to fragments.

During the hot weather in Bengal you always sleep under a punkah, with or without mosquito curtains, according to taste. We preferred them, and when the time approached for getting into the little bed, one Ayah, seizing a duster, begins violently agitating the air on one side. This is done to alarm any knowing mosquitoes who have stationed themselves on the edge of the curtain ready to hop inside directly it is raised, while the other woman carefully un-

does a little scrap of it, under which you insert your head, and then slip dexterously in. Sometimes no care can exclude your bloodthirsty tormentors, and then I pity you; but, generally speaking, science defeats them entirely, and you defy them. Unless your servants are careful, however, the curtains are no protection against animals, for Nora found, one morning, a lizard inside hers, and read the Ayahs a serious lecture in English on the subject, which impressed them considerably. The last words to the Ayahs were always an injunction to call us at four o'clock, and the name of the pony that was to be in readiness for each. The punkah then begins to move violently, and you are left to the miseries of a long hot night. Oh, the unutterable wretchedness of it! If all circumstances are favourable—no mosquitoes, no jackals near—if after an age of restlessness you should fall into a troubled slumber, you are probably aroused by an oppressive feeling of suffocation—a dreadful sense of impending evil. The air is so dense it seems to choke you; and after two or three despairing

gasps for breath, you wake to the melancholy consciousness that the punkah has stopped—the Coolie is doubtless asleep. Now this misfortune is of such common occurrence, that many gentlemen make their punkah man sit in the room, and keep a large store of boots and other miscellaneous articles beside their beds solely for the purpose of pitching at his head whenever he forgets his duty; but as a lady's punkah is pulled by means of a rope passed through a hole in the wall, this method of waking him is not available. They are then obliged to scream "Punkah kencho" (pull) till the desired end is obtained, and they become thoroughly awakened. We had observed that our Coolies had got an empty box placed on end in the passage outside our room, on which they always mounted when engaged in pulling our punkah. This, we remarked, was rather an unsteady seat; so by getting up and calculating where the rope was, then making a good jump for it, an energetic tug would pull it out of the Coolie's hands, and a smothered sound of a general roll would

convey the intelligence to us that box and Coolie had found their level on the ground, from which Coolie would gather himself very much awake, and pull lustily for a few minutes, soon, of course, to relapse, and the same scene to be enacted over again, till the cooler morning hours arriving, we succeeded in getting some sleep. There are three Coolies allotted to each punkah, and as the night ones have nothing to do in the day save sleep, they have no business to be so idle. I heard a young ensign say that whenever his punkah stopped at night he had all the Coolies up before him, and fined them an anna all round without exception. "The consequence is," said he, "my punkah never stops." When I afterwards wondered how they contrived to pay fines out of their pittance, Keith declared that as that young man had never paid his men anything since they had entered his service, of course the fines and payment were equally imaginary.

We were called every morning at four o'clock. The Ayah stood beside my mosquito curtains, murmuring out, "Baba cha

budjah (four o'clock), baba," &c., till I answered her, and very sleepily, having, perhaps, had only an hour or two's rest, prepared to rise a helpless victim to my sense of duty. They never attempted to waken Nora, knowing it was a hopeless experiment, as they dared not resort to such extreme measures with her as I did. Once up, the business of dressing was quickly achieved. A glass of water, and sometimes a bit of bread, formed our early meal. Afterwards, as we learnt to make ourselves more comfortable, we always had coffee before starting. The instant we were up, the Ayahs rushed out to stop the punkah. Our Punkah-wallahs certainly had an easy life of it.

Proceeding to the hall door, we found our two fat little ponies standing ready with their Syces, and two or three Chuprassees and a policeman superintending the operation of mounting. We almost always bent our steps to the Course, as it was a wide, soft road, shaded by trees, and having been well watered for the previous evening's drive, was not so dusty as any other way; besides,

BAZAAR IN DHOORGHUR.

natives always make up a very stiff round bunch of flowers without leaves—a kind of embryo Covent Garden bouquet; but if you take the trouble of showing them once or twice how you like your flowers arranged, they take great pains, and really pick up an idea very quickly. A "bhote atcha" (very good) from the Miss Sahib sends the Mollee away in a perfect hurricane of salaams, and with a happy heart for the rest of the day. There was a large and very handsome yellow acacia which we were very fond of, because it reminded us of the laburnums of home. I one day, when we expected a dinner party, directed the Mollee to fill the fireplace with this blossom; and then, as we expressed ourselves much pleased with the result of his labours, the consequence was, that the fireplace was daily decorated with larger and larger branches of the golden flowers, till in pity to the poor tree, to say nothing of the numerous insects necessarily brought into the house, I was exceedingly glad when that acacia passed out of bloom. It did not appear to strike the man's mind

to substitute any other flower in its place: that would have been an exercise of reasoning faculties beyond him.

Supposing breakfast is not ready, now is the time to answer some of those numerous chits (notes) which form so prominent a feature in an Indian day, as you never think of entrusting a servant with any longer message than "Bhote bhote salaam do"—a comprehensive phrase, which appears to mean, "Give my compliments;" or "Many thanks;" "I have your note, and will attend to it." In fact, that wonderful sentence seems all-sufficient; but anything, even the simplest thing, beyond, has to be written. Many people naturally spend the interval between chota hazaree and breakfast in writing; consequently, just at this time, there is generally an influx of notes requiring immediate attention. I am sure any lady's Indian experience will affirm that six notes in a forenoon is a very moderate average to take of the number daily received.

All Indian meals seem to be movable feasts; no subject admits of greater variety.

Our breakfast-hour was nominally half-past nine; but perhaps Keith had had a bad night, or some business required his presence in his office, so that I have often heard eleven strike as we sat down to table. Breakfast seemed always to be ready, and only required the magical word "Lao" (bring) to summon it forth. The meal itself varies, of course, with the taste of each household. During the reign of the first Khansamah with whom I was acquainted, it always consisted of four side dishes, containing rice, dol (a kind of dried pea), omelet, and fish. This was a breakfast Keith had ordered on one occasion, and it was never altered in the slightest degree unless Keith suggested chops when gentlemen were staying with us.

In the north-west, strawberries are plentiful at the commencement of the hot weather, and always appear on the breakfast-table with any other fruit that may be in season, and raspberry-jam is a standing dish in every house. Though the cows here are such pretty little gazelle-like creatures, very small,

generally cream-coloured, with dark, prominent eyes and thorough-bred heads, yet few people will touch cow's milk, but always carry about flocks of goats with them. My brother would not allow it on his table, and goat's milk to an English palate is peculiarly disagreeable. I could not at first understand the reason of this prejudice, but heard that the Indian cow is supposed not to be at all particular in its feeding; it will eat carrion, or any such horrible thing it finds anywhere. Your only chance of being safe is to keep your own cows, and guard them carefully; thus Nora, who had an insurmountable dislike to goat's milk, had her cow tethered in the compound. There is no trusting to appearances. Who would have thought it, to look in their innocent faces? But, after all these precautions, the milk is very poor, and if you ask for cream, are told you must wait till the cold weather for it. Every good thing seems put off till the cold season; in the mean time, you must exist on expectation. But the goat's milk is not always good: we used to have frequent discussions about it.

At times it is quite undrinkable, though the natives never seem to see any difference in it, holding, no doubt, that it is milk after all. The goats were brought into the verandah and milked just as it was wanted. I, being inexperienced, could not well tell before it went into the tea when the milk was good or bad (unless the fact was unmistakable), but Keith, by long practice, could discover it in an instant. Sometimes, if he was engaged with letters or papers, and I omitted to ask his opinion before handing his cup, with the first mouthful would come an exclamation of horror and disgust: "There's that poisonous stuff again. Here, Qui Hye, send for the goatman—take all this away—bring some more milk—and, above all, remember the goatman is fined a rupee"—all this and much more in a torrent of Hindostanee. Occasionally I would venture to remonstrate, it could not be the man's fault, as I had seen the goats milked in the verandah: "It did not signify—it was entirely his fault." Then the Khitmutghar, with folded hands, would explain there was no more milk to be had,

it was all used; no matter, the Sahib was peremptory—some *must* be brought: and, somehow, more was always found. This is always the way in India: the servant assures you that what you require is not procurable, you stamp your foot and say "Lao;" he then commences a long and fluent speech, with a hundred good reasons why your demand cannot be supplied, to which you politely reply, "Jow" (go away), and in nine cases out of ten he will return with the desired article; and thus, thanks to their reverence for English wilfulness, a very small amount of Hindostanee can be made to accomplish a good deal.

Keith told us that, at the first out-station he was appointed to, he lived for four years on moorghie cutlets alone; his servant always prepared that dish and nothing else, and he cared too little about it to remember to desire the man to vary the bill of fare. Breakfast over, Keith started for Kutchery, and this Burra Sahib, whom English imaginations always suppose preceded by silver sticks, and followed by a train of servants,

often started on foot, carrying his own white covered umbrella, and wearing a huge pith helmet, also covered with white; a Chuprassee followed with some volumes of solemn aspect and portentous size. Keith gone, we prepared to make arrangements for getting through the day as we best could. After nine o'clock, an Indian house is shut up for the day, every window carefully closed and darkened, every ray of light scientifically intercepted. Our drawing-room was in the middle of the house—a long room with pillars at either end, scantily lighted by a thatched skylight and any subdued rays from the adjoining rooms. It was seventy feet in length—a dreary-looking room, which no amount of furniture could fill, the flat surface of the walls broken by numbers of doorways, each one half filled by a little red curtain or swinging screen.

As soon as gun-fire announces the hour of noon, all gentlemen on visiting thoughts intent arrange their neckties in the most elaborate manner, take the last look over their book of compliments, and, stepping

into their buggies, proceed to pay off as many visits as they can get through between the hours of twelve and two, the space allotted by Dhoorghur etiquette to calling. I need not remark on the absurdity of a rigid adherence to a rule which compels people to be out in the hottest part of the day. Every one suffers alike from it, and every one complained bitterly of the hardship, yet no one had the moral courage sufficient to break through it. We heard of other stations in which the evening was the fashionable hour for calling—a much more sensible plan, truly—but here the rules were strict; the votaries of fashion were therefore compelled to submit to the certainty of being grilled in the present, and the chance of a fever in the future. Before twelve no one is visible; and after two, "The doors are shut," is the invariable answer to all late comers, that being the hour set apart for the all-important tiffin, or the children's dinner. We, being new comers, had to run a perfect gauntlet of visits from the whole station. The sound of wheels in the distance foretels the advent of some

one, and an excited Chuprassee generally rushes in to announce "Missy Baba Sahib logue," or "Owr Mem-Sahib,"—meaning, gentlemen or more ladies are coming. A pause of a few seconds and then the cards are presented, you give the order for admittance, and the visitors enter. There are no bells or knockers in an Indian house,

CHUPRASSEE.

as there are sure to be two or three Chuprassees or other servants standing about

ready to receive your card. It was very awkward for us, being utter strangers to the whole society, to know who was the individual standing before us. My brother never could spare time to stay and introduce us, but was always at Kutchery. People generally hunt in couples, and you receive, perhaps, two ensigns who have determined to return Leslie's card, left at their mess, by a visit to his sisters; and the keenest attention throughout the call often fails to inform you what their respective appellations may be.

We were reduced to a frightful state of conglomeration as to the various titles of our new acquaintances; we could not call them all Colonels, and so were compelled to adopt simple Mr., without respect to grey hairs, for sometimes the captains looked older than their colonels, and as it was the height of the hot weather, many called in their white jackets. Here was another difficulty: what regiment did they belong to? We dare not praise or abuse any particular band (generally a favourite topic), lest it might be theirs. I, who at home used to look with

equal horror on an Army List and a Bradshaw, now sat patiently wading through its columns of names, wondering which was which, and it was not till after weeks of patient and unremitting study that I mastered some of its difficulties. As for the alphabet of letters gone mad put after some of the names, they are still as the Egyptian hieroglyphics to me. We got into sad disgrace by persisting in calling the officers of native regiments "Native officers," in distinction to the European ditto, that being a point all John Company's servants are very touchy upon. Another little fact of natural history we learnt was, that doctors of regiments might always be known by their cultivating larger moustachios and beard than any other officer, and talking consequentially of the service, drill, &c. I wonder why they shirk the Medico, which they invariably do.

We were often fairly at our wits' end, when the welcome hour of two sounded and the last buggy drove off, leaving us at peace for the rest of the afternoon, it not being consi-

dered "the thing" at Dhoorghur to ask any one to stay tiffin unless they had previously been solemnly invited by note to do so.

We had heard from enthusiastic young ladies details of the delights of a "tiffin party" and its unlimited flirtations, and were therefore pleased in no small degree at receiving an invitation to an entertainment of this sort. On the eventful day a kindly dust-storm cleared the air, which felt deliciously cool as we drove to our friend's house. Having been admonished to come early, we arrived about one, and found several ladies, work in hand, gaily chatting, and a lovely little girl playing elfish pranks amongst them. Soon some officers dropped in, full of the last game at rackets; and two o'clock saw us marching in stately procession to the adjoining room, where the only difference I could discover between a tiffin and a dinner was, that the sweets and solids appeared together. Then followed some music, and the gentlemen hurried off to settle some contested point in their game, while we resumed our morning's occupations,

till six o'clock announced the carriage for the evening drive. I have seen several tiffin parties since that first experience, and found each one astonishingly like its predecessor.

Tiffin over, in the hot season most ladies retire to their rooms to rest, and seeing we rose at four, I don't think we could have been accused of indolence had we followed their example; but we were not sufficiently naturalised to forsake English habits so much, and therefore determinately read and worked, practised and drew, like modern Griseldas, till the sun — whom we were taught quite to look on as our natural enemy—tired of persecuting defenceless creatures any longer, sank at last into his gory bed, and we began to breathe freely again, and prepare for our evening drive. Far from being cool, however, the air was just like a blast from some fiery furnace, so that we were obliged to improvise impromptu tatties by fixing wet handkerchiefs inside our parasols, and holding them before our burning faces, thereby causing beholders to think there were two modest Feringhees

left who did not recklessly expose their faces to the sacrilegious gaze of all mankind. These hot winds crack your lips and chap your skin far more quickly and effectually than the most ruthless and biting frosts at home can do.

The Course at Dhoorghur was considered a particularly fine one, being more than a mile long and very broad, with trees on either side, and a wide space kept soft for riders. Owing to the number of regiments stationed at Dhoorghur, we were generally provided with a band every night, but the artillery one was deservedly the favourite, and Tuesdays and Fridays were considered the fashionable nights on the Dhoorghur Course, just as they are in Kensington Gardens. As every one combined in praising the artillery band, we were anxious to test its merits. Besides, hearing it was always a crowded night on the Course when they performed, we determined to make our first appearance on one of their evenings, and carefully learnt up a phrase indicative of our wish to be driven to the appointed place

—a slightly raised square on a maidaun (plain) at one end of the Course.

We arrived very early, while the industrious Bheesties were busy flinging the contents of their water-skins over the dusty ground—the Indian substitute for watering the roads. Anything more dreary than the Course at an early hour (or on a no-band night) cannot well be imagined, a few respectable families, who appeared to consider it a solemn duty to air the ponderous ancient carriage every evening, being the only occupants of the solitude besides the children. These olive-branches are all sent out on diminutive tats, or disposed of in go-carts, the American propeller—that bane of peaceful, ruminating gentlemen at home—being unknown. The number of attendants who seemed requisite to look after the well-being of these Young Hopefuls was utterly absurd to our eyes. Each pony, however small, is led by a Syce (groom), every child requires an Ayah, and sometimes a bearer, and often a Chuprassee, so round each little group walked quite a collection of attend-

ants. These children looked very pretty with their white dresses and gay ribands, their hair carefully brushed and curled, as no bonnets or hats were worn, and their little white arms and bare necks forming a striking contrast to their sable attendants.

As for the Course, even when most crowded, looking in the least like Kensington Gardens, that was a dead "take in." True, all the carriages drew up in their accustomed stations round the band, but a solemn silence prevailed; conversation (when people spoke at all) was carried on in whispers. The first time you see any acquaintance when driving up and down, you greet them with a languid bow or friendly nod, according to the degree of intimacy you wish to preserve; after that you take no notice of them. We used to spend moments of great agitation when first the Course began to fill. As it was sure to be growing very dusk, it was exceedingly difficult to recognise anybody, unless, like owls, you could see in the dark, and our time was generally taken up with—"Here are

two red-coats coming; do we know them?" or, "Shall we bow on the chance?" "Now, I think this is an engineer. Do we know any engineers?" After we learnt up the uniforms, it was easier to distinguish our friends; but often we were startled by the apparition of an irregular cavalry or staff uniform, the wearer of which, having been introduced to us in mufti, was completely disguised. It was impossible to venture on bowing indiscriminately to every one we met, as many of the shopkeepers and Crannies (clerks) drove quite as well-appointed buggies as the officers, so that was no criterion; and many gentlemen made a point of never calling on any ladies, so it would not have been pleasant to have insisted on claiming acquaintance with them.

After driving two or three times up and down the Course, you go and wait at the band, listening to the music. And here a most rigid silence was preserved. It was not surprising that we, being total strangers, should not find much to say; but the people whose listless apathy we were wondering at

were many of them intimate friends. After a few days, when some daring gentlemen came to the side of our carriage and we indulged in a laugh, we could see the almost recumbent forms of our neighbours raising themselves in reproof at our levity. At first we were awed, and felt ourselves much to blame for breaking the silence; but afterwards, considering that we had a right to extract all the amusement we could out of the intensely dry materials presented to us, we shook off our alarm, and doubtless many of the good folks were scandalised at us for actually laughing and talking above a whisper, till "God save the Queen" put an end to all conversation, and roused up the patient horses, who really seem to know the melody, and the order is given to return home, where we found Keith too much exhausted with the day's work to think of anything, till a little conversation revived him sufficiently to order dinner, after which meal tea made its appearance instantly, and we sat talking till it was time to think of retiring; and then the night and day began

again *da capo*, without the slightest variety, till the end of the hot weather.

Sunday morning saw us up before the lark; indeed, since my Indian experience, I begin to think that once matudinal songster shamefully overpraised. Candlelight is *not* becoming to the complexion with the grey dawn struggling for supremacy, and it seemed impossible to arrange your bonnet satisfactorily between the contending influences, but by the time we reached the church it was bright daylight, and groups of half-castes, inappropriately dressed in white, lingered about the doorways, while each European regiment marched up, with its full band playing the last favourite waltz or galop, abruptly stopping as the men filed into church, thereby causing a hopeless confusion in one's ideas—trying to finish it and sing the opening hymn together. Talking of singing the hymn, Indian church music is much on a par with Scotch country ditto; utter independence is strongly advocated, and though every one complains, no one thinks of rectifying it.

As soon as the men are well settled, and at the best moment for an effective entrance, an uproarious clatter of swords announces the Rifle officers, and before that has subsided, a further clattering, mixed with the jingling of spurs, heralds the arrival of the artillery. They are artistically arranged, horse in front, to show their gold embroidery, foot behind, while the griffs are wisely kept in the rear, as not adding much honour to the corps. They behave, on the whole, remarkably well, poor boys, only looking intensely bored—a feeling which the grave colonels appear to participate in, as they threaten the clergyman whenever his sermon exceeds twenty minutes or half an hour in length, that the health of their men cannot stand such close confinement. It was delightful to see all the griffs, at the close of service, buckling on their swords with well got-up indifference, while no doubt mentally wishing cousin Jane or Mary were there to see how well they looked in regimentals as they canter off to mess for breakfast. The

officers of native regiments, not being obliged to attend service with their men, make a very poor show compared to the others. We had got over our first astonishment at punkahs in Calcutta, and it was a great source of discomfort to us here that the seat allotted to us in church came exactly between two punkahs, so as to receive no air from either. It was a great relief to us, also, when some methodical person kindly had large printed statements of where all the different grades and people were to sit pasted over the church, as it materially assisted us in our classification, though it made us all look rather like compartments full of fatted animals at a show, with their names ticketed on them.

One morning, "when from peaceful slumbers waking," our ears were greeted by sundry unearthly sounds, squeaking, groaning, &c., proceeding apparently from a basket the Ayah was holding in her hand, labelled, "With Dr. Hind's compliments; to be well shaken before taken." The shaking part of

the prescription had, doubtless, been well administered, to judge from the doleful sounds issuing from it. No spying into the basket could inform us of its contents. Of course the Ayahs both poured out a flood of gibberish—high Dutch to us—so we ordered it off to Keith's room by signs; but his watchful bearer would not allow the Sahib to be disturbed, and the mysterious basket was brought back to us, its distressed occupant loudly testifying his disapproval of the whole proceeding. We dared not let it out in our room, not knowing precisely its nature, so despatched it to the Chota Sahib, thinking it rather a good joke to get that little gentleman up in time for breakfast, at which meal, when we assembled, the unknown turned out to be a monkey, which was instantly ordered in for inspection; and a scared-looking native led the animal in, secured by a long chain. It was very small, but had the most wrinkled and old-fashioned face, and kept elevating its eyebrows and jabbering at us, till its demands for cake and

fruit were complied with. Nora and I were most thankful we had not let the creature loose in our bedroom. We soon discovered the author of the joke; but it was amusing to see the mystification of the real Dr. Hind, who (happening to call that day) was informed how his prescription had been carried out. Not being a "joking man" at all himself, it served him as food for speculation for many a day; indeed, I don't know if he has yet fathomed it. The monkey soon made its escape, aided and abetted, no doubt, by its keeper, whom we never thought of upbraiding for neglect.

Our next pet was a pretty little leveret, very delicate and timid, which duly appeared at dessert every evening with a blue ribbon round its neck, and forgot its natural shyness in the delight of wandering over the table, nibbling the peaches and melons on the various plates. It certainly ate an heterogeneous combination of things, beginning with jellies and blanc-mange, succeeded by fruit, and finishing by sipping its tea like a

Christian. Every morning, when the Mollee brought in the flowers to replenish our vases, the hare's breakfast was sent in, consisting of a bunch of fresh lucerne. It was generally asleep in either my lap or Nora's, and formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation to visitors, calling up countless anecdotes of former pets.

However dreadful the heat might be, we had always one unfailing comfort in the ice. This all-important luxury, having been carefully prepared in the cold weather, is buried in pits till the philanthropic gentlemen who undertake the charge announce that the distribution of ice may begin. People buy shares in the beginning of the season, and the amount of ice belonging to each share is determined by the quantity made. Some seasons ice is plentiful, at others rare. Every morning, about two o'clock, the ice-pits are opened, and each waiting servant receives his master's portion. We were fortunate enough to have the shares of some absent friends in addition to our own, so we were

enabled to indulge in the luxury of ices as often as we pleased to call for them; and they formed the only tiffin which Keith did not stigmatise as "a vice."

How Indians in old days existed without ice, I cannot imagine; in illness it is perfectly invaluable, and to everybody the comfort is inexpressible. We used to send for a tumbler of water just for the pleasure of inhaling the cool atmosphere round it, and the delight of watching its frosted sides. Native servants generally make ices very well, though the saltpetre will intrude sometimes. Vanilla is a great stand-by; also raspberry jam and peaches; but melon ice is horrible. In Calcutta, people have the priceless advantage of Wenham Lake ice, and, after envying them for some time, we hit on an excellent plan of imitating it, by desiring the Khitmutghar to freeze pure water very hard; then, broken into little bits, it was carried round the table, and popped, cool and sparkling, into your tumbler; and the effect was first-rate.

As we were frightfully at a loss for amusement, Mrs. Douglas most kindly offered us the loan of two side-saddles whilst waiting the arrival of our own per bullock train; and *en attendant* better things, we had Keith's hill ponies out. As they never were used but on his shooting expeditions, and were solemnly sent out for an airing every evening, we thought we might as well perform that duty ourselves. Keith was doubtful if they would permit of a lady's habit, so we had them up one night after dinner, and proceeded to try them in our dinner dresses, to the intense bewilderment of the Chuprassees lounging in the verandah, who thought us decidedly *non compos.* The biggest pony was introduced under the peculiar appellation of "Grog." We were further informed he was very vicious, but a first-rate shooting pony, allowing Keith to take aim and fire without moving; and, moreover, could gallop over stones and bits of rock in a manner we thought savoured of Munchausen. He had the failing, how-

ever, of generally stumbling on level ground, and occasionally pitched on his nose if not sharply looked after. In appearance, "Grog" was dark iron grey, very thick and hairy about the ankles, short legged, long bodied, and with a head fit for a dray horse, though himself only reaching twelve hands; nevertheless, all agreed in calling him a model of a hill pony. We privately thought hill ponies must be singularly ugly animals. The smaller one was named "Tommy," a dark bay, with a spirited little head, and slightly *retroussé* nose. From the annals of his former possessors, he was known to be twenty-two years old, but might have been any amount beyond it; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, he was as naughty and wicked as a "four-year old," combined with the wilfulness of a mule. He always knew the exact punishment he would receive for each act of insubordination, and contrived always to keep his rider fully occupied. He was the most impertinent pony I ever saw: he would boldly trot up to an

animal three times his own size, with his nose in the air, shrieking defiance. Whenever he saw a horse in the distance, he would commence whinnying—a trick I have a particular aversion to, and always rewarded by a good cut over his nose, on which he would dart off at full gallop; and so cunning was he, that directly he whinnied, before receiving his chastisement, he would start away in anticipation; then, when tired of being out, he would resolutely shy at everything he saw; no matter if he had passed it a dozen times, he would wheel round and toss his head, until, losing all patience, I generally finished by breaking my whip over him. Nevertheless, he was a great pet—I suppose from his sheer impudence—and when out in camp, "Tommy" was generally allowed his liberty while the others were picketed, and might be heard poking his nose amongst the dishes, looking for toast, his favourite edible. I have seen him go up and down rocks like a goat, till I doubted his being a flesh and blood tattoo, and inclined to think him a Brownie in disguise.

In contrast to these substantial animals was a delicate little Burmah pony, "Puck," which my cousin bestowed on us during our stay in the country; and for fleetness I never saw his equal. At home he would have been thought the size for a child of five or six, but he carried Nora nobly, and could keep pace with, and beat, many a fine-looking steed. He and "Tommy" were bitter rivals, and never lost an opportunity of biting each other secretly.

A few days after our arrival some horse-merchants brought a black Persian horse for my brother's inspection, which he bought, destining him for his buggy—an office he performed very creditably at first; but as we could not have a horse in the stable without trying him ourselves, we found him far too good to be condemned to harness; and he soon testified his own opinion of the matter by regularly kicking the buggy to pieces whenever subjected to the indignity of drawing it, though he was as gentle as possible when ridden.

How I used to envy the officers their chota hazaree! Our morning ride led us past the artillery mess-house, where the table was laid under the wide stone verandah and decked with golden melons, luscious peaches, and glowing strawberries, strongly inciting us to break the sixth commandment, and carry off a part as spoil; and then the jovial party which generally surrounded it in their white jackets, all constraint laid aside, retailing with high glee how Brown on the previous evening had overheard a sentimental speech administered by Smith to Miss ——, while poor Smith feels his appetite vanish, and vainly tries to suggest that Brown's horse was past his management at the time, thus leading him to invent pleasing fictions to conceal his discomfiture. We generally heard a tolerably accurate statement of the early breakfast, while at our own later meal, from Mr. Wren: he was certainly the most indefatigable news-collector I ever knew. Of course, everything was communicated under the rose; but I know

every one he called on that day was sure to be favoured with a recital thereof.

Your importance in India is settled by the rank you hold. Thus my brother, being the "collector," was styled the Burra Sahib (great master), while his joint magistrate and assistant were Chota Sahibs (little masters); and well did this cognomen suit the latter gentleman in every respect. His prominent forehead, and merry, good-humoured face, invariably reminded me of codlin apples; but I am indebted to him for many a hearty laugh. He one day alluded touchingly to the manner in which the Indian climate had told on his personal appearance, by saying that his top-boots, which had fitted him to perfection when he left home, now looked like his little finger placed in a wine-glass; but the *naïveté* and *bonhomie* with which he suited the action to the word were irresistibly provocative of mirth, not to mention his choice collection of little hymns, carefully instilled into his youthful mind by his tender Scotch relations.

One, a great favourite of his, ran thus:—"I was not born a little slave to labour in the sun." At this point he broke off to suggest the palpable untruth of the statement, seeing that here he was a miserable slave to Kutchery, and enduring the pitiless Eastern sun. The consequences were, he was as well known by his self-given title of "Little Slave" as his baptismal name.

Many a time have I seen this valuable servant of Government indulging in melons and strawberries with the graceful ease of a schoolboy, having perhaps kindly offered to assist me in arranging them for dessert, while I was lost in admiration of his consuming capacities. At another time he would enter the drawing-room, and show us a terrific law book, telling us Keith had set him all that to learn, and thereby worked on our feminine sympathies to invite some favourite (for the time) to tiffin, to lighten the tedium of his existence. In his judicial capacity he, of course, was at liberty to inflict personal chastisement on his servants, which he occa-

sionally did; and after sounds of a general scrimmage in his room, he would emerge, looking heated and languid from his exertions, when he would remark, with great simplicity, that his fool of a bearer would hand him an unbecoming waistcoat, for which dire offence he had been compelled to shy all the movables in the room at his (the bearer's) head. I often feared that such a gigantic spirit, confined in such a small compass, would speedily wear its unfortunate possessor out. One morning, when out riding with us, in a transport of affection for his horse, a Don Quixote looking animal, he suddenly seemed to disappear, and but for a pair of tiny black sleeves round the horse's neck, and a diminutive foot in the stirrup, I should have feared the worst; but he was only embracing his steed. "Tommy," however, was seriously alarmed, and shied to one side, thinking some kind of fly had alighted on "Cavalier's" back.

I was agreeably disappointed with the whole class of cadets—young officers whom

that miserable book "Oakfield" had led me to look on with such pity. There was one round-faced, rosy-looking lad whom we especially patronised; he looked about twelve years old, but was, no doubt, more, or he could hardly have held a commission. When calling on us one day, he began speaking of "Oakfield," saying he was reading it, but it was not the least bit true. "For one thing," he said, "the young officers in the book are laughed at for writing home. Now, with us, every fortnight you see all our fellows writing as hard as they can, and, instead of laughing at you, the other fellows urge you on. I have never missed a mail since I came out." Of course we advised him by all means to keep up so good a habit.

Many of these poor little griffs lead the most dreary lives it is possible to imagine; they ride the funniest possible little tats, club together three or four in one house, dine at the mess, and are rarely seen anywhere by any one save their fellow-officers.

Unless some lady of the regiment takes pity on them, they are too shy and too much afraid of being snubbed to call on any one else. Sometimes at church they are visible, or on those rare occasions when a party of amateurs open the theatre; but on the Course, and at all other places where Anglo-Indians delight to congregate, they are *non est.*

It is amusing and delightful to hear the astonishment with which a young griff, fresh from school and cricket, describes the kindness with which some grey old colonel has directed his ignorant proceedings, advised him about the purchase of a horse, and arranged for him to share his bungalow with another griff, whereby he is at once raised to the dignity of a householder, and when for the outlay of 20*l.* he finds himself the fortunate possessor of a somewhat bony, and, in some respects, ill-favoured animal, which, however, looks very well on the Mall, and carries him gallantly to parade,—when the griff, I say, warranted and encouraged by

the said colonel, finds himself in this responsible position, he delivers himself up to the enjoyment of it all with a zest and energy which it is refreshing to behold.

Do you think the senior officer loses anything by thus condescending to direct and aid his subaltern? I think not. Indeed, the kindly feeling thus implanted will most probably last till death severs the bond. No doubt there are many unhappy exceptions to this; but I have often seen with pleasure the senior officer conducting the newest griff through his round of visits to the station, and noticed the half-admiring, half-pitying air with which the man of perhaps ten years' experience listened to the crude observations of the youngster, and smiled on the boyish assumption of dignity with which the griff announces how things are done at home, remembering the time when he, too, passed through the same ordeal, thought the same thoughts, and met with the same sympathy.

In contradistinction to our fresh, open friend was a sandy-haired, thin, wizen-faced

youth, commonly known at Dhoorghur as "the Obnoxious Boy." And well had he earned his title: Indian forcing applied on a canny Scotch temperament had made him precocious and sharp to a degree perfectly alarming. He was continually being had up in the Court of Requests for non-payment of his servants, yet talked largely of his stud, and kept three horses to my own knowledge. On our arrival, he, amongst others, had called, and, of course, received an invitation to our first party. As we sent one to the owner of each card on our table, and as few of the officers of his regiment had made our acquaintance, they being, for the most part, a retiring set, he boasted at the coffee-shop of his invitation, saying, "Ah, you see the Leslies were obliged to ask me; they knew their evening wouldn't go off if I wasn't there, because they've heard of my dancing, you know." A night or two previous to our party he began descanting on the various wondrous exploits of horsemanship he had performed, and then informed us of his passionate fondness for dancing, saying, "I

think riding and dancing always go together; a good rider is sure to be a good dancer; and the fact is, my regiment always make me go to parties to keep up their credit in that line." It was utterly impossible to snub him in any way. If he heard of a story going about to his disadvantage, he would instantly pick it up, and retail it himself as a good joke.

Nora and I were alternately amused and awed at the solemn manner in which some of the gentlemen warned us against confiding in any member of our own sex. They told us frightful tales of scandal that had originated in this way, saying that motherly old ladies would come and talk us over, telling us to look on them in the light of our own maternal relative; and, having basely extracted our confidences of hopes and fears, would carry it round for the benefit of the station as a pleasing bit of gossip. Even our small friend, Mr. Wren, joined in the universal cry against elderly Indian ladies, saying "they had tried to come it over him in that way, but he knew a thing or two, and

was not so easily caught." I don't wonder at any elderly lady feeling moved to compassion at seeing a youth of his tender age and small size being launched, unprotected, into the vortex of mess dinners and unlimited champagne, without feeling a longing desire to call him under her sheltering wing. But such reiterated forebodings and gloomy warnings necessarily made us at times very doleful, and caused us to look with an eye of suspicion on all the really kind-hearted ladies who came near us, till we learnt that feminine instinct was far more to be depended on than any amount of masculine reasoning, and so boldly chose our own acquaintances, undeterred by their desponding precepts.

One great item in an Indian lady's day consists in overlooking the stores which the patient Box-wallahs unfold for her benefit. These men frequently commence the world with no greater stock than an empty soda-water bottle, but with a perseverance and cunning worthy of an Israelite, they trade on till they become the owners of stores of

heterogeneous articles, and the manner they pack everything into the smallest possible compass is marvellous. I have seen the whole verandah, the floor, and chairs of the room covered with the contents of a moderate-sized box. Pickles, sardines, perfumes, groceries, crockeryware, millinery, dresses, shoes, hosiery, and stationery, form some of the ingredients of their bundles. We were too lately arrived from England to want anything from these men, and the jewellers claimed more of our patronage. Their great delight appears to consist in unfolding all they possess, and laying it out on the floor; and as each brooch, bracelet, &c., has its separate piece of rag, it is a process requiring both time and patience. When everything was exhibited, we generally selected the things which pleased us, and then retired to our own rooms, leaving the Ayahs mistresses of the field; and then a perfect Babel commenced, as the men invariably ask double they mean to take, and we, knowing our unfitness for bargaining, deputed the Ayah to do it, who, proud of her brief authority,

exerted it to the utmost, and often astonished us with the results of her labours. Still I know she never beat them down too much, for she always seemed pleased with her "dustoor," the amount they presented to her for her patronage, being so many pice off each rupee we had expended. Their tariff of prices is utterly absurd, and varies with the rank you are supposed to be in. Thus, up on the hills, where we were unknown, their charges were moderate, and when we returned to Dhoorghur, the same men would ask exactly double for the identical ring or ornament they had offered us at Landour; but then at Dhoorghur we were the collector's Miss Sahibs.

The amount of sleep natives can get through used to be a continual wonder to me. Any spare time—and they have plenty of it—is invariably passed in this manner; and it was one of our greatest amusements (think what a pitch we must have been reduced to!) to preserve tranquillity till the calm and measured sound of breathing assured us that the Chuprassees in attendance

were fast asleep; then, elevating my voice to its loudest tones, I would shout "Qui hye," at which I inevitably heard a series of grunts and starts like small fire-arms going off, and a sleepy voice would reply, "Missy Baba," and a limp-looking figure, very much tumbled in appearance, would enter. I always knew from their answer if they had been very long off, by their dropping the "Missy" and simply saying "Baba:" this was when considerably bewildered and startled. But it was delightful to see the native servants amusing the little English children: their patience seems inexhaustible. Thoroughly childish in their ideas, they easily suit their play to their little companions' intellect; and I have watched them by the hour unweariedly amusing a cross little thing, imitating a tiger or elephant, walking on hands and knees about the floor with the little charge mounted on their back, and inventing endless games. They are never tired or put out of temper, but seem really to enjoy it; and certainly the child repays their care with an affection I

have never seen evinced to an English nurse. It is rather troublesome, sometimes, the amount of attendance they insist upon, and at a juvenile party you can hardly see the children for the number of servants. No child, whether boy or girl, can go out for the evening without its Ayah and bearer; and if they venture to leave the room, the child is sure to set up a shriek, and continue unappeased till their return. I suspect their attendants enjoy the excitement of a social gathering, and so make their presence imperatively necessary to the children's comfort, to ensure their own participation in them.

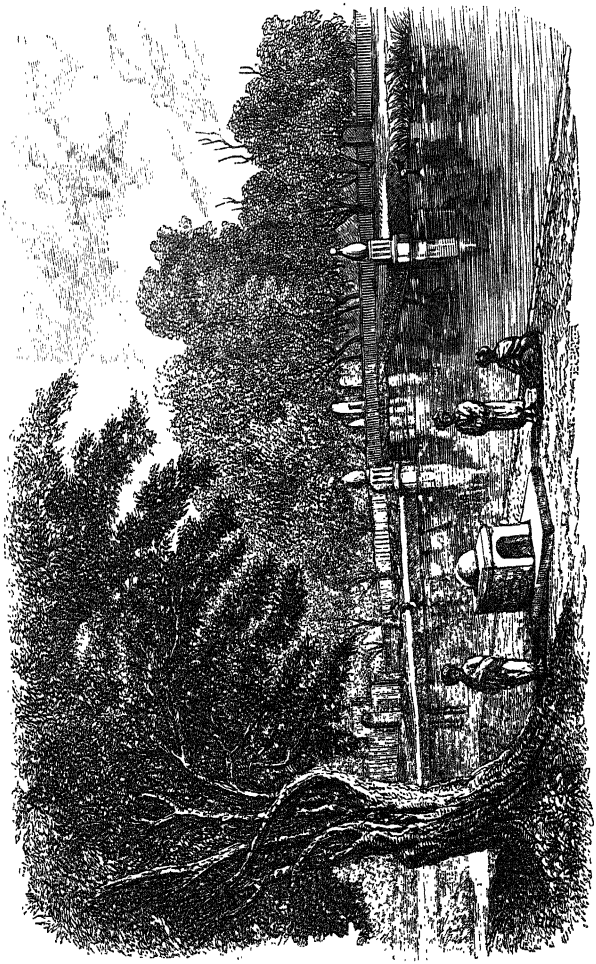
What a terrific state of confusion commenced when our luggage arrived after its long absence in the bullock train, and yet every one told us we were extremely lucky to get it so speedily. Keith was fortunately at home when the important event took place, and all business was laid aside in eagerness to inspect his new rifle, which was instantly unpacked, all the Chuprassees looking on awe-struck at the size of the murderous weapon. At last we got them to

open some of our boxes, which, notwithstanding all our care, presented a melancholy spectacle. The tray of a bonnet-box had given way, and some exquisite bonnets were utterly ruined, not to mention wreaths, &c. Then the havoc amongst the perfumes was ruinous: so many bottles of delicious Jockey Club and exquisite Frangipani had either escaped altogether or been fairly smashed, causing a strange combination of odours to arise on their cases being opened. Everything seemed dusty, and the wretched cockroaches had insinuated themselves into some of the trunks through the keyholes, I suppose, whilst all had a battered and travel-worn appearance, sadly differing from their bright, strong look on quitting England, as though the fatigues of the journey and trials of the climate had been too much for them. One room could not contain all our multitudinous treasures, and, for weeks after their arrival, ball-dresses, books, linen, ribbons, &c., strewed the floor in inextricable confusion.

The Ayahs have no idea of arrange-

ment: they folded everything neatly, and put it into the wardrobes, which were crammed full; and whenever you asked for anything, it was sure to be at the bottom of a pile of others, entailing the careful building of the whole up again.

On the evenings when no band played on the Course, the fashionables of Dhoorghur would usually resort to a large tank of holy water in the neighbourhood, surrounded by trees, which, with some quaint little Faqueer temples, reflected in the water, and the heavy shadows of the trees above, joined to several Suttee tombs dotted round, made a most picturesque scene. I should have enjoyed it more but that we often observed a most peculiar smell near, and on asking Keith what it could possibly be, he replied, "Roast Hindoo, no doubt;" and it was literally true, this being the favourite burying or rather burning place for their dead. Another annoyance was the hideous monkeys. Troops of these sacred animals often came flocking towards the carriages in hopes of



HOLY TANK.

being fed—a hope I took care should never be realised, having heard a veracious account of a poor lady (a griffin, of course), who, having visions of the Zoological Gardens before her, took out a couple of buns to give the monkeys of one of these sacred topes. While the buns were being broken up and distributed to a few expectants, the other monkeys collected round and waited patiently for their turn to come; but, finding they had been called down from their trees, and their appetites excited, by a false hope of buns which did not seem to be forthcoming, they chattered threateningly at the poor lady, who, becoming alarmed, strove to retreat, but was seized upon by the offended community, and only rescued from her perilous position with great difficulty by her friends, and with the loss of nearly all her garments.

The tank near us was a favourite haunt of pilgrims, who came in great numbers to bathe in its sacred waters, which were supposed to possess great virtues. And what

saucy beggars these pilgrims are! One evening, a well-dressed young man, with a most disagreeable expression of countenance, suddenly flung out his arms as our carriage rolled by, with a request that the great lady would bestow on him, her slave, the sum of one rupee. "Ah!" murmured a lady with us, amused at the coolness of the demand, "some day, perhaps, you may get it." We passed on, and in a few minutes the young man was running along by the carriage, assuring the lady that it was "his most earnest wish to receive the rupee from her honourable hands alone, otherwise he hardly cared for it." "Jow, jow," was the reply mildly given. But after a short interval again appeared the panting supplicant, further to inform us, "that, as he was soon going to leave that part of the country, it was necessary that the money should be given him at once." "Nickal jow," now said the lady, thoroughly roused by his impertinent perseverance; and we saw no more of him.

It is nearly impossible to give people at home the slightest idea of the monotonous sameness of a lady's life in the hot weather even in a large station; but I can never hope to describe anything like the utterly dreary existence of ladies at an out-station (as I have heard it done), the complete stagnation of all amusement, almost of employment, the utter lassitude and exhaustion of the body, and the perfect depression and prostration of the mental energies. Suppose you are (as is often the case) the only lady at the station, your husband goes out to office about ten o'clock. Now, if you have any children, fortunate, indeed, are you; those untiring little mortals will always give full employment to any one who chooses to take much trouble about them. Their powers of life are fresh and young; there is an unending spring of vital energy about them, which even the hot weather cannot subdue. In the simple fact of dressing them up for their morning and evening drives, the languid mother may find some occupation and

exercise for her taste at least; but supposing you have no children, or they are in England, what remains to be done? Literally nothing. Until about seven o'clock you know no single event (with the exception of tiffin) will occur to break the monotony of the day. The piano is too much out of tune to be bearable; besides, the exertion of touching it is too great; you have written up all your correspondence; you have read all the amusing books in the house, and have not energy enough to begin any others; you cannot possibly sleep any more; if you look out of the window, the glare blinds you; and if you could bear it, you would see nothing —no moving creature to break the stillness. Just as the Indian poet observes,

> Nothing comes by day
> But shadows on the wall;
> Nothing comes by night
> But the grim jackal.

If a woman has a highly-cultivated mind, and many resources within herself, she may battle more bravely against the adverse

circumstances around her; but when failing health is added to all the rest, there are few people who will not at least deteriorate very much, if they do not altogether succumb. When seven o'clock comes at last, and you get into the carriage, there are, perhaps, only two drives to choose from, both of which you know so well and are so wearied of. When you are out you see no one, save two or three exhausted gentlemen, driven out by *ennui* to take a breath of air, such as it is, hot and glowing. You return to find your husband too tired with his day's work to speak, almost to listen to you. After existing in this way for five or six years, can you be surprised to hear a lady say, as I once did, after describing the dreary stagnation of her life as being agreeably diversified by a dangerous fever, when she overheard the attendants saying there was not the slightest hope of her recovery—her only sensation being extreme thankfulness—"Here, then, is at last an end of this weary existence altogether?" No doubt it was very

wicked of her, and she ought to have had different thoughts in her mind at such a time; but I cannot help thinking it was exceedingly natural. Probably military men suffer almost as much from *ennui* as ladies do; but then they have generally some kind of mess to resort to, and a billiard-table, as well as the solace of smoking. Besides, I naturally pity my own sex the most.

What indescribable happiness it was to receive our first home letters—all the familiar names and places mentioned. If letters are a pleasure at home, they are a priceless boon out here. No one can tell how precious each trivial item of intelligence can sound till he has read it in exile —what bright visions of bygone days it may recal. Ah! good correspondents at home, never let your benevolent exertions flag because you deem your absent friends will have lost their interest in local news; this is just what you must try to prevent. Always keep constantly before them continual fresh details of home affairs, and do not balance your debtor and creditor account too rigidly;

remember the obstacles Indian people find to prevent their writing much or often—the harassing over-work, the wear and tear of mind and body, joined to the depressing climate. Pay a chance letter back with compound interest; so shall you prevent your relations from returning home at last dried-up mummies with ossified hearts. We used to count the days till our English letters were due, and when they arrived, spend the whole day in reading and talking them over, though our friends rather aggravated us, by persisting in believing we were wonderfully happy; and while we considered ourselves as leading rather dull lives, and somewhat to be pitied on the whole, they would picture us as spending our days in a perfect whirl of balls and pic-nics, saying they heard on all sides that Dhoorghur was such a delightful station our position was much to be envied, and we must enjoy the country extremely. While in contradistinction to these glowing descriptions of what India was expected to be, we constantly received letters from

cousins domesticated in different parts of the country, and mostly of the same standing in it as ourselves, one and all expressing their dreadful disappointment, and bewailing their hard fate most pathetically. One drew a touching picture of his miseries, saying, "I came out thinking I should lie all day on a sofa, fanned by attentive servants, who at a look would bring me cigars, beer, &c.; that I might occasionally rouse up sufficiently to sign my name to some paper, which there would not be the slightest necessity to take the trouble of reading, while the rupees kept pouring in like a fairy tale. But, alas! for the sad reality: day after day sees me seated on a hard cane chair, hemmed in by hot, dirty natives, my brain racked by the intricacies of a language difficult of comprehension, and nasal in the extreme. I dare not sign a paper, or I am sure to get into trouble about it—perhaps hang a man unintentionally—while the rupees are eked out in a manner barely subsistable on." Another writes, in daily terror of being dragged, a hapless but struggling victim, to the hyme-

neal altar. For having twice danced with the same young lady, and assisted her to put on her cloak, he received an admonitory letter from the mother, demanding his intentions, to which he, being a mild youth, replied penitentially, and in a roundabout manner, "None." A furious reply was the consequence, and a warning not to venture about the station solus (something in the manner of one's "Bogie" days), advice he strictly complied with, plaintively observing, "It's rather hard not to go out till the owls do, as he hears some new young ladies have arrived; but he daren't stir till dark, or the offended matron's piercing eyes will transfix him, and publish him to the world as a gay deceiver."

Dust-storms are such a peculiar feature of Indian life, that they deserve a separate notice. Their approach is heralded by an unmistakable smell of dust, and some think by a peculiar stillness in the atmosphere. Perhaps all the beauty and fashion of Dhoorghur are collected on the Mall, apparently engaged in listening to the band, when sud-

denly, from no visible cause, the sleepy coachmen start into life, a panic seizes the startled horses, people who were talking quietly to you a second before, with a half-uttered word of adieu spring into their buggies, and dash off. "Sauve qui peut!" seems the motto. In an instant every carriage is seen tearing away as hard as it can go, and the maidaun is left a desert, for the bandmen even have disappeared like magic. The first night the scene was enacted before our astonished eyes, we had no time given us for reflection, for the Syces, who are generally squatted down just under the horses' noses, sprang up, ejaculating the magic word "Tophane" (storm). The coachmen flogged the horses, and we were carried off full gallop home, where a number of excited Chuprassees tore down the steps and hurried us into the house; barely in time to escape being choked, however, for, with all our haste, clouds of dust were whirling angrily past as the doors closed. It is really no joke to be caught in a dust-storm, for it sometimes lasts two hours, till you believe

the whole dust of the country must be blown away; and woe to the unhappy wight who, having neglected the warning signs of its approach, is far from friendly shelter. The dense darkness alarms the horse, who dares not move; if he did, you would be afraid to trust him; the blinding storm comes on so swiftly that your best plan is generally to remain perfectly motionless, though you expect the hood of your buggy to be blown away, and you lose sight of all landmarks in an instant. I have heard of people who have succeeded in reaching the inside of their own compound, and yet could by no means discover the house till the storm had passed by. I never was out in a violent one, but have been assured by ladies, that besides the discomfort of having your hair filled with sand, and your bonnet totally ruined, the smothering sensation is really alarming. Inside a house a dust-storm always creates a great commotion. As we sat at breakfast one morning, a number of Chuprassees, exclaiming "Tophane!" rushed in to secure all the windows firmly. If a cranny is left open,

every corner of the house is filled in an instant with sand, and adieu to all comfort for some hours. We ran quickly to our own rooms to see if all was prepared there, and then I stayed for an instant to watch the coming storm. A dense mass rising from the horizon forms a half-circle in the sky, light-brown at the edges, and growing an inky blackness in the centre: it approached with marvellous rapidity. In one instant huge dark masses were rolling on close to the house, driving before them flocks of birds, who were falling down, either choking or stunned. The darkness was instantaneous. As I turned from the window, it was impossible to distinguish a single object; I could hear Nora speaking, and Keith's voice in the distance sounded a long way off; but we were all obliged to remain exactly as we were till the black darkness passed away, and a thick orange smoke reigned instead, like the worst possible description of a London fog; and when that had cleared entirely off, the windows were thrown open. After all your care, it is impossible to keep the

sand quite out, and a thick white coat is generally spread over everything; but with all its disagreeables, a dust-storm is considered rather in the light of a boon, as the air is delightfully cooled and freshened, especially if it is followed by a few drops of rain, as is sometimes the case.

Just as the hot season was at its height, when we had received scores of visitors, and returned an infinity of morning calls, and when, after the arrival of our boxes, we had settled down determinately to a variety of employments, all our plans and arrangements were interrupted by Nora's falling ill. It was only fever, they said, and such illnesses are hardly noticed, they are so common. I know not what sanitary rule we had infringed, or what heedless imprudence we might have committed. We rode regularly every morning, and drove out every evening, and eschewed alike the dews of night and the heat of day; but these precautions seemed unavailing, and before I had well taken in this unexpected misfortune, Keith was laid up also, and I had them both on my hands.

I could not speak a word to any of the servants, and knew no one to whom I could apply for advice and assistance. Keith had only been appointed to the Dhoorghur station just before our arrival, so he had no intimate friends at hand. I spent my time entirely in Nora's room, except when Keith's respectable-looking bearer informed me the Sahib would see me. I was then much struck by the great superiority of native men-servants over women ditto. Keith's bearer sat day and night at the door of the room, and never seemed absent an instant from his post, always watchful and attentive; while our women, though very good-natured, had not the slightest idea of nursing, and were only in the way. I always found it far easier to do everything myself than attempt to explain it to them. I never dared to come out to dinner among all the Khitmutghars by myself, so lived on biscuits and soda-water in my own room, and, with the exception of the doctors' daily visits, never saw a European. I believe I was particularly unfortunate, for the kind-hearted helpfulness of

Indians is proverbial; but they are very much divided into cliques, and as all the civilians' wives had gone up to the hills for the hot weather, and we had no military relatives in the station, we belonged to no set, and were quite isolated. As Keith got better and Nora worse, two or three ladies would have aided me in nursing her, but she was then too ill to bear the presence of strangers, and I was becoming too anxious to be able to give up my place to any one; but the utter misery and loneliness of those few weeks went far to confirm all my previous hatred for India and longing for home, and the pitch of tension to which my nerves were strung may be imagined when I allowed hordes of rats to gambol round me unchecked, almost without a thought. At length the two doctors attending Nora gave up all hope of her recovery. Keith and I, hoping against hope, determined to try moving her to the hills. The medical men said the slightest exertion would kill her; but as they both agreed we must lose her at any rate, we determined to refer the point to herself, and she

instantly begged to be taken away. The doctors told her plainly she could not live six hours in a palkee; but as she still preferred running the risk, in spite of the remonstrances of both doctors, Keith carried her into her palkee. I stepped into mine, and we started —the saddest cavalcade that ever was seen. Keith and one of the doctors accompanied us. I believe they had not the slightest hope. Mine never failed; but the unutterable agonies of that journey can never be conceived. We could only travel a few hours every night, going very slowly, and stopping every hour to give Nora nourishment. My palkee was tied to hers that I might fan her, as we could not make the bearers keep together in any other way, and the heat was suffocating; and then Indian travellers know the frightful noise they make at the changing stations, which it is impossible to prevent. Resting all day in dreary dâk bungalows, with nothing to do but watch the failing breath that came every moment more and more faintly, surely in moments of desolation and exile like these, without a Heavenly

arm to lean on, the weary spirit must have flagged; but God always gives us strength according to our need.

There were many difficulties in the way of our journey to be overcome; from our constant stoppages and short stages, the Coolies prepared for our palkees were very difficult to procure, and the dâk had to be continually fresh laid. There were pestilential miasmas to be guarded against, and rivers to be forded, swollen to a formidable extent by sudden showers. My hopes and fears were too much bound up in Nora to care for or remark anything beyond, and Keith's indomitable energy carried us through all, to be more than rewarded at the end; for the first cool breezes of Mussoorie seemed to revive our sinking invalid, and though for weeks the new doctors shook their heads, and refused to speak with any certainty as to her recovery, to my eyes the improvement was steady and unvarying. Keith was obliged to leave us almost immediately, to return to his duties, but many friends crowded around us with offers of

sympathy and assistance; utter strangers to us even by name begged us to come to their houses, or offered to give us undisturbed possession of part of them, so that I felt the seeming apathy of the ladies at Dhoorghur had been due only to the hot weather, not to any want of feeling in themselves. The first fortnight we spent in the hotel, and then moved into a house on one of the highest points of Landour.

Landour is just above Mussoorie, about six hundred feet higher up. We preferred it because it was supposed to be healthier, and not being so fashionable as Mussoorie, is much quieter. One most annoying feature of Indian society is that you are obliged when ill to send for the doctor appointed to your station, or branch of the service, however much you may dislike him. Not knowing this piece of medical etiquette, I sent one evening for the nearest doctor from the hotel, and, after waiting an hour, received a polite note, saying it was quite impossible for him to attend professionally, and the doctor whom I was bound to send for lived

so far off I did not like disturbing him that night. I believe the man really could not help himself, and was very sorry to appear so unfeeling, but if Nora had been seriously injured by the want of advice that evening, it would have been no consolation to me to learn that the doctor regretted it as much as I did, but dared not break through the "red-tape" regulations of his profession.

As Nora began to get better and I had time to look about me, I found we were established in as strangely constituted and independent a little household as I ever heard of, with a whole set of servants, none of whom could speak a word of English. First came the Ayah, who, in her red and white drapery, was generally to be seen in the verandah, looking out at the prospect; a very smart Chuprassee, always standing about waiting for orders; our steady, quiet Khit, from Dhoorghur, who was only remarkable for stupidity, hard work, and the wonderfully lengthened drawl he could give to "bhote utcha," with which he answered everything he heard; a Khansamah, who was also a cook, and used to tease my life

out every night by insisting on knowing not only what I wished for dinner, but also breakfast, and the only conceivable dish for that meal whose name I knew was Kedgeree, and I soon grew weary of that: eggs we had seen enough of coming up country. I used to be quite annoyed every night to hear his low "Salaam Missy Baba" outside the door, knowing the long, tiresome colloquy which must follow. At last, some benevolent ladies took pity on us, and came up nearly every evening to arrange these affairs for me. Our Khansamah, of course, always went about without shoes, and was very lame; no wonder, for he wore big brass rings on his toes that must have been very uncomfortable under any circumstances, but in shoes would have been quite unbearable. Next came a Sweeper, to keep the rooms in order; then a Bheestie, to carry up water for the household. My fat grey pony had, of course, the same trim, dapper little Syce that took charge of him at Dhoorghur; Nora's jhampaun required six men, four to carry it and two to relieve guard, besides a Tyndal to look after them.

When a lady is going out here, instead of ordering up her carriage and pair as at home, she sends for her jhampaun and six,

THE JHAMPAUN.

the Tyndal taking the place of coachman. It is the fashion to dress your Jhampaunees in a kind of livery, which consists of a cap, tunic, belt, and trousers of black and red, grey and blue, or any other colour dictated by taste; black bound with red, though very common, is the colour best suited to their complexions. I have seen orange bound with black, and other vagaries gorgeous to behold. Each jhampaun is provided with a Tyndal, a man whose business it is to keep the men in order, have them

ready when you want them, and tell them at what pace to go; he also carries notes like a Chuprassee, and in the house trims the lamps and arranges furniture, &c. He is better dressed than the Jhampaunees, receives better wages, and thinks himself a very great man. Ladies always require a Tyndal, and gentlemen think him an utterly useless servant. It is very difficult to get men to enter your service except through a Tyndal. Though this man exacts a fee from each one, and can dismiss them at his pleasure, yet they imagine he protects them from tyranny, and will all leave in a body at his command. A Jhampaunee's wages are four rupees per month, and his dress costs about five shillings, and lasts him a season; a Tyndal's wages are five rupees per month, and his dress is about ten shillings. You are obliged to dress them, as their own clothes are sure to be very dirty, and besides, they always adopt the very smallest possible amount of clothing they can appear in.

Having been simply Coolies before, their dress elevates them at once into Jhampaunees.

I had directed our Tyndal, through a friend, to procure red-and-black suits for our men, but did not settle the colour of his own dress; accordingly, one day he came into the verandah of the room where Nora was lying, and counted out to us every individual article of the whole set, down to caps and waistbands. It was a sore trial of our risible faculties; however, we succeeded in preserving at least the appearance of rigid gravity, only to be more severely tried, for in a few moments the fussy Tyndal returned, and, marshalling the whole line of Jhampaunees, arrayed in their new attire, in the verandah, desired them to make their salaam to us.

Nora began to laugh, and turned her head to the wall to hide her face; I received their introduction with all proper decorum, and they were just retiring, when Nora lifted up her head to take a little peep at them, which the watchful Tyndal instantly observing, shouted to them all to return, and make another reverence to the "chota Missy Baba." This totally upset me, and I was obliged to fly from the room to preserve

my dignity. When I returned, I found the Tyndal arranging about his own costume, and insinuatingly presenting a frightful coat of pale mulberry, bound with lilac, for our inspection, which he evidently admired extremely himself, but feared it would not meet with our approbation. I told him I liked nothing but blue, but he either did not, or would not, understand me, and soon after answered my call, dressed up in the obnoxious mulberry suit, over which his bronzed face looked so hideous, that we both exclaimed with horror, and made him understand we would positively have nothing to do with it whatever; and in a few minutes we saw a Coolie walking off with it, while the Tyndal stood with folded arms wistfully gazing after his departing finery. He afterwards procured himself a black cotton velvet dress, with red pipings, in which, seeing nothing objectionable, we quietly acquiesced.

My pony "Grog," who had always been considered too stupid to do anything wicked at Dhoorghur, became so spirited under

the combined effects of long rest and the bracing qualities of his native mountain air, that it was difficult to know what to do with him. The first day I was able to ride on the hills (as a friend had come to stay with Nora), I ordered the pony out, and appeared in the verandah ready to mount, just as Mr. James, the clergyman, came up to ask after Nora. Nothing would induce the naughty pony to come near the house, and if I attempted to approach him, he commenced a series of clumsy gambols, tugging violently at his rein, and dragging the poor Syce round and round the little inclosure which had been levelled for a court-yard: the weak little Syce had barely strength enough to hang on to the rein and run wherever he was pulled. Mr. James remonstrated strongly with me on the impropriety of riding so dangerous an animal. Certainly the paths were very narrow, and the khuds (precipices) very deep, but really it was too absurd to be baffled by a creature that I had always looked upon as a kind of old cow. I tried coaxing—"Poor old pony!" "For-

tunate that it is old," said the kind clergyman, "it will be sooner quiet." I had him blindfolded, but none of the men there could mount me, and the least scrape on the gravel sent him off capering worse than ever; but my determination rose with "Grog's" obstinacy, and at last I had the satisfaction of mounting him. But all my troubles were not over; he was so nervous, the waving of a bough made him start, and so skittish, that the appearance of any figure in the distance was the signal for another series of kickings. I was obliged ignominiously to submit to the man's leading him past, to save myself the trouble of fighting for ever.

This tiresome fit lasted for several weeks, and was a source of continual annoyance to me in our daily airings round the hill. These daily airings were almost the only object of interest in our otherwise uneventful day. As soon as we announced to the Ayah that we were ready to start, she disappeared to inform the Tyndal, who instantly ran out to collect the Jhampaunees, and in a few minutes they appeared with the machine. Nora,

being too weak to sit up, had a lying-down jhampaun; and when the interior had been scientifically filled up with pillows, the Chuprassee, Tyndal, and two of the Jhampaunees, each taking an end of the mattress Nora was lying on, lifted it bodily into the jhampaun, thus saving her all trouble of moving. Nothing could have been more gentle and thoughtful than the way in which these rough, untutored men always treated Nora during her illness. Then the Ayah put into the jhampaun two or three extra parasols, cloaks, some sweetmeats — anything she thought might be wanted on the way. Nora always went out as she had been dressed for the morning. Her hair had all been cut off during her fever, and was now short and curly, so that her head on the pillow looked like a child's of ten or twelve years old; in that position it was very inconvenient for her to wear a hat, and I saw not the slightest impropriety in her going without one, particularly as we rarely met any one in our quiet neighbourhood. But the good people around thought differently, and after two or

three hints on the singularity of our proceedings, poor Nora was obliged, in deference to public opinion, always to have a hat at hand, ready to pop on if any English person approached us.

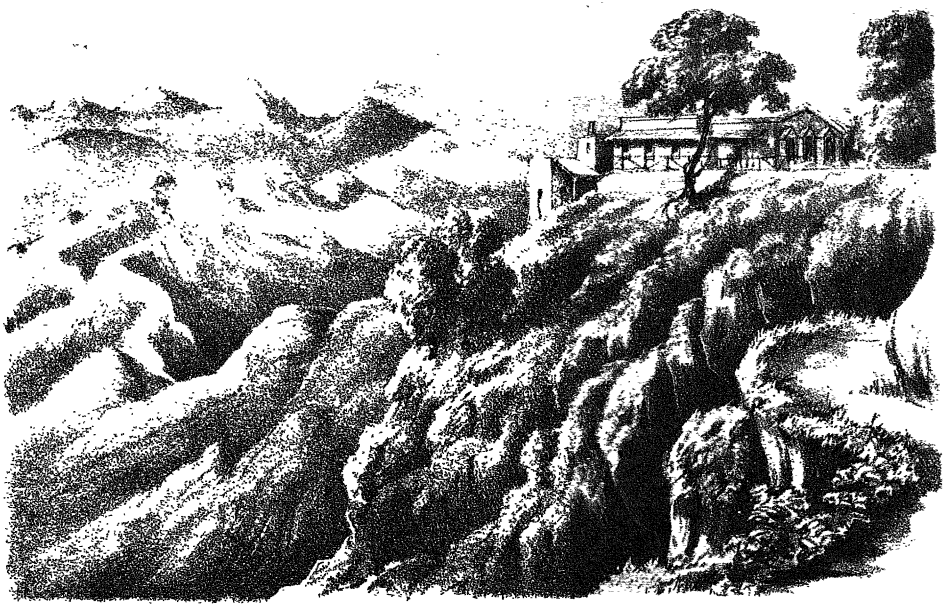
As soon as the usual operation of fighting with and blindfolding my pony was accomplished, we prepared to start. I often wished some one would daguerreotype our procession—it would have made a most characteristic group. First, in his own estimation, stood our dandy Chuprassee, with his long sword, and little red turban jauntily stuck on one side of his head; the jhampaun, with its six picturesque bearers in their red-and-black uniforms, and the Tyndal, walking in all the conscious pride of superior rank and attire; and my knowing-looking pony and dapper little Syce, with his classical features and haughty expression: he never even heard if any of the Jhampaunees spoke to him, but walked on in dignified silence, only rousing up at my voice. My pony was perfectly intoxicated by the bracing air, and was always on the look-out for something to

shy at. The sun coming out very bright, I asked for a parasol, which the Tyndal officiously fetched out of the jhampaun; but unfortunately the Ayah had put in one with a pink lining, and nothing would induce "Grog" to allow it to come near him. The more the Tyndal kept presenting it to me, like an exaggerated rose, the more determinately did "Grog" dance about, and blunder up against the Jhampaunees, who, always dreadfully frightened of horses, looked upon him as the very incarnation of mischief, and dodged about dreadfully, so that, fearful they would drop Nora in their alarm, I tried to give up the contest. The Syce very slyly handed me the offending parasol, closed, from behind, but "Grog" kept his eye on me, and the faintest flutter of fringe or the least noise sent him off capering again, and the whole scene was re-enacted. "Grog" was, in fact, the exciting element of our day: he refused to allow any parcel, basket, or bundle to pass him, and particularly objected to umbrellas. When any such appeared in the distance, the Syce ran on ahead, impe-

riously calling on the people to stand out of the way, put their umbrellas down, and hide their bundles in the bank. The Jhampaunees, in mortal terror lest the ferocious animal should trample them down, all joined in ordering any approaching native to get away, as a very fierce horse was coming; so we advanced in a kind of Royal Progress.

All the men vied with each other in procuring most gorgeous flowers for Nora. Her jhampaun looked like a huge nosegay by the time we returned to the house. The Tyndal, having been used to children, only thought of obtaining the largest and gaudiest blossoms, but the Chuprassee had much better taste, and sometimes made up very elegant bouquets; even my Syce was fired with emulation, and would climb a khud to gather a pretty orchis, or some rarer flower. Sometimes the pillars of her jhampaun were tastefully decorated for her edification—sometimes a most elaborate bouquet was arranged, a firm, tall stalk forming the centre: around this various flowers were tied on in

rows, till it looked like a multitude of different blossoms growing from the same stem. The Tyndal once made up a most magnificent bouquet of this description, with a bunch of bright red berries in the middle. All the time he was making it, however, he was warning us that they were poison; when it was finished, he seemed still very uneasy in his mind about it; at length, fearing, I suppose, that it would be impossible for Nora to help eating one, he pulled them out and flung them over the cliff, substituting a large dahlia in their place. They could not at first understand our delight in discovering an unknown or rare fern, and our preferring an insignificant-looking leaf to a brilliant flower appeared incomprehensible to them; they would pick every flower on the bank we pointed to before coming to the desired leaf. But they are too well accustomed to these kind of vagaries on the part of English people to be astonished at anything. These ferns are one of the most striking objects to a new comer. The trees, branches, and trunks, are covered during



the rains with long, thick moss, which forms a splendid bed for ferns; they grow accordingly with the most extraordinary profusion, enveloping the tree entirely by their luxuriant and varied foliage, quite eclipsing the original leaves of the poor tree, which look small, dark, and shrivelled in comparison.

Twice every day did we perform the circuit of the two Landour hills, and heartily sick of them we were. One undeniable advantage of Mussoorie certainly is the greater variety of rides close at hand.

Our house was perched up on a little promontory, seven thousand feet high; a narrow neck of land connected it with the Landour hill. We seemed to be at the end of all civilisation; beyond us there was nothing but the dark, melancholy mountain peaks, as far as the eternal snows. On one side we could trace the Œglevar river winding its silvery way through a deep valley, the sides dotted with native villages, which, almost invisible by day, shone out at night like fiery planets. In front of us lay Mussoorie, six hundred feet below our level;

and beneath, stretched far away, that lovely green garden of the valley of the Dhoon, bounded by the fantastic blue peaks of the low Sewallick range; and beyond them the plains of India, as far into the hazy distance as the eye could reach. In the still valleys far below us we could always see the Lammerguys sailing about.

When we first entered our house it was entirely enveloped in mist, and for many days I was far too much occupied with Nora to think of looking out; but never can I forget my thrill of delight, when, for the first time, the clouds cleared away, and the lovely valley of the Dhoon lay stretched before me in all its ethereal fairy-like beauty. How can I describe the singular effect of thus living literally up in the clouds? they are above and around you; they fill the house. You cannot even see the pillars of the verandah outside your window; pile after pile, the gigantic masses roll ceaselessly by, continually changing their shapes, but always retaining their unvarying dull, leaden colour—one moment revealing short glimpses

of richly-wooded khuds and rocky defiles, then wrapping them silently again in impenetrable gloom. No one can conceive the strange, startling effect of these sudden peeps into cloud-land. A rent is made in the veil surrounding you; through a little space you could cover with your hand, you see miles and miles away, through the Dhoon, peaceful green fields and trees, and quiet rivers, and the pale, pure blue of the Sewallicks in the morning, or its tremulous rosy tint in the evening. You gaze with breathless awe, but, alas! in one fleeting second the beautiful vision has vanished, leaving you half uncertain whether it was a veritable glimpse into "faerie land," or an illusion altogether. Of course, if the sun happens to be shining behind one of these cloud-pictures, the effect is indescribably enhanced.

As the season advances the rain is something astonishing—a perfect torrent pouring on day and night, without cessation; so you can scarcely hear yourself speak in the house from the clatter of the drops on the roof. Down it comes, till you believe every atom

of soil and vegetation must inevitably be swept away, and all the houses be carried down in the flood. In England there is a fall of about thirty inches of rain scattered throughout the whole year, but here a hundred and six inches must fall in three months; consequently, no wonder it comes down with a will, as if it had no time to spare. At Cheeunee, higher up, I am told there is a fall of six hundred inches during the rains; but I see no object to be gained by going to such a place, as one could easily stand under a waterfall at home, and so realise the sensation to perfection.

But when the rains begin to break up, what language can describe the marvellous beauty and endless variety of the Himalayan sunsets? No word-picture, however truthful, no artist's hand, however skilful, can hope to approach their sublime magnificence. You may talk of glowing gold and flaming scarlet; you may picture the small floating clouds, looking quite black against the fiery crimson behind, and the dark, palpitating, purple mountains, rearing their solemn heads

high into the soft paly green of the sky around—all this may give you a vague, soothing idea of grandeur—but the reality! you cannot imagine it; you must go there to see for yourself, and feel awed by the mysterious immensity of God's world.

We lived about two months in a state of perfect seclusion, refusing all visitors of the male sex, and were beginning to be rather tired of it. The rains were enough to try any one's patience, though we went out resolutely every day in spite of them. Nora had thick black flannel curtains to her jhampaun, which, when let down, effectually excluded all damp, while I encased myself in a bear-skin jacket, and, rejecting all protection from an umbrella, faced everything. All the ladies at Mussoorie, when on horseback, indulged in coats or paletots of all colours and shapes: some appeared in light drab pea-jackets, with huge pearl buttons; others in mackintoshes; but the unfortunate feathers in their hats always presented a woebegone and draggled appearance when saturated with rain. I felt quite proud of mine, which,

being an emu's plume, did not absorb the moisture to the extent ostrich or cocks' feathers did.

But the rains began to pass over at last, and Keith obtained his leave and came up to Landour. Nora being now able to join us in our ride, we frequently bent our steps to the Mussoorie Mall, which was crowded every evening with fashionables. The elderly ladies and great invalids were carried in jhampauns, which were an intolerable nuisance to the equestrians, and doubtless the latter were equally disagreeable to the former. Then the Mall is by no means unlimited in space; it is a winding road cut on the side of the hill, and a slight wooden railing guards the side that slopes down to the valley; there are some very sharp turns, trying to nervous people, when you know that most likely four or five wild horsemen are sure to come flying round them full upon you; and up and down this Mall the greater part of the Mussoorie community delight to gallop at the greatest extent of speed they can urge their horses to achieve,

endangering life and limb to a frightful degree, not of themselves only, but their neighbours also. Natives are proverbial for their dread of horses, and the Jhampaunees sway from side to side of the Mall, while the reckless riders tear left and right, no one thinking of keeping their own proper side. Hairbreadth escapes are daily enacted. Our unfortunate friend, Dr. Hind, as usual managed to get into the midst of it. When riding peacefully one evening, with his Syce close by for protection, a lady, on a spirited steed, suddenly turned the corner, swept past him, turning him clean into the outstretched arms of his attendant, and disappeared before he had time to see who it was. He was luckily unhurt—thanks to his precautions of preparing for the worst—but had only breath enough left to request his Syce to help him on his pony again, and lead him safe from such a dangerous neighbourhood. Numbers of people get spilt from violent collisions round these corners. One is named "Danger Point," yet no one thinks of moderating his speed, or making arrangements to keep

the jhampauns apart. Then the slight railing is a very insufficient safeguard. Indian horses are a pugnacious race, and have a peculiar fondness for occasionally getting up on their hind legs, rearing, biting, and fighting with each other to an alarming extent, till the weakest is driven to the dangerous side, and sometimes disappears down the khud. Nevertheless, the Mall is always well patronised, and we enjoyed the excitement extremely.

We received an invitation one day to a pic-nic, given by the Pic-nic Club, at a place called "Swetenham's Bungalow," some eight miles off, and were recommended to start about twelve. We had not the least idea of the distance, so confidingly trusted to our friend's advice, and entered our jhampauns at the hour mentioned on the appointed day. We went on in good faith for about an hour, fully occupied in admiring the scenery, and new peeps of the snowy range we occasionally discovered; but when another hour passed by, and still no signs of any human habitation, we began to fear that our Jhampaunees were walking off with us, and but for

their evident reluctance to proceed, should have been seriously alarmed. After some deliberation we commenced a polyglot inquiry of how much farther we had to go, when, to our dismay, the Tyndal pointed out a speck in the distance, saying that was the Sahib's bungalow. We now began to pass Khitmutghars returning with bundles of crockery, signs that dinner was over; and when we *did* reach the rendezvous, we found the party busily engaged in playing at "Consequences," and we were thankful to sit down at a respectful distance, with a gentleman who, like ourselves, had "come too late to get any supper." Not but what the remaining Khits generously contributed some scraps they did not particularly want themselves, after which slight refection we commenced a survey of our companions, in return for the very liberal one they had bestowed on us; we saw at least forty ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were personally known to us, but seemed determined to ignore our presence, till, a new game being started, some stragglers came in, amongst

them Mr. and Mrs. Percy, who at once came forward to greet us, and we ventured to draw near the larger group. The "Consequences" had been given up, from the highly personal reflections they contained, and a peculiarly sensible game instituted in their place. This consisted of a stake fixed in the ground, a circle marked round it, and some paper packet carefully balanced on the top of the stake; a distance of six or seven paces is then marked off, and a short stick is handed to a lady, who, standing at the proper distance, flings it at the stake, causing the packet to fall down; if it falls outside the marked line it becomes her property, if within, she retires, and another takes her place. Of course the most inappropriate articles are put up: thus a dignified elderly gentleman received a pair of hair-cushions; an exquisite, a wooden doll; and a fashionable lady a short pipe.

We were rather astonished, after the minor value of these prizes, to hear a valuable diamond ring put up by the club secretary, and still more so when his wife

won it; but we afterwards discovered it was an amiable ruse to cause more excitement, the ring in question being the lawful property of the lady herself. I am sorry to say we soon grew tired of looking on at this intellectual game, and Keith having arrived, we made a small exploring party, sketching; and on returning, in an hour's time, we found the place deserted; nothing remained but well-picked chicken bones and scraps from the "Consequences," some of which we took the liberty of reading, and thought them extremely impertinent. As Keith was going down to Dehra for a few days' shooting, he left us on the road; and the forlorn gentleman, who had been a fellow-sufferer with us through this very stupid day, kindly saw us home, not much gratified with our first specimen of an Indian pic-nic.

I never can forget the excitement Mussoorie was thrown into at the prospect of the fancy ball; long will it be remembered in the annals of the place how the storehouses of every one's brain were ransacked for becoming costumes, and what frightful histo-

rical blunders were made. All scandal was stopped a month beforehand, people being too busy to invent aught but their dresses. Mrs. Ludlam's shop was cleared out, and trumpery her wildest dreams had never hoped to sell turned out the "very thing." Johnstone, the tailor, ran his fingers madly through his hair, and protested he had no sleep or rest day or night. At the same time, weariness of mind could not subdue the natural flippancy of his tongue, for on a rather portly gentleman being measured for a Dr. Johnson's coat, he facetiously remarked, "Lor, sir, why you cuts into more velvet than even Martin himself, sir." This undignified mention of himself naturally reached the said "Martin's" ears. He being a gentleman of amiable but princely deportment, took upon himself to remonstrate with the offending "snip," thereby destroying that worthy's last remnant of equanimity, and causing the destruction of at least two dresses.

The dead secrets every one kept up, and how some one found a pair of false calves

being sent to Mr. Jones, which, of course, was circulated on the Mall that evening, with the addition, that when Mr. Jones tried them on, they would come round to the front of his legs if he moved about, thereby causing a singular and novel appearance; how Mrs. Ludlam, being sworn over to secrecy, exhibited a pair of elegant gauze and tinsel wings, and then was aghast to find that it was guessed they were intended for a fairy.

As I had never appeared in fancy dress since the time I was five years old, and personated a juvenile Parsee, I had no antecedents to go by, and many a lengthy discussion did it involve. At last it was settled that we should represent two Granvillaise girls; and notwithstanding many qualms as to the propriety of displaying our ankles, our short red petticoats were satisfactorily accomplished.

That unfortunate being, Dr. Hind, who never stirred without an accident, came up from Dhoorghur for the ball, and his pony wickedly pitched him down a khud, from

which he emerged considerably cut and bruised; but a skilful application of arnica and court plaister made a whole man of him, and rather added to the effect of his extremely picturesque attire. He was the happy possessor of a brilliant orange coat, through the back of which the rats had eaten their way. This was mended up; and a pair of voluminous white satin trousers, with a Topsy looking turban, completed his characteristic costume. As it was difficult to assign him to any particular nation, he was generally supposed to represent the "Great Mogul" as he appears on packs of cards, the bruised state of his nose being explained, according to the popular song, by the castigation administered by the Vizier to the obnoxious blue-bottle. It was considered a very truthful get up on the whole.

Several quadrilles were formed, but the Old English was quite the A 1 of the evening, both for style, beauty, and grace. The dresses were really magnificent, but how those substantial hoops performed a waltz, I

know not, though I heard some of the gentlemen complain of the contusions inflicted on their knees. Our amiable little friend Mr. Wren was there in a most appropriate dress, as "Buttons" to the Court Quadrille. Owing to the shrunken appearance of his nether man, before alluded to, he had resort to the expedient of adopting deep lace ruffles to his silk breeches, making him look like a small bantam in "Bloomers."

An extremely lanky Saladin caused many heartburnings amongst the young ladies, his wife having departed this life some three months previously. Saladin was an irreproachable dancer, but there was an indescribable something in the conventional scarlet and tinsel, a familiar air pervading the entire costume, that impelled one irresistibly to look for the wire handle, on turning which you felt persuaded the whole figure would perform one of those impossible somersaults that are so captivating to all juveniles. Chieftains of Scottish clans were there, who ne'er had seen the Scottish land, brave in pasteboard ornaments and strangely-

fashioned jackets; and Albanians, who had sacrificed their hirsute appendages at the command of lovely Greek maidens in tantalising spangled boots. As we wished to have something new, we determined on a Domino Quadrille, and having arranged our party, at a stated signal we retired to the cloak-room, and donned our sable cloaks and masks. We then made the tour of the rooms, and were edified by the remarks of those around us, who must have thought we had suddenly become deaf from the liberal comments they favoured us with; but many amusing mistakes of course arose, one lady treating my brother to some affectionate speeches, thinking him her husband. The best character of the evening was "Christie Johnstone." To my astonishment, I recognised Nora's grave doctor's face in a Newhaven fishwife's mutch, creel on her back, and all complete. But the unfailing spirit he kept up contributed immensely to the evening's amusement.

But anything to equal the flood of scandal that transpired after the fancy ball: it beats description. As we rode down to the Mall

the succeeding afternoon, one after another, astonishing pieces of intelligence greeted us, till we thought Mussoorie had fairly taken leave of its senses. No less than eleven proposals had been made — more than half refused. "I assure you I heard it from the best authority," said Mrs. Grey; "young Barton got his 'jewaub' last night, and he has in consequence thrown up the rest of his leave, and rushed down to the plains in despair." "Impossible," said another lady; "I heard Mrs. Phillips was dying to catch him for her daughter." "Well, all I know is, that he was seen in a frantic state going down to Rajpore; indeed" (mysteriously) "there were traces of tears on his face." Unfortunately for the pathos of this narrative, the pause was broken by the identical hero of it, young Barton himself, cantering past, looking as rosy and happy as possible, and gaily chatting with the supposed hard-hearted Miss Phillips. Mrs. Grey having a few seconds before staked her diamond ring on the truth of her information, here thought it advisable to order her jhampaun to proceed.

"So," said the representative of the Great Mogul, "Mr. Leslie has been accepted by the fair widow, and poor Smith threatens him with a duel." Keith the night before had actually danced a quadrille for the first time with the lady in question. "Did you hear Miss May had refused Mr. Thayre because she said he had such thin legs?" while Miss Dornton told Mr. Escott "she was not going to take anybody else's leavings." And so the tide rolled on, and the climax was put by finding myself congratulated as the affianced of a rickety-looking Bohemian, with head considerably top-heavy.

The "Fancy Ball" had kept all gossip in abeyance, but now, that being off their minds, they all rushed back to the delights of criticising their neighbours, and repeating every one's sayings and doings with considerable additions. There is a frank simplicity about young ladies who have been educated on the hills truly refreshing to our more conventional manners, thought at first slightly bewildering to unaccustomed ears. For instance, Miss May informed me "it was

so delicious to get a gentleman to walk home from a party beside her jhampaun, they did say such sweet things in the moonlight;" while Miss Dornton loudly complained "that this season she had had no admirers to speak of;" and on my informant asking her if she classed him as one of her suite, she pondered seriously for a few moments, then gravely replied, "No; I think you like to dance and flirt with me, but I don't consider you in love with me." And yet they say ladies never speak their minds! The same young lady used to ask gentlemen for advice about the various offers she had received, whether they thought she had done wisely in refusing or accepting, as the case might be. My cousin had been quizzed on his supposed rejection by a pretty girl he knew very little of, and as he was rather a cool young gentleman, he one evening, when dancing with her, for want of something better to say, told her that he had just been informed that she had rejected him with scorn. The young lady looked up instantly, saying, "I should not have done so if you had asked me." Malcolm

felt himself in a scrape, and replied, that as he had been engaged some time, it amused him to hear people say such foolish things. The *engagement* was all a sham, but was the best device he could go in for at the moment.

But by far the best pic-nic we saw in the hills was one given by Mr. and Mrs. Percy. They somehow contrived to have all the most pleasant people, and there was a constant succession of amusements. Fire-arms seemed the order of the day, and I really expected some unfortunate blackie would receive a stray bullet or two, for the creatures are so greedy after the lead that is fired, they will run any risk to secure it. Bottles were put up in all directions, and sent flying by the experienced marksmen. As the excitement grew keener, Mr. Davies suggested throwing a hat in the air and firing at it. He instantly commenced flinging his own wide-awake up, and with unerring aim perforated it every time. A Captain Wilson, ambitious of distinguishing himself, requested leave to have a shot at it — a permission readily

granted, on condition that he (Captain Wilson) allowed one in return at his glossy ten-and-ninepenny. Captain Wilson acceded, never thinking Mr. Davies would have the heart to injure his bran-new headpiece, and in all complacency succeeded in hitting the already riddled wide-awake. "Now's my turn," said Mr. Davies, snatching up his rifle. "Off with your hat, Wilson." Captain Wilson was aghast. What! seriously desecrate his beloved beaver? Surely not. Mr. Davies was inexorable, and, moreover, not a man to be trifled with; for, cocking his rifle, he said, very gravely, "I tell you what, Wilson, if you don't instantly send that hat of yours up, I'll just fire at it on your head." And he deliberately raised the weapon to his shoulder. This was growing ticklish, and as Captain Wilson preferred risking his hat to his brains, he reluctantly tossed it up. The sharp crack rang out clear, and the hat fell minus a part of the brim, while Captain Wilson ruefully examined it, mentally vowing never to try such experiments again. We then adjourned to a tent erected for dancing. Many had

been the cogitations respecting the procuring of the band. The gallant Mr. Macgregor took it in hand, and promised to arrange matters with his colonel, rather a grumpy old gentleman, who, after acceding to the request of allowing the band to play, positively refused to hear of their walking such a distance. Again the dauntless Mr. Macgregor came to the rescue, and by dint of borrowing all his friends' tats and throwing open his own stable, the band duly appeared, their instruments and books slung behind, careering up the hill-side on every imaginable species of horse and pony, and of course in the highest of spirits. Some of the ladies preferring a rambling expedition to the archery many were engaged in, our amiable little friend, Mr. Wren, volunteered as a squire of dames, and took the lead, boldly calling on all to follow, and he would guide them safely. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a slip of his foot sent him rolling down the khud. A suppressed shriek of alarm was changed into unequivocal bursts of laughter, for the poor little man had been caught in his

perilous descent between the forked branches of a tree, which suspended him, like a golden fleece, by his coat-tails. In vain his kicks and struggles; he was too securely fastened. One or two of the ladies humanely ventured a short way down, and with long sticks commenced poking the unwilling inhabitant of the tree-top in hopes of extricating him; but whether from laughter or inability, they failed in dislodging him, and were compelled to seek for stronger help, which restored the blushing youth to a more natural position on *terra firma*, not soon to act as leader on such treacherous ground in future; and, after considerable merriment, we wended our way homewards, delighted with our day at Cox's bungalow.

Natives are so accustomed to look on the feminine members of their own race as inferior creatures altogether, that it is sometimes difficult for ladies to exact from them the proper amount of respect and submission. A native will always help a gentleman first at dinner, if not sharply looked after, and, as an habitual rule, ignores all

ladies' commands, as far as he can do so consistently with the safety of his place. When a lady hires a servant herself, he considers himself in some degree bound to her, but when a bachelor marries, his servants unite in being passively rude, and perfectly deaf to the new lady's orders; and a gentleman, to enforce obedience to his wife's rule, must particularly and pointedly say that he shall require for the Mem-Sahib, and expect from each servant in his establishment, the same obedience they yield to him. Keith exacted (in appearance at least) great respect both for himself and us; if any of the men-servants had to bring a message to our part of the house, after tapping at the door they would retire several feet back, and wait patiently with folded hands till some one came to attend to them.

The show of dahlias at Landour was something marvellous; they grow perfectly wild, and whole acres of khuds are covered with their showy blossoms. When you picked a flower of course it was generally almost single, but the effect of the whole was

gorgeous in the extreme, and I used particularly to admire them; when the turf underneath the plants was thickly strewed with their fallen leaves, the brilliant colours, mixed with the Lycopodium moss, made a carpet fit for Titania. The Jhampaunees were very fond of adorning themselves with dahlias; while waiting for us outside the church, they usually employed their time in the pleasing duty of sticking one behind each ear, much in the fashion of a horse's rosettes.

The conclusion of service was always the signal for a tremendous scene of confusion among the Jhampaunees, and it seemed a perfectly hopeless matter ever to think of finding your own among such a crowd of figures so undistinguishably alike; your only chance is to stand still till the Tyndal sees you, and then it is all right, but how people manage who have not a Tyndal I cannot conceive. The hill used to look quite gay on Sundays, with the various jhampauns going merrily home, and their bearers chanting their monotonous song. Keith one day

interpreted it for me, and it ran thus: "Go carefully now, my brothers, we are going down hill. Beware, there is a large stone on the left, while on the right the road looks rough and uneven. Take care, go slowly, now, for we are turning, the path is very steep, and behold there is another Mem-Sahib coming to meet us; also in the distance is a horse appearing. Take care, take care." And so it goes on, while the men behind repeat, in murmuring cadence, "Take care, take care."

Towards the close of the rains, the continual landslips taking place all round us became quite alarming. You went down to Mussoorie by the usual path, and on returning in an hour's time, found it broken clean away, gone down the khud; and unless you are very careful, you have a great chance of following it. We have often been compelled to turn back, and retrace our steps a long way, from finding some path totally impassable, even for cat-like Jhampaunees or hill ponies. These landslips often threaten to overwhelm bungalows

perched in little nooks of the hills; indeed, I should feel nervous at living in one, unless it had a good wide space behind. The darkness comes on so suddenly that we were often caught on the Mall, and had to find our way home as best we could. After two or three narrow escapes from unexpected landslips, if we had forgotten to have a lantern waiting at the foot of the hill for us, we never dared go on without borrowing one from the soldiers at the depôt, or impressing some wandering native, by the hope of bucksheesh, to light us home. Natives never think of stirring without a light after dark, as they are dreadfully afraid of wild animals, thieves, and, above all, ghosts.

Keith had long determined to take us with him on a shooting excursion into the interior of the Himalayas, and I had always looked forward to the idea with unmixed pleasure. We had proposed undertaking a pilgrimage to Gangoutri, the mysterious source of the holy Ganges, but having been tempted by balls and gaieties to linger in Mussoorie till

there was not sufficient time for such a long expedition before Keith's leave expired, we gave up the plan, and Keith determined instead to march through a part of the Teree country, which was a less trodden route than the other, being out of our own territory altogether. We hoped to be able to reach the snows, and Keith had visions of adding a tahir to his hunting trophies, having shot specimens of almost every other species of game in the Himalayas save this. It is a kind of wild goat, very large, very wild, and only to be found close to the snows. As soon as the last ball of the season was over, we commenced making preparations for our jungle life. None of our lady friends had ever been on a similar expedition, so no one could give us the slightest information as to what we should require. The only fixed idea we had on the subject was that Keith announced he could only allow us one pittarah each for our personal luggage. We expected the weather to be frightfully cold further up, and we knew it was then very hot in the sun, so we must

prepare for all emergencies. Remembering our old mountain experience, we determined on a costume at once useful and original. Our black felt riding-hats divested of feathers and bows, the brims well turned down to protect our eyes, a thick roll of white muslin twisted round to shield our heads from the fierce rays of the sun, and blue veils to guard our complexions from its bad effects, riding-habit jackets buttoned up close to the throat, and short grey woollen skirts, with black cloth riding-trousers

JUNGLE COSTUME.

strapped under the boots (the said straps were discarded after the first day as impracticable), the heels of our boots well studded with nails, and a long stick with a spike at the end, which Keith thought would assist us to climb, and you have a picture of what we thought a very sensible and suitable dress for the jungle. We could not quite do without any kind of feminine adornment, so the muslin ends of the pugheree which hang down the back were ornamented with little red stripes, which Keith declared would scare away all the game, and as we were obliged to conclude that muslin sleeves would be very much in the way, we had little scarlet flannel ones sewn into our jackets. Keith himself adopted an entire suit of dingy olive-green, helmet and all covered to match, which was always his shooting colour, to deceive the poor deer and other animals, so that in a wood or on a hill-side it was difficult to distinguish him.

When our expedition to the interior was fully arranged, Keith wrote a letter to the

Rajah of Teree, requesting him to send us two of his Chuprassees to accompany us on our wanderings, as it would facilitate our procuring provisions to have these men of authority with us, and a few days afterwards, on going for our evening ride, we met them on their way to our house, carrying huge tulwars (native swords), and bearing a large missive from their master to Keith, expressive of the Rajah's happiness in doing anything for our gratification. Then commenced a series of annoyances about Coolies: just at this season it was difficult to procure them, for the cold weather coming on, many families went down to the plains for the winter, and the Coolies had full employment without leaving their homes. At last, by sending to Rajpore, and offering four annas per diem, we succeeded in beguiling a troop of ill-conditioned, dirty, ragged natives to surround our bungalow with professions of anxiety to enter our service; a better dressed one in the lot acted as spokesman. This was their Tyndal, and on hearing that we had one of our own, they refused to accompany

us, and were about to depart; but Keith, knowing that we should have the same difficulty with all others, determined to dismiss our own man, on which they agreed to stay; but our six Jhampaunees hearing of it, came forward, and vowed if their Tyndal went away they would follow him, till Keith reminded them that would be rather a losing transaction, as two months' wages were owing to them, which they would thereby forfeit; so, with much grumbling, they thought better of it.

You are compelled to keep your servants' pay one or two months in arrear, or they are sure to walk off and leave you when their services are most required. Then the laying in of provisions reminded us forcibly of our Calcutta experience, only we knew better what was wanted; and as it would be doubtful what we were to subsist on the first few days, a succession of tongues and salted humps were ordered, besides an important-looking piece of fat bacon, Keith having found from former experience that game alone was very dry eating, never

having any fat on it, wild animals taking too much exercise for that substance. Tents were looked to, and numberless blankets put up. Nora having been an invalid, had a small charpoy, which was taken to pieces every morning and made up in the evening. Keith and I each possessed an india-rubber sheet, supposed to be a sufficient safeguard against damp. When the all-important topic of what we could do without had been arranged, it was determined books were an essential, so we made a special expedition to the Landour Library, and succeeded in hunting up some volumes, which had their full complement of pages, with the exception of "Lewis Arundel," which was minus its cover and some fifty leaves at the beginning and ending; but the old soldier in charge strongly advised us to take it, saying it was "such fine reading;" and very glad we were that we complied with his request, as it was the pleasantest companion we had. These filled one pittarah, and the man who carried it must have had a strong back. At last all was

ready. Our first march was to be Cox's bungalow, the scene of some of our pic-nics. This camping-place had been chosen on account of being an easy distance from Mussoorie, and we were to pass a night there to see if all had been properly arranged, and in case of any essential having been forgotten, it could be easily sent for. And there, on the site where we had dined and danced, a merry party, were now pitched our three tents—Keith's, ours, and though last, most important, the Bobbachee Khama, which I soon learnt to look upon with feelings of the greatest respect and affection. That first night was one of but little rest for us, what with the strangeness of our position, and having to make such shifts for room and conveniences; then the entrance to our tent being a simple flap of sailcloth easily raised, it seemed utter madness to think of sleeping when robbers or animals might so comfortably walk in; and as it did not quite close, we got glimpses of the dark blue sky and a star or two, and the boughs of trees over our tent, waving and looking mysterious in the night. The dogs

too, were anything but happy, and kept howling and barking constantly; while the poor Ayah was so ill that we were afraid she would be unable to proceed next day.

In the morning we found breakfast laid on a folding-up table, under a venerable hill oak, and had great difficulty in keeping our seats from the uneven nature of the ground; but we had unusual luxuries in seats and a table, very few people on a shooting expedition caring for such encumbrances. Our ponies were ready saddled to carry us as far as it was practicable for them to go, after which we were to be disposed of in dandees.

A dandee is a machine of very simple construction, being a long pole, with a piece of sailcloth fastened to it for a seat; a rope is passed across the back to lean against, and the same to place the feet on; two men carry the pole on their shoulders, and you proceed sideways, crab fashion. It is a capital way of seeing the country, as nothing obstructs the view; but when ruthlessly dragged through thickets of thorns, as we often were, we wished for some defence for

THE DANDEE.

our knees and back. If we mounted once that day we must have done so fifty times, for the path in many places did not deserve the name of one at all, and the ponies had to scramble down places where Nora wisely sat down and let herself slip; at last it got quite too bad for them, and with many a petting word and fond adieu we dismissed our four-footed favourites, but "Tommy," who

was an old campaigner, still continued with us, behaving precisely like a human being; the others were to remain at Landour, and there await our return from our expedition.

Our first experience of dandee travelling was down a hill-side, and I expected every moment to be forcibly ejected from my seat, and had to cling with my arms clasped round the pole; but we were rewarded by finding a perfectly tropical valley, abounding in ferns, many varieties quite unknown to us, and all in a profusion and luxuriance that would have sent a botanist into raptures. The Dandee-wallahs were highly amused at our excitement, for we insisted on being set down, and rushed frantically from one beauty to another, calling to each other to admire, while our men patiently sat down and enjoyed a smoke: their hookah never was idle; it was always making a round, and each took a few whiffs and passed it on; they seemed to consider that it had a reviving effect, but it appeared to me to set them off coughing, till I expected them to choke. But we dared not delay, as we had a long march before us, and the last

rays of the sun were tipping the hills as we entered the Valley of the Œglevar river, which Keith had destined as our first camping-place. The banks of the valley were cultivated throughout the whole length of it, fields of rice sloping one over the other, like the vineyards of the Rhine. We chose some cleared fields for our camping-ground, and had to wait patiently two mortal hours for our tents to arrive. This taught us a lesson: always to despatch them some time before we ourselves started, that the men might have things in readiness on our arrival.

BREAKFAST IN THE JUNGLE.

Finding, however, that after the first morning waiting for breakfast delayed our starting too far into the heat of the day, we determined in future to despatch one Khitmutghar and some camp equipage very early to some appointed spot, there to await our arrival. But before leaving our camping-ground, Nora and I always insisted on having some chupatties by way of breakfast. Keith had so accustomed himself to do without any but necessary meals, that he considered early chupatties an absurdity, and no doubt the Khitmutghar thought the same; but as we were turned out very early, and knew we had no chance of any breakfast till twelve, or some indefinite time after that, we were positive on the point, and some very thick underdone chupatties, and a tumbler of water, always made their appearance with the Ayah in the morning. Sometimes we got a little butter with them, then we thought ourselves very well off; but often the Khits were too idle to make butter, or could not procure milk (in which case Nora and the Khit

always had a difference of opinion on the subject), and then they sent us in guava jelly—a very good thing in its way, but when you have a large lump of it given you to eat with a half-raw flour-and-water cake, I must confess it is rather difficult to swallow. During our morning refection, we often heard Keith's voice outside the tent: "I say, when are you two coming out? The men are waiting for those plates, and unless your tent goes off soon, it will hardly be up in time for you to-night."

The operation of making butter is so simple, that it was really a great shame the men did not always have it made for us. Some milk is put into a bottle, and a

KHITMUTGHAR AND COOLIE.

man sits shaking it slowly until the butter comes. It is just the kind of indolent occupation a native enjoys. Keith was greatly amused once to find we had been eating butter made of buffalo's milk, without being aware of it; but really, except for its very pale colour, I saw no difference. Sometimes it was very difficult to procure milk at all; the people would refuse altogether to sell it. Then they keep it in such dirty wooden vessels, that unless you have it milked into your own basins at once, it is worse than useless, as it turns sour instantly. When we stopped to breakfast about noon, the villagers would often say there was no milk; the morning's milk was done, and they could not get any more till late in the afternoon. Keith would try to reason with them, that the milk would not be created like a flash of lightning, just at four o'clock when they went to milk, but was collecting little by little all day, and if they would go now they would doubtless be able to procure as much as he wanted. But reasoning is generally utterly wasted on a native: the dis-

cussion usually terminated by our having to take what we wanted. It always required three men to carry a bowl of milk into camp: first went the Teree Chuprassee, to show we had the Rajah's authority for all we did; our man Keniah went to see the other did his duty, and to enforce orders; and last, the goatman to carry the milk, which, of course, neither of the others thought of touching.

After the first two nights in camp, that miraculous pony, "Tommy," was sent home, as it was utterly impossible for him to proceed any farther, and no living pony save himself could have got so far. It was popularly reported among the servants that he could scale a straight wall, but even *his* remarkable powers failed before the formidable crags we encountered, and "Tommy Tattoo" and his amusing tricks departed from our camp. By the way, that is an absurd peculiarity of all natives—they will persist in adding each animal's class to his name, just like Christian and surname, as Tommy Tattoo, Harry Coutah (dog), Minnie Pussie.

I think Keith's little Ghoorka Chuprassee

Keniah deserves a separate notice. He was an energetic, restless man, who always looked so wide awake that you expected his eyes would inevitably fall out of his head. He affected a kind of gamekeeper's style of dress, and was a first-rate Shikaree (hunter), enjoying the sport as much as his master did, and was the only man in whose courage Keith placed any confidence. In case of emergency, especially in the dangerous and apparently fascinating pursuit of elephants, as a general rule, when you have fired off one gun, and turn hastily round to receive a second from your attendant, you find he has taken to his heels at the first glimpse of the enemy, and is already half a mile behind.

When we brought Nora up to the hills during her fever, Keniah rode a little tat beside my brother's palkee the whole way, and was ready to turn his hand to anything, acting as his personal servant all the time; and those who understand natives will know what a stretch of complaisance that was. These little Ghoorkas are as strong as hill ponies and as brave as lions. I have heard gentlemen, after shooting expeditions, speak-

ing in raptures of their powers of endurance and good fellowship. When provisions failed, they cheerfully lived on Abernethy biscuits and whisky, throwing caste to the winds. Their reverence for the sacred cow, however, is too strong a prejudice to be lightly overcome, and there was a serious disturbance in the Ghoorka battalion in the Dhoon in consequence of the European penchant for beef. Now whenever the inhabitants of Dehrah desire to taste the forbidden food, they have to send up a secret message to Mussoorie, and a Coolie brings down a covered basket, in blissful ignorance of what it contains. How utterly ridiculous these prejudices of "caste" appear to us. A gentleman at Dehrah told us all his Coolies threatened to leave one day because they discovered a tallow candle in their lantern, that being an article they have a mortal aversion to; he showed them, however, that the straps of the jhampaun they daily carried were made of leather, equally part of a dead animal. As they principally gain their livelihood by being Jhampaunees,

it would not do to discover anything about them contrary to their caste; so they thought better of it, and remained with him.

It is difficult at first to persuade oneself that the black from a native's hand will not come off on anything white. Among our sticks was one a great favourite of the dandee men. The handle had evidently been scorched, I suppose to straighten or otherwise improve its appearance; and it was consequently quite black. Nora pointed it out to me, after it had been in use some days, saying, "There, I always said the colour came off these people's hands, and now you see it does."

Hill people have few or none of those absurd prejudices about caste that warp the minds of the plains men. The high class Mussulmans on the Afghanistan frontier will often join our officers at mess, if they are previously assured there is no pork on the table, and these Hindoos, Rajpoots, as they call themselves, know little, and care less, about that obnoxious word "caste," unless some officious plains people explain it all to

them. Travellers' servants are, of course, very mischievous in this way. Keith always visited with the severest displeasure any such case of tampering with the simple minds of the mountaineers that came to his knowledge. One day he offered a lump of guava jelly, left from our morning chupatties, to a village boy, who began to eat it with great relish, but was instantly called aside by one of our Coolies, and duly instructed in the exceeding impropriety of touching any food belonging to a Feringhee, and the child threw away the sweetmeat with disgust. Keith instantly had the offending Coolie summoned to his presence, and after a severe reprimand he was turned out of camp.

We had now fairly left civilisation behind, and began to enter with full zest into the enjoyment of the free wild life of the jungle. Every night we pitched our transient home in some new spot, generally in the neighbourhood of some village, keeping at a respectful distance, however, because there are no sanitary regulations in force in these parts, and we often had cause to remember

Coleridge's remark, "that he had traced seventy distinct diabolical smells in Cologne," and thought our hill villages first cousins, in some respects, to the far-famed cathedral town; but it was necessary to consider that our Coolies purchased their "otta"—the coarse flour, which is their principal food—every day. These poor creatures were well pleased when they could get otta, which was not always the case, although we had the Rajah's permission, backed by the presence of his Chuprassee, to take as much as we wanted, at a tariff of prices fixed by himself, yet the villagers often put the poor men off with mundoor, a horrible seed, which looks very like buckwheat when growing, but when made into chupatties (for we tried some as an experiment) tastes as much like baked mud as anything I can conceive, never having eaten the latter compound. There is one lovely crop on these hills, and the seed from it is really very nice, baking fresh and crisp; they call it "Bâtou," but it is just what we call Prince Regent's Feather at home; and no one can imagine

its brilliant effect on the hill-sides in masses who has only seen stiff single plants. It is much larger in size here than with us, and varying in shade from the palest pink to the deepest scarlet, and from the most delicate straw to a dark olive. Its glowing tints give a richness to the colouring of the landscape quite inconceivable.

One of our dandee men was a Punjabee, a very active, restless fellow, a perfectly different type and temperament to the others. We called him the "Zouave," from his predatory habits: he had all the mercurial lightheartedness of a Frenchman, and was the established wit of the party. Whenever we neared a village he was always despatched by his companions to forage, and collected stores of gourds, cucumbers, and such-like luxuries, often bringing down on his devoted head storms of abuse from some offended villager —an attack he seemed always to parry with consummate impertinence, to judge from the merriment of his companions. Always in good spirits, and inclined to make light of all discomfort,—always the first to insist on

running up some extra steep hill, and the first to declare he should die on reaching the summit, — our Zouave generally contrived to keep himself and companions in good humour all day.

Our dandee men held themselves quite aloof from the other Coolies, owning no brotherhood with them, or obedience to their Tyndal. They had such a number of bundles to carry, that after the first day we were obliged to allow them a Coolie for their baggage alone. The two eldest men ruled the little band, fighting all the battles, and purchasing all provisions for the common store; of course the Zouave was always in the thick of everything that was going on, but the younger members seemed to yield unquestioning allegiance to their seniors, and waited patiently by when any knotty point was being discussed. There was one red-haired man who had excited great attention at Landour, no one ever having seen a Jhampaunee with anything but black hair before; he constituted himself our special body-guard, and wherever we wandered, we

were sure to find our faithful attendant close at our heels, just like a dog, and it was equally difficult to get rid of him.

Whenever we saw, as we were being carried past, any pretty flower or leaf, pointing towards it, we called out "Do, do" (give), until after two or three snatches at ugly or common flowers, the desired object was attained; very often, however, they refused to pick some especially gorgeous flower or berry, but following the usual plan of treating us like children, would shake their heads, saying, "Krab" (bad), and push hastily on out of the way of temptation. No doubt we sometimes wanted poisonous things, but I am quite sure they often said so just to prevent our stopping too often. There was one creeper especially, which flung itself in beautiful festoons from the highest trees, with large bunches of thick long pods, covered with a strange, shiny, woolly substance, hanging in tempting profusion close to us. I often asked for this pod, but never could get it, till one day, having set us down to rest beside a stream, the men occupied in

washing their hands and faces, chattering and smoking, Nora and I climbed up and secured some very fine specimens, which we proceeded to inspect. I broke some of the pods open, and we were examining the fur round them, when some of the hair (getting through my gloves, I suppose) made my fingers grow suddenly hot, and begin to swell. I pulled off my gloves, and was looking ruefully at my red hands, when the dandee men discovering what we were about, set up a shout of laughter at the scrape the Missy Babas had got into. It was no use to look offended, as I felt inclined to laugh myself. I dipped my hands into the water, but without effect, and then one of the men went and fetched some kind of leaf, which he pounded between two stones, and pouring a little water over it, desired me to lay the poultice so made over my wounded fingers; it cured the smarting directly. Nora not having broken open any of her pods was not so badly off, and the men pitched away the remainder of the offending seeds, and all the rest of the day were making joking allu-

sions among themselves about those wretched pods, as I could hear "Missy Baba" continually repeated. They had never heard of Eve, or no doubt that would have been their text.

Were I to note the various changes in the (always lovely) scenery we passed through, it would be a continual chant of all the superlatives in the English language, and second-hand raptures are apt to be fatiguing; but I must allude to the flowers. Everything in the vegetable world grows on such a large scale, and in such profusion, it wearies your senses to take them all in, particularly when you feel keenly your botanical education has been sadly neglected. In some of the valleys and rivers the most exquisite creepers were growing in the wildest luxuriance, and with a wealth of blossoms that cannot be described. The grasses are so enormous, and mingled with plants of such startling singularity, that again and again you pathetically repeat, "Why was I not taught botany?" These grasses are often much higher than yourself, and clinging on their

stems are gigantic grasshoppers, and such fabulous-looking insects, that I was often reminded of that picture representing the Brobdignag farmer's hand picking up Gulliver from the field, in which the stalks, leaves, and insects are all painted such an exaggerated size. Pushing our dandees through the tangled network of jungle was sometimes very hard work, particularly when I had my umbrella up. Having broken my parasol the first day, I borrowed from a Chuprassee a blue cotton umbrella, with brass handle and top, worthy of Mrs. Gamp. This saved me some scratches, but often I was obliged to put it down, and then it was real purgatory: our collars were torn to pieces, our hats dragged off, and left hanging on trees; at night we often found our necks skinned, and bleeding from the thorns, and as for dresses, some Rifle officers who joined us afterwards declared they could easily trace us all the way by the shreds left in the briers, and brought us some scraps to prove their words.

We camped one night beside Mùkhian, a purely Brahminical village, containing a large

temple dedicated to the idol Narg (literally a serpent), in whose honour, I suppose, they were blowing horns, and making hideous noises all night. Our presence created an immense sensation, such a sight never having been seen in the village before. Even our Ayah was followed about by people shrieking out "Balatee!" (foreigner) till, dreadfully frightened, she took refuge in our tent, from whence nothing could induce her to emerge. The villagers rapidly collected, and were seated in rows on the bank near our tents for the purpose of gazing their fill on the strangers. It was just like a theatre. When the people in the dress circle had satisfied their curiosity they retired to the back, and their seats were instantly filled by others in constant succession till night closed in. In the mean time, however, we had very nearly come to a dreadful dispute with them, for Brahmins are the most idle, insolent, unmanageable people on the face of the earth, and Keith held them in such intense aversion, that very little would have made him quarrel with them, which would have been

unwise, considering our position. These men positively refused to give any otta for our Coolies, and when shown the Rajah's permit, only laughed at his authority, saying their village belonged to the god Narg, and they owned no allegiance to any Rajah. This appeared in some degree true, as the Teree Rajah, finding it impossible to get any tribute or obedience from the Brahmins, made a merit of necessity, and presented the village to the temple. This was no reason why our Coolies should starve, however. Some of the men had the face to come asking for medicine and advice, while refusing to sell us an ounce of food. Keith declared he would give no medicine save in exchange for flour, and would take it by force. The matter was getting quite serious; the crowd looked hostile and threatening. Keith was examining his rifles, and counting how much assistance he might reckon upon from our men, when fortunately a man from a neighbouring village offered to bring flour for the men if he received quinine for himself; and as of course we much preferred being peaceable if

possible, Keith ate his dinner in comfort, and ignored the impertinent crowd without. We had been fortunate hitherto in procuring food for ourselves at the villages, as our salt provisions, with the exception of the humps and a tin box of "soft speldings," which were a great stand-by, had proved uneatable after the first day or two. Before we started, we heard dismal tales of gentlemen—"very good shots, too"—who had found it quite impossible to provision their camp; for, starting with the idea of shooting each day's dinner, they were compelled ignominiously to return, having marched sometimes for two days and only seen a "blackbird."

I have said little of our dangers and alarms from the perilous paths and steep khuds we were daily carried over, because I wish people to preserve their belief in me as long as possible, and I feel a moral conviction that were I to detail half we really went through, my readers would throw the book aside with an impatient exclamation of total incredulity. In the first place, there are no roads through these jungles, and

how the men ever found their way is still a miracle to me. When the camp broke up in the morning, one Khit marched first, with a detachment of Coolies carrying the provisioning department. The tents then generally disappeared. Keith was always to be seen with Keniah at his heels, looking for game. (A Chuprassee will always carry a gun, though he may refuse to take a bundle of much lighter weight; but a gun is an aristocratic implement, and conveys no idea of degradation.) We probably started next, and Keith's solemn, respectable bearer always remained on the ground till every individual article had been packed in the kilters (baskets like creels) and despatched. He himself always walked behind the last Coolie, bringing him up to time in the evening. It was astonishing how instantly we lost sight of everybody else. When we scaled a steep hill, we sometimes saw a line of slowly moving black dots wending their way round some point. It was a great relief to our minds when we could discern them, as it was impossible to help believing sometimes that we

were really lost. Whenever we passed a rivulet, we always looked anxiously for foot-prints, and if we saw a wet mark on a stone, we felt pretty sure it must be one of our men; but if we discerned a nailed heel in the damp ground, we were instantly relieved, knowing no boot save Keith's could have passed that way. The men often had consultations about the road, and guided themselves by signs unknown to us. Sometimes, after a vigorous controversy, unable to decide, they would, with stentorian lungs, shout, "Zemindar, which road?" and an invisible voice from some hill near would respond by the single word "Upper," or "Under"—a direction which always seemed to satisfy the men, and they hurried on, though how the Zemindar guessed the place we wanted to find is a mystery still. However, we always reached the camp in safety. As for the position in which the dandee was sometimes placed, here is a sketch, but that can only give one kind of peril, while ours were changing every moment. Often the pole of the dandee was perfectly perpendicular. The

DANDEE IN DIFFICULTIES.

two men below seemed unable to do more than support it, and could not attempt to move on, while your knees are bruised and your ankles nearly rubbed off by the rocks, and you cling to the pole till your arms are strained, and your shoulders ache so at night,

that you believe rheumatism would be a joke to it. It requires some practice and self-possession to preserve your balance and sit perfectly still, especially when, struggling up some steep crag, you hear the front man, after frantically clutching at the grass and stones near, faintly ejaculating, "Dandee tout ghia" (all broken or gone), and a breathless Coolie from behind scrambles up to aid him. Keith sometimes used to watch our transit over some particularly dangerous bit, and then say he would not sit quietly in a dandee as we did for a hundred thousand pounds, to be carried over places where a single false step would have sent us down a khud, consisting of a yard or two of dry, smooth grass, just sufficient to give you a good impetus for the cheerful leap of about two miles, ending, of course, in total annihilation at the bottom. But we had tried at first the plan of getting out whenever it looked dangerous, and found we might as well make up our minds to go on foot the whole way, as the dangerous parts were endless; and what with the nervous shrinking from possible upsets, and the amount of balance required, a dandee is

by no means perfect rest, and we were generally quite tired out at the end of the day, even when we sat resignedly through everything, except those extra bad points where the men put us down, saying it was impossible to proceed. Then we had to scramble up, armed with a stick, and assisted by one of the men who always took great care of us. Every one knows how slippery the fallen spines of fir-trees are, and we had to pass under forests of them, which was always a nervous ime for us, as no steadiness of foot could ways save the men from slipping. Then the rivers we had to ford were a real trial of courage. The men had a great and natural objection to getting wet, and, leaving their slippers at the side, would jump from one round wet stone to another, jerking us violently, while the rushing, roaring water beneath was suggestive of anything but pleasing thoughts. The bridges, if there were any, consisted of a single plank, which, vibrating considerably in the middle, presented after all but a choice of difficulties.

We determined to rest over Sunday at the village of Bhargee, and as we arrived

tolerably early the night before, Nora and I went on an exploring expedition into the village, which was a rather large and uncommonly dirty one. As usual, it looked entirely deserted; but seeing we appeared quiet, unoffending people, the inhabitants began to reappear, and we got some sketching subjects — such hideous old women! Keith declares, when men grow old they look like gnarled and knotted oaks, but old women become more dreadful every year. No wonder, when he has been accustomed to Puharrie (hill) women, their angular, skinny arms, with the elbow-joints so sharply defined, the tangled grey hair flying like twisted snakes about their frightful wrinkled faces, and a filthy mat of ragged covering. Really Macbeth's witches were respectable old ladies compared to these hags. The villages are full of women and children: you rarely see any men. They are out with the cattle, the only labour they condescend to undertake at home. All the agricultural work is done by women.

These hills are far more populous than I expected. You everywhere see little clusters

of huts, dignified by the name of a village, dotted over the hill-sides—long, low buildings, with overhanging roofs, which are covered with very thick, unwieldy slates (found in plenty all over the hills), of no particular shape. The slate is of such bad quality it will not break up into the thin, neat squares we are accustomed to see. They are, however, generally hidden from view by a luxuriant crop of gourds, or cucumbers, hanging in profuse masses, and giving the hut, at a distance, a great resemblance to the vine-clad cottages of Italy. They do not indulge in the number of doors and windows that we think necessary, but content themselves with one aperture, which serves both for light and egress. On this they expend great attention, however, often carving the posts, and having two or three pretty little wooden Byzantine arches and pillars, all on exactly the same pattern, designed, no doubt, in old times by some cunning workman, and scrupulously copied to this day by their descendants. I saw, however, in two or three villages, wonderful exceptions to this rule; sometimes the groups

round these doorways were refreshing to an artist's soul. But it was only when we camped near a village that we could see much of the people. As we approached, warning would be given that strangers were coming, and we found that nearly all the inhabitants had hidden themselves; the men skulking for fear of being pressed to work, the women being locked up lest we should see them: our turbans and hats probably made them believe us all "Sahibs." Sometimes, on approaching, we would hear a shrill feminine voice, in a very high key, loudly protesting against being shut up, and proclaiming her right to see all that passed—a kind of embryo lecture on "woman's rights," which, however, gained her not the slightest amelioration.

All through the hills that strange custom is prevalent of allowing each woman to have several husbands, so opposed to the usual habit of Eastern nations; but, as the Puharries always kill two-thirds of their female infants, I suppose there is not a wife apiece for the men. When this territory lapses to Government, as it will probably soon do

—seeing the Rajah is ninety, and has no son —infanticide will be much checked if not altogether stopped.

Every day's march now gave us nearer and more exquisite glimpses of the eternal snowy range. I believe any one who has travelled thus far, and only once seen a sunrise on the snows, would acknowledge the trouble of his journey out and home had been repaid a thousandfold. You can never be wearied of gazing on the scene. Those snowy peaks gleam out with dazzling purity alike through the cold blue light of early morning, or bathed in the bright rosy blush of the setting sun; and high above, piled in fantastic confusion, rise the many-tinted palaces of cloudland, and you are looking at this wondrous panorama through a vista of luxuriant tropical trees, and seated on a carpet of the rarest exotic ferns, and of these ferns, at Mussoorie, we were told we could find three hundred different species; but after having with some trouble collected about fifty, we were inclined to feel dubious about the others. Now, I should not be astonished at being told we might find

three thousand. Every day the Coolies ruthlessly trod down beds of delicate maidenhair and gold and silver ferns that would have made the fortune of a London gardener.

When the Rifle officers joined us at Bhargee, serious fears were raised of the commissariat department standing such a drain on its powers; it was therefore considered the safest plan to act on the mutual principle, and dine with each other alternately, to see that neither party took unfair advantage of the other, by consuming more than their proper share. The first night this arrangement was carried out, Nora and I doffed our jungle attire, and appeared in modern black silks, with some of the sweet wild clematis in our hair. Our camp was about a stone's throw from our friends', and when the repast was ready, Mr. Hamilton, the head of their party, came with lighted torches and a train of Coolies to guide us safely over the inequalities of the road, one of the gentlemen remaining at home to receive us in state. And very picturesque was

the scene. The numerous camp-fires, each with their allotted number of Coolies, smoking, chatting, and cooking their food, while the white tents shone with many a ray of bright moonlight, let in through the tangled branches of the forest, the whole shut in with a dark band of solemn, silent hills, and canopied with the deep blue vault of heaven and its myriads of shining stars. It was rather different to any dinner party I have ever witnessed. The dining-room was a square tent, just large enough to hold the table with us—six in number—seated round on various impromptu seats. A portmanteau on end was a valuable resting-place; one had an inverted basket, with a pillow on it to raise it sufficiently. The tent was lined with crimson and dark blue, the sides artistically arranged with guns, rifles, shooting-belts, powder-horns, and a little vivandière's keg, which had done good service in the Crimea. Fancy quoting Longfellow and Shakspeare while eating tahir (wild goat) steaks and roast shikaw (hill partridges)! Mr. Hamilton had such

a classical taste that he could not think of reading any secular author, save Shakspeare, in the jungle; so of course we naturally had numerous references to "Cymbeline" and "King Lear," while Nora and I, not having such expansive minds, preferred Tennyson and Longfellow. Then the next day's shooting having been arranged by the gentlemen, at a gothic hour as Londoners would have thought, but very late for the jungles and tired hunters, we wended our homeward way escorted by our hosts, and greeted by uproarious demonstrations on the part of the dogs. Many a merry evening have we thus passed, to be marked with one of the few white stones of our life's pilgrimage.

Bhargee abounds with snakes. Keith killed one outside our tent, and showed us its poison-fangs; indeed, scarcely a day passed without some of our party encountering and despatching one of these venomous reptiles. Next day our camp only moved to Mâinde, a distance of three miles, to give the gentlemen an opportunity of devoting their energies entirely to shooting; and each

one taking a Bhargee guide, set off in high spirits, and returned in the evening thoroughly tired and rather disgusted, with a very scanty supply of Manaul pheasants—excellent birds in their way, but not realising the visions of deer and tahir with which they had started. Keith had discovered the track of an enormous bear, whose footprints he, as well as the guide, at first took to be those of a human being; but as Mr. Ogilvie and himself had determined to reserve themselves for the pursuit of tahir alone, he was afraid of alarming them by firing at anything else, and so let Bruin escape. They had seen some tahir, but not near enough to kill any. These animals are very wild, and, when once startled, will travel perhaps fifty miles without stopping; so it is useless to look for them two days in the same place. All agreed that no day's deer-stalking at home was anything like so fatiguing as the exertions they had made with so little visible results. When you hit a bird, most likely it falls a mile down some khud, and by the time you reach the spot it is nowhere to be seen; so you have

to climb the opposite side, and when you arrive at the summit, after an hour's weary toil, find you are apparently about a stone's throw from your first position.

The Coolies manage to scramble up, carrying a heavy gun, where the gentlemen declared, had they been obliged to hold a gun, it must have been with their eyelids, that being the only muscle unoccupied. Nora and I spent the day in searching for sketches, and having scrambled down to a mountain torrent, discovered the ground strewed with walnuts, of which, with the assistance of our faithful attendant, the red-haired Coolie, we collected a number, which were produced with great pride at dessert. But, alas! we found, though looking exactly like English nuts outside, these deceitful things had their lining membrane made of wood inside the shells, so it was nearly impossible to get anything to eat out of them. Of course no one had any crackers, but stones were plentiful, and after several fingers had been grazed, and thumbs had narrow escapes of crushing, we gave up the fruitless attempt in despair,

and were compelled to acknowledge our day's hunting had been as unsuccessful as our neighbours'.

Most people have remarked what a calming effect a distant line of blue hills has on the mind; they are so fair, so pure, so passionless. The same feeling, in a much greater degree, is caused by nearing the snowy range. Nothing on earth can give you so solemn an impression of eternity. Those lofty white peaks rearing themselves so majestically into the sky, their extraordinary stillness and purity, their immense size, which crushes and overwhelms you, above all, their sublime superiority to all around, must lift your thoughts necessarily from earthly to heavenly things, from time to eternity. I would not envy that (educated) man who could wander over these hills without feeling himself humbled in mind, less worldly in spirit, more childlike in heart, without owning, whatever his outward creed, that his soul was lifted nearer to his God. I say "educated" man, because the miserable inhabitants of these regions, having eyes, see not.

One of our camping-grounds—Tāāl—was as exquisite a combination of scenery as can well be conceived; a piece of undulating table-land, with two small lakes, and clumps of trees ready laid out for a park; and such a view of snow! When these hills become civilised, what a site for a mansion would this be. Only fancy the first shooting-box somebody builds there, eleven thousand feet above the sea! I could not sleep all night from the cold. In the morning we always woke to crisp hoar-frost, and the first hour's march was with blue hands and aching feet. No amount of clothing seemed to make any difference. How mad people at home would think you if you slept in tents during a frost. Another day's march brought us through thickets of wild raspberries and most slippery beds of wild strawberries to the lovely valley of Mahrgong, the spot where Keith determined to remain a few days. Our friends had preceded us, and we saw their white tents about a quarter of a mile off. We were about one day's march from the snows, and in about an hour from hence you leave

all vegetation behind; and yet this valley was full of enormous trees and tropical exotics, flourishing with all the beauty of Ceylon. It gave one almost a painful feeling of solitude to see gigantic patriarchs of the forest lying uprooted just where they had been flung by some violent storm, and where they must have lain untouched for years, as young trees had grown up, and were bending over the prostrate trunks; while from their mouldering hearts wild roses had sprung, and sweet forest flowers were blossoming gaily around.

The first day at Mahrgong, all the Coolies from both camps were marshalled in long files, and detachments told off to "beat" down all the neighbouring khuds; and all day long the startled solitudes rang with hideous cries and the sharp click of rifles, and the astonished echoes repeated to us in varying tones their horror at the intrusion. At length, however, they grew fainter and fainter, and we were left to all the luxury of unbroken rest and dreamy meditations. Now we could appreciate and

fully enjoy the books we had brought with us, and wander in spirit with Amyas Leigh and his lion-hearted band through those mysterious primeval forests of the New World, whose tropical luxuriance has been so wondrously shadowed forth to us by Kingsley's matchless pen; or follow the weary steps of the sorrowing Evangeline, in quest of her lost love, through the pathless prairies, the tangled and trackless woods of the Far-West. The love that lured her on was an earthly one, and long years of toil and disappointment alone taught her to raise her thoughts from earth to heaven. And are not we all searching with unsatisfied hearts for some object—it may be for health, amusement, riches, but all for happiness, the mystical myth that ever eludes our grasp—as surely as did Gabriel the path of the wandering Acadian maiden, fortunate if perchance it may be found, when this fleeting world is fast fading from our ken? And after a hard day's toil, is it not sweet to lie back amidst the wavy grass and shadowy fern and listen to the voice of the mountain stream, till we deem we hear the dreamy

chant of the pale-eyed lotus-eater for ever murmuring on, "O Rest, we will not wander more"?

The day's shooting ended in Keith's bringing a tahir into camp — a slate-coloured animal, about as large as a donkey, with a long, thin neck, not at all resembling our ideas of a civilised goat—to the immense delight of all the Coolies; for though we pronounced the steaks bitter and tough, they considered them as great luxuries. The tahir is almost the only wild animal with fat on it, and fat of some kind seems a necessary of life to a native. Of course our Zouave was most actively assisting in the skinning of the tahir. Mr. Hamilton asked us how we liked the haunch of saumbre (large deer) venison that man had got for us. We knew nothing about any venison. Mr. Hamilton said they had wanted the haunch for themselves, but were assured by our Zouave it was already bought for *his* Sahib. Now it appeared clear the man had taken it for himself, and Keith considered it his duty to call him to account for obtaining provisions under false pretences.

We were sorry to think our light-hearted Zouave's spirits should receive such a check as we knew a reprimand from the Sahib would infallibly be; but fortunately, on inquiry, it was found the man had given the native who shot the deer seven annas for the haunch, which, all things considered, was a fair remuneration. Consequently, the only harm he had done was telling the story to secure it. But as it would be utterly hopeless to make any native believe deception to be a crime, Keith thought he had better ignore the whole subject.

We had a gay dinner party that evening, talking over the escapes and adventures of the day, and our Khits surpassed themselves in the dinner, which was most *recherché* for the jungle: first, tahir soup, followed by two little legs of boiled lamb, with caper sauce: I could not at first understand why the dish looked peculiar, till I remembered one generally sees a quarter of lamb, not a pair of legs; roast chickens (the hill fowls are just as much superior to ours as the moorghies of the plains are inferior; no

PUHARRIE MEN RAJPOOTS.

alderman can command such a luxury as a fat hill chicken); for vegetables we had tiny hill potatoes, something bigger than marbles; and guignon, the roots of the white arum, which look just like Jerusalem artichokes, with not so much flavour. Roast shikaw and red currant dumplings formed our second course. We had taken out some bottled fruit, which was a great stand-by. The hills at that season offered no dessert; nevertheless, I feel sure our banquet (especially the lamb) will long rank in the remembrance of those present far above the most brilliant success of any Parisian artiste. The Puharrie men, who watched their herds of cattle from some very picturesque choppers (thatched huts) in the neighbourhood, solemnly declared all the calves must inevitably die, as the "Sahib logue" had drunk up all the milk meant for their sustenance.

Game continuing very scarce, after the third day the gentlemen got wearied, and determined to move their camps, our friends going towards Teree to pay a visit to the

old Rajah, and we, retracing our steps towards Landour. This scarcity of game, always complained of by sportsmen, arises first from the endless feeding-grounds the wild animals have to roam over; and then, when the first snows fall, and they are driven down defenceless from the high ranges, the villagers construct a high hedge, sometimes many miles in length, with the only openings filled by snares; so, when the flocks of deer, &c., find this obstacle to their progress, they rush into the snares and pit-falls, and hundreds fall an easy prey to the villagers, only a remnant escaping for next year. The tents were struck and we turned our steps steadily homewards, with many a long, lingering look at the eternal snows we were leaving behind us, and silence and solitude fell once more over the lovely valley of Mahrgong, where the ashes of our camp-fires were the only traces left of our temporary home in the wilderness. The ashes were all we left behind, but what vivid pictures of loveliness, what endless food for day-dreams did we not carry away!

It is pleasant, in our peaceful English home, to shut our eyes and think of the Imperial Hills, in all their solitary splendour and savage beauty. I know that day by day the sun lights up those grand old mountain-tops, and its rosy rays fade slowly from their rugged peaks, and that night by night do those long solemn shadows steal silently up the hill-sides, and wrap the glorious old pines in their dark embrace; the feathery ferns still rear the marvellous tracery of their fragile foliage beneath the protecting shade of those primeval woods, while the wild winds of heaven still sweep their sad and mournful dirge from the shadowy boughs of those forest trees.

END OF VOL. I.

THE TIMELY RETREAT;

OR,

A YEAR IN BENGAL BEFORE THE MUTINIES.

THE morning we left Mahrgong was most bitterly cold, and the frost so severe, our men fell several times climbing up the hill. When we reached the top and were set down to rest, some of the Coolies from the other camp passed us, one carrying a portmanteau. Natives are inquisitive creatures, so he was instantly assailed by questions as to whom it belonged, and informed them the "Lal wallah" (red one). Mr. Atheling, from sometimes appearing in a scarlet flannel shirt, had earned for himself that appellation. You are much better known among

natives by any peculiarity than by your proper name, which they rarely master, making the most ludicrous failures whenever they attempt it. Scarlet is the royal colour in India, and natives are passionately fond of it.

Our homeward path led us past a great many charred trees. Natives travelling are so careless that they will light a fire under any tree, and never think of putting it out; so it often smoulders up the trunk till the whole tree is in a blaze, and sometimes you see a hill-side covered with scorched and blackened trunks, holding up their leafless arms as if twisted and contorted in their last agonies. The most curious of the forest trees presented to our gaze, is that round, shiny, whitish grey trunk, which rears itself constantly before our astonished eyes, sometimes perfectly straight, sometimes taking two or three snake-like twists before rising. I am quite sure if a piece of this trunk was divested of branches, and taken home, few people would guess its origin. I have seen many beech-trees not half so timeworn or

covered with hoary moss; and this strange trunk actually belongs to the common square-leaved cactus, with whose prickly edges our juvenile fingers have so often been painfully acquainted at home.

In returning we avoided the inhospitable Brahmins of Muchkiam, and camped at Raaker instead. It looked a comfortable village, having plantations of sugar-canes and plantains round it, and was not so completely deserted, the head man not being, perhaps, such a strict disciplinarian as usual. When we went to look for sketches, we collected a curious crowd directly. Keith asked one man why he locked up all the women, and he assured us *he* never did so: he used to do it once, but now he had been into Mussoorie and knew better. His people did, he acknowledged. Not knowing exactly what a Sahib could do, they thought it the safest plan to put the women and children out of sight. A woman here showed us the whole process of preparing grain. She was a slight, toil-worn creature; not young, or she would not have

been allowed to talk freely to us. She poured some grain into a deep round hole cut in a stone, then seizing a long, heavy, square stick, a great deal higher than herself, pointed at both ends and rounded in the middle, where she held it, she dropped one end with all her strength into the hole, accompanying each blow with a grunt. Keith took the pole from her and struck two or three blows with it, but she snatched it back again, saying, in a scornful tone, that it was woman's work. The hole being on a level with the ground, of course it got full of dust and small stones, and as the grain sprang out it was restored with a handful of dust. When sufficiently beaten it is put into a little wicker basket, like a shovel with the handle off, and another woman, holding it high in the air, shook it well, till the chaff and the dust flew away, leaving the grain (and the stones) clear.

A stout old woman, dressed in the saffron robes of a pilgrim, occupied herself in directing and scolding everybody by turns: she frightened away two or three groups of

ragged, dirty little imps, whom I was on the point of transferring to paper: no doubt she was the village tyrant. I suppose her pilgrim's attire gave her authority, for the other old women sat passively by. We offered the woman who had been pounding grain for us some money, but she did not seem to care for it. They have little use for money; except to pay the Rajah's tribute they require none, and do not wish to cultivate more corn than they need, or otherwise enrich themselves, as they would only have to pay an increased tribute.

Here stood in two places the trident, emblem of the god Mahadeo, covered with garlands of marigolds, their sacred flower. It is the double pale yellow African marigold, and you are sure to see a plot of it in every village. They hang garlands of it over their doorways, and ornament themselves profusely with its blossoms. One of the first things that struck me in the hills was seeing men walking and lounging about with necklaces and wreaths of marigolds on; while groups of women were working in the fields

without the ornaments one would have thought belonged of right to the weaker, if not in this case the fairer, sex.

All the Puharries (Rajpoots, as they call themselves) keep a race of slaves called Dhoomes, taken originally in battle, I believe. The women are always to be seen dressed in a dark blanket, tied round the waist, and fastened over the left shoulder, the right left free. The Puharries sell their female children openly. Every wife has to be bought. An American missionary told us, when making a tour through the hills, he met a man with a pretty little girl about eight years old. The missionary asked several questions about the child, and at last the man, supposing he meant to buy her, said he would give her for three hundred rupees. He had already sold all his other children, but expected more for this one, as she was the prettiest. These poor ignorant creatures have some absurd delusions. If you look at a woman through a telescope, she instantly sits down, and refuses to move till the telescope disappears. I believe, in old times,

telescopes reversed the objects you looked at, and a knowledge of this kind of glass having just reached the hills, a Puharrie woman believes you mean to turn her upside down, and therefore seats herself to defeat your object. They have a great horror of being sketched, fancying it is some kind of magical process. I was generally obliged to get my figures by stealth, and resort to all kinds of expedients to deceive them as to which one I was taking. If I looked twice at the same person, she invariably got up and went away. They had never seen English ladies before, and it took some time to persuade them we were not "Sahibs."

We met a nice-looking girl, one day, picking those pretty black and red seeds children are so fond of. They were to form a necklace for herself. I begged Keith to try and make her sit to me, which, after great persuasion, she did, incited by the bribe of a little heart-shaped locket I had long worn as a charm, and which had proved itself anything but gold. She and her husband both believed this to be a talisman of value, and

he insisted on her submitting to be sketched, which she did, trembling all over, and with her eyes full of tears; she sprang away like a deer the moment she was released. They wear a loose, short jacket, and a very full petticoat, one end of which is tucked into the waist when they are climbing or working. A quantity of undressed wool is fastened to their back hair so as to make a firm foundation, and round it all is twisted an enormous turban, which makes them look top-heavy, but must be a good shield from the sun, besides making a secure resting-place for the heavy loads they sometimes carry. Keith says in each village they have a marriage turban made of red and blue worsted, larger than an umbrella, which every bride wears for a short time on her head during the wedding ceremony. The women are small made and very active, and they have neatly-cut features. We saw two or three faces at Kutoor that were really pretty. One girl had a dusky glow on her brown cheeks, which, whether it was natural or artificial, was very becoming. They all look well at a little

distance, but a nearer approach dispels the illusion. Their clothes are filthily dirty, and their hair guiltless of any attempt to smoothe or arrange it. The children's hair was full of burrs and grass-seeds, sticking out from their heads like a penthouse. Hill people only bathe on those rare occasions when they pass the Ganges, declaring that water gives them rheumatism.

We crossed the Ganges at Charmah by a rope bridge of peculiar construction. A series of bamboos are tied slightly together by ropes till they are long enough to reach across the river, which is very wide, two strong ropes are swung from two opposite trees, and the lengthened bamboo is suspended from them by a number of thin ropes. You walk on the cane, holding on by the two higher ropes, which is not a pleasant position. The whole bridge swings and vibrates terribly, quite enough to make any one sea-sick, to say nothing of being giddy; while the stream beneath is boiling and rushing furiously, strong enough, they say, to sweep away an elephant. I do not know what width it is,

but I could not manage to make a sketch that took in both ends of the bridge at all, and was obliged to be content with a section only. Keith tried to tempt the dogs to swim over, but they were always baffled, and obliged to return. At last they were carried over, so was the Ayah, much to my brother's amusement, he thinking it far safer to trust to his own feet than to those of a Coolie, with his weight added on to his own. The poor goats were carried over with their legs tied, and screaming horribly. We had four, which always came up at breakfast and dinner in hopes of getting some salt, an article they were inordinately fond of. One poor thing ate some poisonous shrub on the road, and was dreadfully ill. I do not know how the goatman was able to get it on at all. However, next day it seemed all right again, though we desired none of its milk should be sent to our table.

One day we passed a pilgrim from Gungoutri, who, of course, loudly begged alms of us; and Keith, knowing these men often suffer great hardships on their road, threw

him some small coin, and he contrived even to extract some pice from our poor Coolies. Keith was disgusted afterwards to find he was a very well-to-do Brahmin, who was travelling comfortably with his wife, and a servant to carry his things. This man, some time after, told a friend of ours "he had met Keith out in the jungle with two of his wives," meaning ourselves. The idea of travelling with sisters, I suppose, never struck him. My brother astonished us greatly by telling us that far up in the interior, beyond the bounds of civilisation, and far out of the track of travellers, exists a tribe of people supposed to be descendants of some of the Greek soldiers left there disabled and invalided by Alexander the Great, when he advanced to the confines of India. They possess the Greek physiognomy in all its perfection, straight nose and short upper lip, and retain their language and religion intact. Only conceive there being yet a people in existence to whom a Dryad is not a name — to whom the lovely myths of classical ages are living realities! These

soi-disant Greeks wage a fierce and vindictive war with the bordering tribes. They have preserved their identity through all these centuries by resolutely putting to death every man who ventures to intrude on their dominions, though they endeavour to entrap and steal the children of their neighbours in order to bring them up to hate the religion of their forefathers. Of course the tribes around return the compliment whenever they have an opportunity. No Englishman has yet dared to penetrate to this remnant of ancient Greece; but Keith, in common with many others, cherishes the hope of some day piercing the veil which has hitherto shrouded it from civilised eyes. He meant to go and live on the confines of the forbidden land till he had in some degree mastered the language and habits of the people, and then trust to being able to disguise himself sufficiently to deceive them. Should he succeed, the enterprise would surely be exciting enough to tempt many a bold spirit to follow him.

Keith, having hurt his foot, had an im-

promptu dandee made out of a tent-pole for two or three days, and tried being carried, but did not like it at all, not being able to reconcile himself to sit resignedly through everything as we did. His men were generally trooping after him, or assisting ours. No doubt, from his being much heavier than we were, the danger of slipping was greater for the men. On one of these days we met a Zemindar, who directed us to go up a very steep hill, and, after toiling up with great trouble, we found we had a difficult and dangerous descent to encounter, during which Keith's men slipped and rolled him out. Then we discovered that we had been made to undertake this extra hour of fatigue and toil by the Zemindar solely to prevent our passing through his village, which lay on our road. He had followed on pretence of guiding us; and when Keith discovered how we had been deceived, he administered some smart blows with his cane to the thick head of the designing Puharrie, who looked quite idiotic while receiving the chastisement, and as if he could not conceive where it came

from. The moment, however, he seemed convinced that it was meant for him, he brightened up astonishingly, and grew overpoweringly civil, insisting on aiding in carrying the dandees and accompanying us some way. This is a purely native trait. The moment you have, beyond a doubt, established your superiority, and shown him you mean to be obeyed, however rude he may have been a moment before, he becomes instantly cringingly polite, and appears to feel a positive pleasure in being tyrannised over. On one occasion, when Keith had travelled far towards Thibet, and was being carried home very ill in a dandee, unable to move, he was set down in a village, and his old Coolies refusing to go any farther, he sent for the head men, and desired them to give him some more; but they, supposing he was quite too weak to resent any indignity, only laughed at him, telling him to get Coolies for himself. Roused at this impertinence, Keith exerted all his strength, and succeeded in springing up and knocking the nearest man down, and then asked him

how many Coolies he could have. "As many as the Sahib pleases," was instantly the humble reply; and the required number were immediately forthcoming.

Whenever we wanted any extra men, the Teree Chuprassee went into a village, and the head man was bound to furnish them; but they would only go as far as the next village, where a new set had to be collected. The promise of money does not incite them to work at all. Some men who had come with us two marches stole away in the night, fearing lest they should be compelled to go on another day, and preferring to forfeit their two days' pay rather than work any more. That Teree Chuprassee always impressed a man to carry his personal baggage, who, no doubt, was never paid. On one occasion, the Coolie furnished for him presented herself in the shape of a girl about twelve years old. The bundle given to her was very light—probably much lighter than the loads she daily carried—or Keith would have interfered. As it was, he knew he should have great difficulty in finding the

lazy father or brother who had sent her as a substitute, and compelling him to do his own work.

The sensation of unbounded space and perfect freedom, added to the exhilarating effects of the mountain air, makes you exceedingly inclined to give vent to your extra spirits, by shouting and singing at the top of your voice. Nora used often to indulge her feelings by going through all the airs and ballads her memory was stored with, and I thought the echoes could hardly have been more pleasantly awakened than when ringing back "Bonny Charlie's now awa'," or, "I would that my love could silently flow." But one day, when amusing ourselves as usual, we were startled by hearing Keith's voice behind us (when we believed him to be miles away shooting) exclaiming, "No wonder the game is so scarce. If that howling is going to continue, you must let me get on in front;" an impertinent remark which of course only made us redouble our vocal efforts.

When Keith was out in the jungle by

himself, he never made any arrangements to have letters sent after him: having once or twice, on former expeditions, been recalled before his time about some unimportant business, he took good care now, by leaving no trace of his whereabout, to prevent any chance of another recal; but, in pity to our anxieties about our English letters, he despatched a Coolie to Mussoorie, to bring out to us any that had arrived. The Coolie overtook us at Phuror, but our disappointment was great on discovering the stupid man had never gone to the post-office, only called at our house, and consequently brought us nothing but notes from local friends, facetiously directed to "Crim Tartary, or elsewhere;" "To be found between Thibet and Central India;" "Somewhere in the Interior;" containing all the latest Mussoorie gossip, but of the home news, for which we were thirsting, not a line. The offending Coolie was immediately despatched a second time, and refound us at Bâla. We received our budget of letters just as night had closed in. How busy people seemed to

be—going to balls, writing squibs, marrying and engaging themselves. As we sat by our camp-fire, talking over all the events described, how strangely difficult it was to realise the difference in our position and theirs; transported in one moment from our little camp, the only spot of civilisation for miles around, to busy, breathless London, and then to quiet country homes, peaceful in general, but just now overflowing with the bustle consequent on some unwonted event. What a marrying fever seemed to be raging in England!—eight young ladies, in as many short months, have taken on themselves the cares and responsibilities of matrimony! We looked at each other with awe-struck eyes, and felt there would be a blank in many homes when we returned. "What with all these girls marrying, and you two away," said one, "all the young life of our circle seems departed." Take ten young ladies out of any circle, reader, and what remains? "Come back," said all the letters; "we are so lonely without you!" "Come back!" the sighing whispers of the

dark forests around repeated the faint echoes of the home voices, and from the mysterious depths of the Himalayan jungles our hearts replied, "We come!" Dear friends, did you hear those earnest promises?

At Bâla we went to look at the trees where we had cut our initials in gigantic letters when going up, and found them looking satisfactory. Keith rubbed them over with some dust and ashes, to make the natives suppose they were some mystical signs connected with religion, and thus prevent any mischievously-disposed person from defacing them. Faqueers always smear themselves, or anything they deem sacred, over with mud and white ashes; and their holy toilet, when completed, is about as disgusting a sight as can be conceived.

We were surprised to find in returning how lightly we looked on dangers that on first starting had seemed almost insurmountable. Our men, too, were now so perfectly inured to climbing, that they scrambled quickly over places that in going out had been looked at with much hesitation. Their

great delight was to get an extra Coolie, a fresh hand, to assist in carrying the dandees, and then make him run the whole way, insisting on going faster and faster, without a moment's pause, till the unfortunate stranger, only accustomed to proceed at a dignified pace, was compelled to give up, breathless and exhausted, while our men, in capital training, laughed and jeered at him for his effeminacy, though, had the spirit of emulation not kept them up, they would probably have been grumbling themselves about the fatigues of the way. It is extraordinary how much exertion these men will endure, and what long marches they will take, when their cupidity is once excited. A gentleman at Mussoorie told us a friend of his, when out shooting in the jungle, often sent Coolies into the station with venison for presents, and, to ensure its speedy delivery while still in a serviceable state, used to promise bucksheesh, increasing in proportion to the shortness of time elapsing between the despatch of the venison and its delivery; and the rapidity with

which these men travelled great distances was incredible. This gentleman was roused one morning very early, by his servants reporting there was a dead man lying at the bottom of the road. He went directly to see, and found two men—one dead and the other insensible, each with a deer strapped on to his shoulders. They had started together from the camp, and, incited both by the hope of reward and emulation of each other, had overtasked their strength, and fallen within sight of the end of their journey. The poor creature still alive was taken to the hospital, and, after great care and trouble, recovered. All Coolies are not such willing, uncomplaining beings, however, for I one morning saw one of our dandee men, a fat, idle lad, named Kootoo, crying bitterly, with the big tears positively rolling down his face. We begged Keith to inquire into the cause of such extreme grief, and found it only arose from the pole of the dandee, rubbing on his coarse blanket, having chafed his shoulder; so he was degraded to be a pack-Coolie,

and another elevated to his place. I wonder what English lad of eighteen would have been found sobbing for such a paltry cause!

We saw one day a whole colony of young locusts, preparing, doubtless, when old enough, to come down on some well-cultivated plain and annihilate every vestige of vegetation. Some of them were the pink locusts, and I have heard a flight of them described as a most lovely sight—a glowing rose-coloured cloud. Of course they are just as destructive, though much rarer than the common ones.

Our servants brought notice one evening that some wild dogs had just chased a cow over a khud, and were then engaged at the bottom in eating her. Keith went to look at them, but was much vexed he had not been called earlier, that he might have seen the sport. These dogs are very cunning, and hunt together in packs with an intelligence and combination far exceeding our trained hounds at home. I have been told, but know not how true it may be, that when

these dogs have puppies to provide for, they will not kill their game at a great distance from their holes (they live in colonies), but chase the animals near their homes beforehand, so that they have not far to carry the food for their children.

At Phâdee I got a splendid group of hill women, with most exquisitely-rolled turbans and a superb display of barbaric jewellery; they nearly all wore a nose-ring, and a whole bunch of rings and jingling tassel-like ornaments in their ears, which were pierced all the way up; sometimes a thick heavy chain of silver connected one of the ear-rings with the necklace. We were often struck by the singular and striking character of these ornaments, and wanted to purchase them from the women, but were always deterred by the Ayah, who assured us they were all made in the plains, and when we returned home she would bring us heaps of them from the bazaar. The poor Ayah was certainly glad her jungle wanderings were drawing to an end. Taking no interest in the scenery, she must have found the time

tedious in the extreme; and the Coolies, I am sure, often made her walk far more than was necessary, by pretending to slip, until she became too much alarmed to remain in the dandee. She constantly told us it was "very far," or that "Mussoorie was very nice:" but I am sure no European servant would have been so uncomplaining under so many difficulties. Her muslin draperies, too, collected a double quantity of the endless varieties of grass-seeds, that clung to anything they touched with a pertinacity that nothing but an hour or two of patient and careful picking could overcome. I am certain our party must have scattered acres of these dreadful seeds along our path. Some of them were so sharp they actually sewed themselves in and out of your clothes, and fastened them together like pins. We gave up in despair any attempt to keep our pugherees clear; and the shawls which we threw over our feet in the cold mornings were in such a state as to excite the compassion even of the dandee men, who often spent our intervals of rest in striving to re-

store them to something like their original state. Our veils had long been puckered up in such a manner as to be totally useless. Altogether we must have presented rather a forlorn appearance, and contemplated our entrance into Landour with some dismay. The last night in the jungle we camped near Phâdee, a place chiefly remarkable for a splendid carved wooden doorway, in a style of florid Byzantine art, and for the hut or shop of a most spirited Buniah (native merchant), who has rented all the hill-sides near, and cultivates potatoes for the Mussoorie market: I never saw such magnificent ones anywhere, so large and floury. Keith seeing it was an opportunity not to be lost, ordered a large quantity for our winter supply at Dhoorghur, knowing it would be impossible to get any so fine on the plains. This enterprising man has (in a degree) levelled the path between Phâdee and Mussoorie, so as to make it passable for the troops of little tats who carry the potatoes, when dug, into the station. Porcupines are very destructive to these potato

plantations, finding the roots a most *recherché* article of food. Keith says porcupines themselves are very good eating; they are dressed by being rolled up, quills and all, into a huge ball of clay, then popped into the middle of a wood fire, and when sufficiently done you break open the ball of clay, to which all the quills adhere, leaving the porcupine ready for table. It is nearly impossible to pick all the quills out before cooking it.

That evening we were delighted to welcome back our three ponies, a messenger having been despatched to order them to meet us here. "Tommy Tattoo" celebrated his joy on the occasion by galloping about during the night (as he was never picketed), tumbling over the ropes of our tent, and trying to come in, which, besides awaking us in a fright, disturbed the goats very much, and made them so uneasy, they effectually prevented our sleeping much more, which I was not sorry for, however, as it seemed a waste of time to sleep away our last night in the jungle. Before retiring to rest we had

a very severe thunderstorm, accompanied by tremendous hail and rain. Keith had a trench dug round our tents to drain the wet off; it was most fortunate they were up at all before the ground got soaked.

We discarded our dandees and mounted our ponies next morning with great satisfaction, and recognised each well-known peak as it came in sight, and each little white dot of a bungalow, with all the pleasure of absentees returning home, and, when we reached Landour, could scarcely believe it to be the same place. The paths we had been wont to think so narrow for cantering on were quite broad roads to our uncivilised eyes, and as for the Mall, it was fit for carriages. Everything is comparative in this world. On reaching our house we saw some tents pitched beside it, and found our cousin Ronald had just arrived *en route* for the jungle, too late to accompany us, unfortunately. However, a gentleman never seems to feel lonely with his beloved rifle beside him. As he could procure no Coolies to accompany him, he hoped to profit by the dis-

missal of ours, and when they were all collected to receive their pay, he made them a speech, advising them to join his camp and return again to the jungle, promising to shoot plenty of game for their "Khana;" but the only volunteer such a noble offer secured was our Zouave, who was undaunted by the perils of the road. Keith advised him to offer (as the difficulty of finding men would increase every day, most of them returning to their own villages for the winter) five annas a day, and this princely bribe induced a few sufficient for his camp to forego the delights of rest, and the pleasure of spending what they had already earned, and retrace their weary steps. Ronald took out a whole pack of dogs with him—all ours in addition to his own—and we took possession of our old home, of which, during our absence, the spiders and silver fish had been allowed the entire range. These latter destructive little animals, the bane of ladies' wardrobes, will eat almost anything they can find—linen and dresses, books and papers, nothing comes amiss to them. They are especially partial

to embroidered muslin. Many poor ladies, having packed their best things in tin for the rains, find them totally destroyed, riddled through and through by the sharp teeth of these land fish. As for the spiders, I cannot even now recal them without a shiver, they were so enormous, exactly like those hideous monsters, with black bodies and shaking wire legs, that little boys in London will persist in offering to you for sale. I always supposed they were the fabulous creations of some disordered imagination till I saw the hill spiders, and instantly recognised them as the original of the London penny horror.

Our house at Landour seemed quite extensive, and furnished in a style of unexampled luxury, after the makeshifts of the jungle; yet we returned to Mussoorie feeling it would be impossible again to submit to all the conventionalities of highly civilised life and its accompanying intense stupidity, our jungle experience had made us feel such extreme sympathy with gipsies and other wandering tribes; but the force of habit makes victims of us all, and the very day after our

return to Landour saw us properly equipped for a ride on the Mall. Certainly it was comforting to one's feelings to find oneself again on horseback, and able to take a good canter without upsetting a jhampaun or capsizing a weak-minded gentleman; for the Mall was deserted—all the fashionables had departed, scared by the growing sharpness of the air, telling of the severe frosts in store, and so down they went to the plains to prepare for all the delights of a cold season and its concomitant balls and gaieties.

Our Dhobee and his family had been left in charge of our house at Landour during our absence, and his little son greeted us on our return with a resplendent bunch of last lingering flowers. During Nora's convalescence, this little fellow would appear constantly in the verandah, his red shawl gracefully draped over one shoulder, to present his offering of flowers. One day he advanced in conscious pride of bestowing on us something worthy of our acceptance. This turned out to be some grotesque elephants and other impossible animals moulded in sugar, which

he evidently looked upon as unparalleled luxuries. He would willingly take *bonbons* from us though he was a Hindoo, and ought to have lost caste by touching anything edible belonging to Feringhees; but natives are so fond of sugar in all shapes that they have made a convenient rule for themselves that sweetmeats are only to be manufactured by the highest castes, and consequently everybody may eat them, just as all creeds and castes alike drink water from a Bheestie's mussuck (leathern water-bag). Our Dhobee was certainly a man of substance, for he had his wife and children up to the hills for change of air entirely at his own expense, besides going down to fetch them himself, and paying another man to fill his place during his absence.

At Mussoorie the butchers have an original mode of soliciting orders. Whenever they intend killing an ox or sheep, a list is made out of the various joints and parts of the animal, with the day on which they will be delivered. The list is sent round to every house, and those desirous of purchasing write

their name against the required piece, which generally is well attended to. But one day, alas! the quarter of lamb did not make its appearance at the appointed time, and the Chuprassee was ordered to go and remind the butcher of our expected joint. This he refused to do, saying he should lose caste. Keith reminded him he was not to bring home the meat, simply to take the message, but in vain. The man declared that as the butcher killed beef and had it on his premises, he dare not go near him. My brother was highly indignant, and gave him his dismissal at once, much to our sorrow, as he had been a good servant in all respects but this one thing. Everybody, however, applauded Keith's determination, saying that the pernicious effects of giving in to caste were too great to admit of the indulgence of it in the slightest degree. I really think, altogether, we treat the natives far too much as reasoning beings. They are so childish in mind, that, like children, they ought to be compelled to obey the orders they cannot comprehend. The benefit of the coercive system

is observable in the difference between the servants and Coolies in Landour and Mussoorie. At the former place, being entirely a military sanitarium, an impertinent servant is sent with a note to the officer in charge of the barracks, and is summarily dealt with off-hand. Consequently, the Landour men, knowing what they have to expect, are civil and obliging; while the Mussoorie people are daily plagued by the insolence of their servants, because the latter know well that, before punishing them, a long and tiresome form has to be gone through, from their masters having to apply to the civil court for redress. Gentlemen, therefore, often bear rudeness rather than take the trouble of going to law about it.

My brother, being disappointed with his sport in the jungle, set off for the Dhoon in quest of elephants, as he had still a few weeks of leave remaining, and Nora and I betook ourselves to reflections on our past adventures and extended excursions in our own neighbourhood. We had often been told of the beauty of the "Murray Falls"—a

favourite site for pic-nics—and determined on judging for ourselves; so, getting a lady friend to accompany us, we started one fine morning with our ponies and one dandee. We had been told we could not get near the falls save on foot; so, as a precautionary measure, left the beloved "Puck" at the Dhobee's village—a singular-looking place, chiefly remarkable for the rows of garments hanging out to dry, "fluttering like snowy banners in the breeze." All the washermen of Mussoorie abide here for the convenience of the clear stream of running water. As we had not the slightest idea of where the falls were, only that they were somewhere in that direction, we thought it desirable to make inquiries, and were informed we had better trace the stream up to its source. This advice was a sheer impossibility, but we determined to get to the waterfalls nevertheless, and by dint of immense perseverance and no small amount of courage, we not only reached them ourselves, but persuaded our marvellous pony "Tommy" to stand at the foot of the falls also—a feat he may well be

proud of, as we were assured no four-footed animal larger than a dog could perform it; but then "Tommy" had more sense than many human beings. But my nerves were destined to be more severely tried than I expected, for, on returning by a supposed shorter route, we came to a bad landslip, over which a slight path had been trodden, sufficient for a man to walk over with care and circumspection, as it was formed of little rolling stones. I was mounted on "Tommy." The shades of evening were gathering, but I could see an unpleasant-looking abyss ready to receive me. I cannot think why I did not dismount, but on I went till, nearly over the bad bit, one of "Tommy's" hind legs slipped, and then both went over the edge. Still he had a good hold with his fore legs, after two vigorous efforts regained his footing, and seemed noways disconcerted at his escape; but, for myself, I felt a most unpleasant sensation of intense fear. While he was struggling I had full time to realise my position, and knew there was no hope for me if he failed in his efforts; and even now it gives me a cold

shudder to think of it. But "Tommy" never feared anything. He had a most provoking trick of dancing on the edge of a khud—nothing would break him of it; so, one day, Keith dismounted, and with great difficulty succeeded in pushing him over, thinking, if it did not kill, it would surely cure him for the future. After a few moments of breathless suspense, he looked over the edge, and beheld "Master Tommy" coolly grazing on a little patch of grass, having fallen about twelve feet, and, finding himself unhurt, he thought it a pity to waste valuable time, so made the best of it. Keith had immense trouble to get him pulled up to the path again, nowise daunted by his adventure; nothing could eradicate his perverseness and obstinacy.

One day, when seated quietly at dinner, a note in an unknown hand was brought us, and the writer, after a long preamble begging us not to alarm ourselves, which of course made us expect the worst, informed us Keith had seriously cut his hand, and so was unable to write himself. A parcel with

two nondescript lumps, one bristly, the other smooth, accompanied the note, and were respectively labelled, "An elephant's tail, and tongue." Keith had, then, shot his elephant; and next day he arrived himself, being unable to shoot any more with his wounded hand. It seems he had tracked the elephant a long way first on "Grog," then on foot, accompanied by the faithful Keniah, and had killed it by a ball between its eyes. It was a splendid animal, with tusks three feet long. He then proceeded to cut out the tongue for our refection, and in further pursuance of "Gordon Cumming's" directions, was commencing to dissect the foot with a kûkri—a scythe-shaped instrument, when his fingers, being slippery, fell with all the force he was using on the sharp blade, and inflicted a ghastly cut; so the elephant's foot is still an untasted delicacy to us. He had to march to Dehrah—a distance of some fourteen miles—to get his wound dressed, and then despatched a Coolie with the tongue and tip of the tail for our benefit. The tongue was boiled—how many hours I should be afraid to state,

but at least the whole day—and we each inserted a scrap boldly into our mouths, and sat patiently chewing a substance much resembling mucilaginous shoe-leather for ten minutes, without making any impression or extracting any taste; so we decided elephant's tongue might be a rarity, but we should not grieve after it on that account. The tail we divested of its hairs, keeping them as a remembrance; not that they are a bit like an elegant lock of hair, but each sticks out independently and very strong, about the thickness of a ring.

We were thankful to get Keith back at any cost, even minus a joint of his little finger, as our friends had unceasingly laboured to convince us of the extreme foolhardiness and peril of elephant shooting in the Dhoon, where so many of them are tuskers, and others have escaped from former civilisation, always the most dangerous to encounter. They all predicted, if we ever saw him again, it would certainly be with the loss of one, if not all his limbs; so a finger disabled seemed a perfect trifle not worth mention-

ing, though Keith lamented that he feared it would be a bar to his boxing; not that he ever had cared for that amusement before, but with a thorough mannish spirit of wanting anything unattainable, and not caring for it unless it is, he now began to have vehement anxieties to spar at everything.

When Keith's encounter with the monarch of the forest became known, all the ladies who still had to perform their journey down to the plains became dreadfully alarmed lest the enraged companions of the murdered elephant should lie in wait in the pass, and revenge themselves for his death. The superintendent of the Dhoon received many moving epistles from the gentle sex, earnestly begging that an escort of Sowars (mounted police) might be provided for their protection.

The palkee bearers are apt to play tricks upon unwary travellers while carrying them through this formidable pass, by occasionally setting down the palkee, and shouting "Heartie!" (elephant), breaking boughs of trees, and making a feint of driving away

and otherwise frightening the supposed animal, after which they return to the terrified individual in the palkee, and demand rupees to a large amount for their valiant behaviour. This is an entire *ruse*, for in the case of a real live elephant appearing, they are certain to drop the palkee, take to their heels, and decamp speedily.

We were told that, as the cold weather came on, we might have the pleasure of encountering a leopard in our rambles, or receiving a visit from a bear some evening, as they are driven by hunger nearer the haunts of men; and we heard a piteous tale of Mrs. Percy's favourite terrier being carried off one night, and its fate remained for ever shrouded in mystery. So many reiterated assurances made us rather nervous, and set us speculating what our behaviour under such circumstances would be—soon to be put to the proof—for, when returning from Mussoorie late one evening, "Puck" gave symptoms of alarm so unusual in him that my attention was called to it, and a slight rustling directing my eyes, I saw a large tawny-looking

animal, with a long tail, spring on to the path immediately before us, and then crouching with an astonished gaze at us, leaped lightly up the khud and disappeared from sight, leaving us uncertain whether it was a vision or matter-of-fact reality. Some young gentlemen spent a night in the valley at the foot of our house, intent on slaughtering a bear, having often been disturbed by nocturnal growlings round their bungalow, but Bruin was too wary, and though they heard him near, the night was too dark to hazard a shot, lest one of their attendants might be the target; so with fading visions of bottles of bear's-grease, they were forced to give it up, having caught sufficient bad colds to last them the remainder of the season.

We sometimes saw the hill fox—an animal twice the size of our Reynard, of a silvery-grey colour, with a brush worth a hard day's run. Keith's coming up relieved us of all responsibilities of sending off the crockery, servants, and baggage to Dhoorghur—a proceeding which would have involved a more fluent outlay of Hindostanee than even our

advanced powers were quite capable of; but it was with feelings of regret that we prepared to bid adieu to our mountain home. Those far-distant snowy peaks had become as familiar friends, and their spotless purity and upward pointing seemed like warning sentinels faithfully reminding us of our duty; and all these lovely valleys and beauteous scenery, this free wild life, was to be exchanged for the etiquette and routine of Dhoorghur, which we looked upon only as the scene of all our miseries. But Keith's leave had nearly expired; so, after living a few days in that wretched transition state consequent on a flitting, all was packed, and on a bright autumnal morning we entered our jhampauns bound for Rajpore. Our ponies and all heavy baggage had been sent off previously, but of course a goodly store of miscellaneous articles had to be stowed away at the last moment in each jhampaun, and the Ayah, with her precious charge, the kitten, was to follow in a dandee. It seemed a shame to leave Mussoorie just when autumn was decking her in all her golden

glories, and the clear bracing air gave strength to the frame to bear the heat of the plains. When descending the hill we felt the change considerably in the temperature.

At Rajpore we were packed into a non-descript-looking vehicle to drive as far as Dehrah, half-way through the valley of the Dhoon. Everything here seemed home-like —fields of grain well watered and cultivated, and hedgerows like England, save that most of them consisted of roses now in all their pride of crimson blossoms. We stopped at Dehrah for refreshment, where we found our cousin Ronald awaiting us, and were joined by our unhappy Ayah; her dandee men not having reached Rajpore in time for her to accompany us in the carriage, she had been compelled to walk the whole distance, alternately carrying the kitten, who scratched her arms all over, and dragging it along by a string. Both Ayah and kitten were thoroughly exhausted with their morning's exertions. We then went to inspect the tusks of Keith's elephant. The head had been buried in the Kutchery compound, and the

tusks remained protruding from the surface, and were to do so till decomposition had progressed sufficiently to admit of their being pulled out. A crowd of natives collected to see the Burra Sahib who had done this feat of ridding their sugar plantations of one of its marauders. The black policeman of the village presented us with an offering of sugar-canes six feet long, and branches of plantains.

We drove through the rest of the Dhoon in buggies, and found our ponies awaiting us at the entrance of the pass. Keith and Ronald went on foot, but we had no fancy for such rough work—very fatiguing, and no glory to be gained. The pass, being nothing but the dried bed of a river, consists of huge stones of all sizes, and interspersed with fords, which had to be waded through. The night closed in when we were entering the defile, casting gloomy shadows over our path from the weird old trees and volcanic-looking peaks of the Sewallicks. Besides, this pass is celebrated as the favourite haunt of a man-eating elephant, "Ganesh" by name, who,

having once been subjugated to human control, broke loose one day, and now inflicts dire vengeance on all travellers he meets with. No less than forty people have lost their lives from this infuriated beast, and, notwithstanding the rewards offered by Government for his apprehension, and the efforts of numerous parties of huntsmen eager to distinguish themselves by his extirpation, he cannot be caught. Tigers also are said to abound here; so we may be forgiven casting rather anxious glances at the deepening gloom, and feeling an increased acceleration of the pulses on spying some animal stealthily crawling away, even though it might be but a jackal. Keith urged us to gallop on, saying he always made "Grog" go at full speed; but it seemed sheer madness to do so over such boulders of rock and unsteady ground. His and my cousin's pedestrian powers soon outstripped our ponies, and, by way of varying the monotony of the way, as it was quite dark, Nora bethought her of trying what riding gentleman fashion was like, but found "Puck's" back decidedly too broad for comfort. On

emerging from the pass of the Dhoon, we at once entered on the sandy plains of India, and resigned ourselves to a night of palkee dâk. Being now fairly started southwards, we left pure air and health behind, and were lulled to sleep by the subdued chant of the bearers. On waking next morning, I found I had passed the night in company with three huge spiders — a more serious thing than it sounds, from their enormous size and occasionally poisonous nature. Besides, the dust lay an inch thick all over me, raised by the shuffling manner these men walk.

We now exchanged our palkees for gharries similar to those in which we had come from Calcutta, and everything was precisely the same—kicking horses, &c. But Keith, being known in these parts, caused greater speed on the part of our drivers, and late in the evening we saw the lights of Dhoorghur. Part of the commander-in-chief's camp had already arrived, and the white tents, with their fires and black attendants, were a pleasant break in the darkness of the night. When we quitted

Dhoorghur, at the time of Nora's illness, it was determined not to return to our old house, and Keith had selected another for us, and given orders for the proper arranging of everything for our reception. But, on driving up under the spacious portico, we found everything dark and dreary, all the doors locked, and a frantic amount of knocking only served to awaken a stupid Chowkedar, who informed us that, as we had not been expected for two or three days, the Khitmutghar had gone to his own residence in the bazaar, and there were no servants in the place. We procured a native light, consisting of a small saucerful of oil, with a cotton wick, giving out feeble rays, and proceeded to examine the dark and tenantless rooms. All the furniture was piled in the centre of the hall, with the exception of the drawing-room mantelpiece, which was carefully arranged in precisely the same manner as the one at the old house had been. We then chose our respective rooms, and made the pleasing discovery that there were no beds to sleep on, they having been left in

another house. After numberless delays we succeeded in getting a scanty refreshment of tea, bread, and guava jelly, the very name of which makes me feel sick. Our table was lighted by wine bottles, a candle gracefully inserted into the mouth of each; and as for knives and spoons, one of each served for everything. So, tired and weary, we betook ourselves to repose.

In the morning things looked brighter. We thought the house far more cheerful and better arranged than the "Castle of Otranto." The drawing-room was an especially pleasant one, opening on to the verandah, with a huge bay on one side, giving us a bright view of the garden, and, as is usual in most Indian compounds, two or three Mohammedan tombs coming close up to our windows. In a few days our hall was arranged with a splendour calculated to strike awe into the hearts of all beholders. It was a large, lofty room, with the Indian complement of doors and windows, and Keith took the adornment of it entirely into his own hands, he and Keniah daily perilling their lives on the tops

of ladders till all was completed. As you entered, on the wall facing you a huge black bearskin was extended alongside a magnificent tiger ditto. Keith was very proud of this latter skin, as he had shot the creature in the eye, so it was intact. Besides, the day before its departure from this life, it had demolished an old woman. On the mantelpiece beneath were stuffed heads of various species of deer, "snow antelope," &c. The fireplace was a perfect Golgotha for boars, deers, and other animals, flanked by the skull of an elephant hewn in half (a former victim of Keith's); while the centre displayed a tiger's head, with its huge fangs all perfect. One wall was devoted to Keith's battery of guns, with a relief of pistols, ours bearing a conspicuous place. On one side a huge pair of elk's antlers towered over panthers and deerskins, and all the corners had hog-spears, bows and arrows, &c. On a round table in one part, covered with a leopard-skin, reposed in state the ivory tusks of his two elephants, demonstrating a painful fact of the inferiority of the female to the

male, the former being about five inches long, very much discoloured, and ribbed like an old hag's; the latter, smooth, polished, and pure white, with a beautiful sweeping curve. Over the door leading to the drawing-room were two claymores, supporting Keith's arms, displayed on a shield. All together it was a most striking apartment, carpeted with tiger and bearskins, and specimens of native weapons and chain armour filling any vacant spaces.

Our morning rides now were most enjoyable. No longer compelled to rise before daybreak, we were left unmolested till half-past six, and then the clear fresh air, and the remains of hoar-frost on the ground, made one's spirits feel up to anything: besides, we discovered new rides, and found the deserted race-course a charming place for a good gallop. Then, on returning, the house looked quite gay, with every door and window thrown open, bright flowers in the vases, and a cheerful fire in the grate. It certainly was a contrast to the former phase of Dhoorghur life we had undergone; people

all seemed more friendly and sociable, and infinitely better tempered. The Course was crowded every evening; large riding-parties were formed, and every one talked of the approaching balls, which, however, were not to begin till the arrival of the commander-in-chief, an event daily anticipated. Meanwhile the artillery were hard at work practising, and every morning commenced a series of cannonading and bugle-calls, till we were tired of the sounds. The officers talked earnestly of bayonet practice, and the Rifles were getting up a special treat for the chief, in the shape of some wonderful backsword exercise, utterly incomprehensible to us, but which was to crown them with honour if successfully achieved—a fact which seemed mythical to me, from the description I heard of it, as it was impossible for the human frame to put itself into such contortions. The maidaun by the Course was covered with the tents prepared for this important personage, and very gay and pretty they looked, with the elephants and their gaudy trappings stationed about. At last the mag-

nate arrived in the "simple garb of an English gentleman," his gharrie surmounted by an iron reclining-chair and a brass chilumchee (washing-basin), and forthwith the station went mad. First all the military, inducting themselves into the stiffest of stocks and tightest of boots, were all marshalled and presented by their respective colonels; then a series of reviews and practisings were announced; to conclude with a grand field-day, under the command of the brigadier. Two balls and a military dinner were instantly determined upon by the hospitable inhabitants of Dhoorghur, and every house we drove to when paying our visits presented the spectacle of a Dirzee (tailor) surrounded by silks, tarlatane, ribbons, and other materials for finery, wherein the daughters of Eve delight to array themselves. Everywhere and in every manner the note of preparation was sounded, and hospitality on a truly Indian scale was carried on, for the commander-in-chief has a huge camp, with staff and all sorts of

long-named officials appertaining, all of whom had dear and intimate friends at Dhoorghur.

The season commenced with the station ball, given in the Rifles' mess-room. It was a regular subscription-ball, comprising civilians and military. Nora and I having been privately informed that there were but five really good dancers in Dhoorghur, felt doubtful as to our enjoyment of the evening, knowing we could not dance with the accomplished five all night, besides the slight misfortune of not knowing the names of these highly-favoured individuals. On entering the ball-room things looked promising; the holland was well strained over the chunam floor, and numerous doorways, half hidden in lace and garlands, were suggestive of cooling (*alias* flirting) rooms. All was lighted by several chandeliers, the shades of which had evidently been constructed during the early days of the art of potichomanie, and were looked upon with great complacency by Mr. Hamilton as decided hits; a sentiment I did not agree in, but

fully appreciated that gentleman's taste and skill in the grouping of the wreaths and floral devices on the walls: nothing could have been more effective or in better taste. Certainly, when gentlemen condescend to such trifles, they generally do them thoroughly well. On examining our cards of engagements we thought the arrangements perfectly satisfactory; innumerable waltzes and galops, with but two quadrilles as rests. The bands both of Artillery and Rifles were stationed off the dancing-room, and took the labour of playing alternately. We soon found the greatest difficulty would be to determine which of all the numerous petitioners for a dance was to be favoured, and thought this first ball a good opportunity of trying their various powers, and making a mental list accordingly. Here, of course, the old expedients are resorted to for evading bad partners, which is not difficult from the superabundance of the nobler sex; still I was not quite prepared for the downright fibs I met with. One gentleman told me that he was just about

to ask a young lady for a dance, when he heard her regretting to a prior applicant that she had not one vacant, at which my informant exclaimed with conventional politeness. The young lady turned to him, saying, "We'll arrange that presently;" and as soon as her unwelcome admirer had departed, she showed her card, with several waltzes disengaged, which she kindly added she had kept expressly for him. Everything was surprisingly like a ball at home, excepting the space; instead of being crowded for room and obliged to stand between the dances, we had free space for the maddest galop, with delicious lounging-chairs and tempting-looking sofas to rest on. We were quite glad to think the whole season was before us, and at least nine balls in prospect; we both agreed that the cold season was decidedly the pleasantest part of Indian life we had yet experienced.

A friend of my brother's had long promised him a juvenile bull-dog, and one day the animal arrived, having travelled some distance with his keeper. He was of

course had in for inspection immediately, and a more ill-favoured brute I never saw. In colour he was black and white; his under jaw protruded till his teeth looked like a wild-boar's fangs, his lips hanging loose, as if greedy for prey, his nose so very *retroussé* that you fancied you might get a peep at his brains, and his eyes small and blood-shot, the under eyelids drooping heavily, and with his wide flat forehead surmounting all, he looked a perfect demon. Keith christened him there and then "Butcher," and we thought we should never get over an uneasy sensation about the ankles in his presence. He was generally kept chained in the verandah of the dining-room, and Keith used to conciliate him with luscious morsels from the dinner-table, which "Butcher" gulped with avidity, his huge jaws showing rows of formidable teeth. At last, after many bracings-up of our courage, we ventured to cultivate his friendship, and on further acquaintance discovered many amiable qualities in his disposition, reminding us of the old tale that the "Beast" was only in the

exterior development. At last "Butcher" was on such intimate terms with us as to be allowed the free range of the house, and profited by his liberty to terrify our Khitmutghars, lying in wait for them behind doorways and springing out after them, causing the poor men to lift their feet hastily and nervously; but he never did any harm, being still quite a puppy, notwithstanding his size. His bandy-legged appearance looked as if he had not been properly tended by his parents, and had been instructed in the art of walking when by reason of his tender age his limbs could not support his bulk. He looked quite irresistible when dressed for company, with a cocky little black velvet hat stuck over one eye, and an eye-glass suspended round his neck—a style of attire extremely becoming to him—and when led in walking like a Christian on two legs, he sweetly recalled the nursery song of "A Froggy would a wooing go." My brother always made "Butcher" sleep in his room at night, hoping to teach him to act as a watch-dog

when in camp. Certainly "Butcher" showed, like most other animals, a strong antipathy to natives; his own personal attendant he tolerated, but any interference from others caused his lips to curl threateningly in a peculiarly sarcastic manner. It is extraordinary the anxiety soldiers evince to become the fortunate possessors of these ungainly animals. Native dog-fanciers sometimes make a round of the principal European stations, and rouse the acquisitive tendencies of the men by some extra piece of ugliness. They will save months of pay, or, if quite beyond their means, three or four club together to make up the requisite sum, and then in the evenings they may be seen airing their precious bull-dog. No other class of dog seems to possess equal attractions for them.

It amused us highly during the cold season to see the immense care manifested about each canine favourite. Morning and evening their attendant led out for a walk sometimes six, occasionally more, of these valued animals, with little black body-clothes, bound

with red. At night, also, they sleep in them to shield them from possible cold. Everybody keeps dogs, but most of them are chained up somewhere in the compound, and only a wiry terrier or stout King Charles is allowed in the house. I used to pity the poor creatures during the hot season, they seemed to feel the heat so much; indeed most valuable dogs are sent to the hills for change of air. Mrs. Douglas had a pet spaniel, which used always to lie on its back just under the punkah, like a barrel with legs to it.

European soldiers in India seem able to command more luxuries than their comrades at home, and truly they need all they can get, but we were surprised at their extended ideas on the subject of dress. A friend of ours noticed a lovely mousseline-de-soie at Mrs. Ludlam's one day, but, as usual with expensive dresses in India, the price demanded was more than she thought expedient to give, being eight pounds, so she chose something else. On returning to the shop a few days after, she again wished to see the mousseline, but was told that a sergeant had

come to choose a dress for his wife for an approaching "Soldiers' Ball;" he had requested to be shown the handsomest ball-dress, and had forthwith taken and paid for that identical one.

Soon far and near a whisper of "races" was circulated. Subscriptions were raised, stewards selected, and every gentleman anxiously conned the contending merits of Arabs, Walers, and Cape horses. Rumours floated about of some neighbouring Rajah with an unlimited stud, and an English jockey attached, who would infallibly carry all before him. Our pleasant morning canters were brought to a close by a huge board prohibiting all riding on the race-course, unless for horses in training, who were expected to pay down sixteen rupees for the privilege. The enormous rat-holes were filled up, the tumble-down stand white-washed and revived, and a portentous pair of scales stationed in front of it.

The first day's races were but scantily attended, a ball having taken place the preceding evening, and the fair ladies of Dhoorghur were not disposed to rise at seven, after

dancing all night, even to witness the best-contested race in the world. Though it was the cold season, the races always commenced at eight, and never lasted later than eleven, as the sun was then considered too powerful for exposure. I cannot pretend to describe the points of the racers or the beauty of their running. Almost all were ridden by gentlemen riders, and as we knew many of them, both riders and horses, personally, it was great amusement to us on that account. We rode down to the race-course the first day we attended, and found all Dhoorghur on the road—ladies on horseback and in carriages, gentlemen in buggies, natives of every grade, some on respectable horses, but the majority on miserable tats, and many a little family of hopefuls stowed away in a howdah, perched on an elephant's back out of harm's way.

It was a gay and busy scene as we mounted the race-stand and looked over the ground. I never saw a more novel sight. The race-course forms a circle, two miles round, and close by the stand are ranged a

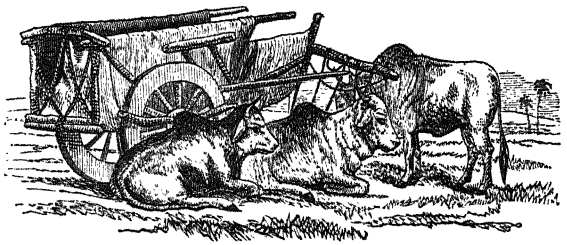
series of huts, built of branches, in which many of the noble steeds are reposing. The throngs of natives dressed in the gaudiest colours, the hubbub and clatter of so many tongues all intensely excited (for natives take a keen interest in races, and I noticed many of our own servants in the crowd), the vendors of sherbets and fruit, who would get in the way, and that miserable dog, the identical one, I believe, that always crosses the course at home as the starting-bell rings. And now the dandified jockeys, throwing aside their over-coats, appear in all the glories of racing-shirts of divers-coloured silks, and such marvellously-fitting boots (not at all like Mr. Wren's). The process of weighing was conducted with the solemnity due to such a serious occasion, each jockey resigning himself like a helpless lamb, conscious that many bright eyes are looking on, amused spectators of his being weighed like a shoulder of mutton. Then the light racing-saddles, having been found correct, are carefully adjusted on the waiting horses. What rearing and curveting goes on—what

impatient dives the restless steeds make at the sea of black beings, which surges back, alarmed for an instant, to press more forward the next, till the clerk of the course waves them off, and breathless excitement ensues. Such betting and odds fly from one to the other till, after an age apparently of suspense, though in reality barely a few seconds, the winner dashes past the chair, and dismounts again to be tried in the balances. All kinds of vagaries and sky-races are permitted. One gentleman, a particularly lengthy and well-developed specimen, insisted on riding his own Arab, though full two stone heavier than any of his competitors, and, as might have been expected, was "nowhere" in the first two heats. The third he allowed another to ride for him, when his horse came in very creditably, though considerably exhausted from having been thus overweighted.

But the European soldiers' races were the most delightful things imaginable, their enjoyment was so thorough and hearty. A few of them had borrowed their officers' hacks, and, in consequence, easily beat their com-

panions; but one and all took off their jackets and rolled their shirt-sleeves up to their shoulders—for what reason I know not, unless to display their biceps muscle—and commenced a vigorous application of the whip, together with positive digging of their heels into the unfortunate horses' sides, from the instant they quitted the starting-post. Some few had one, some actually a pair of spurs, and then, woe to the unfortunate possessor of the creature they bestrode, for its sides were literally scored like a gridiron, rendering the animal unfit for use for some days, not to mention the state of its mouth. It was therefore decided that at the next soldiers' race the winner was to be sold for twenty rupees, which effectually prevented any more lending on the part of the officers.

My brother was obliged to visit a distant part of his district, and, as he was only to be away a day or two, we remained at Dhoorghur. Whenever Keith quitted us in this way, he desired us to load our pistols and have them ready; so we carefully deposited



BULLOCK CART.

each case beneath our respective charpoys, quite handy, thereby inspiring great awe and respect in the minds of our Ayahs, but were much relieved to find they were never put into requisition. When Keith returned, he told us he had brought us a new pet, and a serious, solemn owl made its appearance. My brother had been investigating an old ruin, and had disturbed the happy pair. One flew clumsily away, as if not well awake; the other stood steadfast at its post, blinking incessantly, but offered no resistance to its captors. It was a very large bird, with white speckled feathers, a dark-brown ruff round its face, forming a mask, from which its large, bright eyes gleamed like smouldering fires. It was very tractable, and sat complacently

on our hands, but hissed violently when any of the dogs came near, and showed a decided preference for our society in place of the natives. We were rather at a loss to cater for its entertainment, but quails having been suggested, were luckily procurable, and nightly a few were introduced to the owl, who struck them down and then demolished them. It objected highly to dead game, preferring to kill its own provisions. In the daytime he always maintained a dignified indifference to surrounding objects, and sat peacefully gazing at nothing from the back of a chair, never thinking of flying away, which he might easily have done, as he was always kept outside in the verandah. At night he was more lively, but still preserved a sedate and composed demeanour as befitted one accustomed to move in the highest circles of life.

The natives now thoroughly understand that Christmas-time is to be celebrated with all honour, and on Christmas-eve, as if by magic, every compound gate is decked with a plantain-tree (emblem of plenty) on each

side, and garlands of flowers suspended over all. How they get such a number I can't imagine, but they rarely have any roots, and soon die away. Early in the morning of Christmas-day we met in our ride crowds of natives bearing dallies (a large, round, flat basket) on their heads, piled with all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats. Each house is besieged with dozens of these offerings. Keith would not allow one to enter, declaring that if he accepted any, the natives who sent them would expect some appointment as a reward; but many people allow their servants to have the benefit of them. In olden times, when bribing went on, gold mohurs and pearl necklaces were enclosed in oranges or balls of sugar, but those palmy days have passed away. I am certain, had I been a civilian at that time, I should not have been strong-minded enough to reject such fairy fruits. Now, the contents of the dallies are strictly confined to fruits and sweetmeats. The church on Christmas-day presented an unusually crowded appearance, many who rarely attended on Sundays making a point

of recalling the old home customs; and the road to church was thronged with natives assembled to watch the Sahib-Logue proceeding to their devotions. Besides, service was now at the more reasonable hour of eleven o'clock. Nora and I of course departed, as we thought, in extra good time; but, oh! the horror and dismay on entering the church to behold the clergyman just ascending the pulpit! We had mistaken twelve for eleven. It was too late to retreat: the sound of our carriage wheels had been heard all over the church; so, feeling heartily ashamed, we were compelled to walk forward to our usual seats, feeling convinced that all the young officers opposite were enjoying our embarrassment, and long it was before we heard the last of our unfortunate mistake.

Mrs. Douglas kindly asked us to come to her house for tiffin to see her dallies, which she had laid out in state in an ante-room, and we found the floor a perfect sea of golden oranges and bananas, rosy apples from Cabul, grapes, shadocks, and custard-

apples, while piles of sugar ornaments, and mountains of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and Sultana raisins, were dotted about. We could only stand in the verandah and look in, feeling quite satiated with the sight of them. I expected Nora to be quite ill from the amount of barley-sugar Mrs. Douglas stored her with, and which lasted her at least a week. Everybody dines with everybody, and each regiment has a huge dinner party on Christmas-day at the mess or colonel's house, at which all the officers and their families are present, in remembrance of the home-gatherings. Dinner parties are carried on throughout the cold season with an eagerness worthy a better object.

There is no subject on which English people talk more egregious nonsense than the Civil Service of India: it is a sealed book to them; they seem incapable of comprehending its meaning at all. A civilian's duties are so varied that it would take a long time and a clear head to make them at all comprehensible to English understandings. In the North-West Provinces, in ad-

dition to the whole judicial business arising from the crimes and misdemeanours of some 1,200,000 human beings,* he has the revenues of a district of perhaps 2500 square miles to collect. In many instances the roads of the district are under his orders; he has to superintend and often supply the engineering work of all the bridges required; any public buildings come under his supervision; any extra work, however incongruous, is always thrown on the civilian's shoulders; and I assure you the amount of business thus accumulated forms no light weight for a man of moderate health and average abilities. Fancy sitting all day in a hot Kutchery, crowded to suffocation with reeking natives, the punkah over your head just giving barely sufficient circulation of air to allow European lungs to perform their vital functions. The whole day is occupied by hearing native witnesses for various cases, who are all, you know, striving to prevari-

* See the Government Census Papers for the North-West. A judge, not having as much extra work as a collector, has sometimes two of these districts put under his charge.

cate, intrigue, and tell untruths to the best of their power. Perhaps you hear a whole set of witnesses one day, and the remainder for that case cannot be collected for three weeks afterwards; you have to keep the threads of that and a hundred similar cases in your head, and sift the few grains of truth from the mass of error, and having formed your judgment, write out a whole report in English and send it in to Government. Is it surprising that a wrong judgment should sometimes be given, or that the evidence, dragged in spite of himself from the unwilling lips of the witness, should not sound on paper as conclusive as it did to the magistrate, who was keenly watching the hundred nameless yet unmistakable signs which lead him, by long practice, to divine the truth ?

My brother used to leave home about eleven (having generally got through a number of audiences in his private office), and remain hearing causes in Kutchery till about seven, without the slightest intermission for tiffin or rest. Sometimes he would

be much later, and when I asked what had detained him, the usual reply was, "Oh, such a busy day, and even now I have left seventy witnesses unheard, who must go on in addition to to-morrow's work." I am sure the whole time we were in India, Keith did not accompany us six times on our evening drive. After Kutchery, he had always to go down and visit his prisoners in gaol; at the close of this day's work, was it any wonder he should be too tired to read, almost too exhausted to eat his dinner, or too languid to converse? At night he generally had letters and reports to write out; he said, as he could not attempt to sleep in hot weather, it was better to write then, and sleep as the air grew cooler, towards the morning. Gentlemen have often told me it was totally impossible after work to attempt to read, their mental faculties required absolute repose, and music, whether they themselves performed or not, is a priceless boon to the overtasked mind; after an hour spent at the piano, the weary worker finds returning energy enough to try

to eat his dinner. Of course, in the cold weather, all miseries are more endurable; but after some years of this kind of life you meet with depressed and saddened men, with earnest hollow eyes, who tell you they know they have given the best energies and years of their lives to a land that can repay them nothing, and that for all these long, weary years of patient toil, they can never hope at home for even a word of credit, much less fame; the most enviable lot they can look forward to is respectable oblivion. You may strive to answer these moody thoughts with some old stereotyped consolation as "duty is its own reward," but the common-place truism dies on your lips, for the man does not complain, he only states an undeniable fact; and though, doubtless, every man should do his duty without hope of reward, still, who has not sometimes dreamed that the sweet breath of Fame had touched his name and made it glorious? And then their apparently high salaries are far more so in name than in reality. Nearly every civilian I saw was in debt—perhaps a

debt contracted during his griffinage, and which, like an incubus, follows him throughout his career; besides, a civilian has to keep up a better establishment than a military man, and, as he gets on in the service, he pays proportionately more for every article he requires. Many civilians' wives have told me, when their husbands rose to higher positions, their increased salaries were in reality no saving, for their utmost efforts only showed them more fully how entirely they were in the hands of their servants, who always expect increased wages, and succeed in making the house-bills increase in proportion; and what can one helpless Englishwoman do, when opposed to a whole brotherhood of natives? "My coachman left me when my husband was made joint magistrate," said one lady, "because I refused to raise his wages; but he is a very good coachman, and I advise you to take him; but as your brother is collector, of course you must give him more."

In Calcutta, to such an extent has the ra-

paciousness of servants risen, that a lady assured me she found it made very little difference if they kept open house or lived quite alone; and now some families prefer having all their meals from a *traiteur*, by which means they can, at least, calculate exactly what their expenses will be. Keith used just to cut off a per-centage from the weekly bills presented to him, saying his time was too valuable to spend in looking over accounts; and whatever you choose to deduct from the sum total the Khansamah gives you, he appears to acquiesce in most willingly, knowing, no doubt, he can easily make it up in some other way. When a civilian rises to a very high post, of course he may save money if he can keep his appointment; but how often does failing health compel him to return home just as the prize is in his grasp? "I am out of debt," says my brother, "because I am unmarried; but how civilians with families manage I cannot possibly conceive." And, after all, when a man has toiled hard in this pestilential cli-

mate for twenty years,* and finds himself a judge or collector, with two, or perhaps three thousand a year, surely had he worked as hard in the law—the nearest analogous profession at home—he might have achieved an income nearly equal to that in a good climate, with all his friends and children around him; and none, save those who have tried it themselves, know what the exile gives up.

There are many military men who contrive to live in India, and pay off their debts, on what sounds a mere pittance (nay, even aid relatives at home); but then an officer has the mess to go to, which takes him out of the hands of his servants. He need only ride a small tat, which costs him little to buy and less to keep; he may live, if he chooses it, in a tiny two-roomed bungalow. No one ever thinks of his entertain-

* There is sometimes as much luck in the civil as the military professions. Some men rise to be collectors after eight or nine years' residence in India, while many are still only collectors after twenty years' service. A civilian is obliged, during his term of service, to pay up to Government, out of his salary, the half of his retiring pension of 1000*l.* a year, or he must retire on a smaller pension.

ing anybody, and every article he buys he gets at a much lower tariff than any civilian can. If a subaltern, with no private means, is married, his life, without doubt, must be a hard struggle; yet there are many young couples who have nobly fought their way to competency through a long pressure of debt and difficulties hard to realise; yet the anxieties of such a life are so great it seems very rash to risk it at all. More than one senior officer's wife has said to me that she would never advise any girl to marry a subaltern, nor would she ever consent to a daughter of her own doing so; for though she was now at rest, yet she had herself passed through the ordeal, and knew by sad experience what a wearying and painful one it was.

About a week after the conclusion of the races, a steeple-chase was arranged to come off very shortly, and on the appointed afternoon Nora and I, with some friends, rode down early and went over the ground, inspecting the fences and ditches got up for this special occasion; and some very ugly

ones there were. On reviewing the line of country chosen, we found that, as it was in a semicircle, by riding inside we might have a chance of keeping up with the race, and watching the progress of it thoroughly. There were two rivulets to pass, and Nora's horse having a great objection to crossing water, which she was not aware of before, walked quietly into the stream, but positively refused to come out, and evinced a strong determination to lie down. In vain she used her whip; numbers of spectators gathered on the banks, all giving her advice; some sent their Syces into the water to pull the creature out, but he invariably rolled them over in the slippery mud, till one gallant officer came to the rescue: hastily dismounting, he rushed into the stream, and, seizing the reins, belaboured the horse with his heavy hunting-whip till it was forced to yield to his will. This taught us to station our Syces as guards at the brooks, to select the narrowest part for crossing. Six gentlemen appeared at the starting-flag, and it was a pretty sight to see the horses taking

their leaps so lightly and gracefully. But the wonderful field that followed them! At least a hundred and fifty individuals rode along the course marked out; people I had never seen before started up, and all in the last stage of excitement, giving gratuitous hints to the riders. One gentleman, the owner of a running horse, was considered by some people as little less than an Adonis; but fancy Adonis in top-boots and an old battered black wide-awake, securely tied under his chin by a white silk handkerchief passed over the top of it, gipsy fashion! He kept shouting advice to the rider of his steed, which he afterwards acknowledged he knew could not be heard; but he was so excited, he only succeeded in losing his voice so completely, that by the end of the race his mouth was seen opening and shutting, but no sound issuing. There were some apparently dreadful tumbles, but as the individuals spilt picked themselves up and mounted again, I conclude they were not damaged. The winner got a fall that might have been very serious, as his horse rolled

over him; but he went ahead again, and very glad we were to see him win. He received the congratulations poured on him in the coolest manner, as if it was quite an every-day thing. The last gentleman who arrived was extremely heated, and objected to the race, stewards, ground, and, in fact, everything; but he, too, was soon soothed down, and forgot his supposed grievances. Keith was not there, but he heard the full particulars of it next day in Kutchery from the Zemindars of the parts ridden over, who entered a solemn protest in court that "the Feringhees not only came riding all over their crops, but would keep tumbling off their horses and rolling on them, on purpose to cause more serious detriment to the oil-seed then springing," and begging Keith to serve a notice of trespass against all concerned; but as Mr. Percy, the commissioner of the district, himself had helped to trample down the seed, my brother advised the men to apply to the winner of the race (as the chief causer of the damage) for some compensation, which was readily given them.

These steeple-chases are a favourite amusement in India, where any excitement is so eagerly entered into, and many a dreadful accident happens at them, but nothing will warn these adventurous spirits, or teach them to value life and limb more than the chance of obtaining a silver cup.

A sale of cast-horses from the Government stud was advertised, to which Keith and one of my cousins went, more for fun than from any serious ideas of business. We were very anxious to have accompanied them, but as it was not "the thing," had to stay at home. In the afternoon one of the Chuprassees rushed in highly excited about the horse the Sahib had bought, which four men were bringing home, as it was "bhote nutkhut" (very wicked). I thought of the "old man and his ass," and concluded at least that each man had a leg, so we went out to see the novel sight, and met a slightly-made, graceful-looking chesnut, with his head bandaged in all directions, and ropes thrown over his body and fixed to his legs. It seems they had taken the bit out of his

mouth at the sale, and being a young colt who never had had one on before, he so rejoiced in his regained liberty, that it was impossible to replace it, and natives are so timid about horses. At last the dangerous beast was lodged in our stables. He proved a most gentle animal, for, after a fortnight, my brother took him out saddled one day, and on returning told me I might try him if I liked—a permission I gladly availed myself of next morning, and, after being kept half an hour by his highness positively refusing to let me mount, rearing determinately, I accomplished it, and found him wonderfully good. I must say I was very careful, as that evening there was to be a ball at the Commissioner's, and I did not wish to appear with a broken nose. This ball was one of the best arranged I ever saw: the dancing-rooms were so spacious, and the music of the band came in softened tones from the verandah; the pillars between the rooms were wreathed round with flowers, and branches of ripe oranges hung in tempting clusters from the capitals; a

wide corridor, with crimson draperies and sofas to match, its only ornaments some tall, white alabaster vases, wreathed with vine and the gorgeous scarlet poincettur-leaves, led to a luxurious tent, carpeted with Cabul rugs. Here were the most tempting ottomans and low chairs; a solitary lamp hung from the centre; and it seemed a most favourite resort. I must say young ladies in Bengal are allowed great latitude. I believe on the Bombay side this is not the case, but I had thought my London experience had qualified me to be a judge—certainly my mind expanded wonderfully in that universal forcing-house—but Indian young ladies beat all my wildest fancies could have pictured; and were I to repeat some of the tales I heard, I doubt if I should gain credence from England's daughters. I conclude it is the remnant of a chivalrous feeling which prompts society in India to look with indulgent eye on the wild freaks of young unmarried girls; but should any heedless matron, however young, dare to overstep by so much as a hair's breadth the dignity they have laid

down as necessary, she is watched by Argus eyes, and her short-comings are rigidly censured. I used to feel sorry for the married men, who, about two o'clock, would commence haunting the doorways with their wives' cloaks over their arms, whilst the ladies went steadily dancing on, regardless of darkening looks, boding signs of a matrimonial tiff. Nevertheless, husbands are a better-natured race, in some respects, in India; they are not ashamed of acknowledging that they care somewhat for their wives; they feel how indispensable mutual forbearance is, and the dependent state they are in for sympathy, and they seem to cherish their domestic ties more closely than our John Bull thinks fashionable. But woe to the unhappy wife who breathes her last on Indian land! she may sleep in the perfect consciousness that before two months have expired her "James" will be recruiting his spirits at balls and dinner parties, flirting with the youngest girls, till a decent time (often not even that) has elapsed for him to take to himself another wife. I always felt glad when such cases caught a Tartar. I

know not if the climate, enervating the system, prevents any shock being severely felt; I can only state the well-known fact, and many wives have acknowledged that tender and good as their husbands were, they knew that, should anything happen to them, a successor would be appointed within a year.

We saw several handsome Persian cats at various friends' houses, and were forthwith fired with a determination to take one home. So Keith desired the Chuprassees to be on the look-out, and give notice at all the serais (native inns) where the files of camels and their masters put up. These Cashmeries and Afghans come down in numbers during the cold season, bringing cats, grapes, apples, and pomegranates from Cabul, shawls and woollen stuffs from the far-famed valley of Cashmere. Several members of the feline tribe were brought for our inspection, but were rejected, as being ugly, or of doubtful pedigree. One day a man came to the house with a long-haired cat, pure white, and those China-blue eyes, like Thackeray's "Rowena," but we did not consider white a

good wearing colour, so dismissed him; and soon two Afghans arrived with a noble-looking animal—a dark tabby, with a calm,

AFGHANS AND CAT.

majestic, lion-looking face, and such a tail! His whiskers were perfection, and might have been the envy of any elderly gentleman. The poor men were travel-worn and footsore, and glad of the rest in the verandah while the treaty was concluded for the transfer of "Zâwur" (Persian for jewel) to our possession. Our new property was placed under the special charge of the Ayahs, and was tied up in our verandah. Natives are generally kind to pets, and the little kitten we had brought from Landour

was such a favourite with our women, that we presented it to them. "Zâwur" manifested a supreme contempt for the dogs, never noticing "Butcher's" presence, unless he advanced too near, when a portentous hiss and a general ruffling of all his long, wavy hair, had such an alarming effect, that further warning was unnecessary. My cousin Ronald, knowing that we were in quest of a cat, and not aware that we had obtained one, sent us a jet-black creature; he had taken some pains to procure it, as pure black is difficult to meet with. We immediately christened it "Kala Motee" (Black Pearl), and a more demoniacal-looking animal I never saw—bright green eyes gleaming from its sable fur, a very *retroussé* nose, and a particularly active and energetic disposition, never still for two seconds; it was an immense contrast to our stately, noble "Zâwur;" and then the howling the thing kept up night and day, till its voice became so hoarse it sounded like the barking of a dog. They were both kept chained up with leather collars round their necks, such a contrast to the manner in which feline animals are

treated at home; and when brought in for inspection to visitors, "Motee" would fling himself down with all the petulance of a passionate child, while "Zâwur" solemnly regarded the strangers, but was too gentlemanly to evince surprise or any strong emotion.

As for the language, we got on wonderfully well with the Ayahs. We could really hold some long conversations on jewellery and such matters, though the woman was sometimes obliged to pull her chudder (veil) over her face, and retire into a corner to indulge the laugh she could not restrain, yet dared not exhibit openly to us; but I rarely could make a Chuprassee, or man-servant, understand any but the simplest things. Before leaving England, our friends had given us "Forbes's Manual" to study; but we found it utterly useless, and we were laughed at for using its phrases, and told it was all very well for people going as envoys to the Court of Persia to speak in that style, but it was very far above the comprehension of common servants. The few words I learnt

on board the steamer going out did me good service, and we found great benefit from a very useful little book of "Bannatyne's," published by Madden and Co., 8, Leadenhall-street. It is a most portable size, and generally contains just the word most wanted. Hindostanee itself is a frightful language, only sounding pretty from the rosy lips of little English children, a medium that might beautify any jargon. When I first heard ladies speaking it, I thought they were always seriously reprimanding their Ayahs, and gentlemen appeared continually administering grave remonstrances to whoever they were addressing, when perhaps they were simply giving their orders; and when two natives get together they seem positively to scream with passion, and then you find it is probably only a friendly colloquy. Keith had a most absurd horror of a native's coming near him: he declared he could detect the copperish smell of the colouring matter in their skins the instant they entered the room, and he would much sooner be touched by a toad than by

one of their clammy hands. He always said they were like moorghies, and had no circulation in their legs; and certainly it seemed true, for in the hills, when the plains men suffered dreadfully from the cold, however many blankets and wraps you gave a man he at once rolled round his neck and head, leaving his legs quite bare.

During the cold season there was a succession of balls, and though, on the whole, we found many as good dancers as those at home, there were, of course, exceptions. So we determined to have some practising evenings, and very amusing they were, as we did not exclude a few good dancers. We had a small dinner party on our first evening, and some of the "nobler sex" looked decidedly nervous, not being quite sure of what we meant to do to them; but the kindly influence of champagne assisted them in recovering a slight portion of equanimity, and when the evening guests arrived, we were all tolerably at our ease. In this house we were not blessed with a Calcutta matting in our drawing-room, so we had a

stuff like holland strained tightly over the carpet, reminding us of the merry days of old, when, with a party of cousins, we used to dance in line across the slippery surface to strain it tighter. The proceedings were commenced in orthodox fashion by a quadrille, after which the business of the evening commenced. The "awkward squad" were called out, and a line of black coats formed at one end (no one wears uniform at private houses unless the general is expected), while my brother, who seemed strung on wires, dislocated his joints, and shook them all in a limp manner as a commencement. A polka mazurka was then suggested, which is very little known there, and they all looked absurdly rueful trying to master its difficulties. Not one could hold his foot out without catching at his neighbour or tumbling ignominiously over, and some looked very like huge spiders sprawling about; others were far too stiff and dignified to join in such childish proceedings, but contemptuously watched their more good-tempered and enterprising com-

panions. One overgrown schoolboy, who looked eighteen, soon mastered the step, and capered about in front of a cheval-glass in great exultation. He was at once promoted to sub-assistant and instructor of the others. But how could we, in one short evening, correct such clumsiness as was exhibited? How "Brown" would dance with his head hanging as if to butt at his neighbour's; then "Jones" kept one bar on one spot, and the next took a run round his partner, who had to keep up a series of hops to avoid having her feet annihilated; while "Robinson" reposed his head peacefully on one shoulder like a crow examining a marrow-bone. As for *time*, but few knew the meaning of the word even; indeed, the bandmen themselves had but a glimmering notion of it. Through the kindness of one of the Rifle officers, we were enabled to have six of the band whenever we liked, and they, being Europeans, did not object to be separated, and, for a consideration of rupees and unlimited beer, they consented to do their best. At our first evening Keith im-

prudently allowed them champagne, which caused such very misty and jumbled airs to ensue, that we thought it prudent in future to abstain from such exhilarating fluids.

Owing to the want of those useful places we have in England, where any amount of rout seats can be obtained at the shortest notice, people in India are content to borrow of each other, and very willingly the help is always extended. Whenever we had a party, our friends would send us vases of flowers, ready arranged, or anything we might be in want of; but it used to amuse us when, on the morning of each ball night, a number of Coolies would arrive, and forthwith hoist our crimson ottomans on their shoulders, bearing them in triumph through the roads to the ball-room; they fairly earned the title of travelled sofas, and I would they could tell all the tales that were told to them in the shady verandahs, or dimly-lighted refreshment tents.

And now I feel inclined to linger, as I draw near one of the most touching scenes of our Indian life, namely, the parting with

Mr. Wren. He was no longer my brother's assistant, having received another appointment, but having lately been seized with an antiquarian fit, which prompted him to explore Delhi and other old cities, he had kindly looked in upon us to bid us a last farewell, before withdrawing the light of his countenance entirely from our existence. Very little passed on the occasion, as most deep feelings are tardy of utterance, and I was beginning to fear lest we should have a scene, when by some strange chance the word "grapes" was mentioned. It was cheering to witness the light that instantly broke over his face as the intelligence greeted his ears, while he eagerly demanded, as a parting request, that we would let him have some for his journey; and we, thankful to perceive that he retained his simple tastes and habits to the last, made (metaphorically speaking) a vineyard of his dâk gharrie, and sent him rejoicing on his way. But, seriously, when he had fairly departed, we were really sorry to lose sight of him; his never varying good-humour, under any

amount of quizzing, proved him of true metal, and should he ever take upon himself the cares of a household, may he be as happy as he deserves, for he has all the qualities of a brave and generous spirit.

Our verandahs were studies worthy a naturalist's attention. In one, "Butcher" and a terrier abode, in another, our two Persian cats and the Ayah's kitten, while a third contained a perfect menagerie: firstly, the owl, motionless and calm on his chair-back; hanging in a wicker cage above was a vivacious hill minah—(these birds resemble our blackbirds, and are great favourites with the natives, being supposed to possess more loquacious powers than parrots even, and they certainly have a more human-sounding voice, but owing to the peculiar diet they require it is almost impossible to bring them to this country); then came a squirrel in a spacious mansion, resembling a Gothic building, with a turning apartment at one end, but as the said squirrel had teeth like needles, we were rather afraid of him; and lastly, the greatest pet of all, a bright green parrot.

These parroquets are very common all over India, their chief beauty being a black ring round the neck, verging to pink at the upper part; they have long, fan-like tails, and cherry-coloured beaks. This one was a present to us, and we did not at first know half the value of our beautiful "Rose," as we had always been told that country parrots could not talk, but we soon found "Rose" had received an education of a very high order; her principles, also, had been very well attended to, and I never heard any, even the long-famous grey parrots of Africa, talk with the distinctness and fluency of our favourite, besides being of so sweet a disposition; always left at liberty, she sits on our shoulders, and eats from our lips as gently as a dove, never dreaming of biting, or being cross in any way.

We often heard the officers at Dhoorghur speaking with enthusiasm of "that day's hunt." "What a splendid run we had to-

day;" and "How well the hounds turned out that last jackal" (the Indian substitute for a fox), till our curiosity was strongly excited to see these wonderful hounds, and ere long our wish was gratified, for on one of our morning rides, seeing a cloud of dust surrounding a decrepid-looking native mounted on a feeble-minded white pony, we rode up to see what was the matter, and discovered the celebrated pack had been sent out for their morning airing, and a most edifying sight it was. Though these dogs are collectively spoken of as "hounds," it does not at all follow that the pack boasts many members of that aristocratic race; no, its ranks are open to the admission of any plebeian dog that promises to "run well," and with that love of nomenclature peculiar to Anglo-Indians, they are derisively denominated a "bobbery pack." You behold, marching in loving fraternity, a few couple of genuine hounds with a few of dubious

parentage, then a wise-looking poodle, with two or three long-eared spaniels, a party of wiry little terriers, and some unmistakable pariahs ignominiously bringing up the rear. After having inspected the pack, we felt rather curious to see how they would act in the field; besides, we heard such mysterious hints about "that wonderful drag we ran into D.'s compound," and hailed with delight the announcement that the officers meant to give a "ladies' day," and carefully looked to our saddles and girths in anticipation of a hard run. The native equivalent for a rat-catcher was ordered to entrap some jackals, which were placed in a pit to be in readiness, and on the appointed day we rode to the place of meeting, and found the gentlemen of the hunt collectively, and the owners of the pack individually, electrified by surprise and overpowered by delight at seeing six ladies prepared to take the field. The gentlemen were attired in various cos-

tumes: a few top-boots appeared, but the pugherees were universal and startling—red, green, and blue—sufficient to strike any jackal's heart with terror. These latter unfortunates also arrived at the meet in strong canvas bags, and one being carefully turned out, it wisely made towards a sugar-cane plantation perfectly impenetrable for us. A false alarm of jackal being given at one side, we had the pleasure of riding over a cleared cate: the sugar-canes having been cut off in a slanting direction, about three or four inches from the ground, you have a continual succession of sharp hard spikes, which, in the mad gallop after a jackal, often irretrievably lame the poor horses. The first jackal being now quite lost, another was set loose, and ten minutes' grace allowed it; then some of the dogs were held with their noses to the ground, and the jackal having been previously well rubbed with aniseed to prevent mistakes, they started tolerably cor-

rectly, though their animal spirits led them to perform sundry gallops round different fields, barking joyously, while the aged huntsman, with his long red coat and miserable pony, was quite unable to restrain them; indeed, I should think his Hindostanee version of Pompey, Sholto, &c., must have been rather puzzling. Two or three dogs resolutely set their faces homewards, turning a deaf ear to some melodious notes from a cracked horn, surreptitiously produced out of an officer's pocket and performed on when he thought no one was looking. In the mean time, most of the huntsmen were pursuing the jackal on their own account, the scent being so strong it was easy to do so. At length some of the dogs coming up with the persecuted jackal in a wood, pounced upon it, and the poor creature, being probably stiff from its long confinement, and most likely sick from the nasty smell on its fur, offered no resistance,

and when I rode up I saw the dogs pulling about a muddy object, which I had no idea was meant to be the jackal, till a gentleman came up and presented me with its brush, I having been the first lady up. During the *mêlée*, the third jackal having made its escape, the leaders of the hunt told us we were to follow a "drag." In my ignorance, I thought we had been doing so after the aniseed; but this time the animal's head was cut off, tied to a long string, and the aged huntsman sent on with it a long way. In the mean time, our party amused themselves by leaping mud walls and such pastimes, till the signal was given for the dogs to be loosed, and after a few minutes we followed. But the run was not of long duration, though commencing with a grand burst; it was suddenly brought to a stop by our nearly riding over the pack, huntsman and all, he having stopped to lead his pony through a gap in the hedge (never thinking

of rashly leaping it). The now excited pack came up with him, and being unable to distinguish the drag from the huntsman, from the strong smell of the aniseed they had been incited to follow, which surrounded them both, were proceeding to treat the old man very unceremoniously, when, fortunately, the possessor of the melodious horn arrived, just in time to call them to order, and the day's proceedings were pronounced as terminated, and we were at liberty to canter homewards, after a very merry day, and feeling much edified by the new light thrown on the noble art of hunting.

Of course the whole station was in a fever of excitement about the subject for some days, and one lady was so roused by it that she took the trouble of sending an express Suwar out to her husband (who was in camp at the time) with a brilliant account of the whole affair; but the ungrateful man, being slightly startled by the appearance of an un-

expected messenger, and knowing the hunt was to come off that day, instead of being grateful for the attention, was extremely disgusted and disappointed to find that no one had broken their necks, or otherwise come to grief. After this, we had several days' hunting at Dhoorghur, and enjoyed them very much.

That well-known beverage "Bass's Pale Ale" we had been told was a necessary of existence to ladies as well as gentlemen in the East; but I beg leave to observe that very few people *I* met with touched it, and as for "young India," it infinitely prefers claret, both as a cooler and more aristocratic liquid. We had been brought up on strictly hydropathic principles, and with the exception of some port wine administered to Nora during her illness, we never deviated from our simple rule. A lady who had resided twenty years in India told us she never had drunk any beverage stronger than tea

during the whole of that time; and many similar cases I heard of. Soda-water is the article most in demand in the north-west, with a suspicion of sherry or brandy with the old hands. Bottled cyder I often saw drank; the introduction of the light foreign wines has been a great boon, and they are deservedly popular. Beer is the usual drink called for at tiffin, though not in anything like the quantities formerly imbibed, the younger men being fearful of increasing their size and becoming too heavy for racing purposes, the elder dreading gout and other illnesses. Some infatuated beings still hold to its efficacy in cases of fever, declaring that had Nora swallowed a bottle of it at the commencement of hers, it would have stopped it at once; which was highly probable, as, in my opinion, it would have finished her altogether.

As my brother never touched wine nor beer, he was naturally exceedingly particular

about the quality of his tea, and believed he had discovered perfection in that article when he first drank the Dhoon tea. This tea has a most peculiar flavour, exceedingly disagreeable at first; but after you acquire a taste for it, you can drink no other. It is so very strong that Keith often said it was not tea at all, but a revivifying fluid, under the influence of which he could encounter great fatigue. The natives look upon all tea as a kind of universal panacea for every species of illness. When they are ill, they come to beg for it, and will take it from your hands as if there was no such word as "caste." As far as regards dewai (medicine), however, they have made a kind of wholesale and convenient exception; and if the drug is given to them dry, that is to say, in pills, or dropped into their own brass lotas, they will take medicine from anybody. They consider tea as a very powerful dewai, and swallow it with avidity. The climate

of the Dhoon seems very favourable for the growth of tea, the plants becoming productive very quickly; but it is still grown only in small quantities, and as it is expensive even on the spot, it will probably be a long time before it becomes at all well known in England.

KHANSAMAH.

Mr. Douglas having often asked me to

take a portrait of his favourite old Khansamah, who, finding the fatigues of his profession too great for his advanced years, was going to retire into private life. I went up to the house one morning to have a sitting, and found him a venerable white-bearded man, with a very Jewish type of face. He was in a flutter of excitement at the unexpected honour done him, and very anxious to go home and dress with befitting splendour; but this his master would not permit, being desirous of having an every-day remembrance of him. He was a horrid old rascal, however, notwithstanding his demure looks. He had been upwards of thirty years in Mr. Douglas's service, and acknowledged to having saved 30,000 rupees out of a salary of 14 rupees per month. His secret would be worth knowing. Mrs. Douglas told me, when she used (as is common with most Indian ladies) to take the weekly accounts from him she sometimes objected to the

extortionate amount of the bills, and was told by that hoary storyteller that he only brought the small bills to her for payment the large ones he paid out of his own pocket.

A lady told me that on going into her dining-room one night very late, when all the rest of the household were supposed to be in bed, she met the Khansamah carrying off a large cup full of sherry; not choosing to speak to him herself then, she sent her Ayah next morning to know "what he could have wanted with wine at that hour?" and was informed that, having forgot to feed the turkeys during the day, he had thought it better to give them some wine for supper! Many ladies, by way of checking their servants' accounts, always write down the weekly bills themselves; and Keith declares he has heard young married ladies, desirous of becoming notable housekeepers, owing to their ignorance of the language, gravely writing down any absurd nonsense the Khansamah

chose to invent, such as, "Little Missy had one goat yesterday for dinner, and the black fowl ate a bushel of corn," &c.

In the cold season, the Course at Dhoorghur was much more endurable than it had been in the hot weather, and we could ride every evening, and so be more independent; and many a good tear up and down have Nora and I often had. People in India are very good about lending their horses, and if you choose to ride on gentlemen's steeds you may have a new one every night; it is necessary, however, to make some kind of rule about accepting the loan of horses. Nora and I had generally enough to do in riding horses belonging to the lady part of the community, who, many of them, so soon lose their nerve out here, that they were glad to get us to give their steeds a good gallop before they mounted themselves, and we were always happy to try any experiments. On our own animals we looked

rather like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, I being generally mounted on the black Persian, while Nora preferred riding her little "Puck," which, despite its small size, was such "a good one to go," the chesnut being pronounced quite too wild for the Course. For any young ladies ambitious of trying a flirtation by moonlight, there are certainly rare opportunities in India; there being no twilight, the nights close in very rapidly, and the full glory of an Eastern moon needs no comment. After a good long canter, when standing to rest under a feathery tamarind-tree, listening to some choice bit from "Lucia" or "L'Elisir d'Amour," what wonder if thoughts of home and distant loved ones should soften the hearts of all, and they are led away into the dreamland of sentiment till their visions are broken by the dispersal of the band, and the words hastily spoken are repented of ere their echoes have died away in the air!

Moonlight and melody all the world over have been fraught with weal and woe to many a heart, and even blackie has his bit of romance, for on just such a glorious night as this, many years ago, a poor native, wandering through the lines of carriages attending the band, felt some sort of dart strike his heart at the sight of an English girl just come out. He sought his lonely hut that night with many a pang of uneasiness, but being doubtless acquainted with some Eastern version of "faint heart never won fair lady," he diligently commenced the study of English as a preliminary qualification; but whether learning made him mad, or the hopelessness of his pursuit struck him, the legend does not specify; at any rate, he became totally deranged, and now every band-night sees a weird figure, book in hand, wandering amongst the spectators, at times wistfully gazing for that face which is said to have turned his brain, at others repeat-

ing words from the book before him, which is invariably held topsy-turvy; and so his life wanes on, and all the Dhoorghur world know the poor madman, and many think it serves his impertinence right; and fair dames toss their heads scornfully at the daring individual, never pitying him who "told not his love," though I often felt tempted to allude to him, as not being much more presumptuous than some people we met with, who, having seen more of the world and its ways, ought to have known better.

The nonchalant way in which horses here are put into double or single harness, or used alternately as a gentleman's or lady's saddle-horse, without the slightest reference to their training or antecedents, would be bewildering to an English groom. Once, when one of our carriage-horses had fallen lame as we were going to a ball, the Persian was ordered to take his duty, he never having been in double harness before; how-

ever, he seemed to understand it perfectly. We went and returned in safety; but the next night, as we were going out again, when the Syces tried to harness him, he objected highly, and, being forced to the carriage, kicked out with a will, and smashed the coachman's seat to pieces, injuring the carriage so much it could not be used that night, so we were obliged to borrow one; and the black was led peaceably back to his stable, having acted just as if he had said, "I willingly submitted to drag your carriage once at a pinch, but when you were taking advantage of my good-nature, I was obliged to assert my dignity."

Our coachman was rather fond of trying experiments, and begged us to allow him to put the chesnut colt into the carriage; I strongly objected, however, seeing it had not been quite three weeks in training of any kind. However, on coming out ready equipped for church, we found the little

chesnut prepared to assist in drawing us, the coachman assuring us he had tried him yesterday in double harness, and found him perfectly quiet. It was too late to change then, so Nora and I stepped in, feeling some qualms about the prudence of the measure. With the exception, however, of standing now and then on his hind legs, and crossing the road to see some particularly new-looking object, the chesnut conducted himself to perfection, and won golden opinions from all around. I wonder how many of our friends at home would have considered their necks safe when sitting behind a creature in harness for the second time?

People rarely eat pork in India, because the education of the animal when in life is generally rather questionable; but near the hills two or three Europeans have farms, and profess to furnish unexceptionable pork and bacon. Your Khitmutghars, being Mussulmans, have naturally an aversion to the

flesh of the pig in any form. Keith sometimes insisted on having fresh pork on his table, simply to show his right to have anything he chose, but always bestowed it on the dogs, never daring to eat it himself lest the servants should have been playing some tricks with it in cooking. The objection to fresh pork does not extend to hams, which are usually cured in England. Keith was always haunted by a tale of some indigo planter, who, intending to entertain some friends at dinner, ordered a ham for the occasion. Now a ham, being an expensive luxury, was rather a point in the repast, and the friends having waited some time, and finding it not forthcoming, went out to look after it, and found all the Khits sitting in a row on the ground, while the ham, ready dressed for table, was being passed from one to the other, and each in his turn spat upon it, to mark his contempt for the low caste Feringhees who were going to

partake of such polluting food. Indigo planters, from living much alone in out-of-the-way, isolated places, without any one to appeal to for protection and advice, usually take the law in their own hands, and determined to take signal vengeance on these insolent Khits. They were accordingly all seized and locked securely into an outhouse in company with the ham that had been dressed with such peculiar sauce, and not one was allowed to leave the building by their offended masters till sheer hunger had compelled them to devour every scrap of meat off that bone of contention, the defiling ham. It was truly a case of biter bit.

The Khits on the Bombay side seem a more willing and obliging race than in our parts, for a lady told me, that having invited a large dinner party one day, she totally forgot to inform her Khansamah of their coming till the afternoon of the appointed day, and the man, though at first rather

bewildered at being required to provide a suitable entertainment upon such short notice, reassured her by declaring if the Mem-Sahib could keep her guests talking for one hour beyond the regular time, all should be in perfect readiness;—a promise which he really fulfilled most completely.

Just before we left Dhoorghur the whole station was ringing with an event which caused considerable merriment. How it ever got whispered about was never known: everybody was bound over to strict secrecy, and yet every one seemed acquainted with all particulars. A young lady, closely veiled, was riding one morning *solus* on the race-course, which was deserted at that hour of the day, and she had chosen it as a good piece of cantering ground; her horse, a mettlesome Arabian, was highly excited, and dashing along in gallant style, when she heard a wheezing sound behind her, and, turning round, beheld a stout gentleman on

an old country pony, evidently trying to overtake her. Thinking she might have dropped something, she checked her horse's speed, and allowed her breathless pursuer to come up with her. He commenced upbraiding her for the race she had given him, and when she, alarmed for his sanity, was about to take a speedy departure, he hastily dismounted, and seizing her horse's rein, adjured her by the most touching epithets to listen kindly to his suit, and there and then proffered his heart and hand for her acceptance. She, thoroughly bewildered, turned her face towards him and raised her veil, when, with a howl of despair, the little man sank back, and subsided on the grass. He had addressed the wrong lady! But as no offence had been intended, none could be given; so she cantered off, leaving her mistaken adorer wringing his hands, and vainly endeavouring to raise the head of his pony, who obstinately persisted in grazing on.

Everybody in India knows exactly the number of proposals each young lady has received, the day they were made, and even the exact words used on the occasion. How all this is brought about no one can tell, but it often recalled to our minds the many warnings we had received on first arriving in the country respecting elderly lady confidantes. A friend of ours, on hearing this veracious history, was so much struck by its piquancy, that he instantly outlined from imagination the supposed appearance of the parties at the moment of the *dénoûment*—a highly dramatic situation truly—and I have chosen this as a specimen of the many tales of a similar character which constantly go the round of an Indian station, because it has been honoured by such a spirited illustration.

The society of Dhoorghur had kept itself in a continual state of excitement through the cold weather by a succession of races,

balls, and dinners, striving to take as much amusement out of their short holiday as was possible before the quickly increasing heat bade them return again to darkened rooms and utter lassitude. There are but two seasons in India, hot and cold, so two of the nymphs who personate seasons with us would be supernumerary here. Our year in India was quickly closing, and we were looking forward to our departure, not with the same perfectly unmixed delight we had done earlier in the year: at that time we had hardly taken into consideration that leaving India included another parting with Keith however, our resolution was unshaken, and to all friends who tried to reason us into remaining longer we replied, "Our cabins have been secured since last September for the February steamer," and turned a deaf ear to the voice of persuasion in every shape. I think few people really believed we were going away; we appeared everywhere as i

our time was our own, and no such momentous concern as "packing" was weighing down our spirits.

We were much pleased to find that we were to have the society of our friend Mrs. Clement in our steamer, as she had suddenly made up her mind to take home her little twin boys, who were growing too old for India. We had often met these children on their little tats when we were taking our morning ride—pretty rosy boys, who did credit to Dhoorghur air. They were so wonderfully alike that even their own mother could not distinguish them apart, and often had to ask the child himself if he was Willie or the other one. We had succeeded in persuading Keith that it was a positive necessity that we should see both Delhi and Agra on our way down country. He had such an aversion to anything native, he would scarcely have walked two yards to see the most beautiful mosque; but we declared we

should feel for ever abased in our own eyes (if not in those of other people) did we allow ourselves to pass within fifty miles of both cities and not insist on stopping (however inconvenient) to inspect the ruins of one, and the Tâj of the other. So it was settled we were to stay a few days at both stations, and we devoted our energies entirely to prepare for our departure. The last week of our stay was a busy one. The day before we left we went to a race before breakfast, spent the morning in packing and receiving visitors, at four o'clock went to a hunt and finished three jackals, then on to the Mall and home to dinner, after which we thought it our duty to go and patronise a man who was to display some wizard tricks in the theatre, which were not good, but it was a treat to see the intense enjoyment of the English soldiers present, poor creatures, they have so little amusement; from the theatre we went on to a dance,

our last in India. Altogether, it was not such a bad day's work for languid Anglo-Indians. To the last moment people refused to believe we were really going, and expected to see us on the Mall next evening as usual.

The last few days we were dreadfully pestered by all the servants coming to beg for chits (written characters). It is extraordinary what a value they seem to set on their chits. Whenever you hire a servant you ask to see his bundle of chits, and are presented with a packet of very dirty little notes, so much worn as to be nearly illegible, and most of them setting forth that the rather questionable-looking individual before you possesses all the qualifications of a good servant; and many are of such ancient date that you wonder at what age the claimant for your service could possibly have entered on the duties of life. Of course it is impossible to know if these notes were ever given

to the men at all, for servants make quite a little trade of hiring them out to each other. No one ever professes to believe in these chits at all, yet it is almost the only hold you have over a new servant, and people invariably ask for and read them carefully over, while the servants regard them as of great value, and treasure them accordingly. Forged ones are frequently manufactured in the bazaar, for a friend of ours, on going over a Khit's characters previous to hiring him, was astonished to find one from himself, praising his supposed servant highly. I refused at first to give chits to any except our Ayahs and Dhobee; but finding the favour so highly valued by Keith's servants, I afterwards extended it to our two little Syces and Keniah, whom I could with truth recommend highly.

We had a repetition of the London packing time on a smaller scale, having left quantities of things behind us for the

benefit of the soldiers' wives and our Ayahs; and at last, all being completed, we started, leaving the squirrel and minah to the tender mercies of the servants. Keith was to accompany us to Delhi, and just as we had started, Zâwur, who had been confided to the Ayah's care, broke away from her, and flew back to the house, taking refuge on the cornice of one of the rooms. It took Keith and the Chuprassees an hour to catch him again, and confine him with Motee in their basket. This delay caused us to arrive at Delhi too late for the dinner at our friend's (Mr. Maxwell's) house.

Wishing to combine business and pleasure, Keith stopped to visit some Thanadar (police) stations on his way to Delhi, and it was amusing to see the *empressement* with which all the native officials came tumbling out to salaam to the Burrah Sahib; but he, being in a great hurry, cut them all short by a few hasty words, and proceeded on to the

next. Keith had a great aversion to all salaaming, declaring that, after a native had salaamed to you for about a month, he considers himself entitled to an appointment, and believes himself exceedingly ill-used when he does not get it.

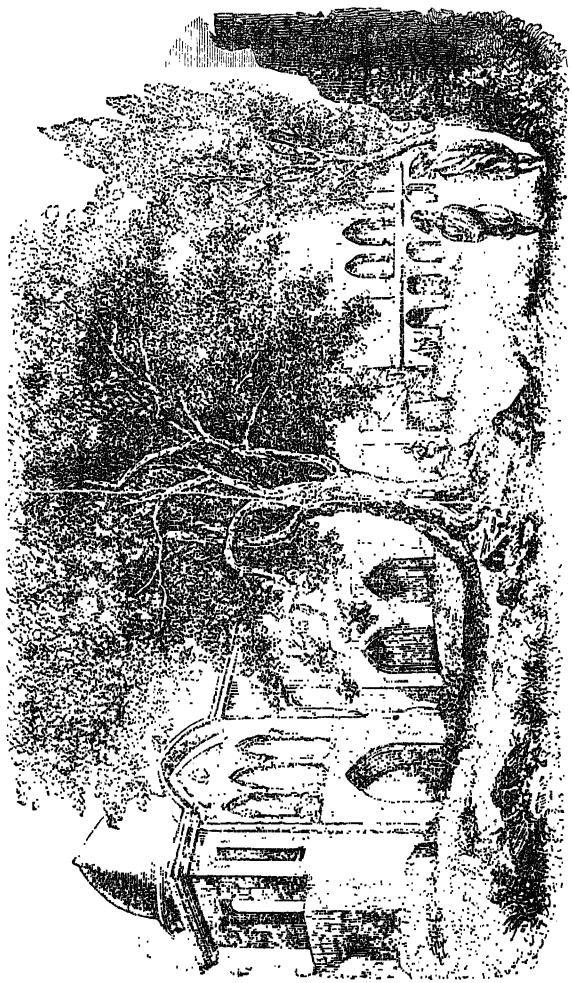
The only object of interest on the road to Delhi is the lovely group of tombs belonging to one Mahomet Rassoul and his family, with their Moorish pavilions around, just as you are leaving Dhoorghur. It is strange that only in their tombs do the Mahometan population of India ever remind you of the Arabian Nights. On reaching the little river "Hindun," the bridge being under repair, we had some hundred yards of sand, mud, and water to cross, and there being but one team of bullocks for everybody, the delay was tedious. While waiting for Keith's gharrie, we recognised some Landour friends on the bridge, and went up to speak to them, and were amused at the pertinacity with

which they refused to notice us at all till we were close to them, and then told us that, seeing the scarlet flannel jackets we had left out for travelling in, they concluded we must be some infantry officers who were pretending to recognise them by way of passing the time. This long delay, and Zâwur's defection, detained us till nine o'clock was striking as we reached Delhi, only in time to take a hand at a round game of cards, and settle our plans for the next day's sight-seeing. Of course the great object was the Kootûb, and next morning saw us journeying towards it. The first thing that strikes one must be the extraordinary number of ruins round Delhi; for miles every step you take is over fallen pillars and ruined tombs, every yard you advance reveals continued varieties of the same objects, giving one some idea of what this wonderful city must have been in the palmy days of Mogul magnificence. The King of Delhi

had sent fresh horses to meet us at Sufter Jung's tomb, and while they were being harnessed we looked over it. All Mahometan buildings are on precisely the same pattern—three low domes and minarets—the lower walls, however, sometimes ornamented with a wealth of invention inconceivable.

The Kootûb is supposed to be the highest single tower in the world, and, like its shorter brother of Pisa, leans slightly to one side. Long winding steps lead you to the top, where you have an extended view; but no other object is gained. Some say the tower was built by an old Mogul in order that his daughter might daily say her prayers in sight of the holy Ganges, whose silver thread, by a slight stretch of imagination, may be seen from the top. Perhaps she undertook that daily pilgrimage to perform her devotions in a cooler atmosphere, for we found, though the air was hot

and close at the foot, at the top so strong a wind was blowing that Keith would not allow us to stand outside without holding us tight, lest we should be carried bodily away. The ruins round are most extensive and extraordinary: lovely arches, and corridors of beautiful pillars, apparently ending in nothing, and walls carved with the most exquisite diapering, supporting no roofs. There is a strange bronze pillar of immense size, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity; no one can read the characters of its inscription, or divine whence it came, or why it was placed here: it must have been the production of a people who had obtained a perfect mastery over metals. The only legend, even, I could hear respecting it is, that the native girls come and try if they can span the foot of the pillar with their arms; if they succeed, the omen predicts, as all such omens do, the speedy arrival of a wealthy husband; but if the unfortunate



NEAR DELHI.

maiden cannot clasp the pillar she is doomed to celibacy.

After descending from the Kootûb, we proceeded through a labyrinth of ruins to see the famous divers, and an ugly sight it was. The men presented themselves on a projecting stone at the top of a frightfully deep well, and each in succession leaped out with a wild cry, and shot down into the yawning abyss below. After what seemed an immense time, you heard a dull sound in the water far beneath, and then through some subterranean passage they emerged to upper day by a long flight of steps, and repeated the perilous feat till we went away. It was impossible to repress a shudder as each man sprang into the air and dropped; it seemed as if nothing could save them from being smashed. They practise from a very early age, and we saw several little juveniles taking leaps from small stages erected purposely for their benefit. Altogether, it was

a horrible exhibition, and I was glad when it was over, though Keith declared he thought it would not be difficult, and could hardly be persuaded not to try the experiment himself.

In returning home, Mr. Elton, the charioteer of the dog-cart I was sitting in, allowed his spirited little Arab to go its own pace; and as we were flying along at a tremendous rate, we came into violent collision with a bullock hackary, the driver of which, on seeing us coming, had wisely driven his bullocks right across the road, and waited the shock of our arrival in patient expectation. Mr. Elton could not believe he meant to remain in that position till it was too late to retreat; then there was a tremendous concussion, which rolled the bullocks in the road, and smashed their harness and trappings. I expected to find myself in the ditch, but somehow the dog-cart recovered its equilibrium, and passed on like

a flash of lightning, leaving the hackary driver too much astonished, apparently, to think of picking up his bullocks, or otherwise assisting himself; and when we pulled up to see what damage was done, we found our express speed had saved us, and the fiery little steed was unhurt, when I thought he must have spiked himself on the bullocks' horns. These hackary drivers are the most perversely stupid creatures it is possible to conceive; they never seem able to learn anything about their own side of the road, and when you appear in the distance, ten to one they will come on to the side you are trying to pass by, simply from obstinacy, as it seems. Your only safe plan is to pull up entirely, and pass them at a walk, when you can be prepared for all contingencies.

Next morning our host, Mr. Maxwell, had half the jewellers in Delhi up to display their wares to us. We had sent some orders beforehand, which had been wonder-

fully executed. These men will copy anything from a drawing with marvellous exactitude. The room presented a most motley scene, the numerous men themselves as extraordinary as the goods they exhibited so perseveringly to us, which consisted principally of trinkets and jewellery, from the cheapest and most rubbishy imitation to diamonds valued at thousands of rupees. Almost everything manufactured in the north-west is made at Delhi: their gold and silver embroidery has long been famous; the floss silk work that bears the name of the town is well known at home; they carve figures and animals in ivory very well indeed; their armour is justly celebrated; and besides the jewellers, whose name is "legion," there are whole colonies of artists; and I never appreciated Delhi paintings till I had been there, those you see at home are so very stiff and inferior. Some of these men portray their mosques in a style of art

that at home would be quite unattainable even for a much higher remuneration, and they copy photographs with surprising fidelity. Members from each of these different fraternities were present in Mr. Maxwell's room, each becoming every instant more and more excited and more emulous of the other, striving to produce the greatest rarities and the most extraordinary bargains; then the watchful servants of the house behind all, keeping a strict account of every article purchased, and the amount of their "dustoor" ready reckoned up. Our Ayah's hopes of a profitable day were nipped in the bud, utterly ignored by the crowd of claimants before her. When we had chosen everything we could possibly want, and were quite tired out with bargaining, the merchants were dismissed; and after refreshing ourselves with tiffin, we proceeded to mount the elephants, which were ready to take us round the bazaars. Never

having been on an elephant since we were juveniles and had a sixpenny ride in the Zoological Gardens, we looked forward to the expedition with great delight, notwithstanding every one told us an hour on an elephant would make every bone in our body ache. I am told there is just as much difference in the paces of elephants as in those of horses; and certainly the one we were on went along very smoothly. Mr. Elton assured us it was, without exception, the best elephant in India, having been expressly trained to carry out some of the numerous queens of Oude. We were enchanted with the bazaars. They gave us the most perfect specimens of Oriental life we had yet seen; snake-charmers and all kind of wild-looking natives about. Whenever we saw anything that looked tempting, the elephants were stopped, and the desired object handed up to us for inspection; and we purchased sundry marvellous embroi-

dered native caps and strangely fashioned silver ornaments, while a curious crowd of natives pressed around to watch the progress of the bargain.

The Delhi natives are very rude, and we were told it was wrong for ladies to go about unguarded. Even while we were purchasing things, the stall-keepers would sometimes make some impertinent observation to the gentlemen with us; and we were directed to return the article instantly, and proceed to another stall. After seeing the Jumna, or Lâl Musjid, so called from being built of red stone, the most sacred Mahometan temple, the Chandee Chowke (silver street), and all the other lions of this magnificent city, we wended our way homewards, sufficiently tired with the day's proceedings. We then took a more minute survey of Mr. Maxwell's house—an immense place built in the old days of Residencies, and furnished more like an English one than any we had yet

seen, with the additional luxury of a good library—an incalculable advantage. It was even more like a Castle of Otranto than our first Dhoorghur abode. I never learnt my way about it, but knew if you walked steadily on you must reach the drawing-room at last, as all the rooms opened into each other; and so, having lingered as long as we dared, we once more packed our gharries, and set off *en route* for Agra.

In addition to the usual requisites for comfort in a gharrie during the cold weather, you require a couple of rezies, things which are most extensively used throughout India for all kinds of purposes. They are thickly-wadded quilted coverlids, the outside covered with some bright-coloured chintz, and lined with pink muslin or rose-coloured silk; and most comfortable things they are, whether used as pillows, mattresses, or counterpanes. At Khoorja, Keith was obliged to leave us, being unable to get

leave to go any farther. Our parting would have been sad enough but for the hope, if we were all spared, of meeting again within a year in England; and so, with many injunctions to behave better in the epistolatory line than gentlemen generally think necessary, our gharries parted company almost on the same spot that had seen our meeting last year, he returning to Dhoorghur, we proceeding to Agra, which place we succeeded in reaching in the middle of the night, and found it impossible to make the coachman comprehend where we wanted to go. He applied at the Cotwali station and other places for information, but without success, and I fully expected we were to be carried about Agra all night; but by dint of repeating the name and appointment of our friends very distinctly several times, a ray of intelligence dawned on the mind of a bystander, and we were ultimately landed in safety at the Wyndhams' house. Of

course "the point" for visitors in Agra is the Tâj Muhâl, and thither next morning our friends took us. I scarcely knew what to expect after the numberless views and descriptions of it every one has seen and heard so often, and believe my first impression was disappointment. It was smaller than I anticipated, and looked as if made of porcelain; but, like all grand objects, the longer you gaze the more you become absorbed in it. The gates of approach are most unique and Oriental in character, and the gardens beautifully kept up by Government—a privilege fully appreciated by the native population. We were amused to see here, as at Mussoorie, the little daisy plots carefully watched and tended—rare and valuable exotics.

Who may attempt to describe the Tâj? It is utterly hopeless, and no picture, unfortunately, can approach it either—Italian refinement grafted on Oriental imagination.

It is certain that many Italians, probably prisoners, were carried up here by the great Shah Jehan, and either compelled, or bribed, to aid in decorating this colossal gift to posterity. The exquisite inlaid work—of flowers in their natural colours—which decorates the whole building inside and out, is precisely like the Florentine work of to-day; and the marble ornaments now manufactured in Agra are very similar in character to those of Italy. After all, it is the grandest monument in the world of a love which death could not subdue. Offerings of fresh flowers are daily laid on the tomb of Mumtâz, and I gathered some fading rose-leaves from her last resting-place with more reverence, and treasured them with far more care, than I did a flower from the tomb of Abelard and Heloise at Père la Chaise. We visited the Tâj again at night, and saw it under all aspects, brilliantly illuminated with pink and blue lights, when it looked very

like the closing scene of an extravaganza at home, and you felt disappointed that the little fairies in silver tissue did not appear; then the tall minarets at the sides were lighted up with different coloured fires, and flung weird effects of light over the building, till at last the natives had exhausted all their devices, and the moon was allowed unchecked to pour her glorious radiance over everything, and made the Tâj appear softer and larger, till it looked like a vast pearl, whose glowing hues every instant grew more lovely and transparent, its exquisite outline every moment more unearthly and ethereal; the broad river sleeping quietly by, with its banks dotted by numerous Musjids (temples), and fairylike pavilions close at hand, where happy people who have time to spare may live for weeks under the shadow of the Tâj, and imbue their souls with the spirit of its beauty. Such was not our favoured lot; we were to

return home to dream intoxicating dreams, and wake next morning to have our devotion to yesterday's idol shaken by a visit to the Motee Musjid (Temple of Pearl), a numberless collection of arches, formed entirely of white marble, the effect of which it is impossible to describe; and the only picture I saw doing it a shadow of justice is one I have by a Delhi artist, in which the intricacy of detail has been followed with a faithful earnestness and a laborious patience that would task an Englishman sorely to imitate.

Next came the old palace at Agra, with its wonderful arches and magnificent carving, in which we wandered from one beauty to another till we almost lost the power of admiring; and it was a relief to our feelings to be able to abuse heartily some gothic English commanding officer, who, by way of making the rooms more comfortable for his family, more like the bungalows they were accustomed to inhabit, covered the delicately in-

laid marble walls with an inch of good honest plaster, bits of which are now broken off to show you the original pattern of the walls. There was an enormous slab of black marble of immense thickness, that had been a royal table, but was now badly cracked right across, which fracture the guide assured us occurred when Lord Ellenborough and other government officials were seated on it deliberating over some questions of importance. Whether the man meant the marble had broken under the bodily weight of the great men, or the ponderous nature of their councils, or that it actually broke its heart from the indignity it was subjected to, it was impossible to determine.

The immense tombs at Secundra would take weeks to examine, and years to comprehend; they must have been designed by men of colossal minds, and completed by others of indomitable perseverance. Alas! there are no such giants in these days.

Life in India is made up of forming acquaintance with people, and taking leave of them just as you begin to like each other. Now, having seen as much as we could of Agra, we had to part from our hospitable hosts, and re-enter our wearisome gharrie, and found we had spent so many days in sight-seeing, that we had barely left ourselves time to reach Calcutta before our steamer sailed, and were, of course, very anxious to get on as rapidly as possible. Being now much better acquainted with the language and characteristics of the natives, our plan was to look over the list of chokees and stations, with all the distances marked (furnished you by the dâk agent), and pitching on one about seventy miles off, hold up a rupee before the coachman's eyes, and say, for instance, "Mynpoorie, bhote juldee" (very quickly). The man always grinned, and understood perfectly well what was meant, so it was not his fault if we did

not go at a full gallop the whole way; and if we were detained too long at a chokee, a warning "Nai bucksheesh" sent us on again with redoubled speed homewards. It is impossible to understand the full meaning and feeling of rest contained in that one short word "home!" until by weary wanderings and hours of loneliness you learn to turn to it with a yearning that fills your being; how inspiriting was it to think that each mile passed shortened our distance from those dear ones who, in imagination, were tracking our steps!

Our former dâk experience enabled us now to manage capitally, the only variation being, that on arriving at each bungalow our first care was to have the precious basket containing our beloved cats brought down from the roof of our gharrie, and the poor occupants released from their close captivity and chained in the verandah of our breakfast-room, where their hunger was

a difficult thing to appease, Motee's especially; Zâwur always was the most dainty of the two, preferring quality to quantity. We were rather dismayed at first to find he could not be induced to touch chicken, the only procurable food; it was not till compelled by severe hunger that the poor creature could bring himself to swallow such low-caste food at all. Then Rose had some fresh bread-and-water, and sat complacently on the top of her cage, eating a lump of sugar. Whenever we stopped at a chokee we were almost sure to hear Motee howling at the top of his voice; and Rose learnt to imitate the cry to perfection. The animals never seemed to suffer from the changes of temperature, though it was oppressively warm in the middle of the day and bitterly cold at night.

It is amusing how travellers meeting at bungalows, though unacquainted even with each other's names, are willing to exchange

any civilities in their power, and chat with the freedom of old acquaintances. One morning a gentleman descended from his gharrie just as we drove up for our mid-day meal. We gave our orders for hot water, eggs, &c., and retired to our side of the house, and in a few minutes two cups of tea and a canister of biscuits were brought in by the Khit, with the Sahib's compliments. He, knowing how tardily natives execute ladies' commands, had taken this trouble to ensure our speedy refreshment. Seeing he was about to depart, we stepped into the verandah to thank him for his attention, and found an officer in a flaming dressing-gown, enough to make one hot to look at; he had been travelling in Cashmere, and was now *en route* to join his regiment; of course he envied us highly, having our faces set homewards. We were able to furnish him with some "small change," and so we went on our various ways. One of the first ques-

ions of travellers to each other at these ›ungalows generally is, " Can you spare me .ny small change?" One requires an im-nense number of little coins for the number-ess bucksheeshes required. This amicable ntercourse, however, is strictly confined to English people; those with the slightest ;aint of half-caste are ignored completely, and n India the eye gets educated to detect the .east trace with a celerity that is astonishing. Our down-country journey being performed during the cold season, we were enabled to travel day and night, only stopping in the middle of the day for breakfast, and in the evening for dinner. At whatever hour of the day or night you arrive at a bungalow, the Khits seem perfectly ready and willing to serve you, never thinking of grumbling about being unreasonably disturbed, as I suspect people at home in the same position would do. The country did not look quite so sandy and barren as it did on our way

up, for the opium crops were in full flower, and we passed field after field one mass of snowy blossoms. I never saw any coloured poppies among them; they were all a double white kind.

On reaching Benares, we were driven to the judge's house, he being a great friend of Keith's, and were received very kindly by his wife and daughter, but were only able to spend the day with them, being compelled to hurry to Calcutta. In the afternoon we drove through the bazaars, and went to see the college. The masters' houses near are built in the Elizabethan style, high-peaked roofs and gable ends forming a strange contrast to the flat, low-roofed, and thatched bungalows around, and the clematis and roses were climbing all over them like the cottages of home. At night we started again on our journey, laden with flowers and oranges from their garden.

One morning we came to a place where

the road was being repaired, and the Coolies had sluiced it with water, which made it so heavy the horse positively refused to drag us over. The coachman and Syce tried their usual expedient of turning round the wheels, but the creature resolutely backed, and finding we should soon be turned off the road, we jumped out, getting our feet thoroughly soaked in an instant. Nora went to the animal's head, and commenced a vigorous dragging, which so astonished the coachman, he left off turning the wheels, while I administered a gentle reminder with the whip, and after adding some words of encouragement, succeeded in walking him over the bad bit. I don't know whether horse or coachman were most bewildered; both showed evidently they had never been so treated before, though I did hear of a young lady going up country whose coachman would not proceed at the rate she wished, so at last she mounted the box, and,

taking the reins, gave the astonished coachee at once a lesson in scientific driving and English wilfulness.

We had wonderfully few accidents going down country, and found the carriages of the North-West Dâk Company decidedly larger than those we came up in—a great consideration when it is to be your sole residence for a week. As we neared Raneegunge, we urged our coachman on with increased promises of bucksheesh, if he managed to arrive in time for the night train to Calcutta. But, alas! on reaching the terminus, a black railway official informed us the train had departed an hour ago. There was nothing for it but to content ourselves with a night at the hotel, where our up-country party had taken tea together when our wanderings in India commenced —rather a miserable place; an opinion in which our poor cats fully agreed, as they had to pass the night in a damp bath-room,

and testified their disgust by continued howlings, declaring they infinitely preferred their basket on the top of our gharrie. We bestowed all our blankets, pillows, rezies, and remaining stores on the hotel-keeper, including a box of sardines, which we had regularly presented to each Khit at the various bungalows we passed, requesting them to open it, but in vain; they did not seem to comprehend what they were expected to do at all. And so we departed, most thankful to have seen the last of Raneegunge, and reached Calcutta just two days before the steamer sailed.

Our two days in Calcutta were spent in a whirl of visiting and shopping. We saw some of the unfortunates who had come out in the same steamer with us, and excited all their envy at our speedy return home. Home was the word now constantly on our lips; it seemed so impossible to realise in six short weeks we should be there, and India but

as a vision of the past, to be discarded as a nightmare, always excepting the glorious Himalayas.

It was wonderful how the Chicken-wallahs (embroidery sellers) found us out; and we were perfectly besieged with them, displaying their goods, and all assuring us, of course, that theirs were of the best quality. The work is generally excellent, but as the fine pieces are all done on muslin, which wears out immediately, many ladies take out stores of cambric ready stamped, and the men work it quickly and well; it is very reasonable indeed, if you can get some lady who understands the ways of the people to purchase it for you, as the men always ask double what they mean to take.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of February, 1857, we went on board the old *Hindostan*, having spent exactly eleven months in the country from the day we landed at that same Garden Reach. Every

one on board congratulated every one else that they were fairly on the road home; every one was in the best of tempers and highest of spirits, and many of the gentlemen made strikingly polite speeches to the muddy waters of the yellow Hooghly as the gallant steamer cleft her way through the turbid stream. Passing down, we naturally heard a great number of anecdotes connected with the river, and, among others, Major Seward told us a year or two ago he had been upset in a boat here, and some of the party were drowned. (If you fall into this river your life is rarely saved, on account of the strong under-current which sweeps you away.) He, being a good swimmer, struck out towards a dinghee (native boat) he saw approaching, concluding, of course, they would take him in; but, to his great surprise, instead of aiding him, the man at the prow raised his paddle and tried to strike him across the head. Major Seward dodged the

blow, and again attempted to enter the boat, but the paddle was a second time raised to beat him down; so, seeing they were bent on murdering him, he dived deep, and coming up a long way from the boat, ultimately succeeded in reaching the shore. The men in the dinghee looked surprised to see him appear again, but were too busy disposing of his companions to attend to him. People say numbers of sailors disappear from Calcutta every year, murdered by these boatmen when crossing the river. These frightful accounts gave us rather a different impression of the "mild Hindoo" from that we were taught to entertain at home. I don't think that any on board seriously regretted their departure; of course, in the case of a wife going home for her health, it was different, as the better half was left behind; but the mere fact of quitting India was hailed with delight by all. We, having passed that way, comparatively speaking, so

lately, were looked upon as excellent guide-books and referees on general topics of interest, and discussed quite learnedly the time we ought to reach the various touching ports, or the sights best worth seeing at them.

LITTLE HETTIE.

At Madras we picked up a number of passengers, and amongst them a pretty child,

whose dark-grey eyes and jet-black fringes spoke her Hibernian origin. Being then the only little girl on board, she was at once installed as prime pet with everybody, particularly as she entirely repudiated the society of the boys, whom she considered very rude, and the whole ship's company were instantly enlisted in the service of running races with, and otherwise amusing her, or coaxing her back to good-humour when a fall on the deck had temporarily disturbed her placidity. Mr. Campbell made violent efforts to gain the chief place in her affections, but the stoical indifference with which she heard his protestations argued little for his success so long as she had a plantain to demolish, listening with an equally unmoved countenance to "Hettie, I adore," or "Hettie, I abhor you." She regarded him somewhat as an eccentric character, and stigmatised him alternately as "that naughty," or "that funny man."

Endless were the discussions now engaged in by the Madrasees and Qui Hyes, as the Bengalese are nicknamed, respecting the merits of their several presidencies. Calcutta people consider themselves always as belonging to the aristocratic presidency, and the reasons they give for looking down on the others with scorn were sufficiently characteristic. "Madras is a benighted presidency, because"—and the words are uttered in an under tone expressive of the deep horror felt by the speaker—"people there eat bazaar mutton" (eating bazaar mutton is looked upon in Bengal as the lowest depth at which a civilised being can arrive); "and even," as an officer feelingly observed to me, "when the Madras regiments come up to Bengal, and we teach them to eat gram-fed* mutton, and they acknowledge its superiority, the moment they go back to their own

* Gram is a kind of dried pulse, on which most domestic animals in India are fed.

benighted land they return to their old practices. What can you expect from such a people?" Bengalese repudiate bazaar mutton for the same reason they refuse to touch native feeding cows. They form themselves into "mutton clubs," two or three families agreeing to divide a sheep twice a week amongst them.

The very first night we appeared on the Dhoorghur Course, a lady desired me to inform my brother there was a vacancy in her mutton club, and when, scarcely understanding the importance of the opportunity, I did so, I was astonished to find how Keith seized on the chance with avidity, and wrote directly to secure the desirable position. Then "the Bombayites have been known to travel with a kit (camp equipage) that a common soldier ought to be ashamed of, and are so utterly careless of where they live themselves that they have actually been known at a new station to put their horses

into the quarters assigned to the officers, and sleep in the stables themselves."

At Calcutta, amongst the numerous purchases we made, were two young and inexperienced green parrots, in a native cage, which turned out a most insecure place of abode; for on descending to our cabin, the very first day of our life on board, we found one parrot had already committed suicide by precipitating himself from the stern window, which was wide open, and the other was just about to take the final plunge, but evidently thought the water looked dirty. Our entrance of course hastened its end. As they were new acquisitions we did not mourn inconsolably over their untimely fate, and the purser, hearing of our loss, promised to procure us any amount of them at Madras; a pledge he nobly fulfilled, bringing on board a large cage with three little innocents sitting close together to keep off the cold, they being entirely devoid of feathers, with the excep-

tion of a few on the head and wings. And now the cares of a young family were severely felt. We had a delightful cabin, with more room than usually falls to the lot of passengers; and, indeed, we needed it all for our precious parrots and their bowls of food. At four every morning these little fledglings aroused us by their frantic cries of hunger, and we had to rise and stuff bread-and-water down each gaping throat as they sat in a row, bobbing their heads at us in a tremble of excitement; we were then allowed a rest till eight, when they again became clamourous, till crammed too full for the exertion of cawing. Rose looked on with interest at our attentions to the juvenile brood; but whenever we put her near them they set up such renewed vociferations that she became quite alarmed. It was a sight to see the way they swallowed plantain, making feeble pokes at it with their beaks, and rolling over it, being too weak to feed themselves.

People told us we never should get them home alive, as they were too young; but somehow they survived the perils of the way, and are at the present moment in a flourishing condition. Rose has already taught one of them a few sentences, and they all roam about the house as sleek and impertinent as possible, insisting on being noticed.

There was one rash gentleman on board bent solely and entirely on perpetrating matrimony, for which object alone he was undertaking the homeward journey; he used every morning, when performing his toilette, to disclose his future plan of action to the sharers of his cabin, through whom we were favoured with a peep at this original's arrangements. When he quitted England, it seems he had a large circle of acquaintance, amongst whom were "seven regular jolly bricks of girls with no nonsense about them," on all of whom he had "kept

his eye," and was now about to make a formal offer to each in turn of the lot, until he found one of the happy group willing to become the fortunate possessor of his hand and heart. It was perfectly immaterial to him which of them took him, as he had arrived at the conclusion that a wife was necessary, and therefore must be obtained. I wonder how his scheme will succeed.

The Sunday muster on the Indian side of Suez is a much larger and more motley one than that in the Mediterranean. The crew is chiefly composed of Lascars and broad-shouldered, thick-lipped negroes from the African coast, with gay turbans and large earrings. They are a much stronger race than the slight, graceful Lascars, who, in their white tunics and red kummerbands, look very picturesque, if not very serviceable. They make very good sailors for this climate, however, being as active as cats, and making up in numbers what they want

in strength. On the English side it took a man and a boy to heave the line for ascertaining our speed; on this, five or six men were necessary. The engineers were all Englishmen, and the few English sailors on board seemed to do nothing but steer, and then amuse themselves.

Amusement and occupation were objects so eagerly sought after on board, that anything that promised to while away an hour was greeted with delight. Thus the old English attempt to eat cold pudding from a fork passed under your left shoulder, was continually practised at dinner, though it was not the orthodox time of year for such a trial of fortune. Cracking nuts with the forefinger employed many otherwise idle moments. Those acquainted with the trick know it requires more skill than strength, but several gentlemen brought their fists down with the force of a sledge-hammer on their devoted forefingers, and pretended not

to have hurt themselves at all, though the pain must have been excruciating.

We fortunately had a fine run to Ceylon, and every one landed prepared to admire it with enthusiasm. We proceeded immediately to call on our friends the De Vaux, who were greatly astonished to see us, true to our promise, returning home. We had seen some lovely bracelets manufactured here from the light pieces of tortoiseshell being picked out and formed into massive links; the bracelet is fastened by a heart set in gold, and from delicate filagree chains hang a bunch of charms set in the same material; it strongly resembles amber, and is very unlike anything procurable at home. Others are made entirely of dark pieces of the shells, the mountings of silver; and they are altogether as pretty presents for the home people as can be desired. Mrs. De Vaux kindly sent for the man she always dealt with, and we were able to obtain a

supply of them really good; for many are made of spurious materials, and passed off as genuine. Cingalese in roguery nearly equal the Jews; they will assure you most solemnly, by all they hold sacred, that the stones they offer you for sale are real. A gentleman on board had resided there some time, and was well known. He stopped one of these traders, requesting to examine his jewels; but the man put his hands behind him, shaking his head, and saying, "No, no, sir; these stones only for steam-boat gentleman." We have since been informed that the greater part of the coloured glass sold there, and at other places where precious stones are offered at low prices, is all manufactured at the Island of Murano, in the Adriatic. A lady friend of ours went over the whole establishment there, and was told by the proprietors that they sent large consignments to all the principal English and French houses, where they are set, and then shipped for the colonies.

We spent a delightful day at the clergyman's house some way in the country, from which we had a magnificent view of the distant inland peaks. After dinner, when discussing various reptiles, we mentioned never having seen a scorpion, and our host instantly despatched a servant to the stable for some; this gentleman had a peculiar fancy of never allowing such creatures to be killed on his premises; even snakes were allowed free passage. He declared, for every one you killed, two came in its place, so the wisest course was to leave them alone. The servant soon returned with a cocoa-nut filled, apparently, with small black lobsters, which, on being turned out on the table, marched about, their tails erected in the air, and looked quite at home. I cannot say I at all admired such close quarters with such disagreeable things, but the Cingalese seemed to knock them about without fear of their stinging him. Here we saw hundreds of

pineapples growing wild, but were told they rarely came to perfection, as the porcupines ate them.

At Ceylon we embarked a number of people of a very different species to our former companions. Many of the new set were totally unacquainted with the English language, only the head of each party being able to say a few words. They were principally from Java, and the islands about there—such gaunt, hideous females, and unwieldly-looking Dutchmen! The amount of food they consumed must have been alarming to the purser; they never stopped eating from morning till night. Even when sea-sick (and they occasionally suffered dreadfully), they in a few minutes returned, with sharpened appetites, to beer, bread-and-cheese, or some such slight refreshment.

Their children were a most unruly lot, totally setting order at defiance, and waging

a fierce war with all the English children on board, who organised themselves into a regular army, and held daily encounters with the intruding foreigners, to the great alarm of their respective mothers. Their attire was simple and unique, consisting of trousers and a long coloured blouse reaching past the knees. It was admirably adapted for a warm climate, and seemed never to require changing, for the eldest boy of the party came on board in a dark-blue suit, which was never laid aside till we reached Marseilles. Sometimes the girls were dressed in white garments of the same pattern as the boys, which elicited strong disapproval from the junior English, for one day Master Freddy came up from the children's dinner with consternation on his face, and gravely informed Mrs. Clement, "Oh! such a dreadful thing happened to-day: the Dutch girl came to dinner in her nightgown!" Charlie used to lay deep plans

for the punishment of the obnoxious Dutch boy in blue raiment, the ringleader of the foreign party. This boy had two very projecting teeth, which Charlie seemed to consider a special insult to the community at large, and one evening he showed us a piece of cord carefully made into a large slip-knot, and told us that "it was a noose, and when the Dutch boy ran past he should throw it out and catch him, and then he would fall down and break his teeth." This Master Charlie was a particularly far-seeing and thoughtful child; he used sometimes to come to me for stories, and I on one occasion related the doleful history of "Little Red Riding Hood," to which he listened with deep attention, but when it was finished began speculating on it. "Surely it was very wrong of Little Red Riding Hood to have told the wolf the right direction to her grandmother's house; she ought to have given him a wrong direction, then

he could not have found her out." "Oh, you sharp boy," said I, "there's no doubt about your being a born lawyer."

Among our new passengers were a number of English children and their parents, coming home from various outlandish places that one never hears of except at school. Most of the children were attended by queer-looking Malay or Chinese nurses and servants. One family of five hopeful little cherubs, the olive branches of Dr. and Mrs. Andrews, were under the dominion of a Malay boy and an Irish nurse, a gaunt, soldierly female, to whom Major Seward instantly conceived a violent and most unfounded prejudice. He being reduced by long-continued fever to the last stage of weakness, had a dreadful antipathy to anything either strong-minded or strong-bodied in other people; besides, on particularly rough days, she would stand at the door of the cabin with an everlasting baby in her

arms, and, looking round the saloon, would audibly wonder what people meant by being sea-sick, and what it felt like—a reflection which Major Seward always considered as highly personal.

Exactly on the opposite scale of womanhood, as far as size was concerned, appeared the little Malay nurse of a German baby, a perfect dwarf, standing about four feet nothing, and always presenting the same height whether sitting or standing. By way of announcing herself a Christian, she generally appeared in a red print dress and a charity-school child's cap; the baby she carried looked miraculously tall by contrast. The mistress of this little comicality had attracted great attention on her first appearance among us from her fair pretty face; her husband, a bearded German, was a merchant returning from Japan.

Much conjecture was raised on board respecting an elderly widow lady, an English-

woman, who travelled with a suspicious-looking attendant. This man, though attired in a secular garb, was discovered to be a Franciscan monk. Whether these two laid plans for the conversion of the ship's company was unknown, but though the monk was a second-class passenger he always took his breakfast on deck with his mistress, and any one ascending the stairs during that meal was sure to surprise the two in close and eager consultation, which was abruptly ended on any third person approaching. In the forepart of the ship the monk was looked upon as an inoffensive individual, and spent his time chiefly in concocting oils and pomades for the hair, which he sold to his fellow-passengers.

The tedium of the voyage was frequently diversified by lotteries respecting the probable hour at which we should reach any given place, and rupees were freely paid down to swell the grand sum total. As we

neared the land, offers were frantically made for tickets bearing a promising-looking hour, and the holders sometimes made quite a little fortune ; others held out in hopes of higher bids till the hour marked on their ticket had passed away, and so lost their chance. Each ticket has a quarter of an hour marked on it, and when the anchor drops, the possessor of the ticket containing the fortunate moment becomes the owner of the whole sum subscribed. Sometimes rather a large sum is collected. One lady, who was urged to take a ticket, refused, as lotteries were somewhat against her principles, till it was suggested that she might apply the money to some good purpose if it became hers. She did gain it, and forthwith the Church Missionary Society was enriched by fifty pounds. People coming home seem much more addicted to this kind of amusement than those going out.

Among our new acquisitions from Ceylon

were some of the sufferers from the burning of Canton. One was a singularly simple and ingenuous youth; he must have gone to China when very young, as he had spent five years there, and still looked extremely youthful. He had a most inveterate habit of making a chimney of himself, never being seen without a cigar in his mouth; he told us he had smoked five hundred cheroots on the voyage between Singapore and Ceylon. One evening there had been a grand discussion for and against matrimony on deck, and Mr. Stafford was warned by ladies as well as gentlemen that such unlimited indulgence in the pernicious weed must be much curtailed should he think of becoming a Benedict. At first he tried to combat such an arbitrary decree, but finding public opinion too strong for him, he rushed away to the forecastle with his beloved cigar, still his undisputed possession. The number he lighted and tossed away scarcely

half consumed, told the turmoil going on in his brain, which could hardly be soothed by a long course of extra mild Havannahs and other abominations.

The saloon is one continued scene of eating. At six o'clock early tea and biscuits made their appearance in the cabins; at seven o'clock breakfast is ready for the children and servants; at half-past eight a warning bell rings; and at nine the general breakfast is on the table. At twelve a refection of bread-and-butter, cheese and biscuits, beer and claret, is laid out for tiffin; and at two o'clock the children's and nurses' dinner appears. At half-past three the dressing-bell again sounds; and at four everybody rushes down ravenous for dinner. Scarcely has it disappeared, when the children's tea is ready; at seven the big children, ditto. Then whist parties begin to form, and other

people attend the musical gatherings on deck or lounge about until nine, when a slight refreshment of biscuits, wine, and brandy-and-water is prepared. By ten all the ladies have disappeared in preparation for the visit of the light-extinguishing quartermaster at half-past. Gentlemen pace the deck to a much later hour, and the whist parties do not break up till two. How they manage for light I do not know, nor can I conceive how the stewards go to bed at all, for the saloon was never quiet till two, and at four holystoning the decks commenced, and all the ship was alive again.

We whiled away the evening hours by music and singing; the piano was hoisted on deck, and our kind friend Mrs. Clement seemed acquainted with every air suggested, and ready to accompany every one. We had vocal music of all kinds, from that dread-

ful "Bobbing around," given in thorough American style by a genuine Yankee, to the best operatic airs, dramatically delivered by a gentleman very much in Lablache's style of figure: "The Friar," as he was popularly called, from his favourite song being, "I am a friar of orders grey." This gentleman's repertoire was unlimited; tragic, comic, classical, anything and everything, he gave with ready good-humour. He was the established wit of the party, and, in consequence, gave utterance to the most terrific puns, at which it was impossible to help laughing from their utter absurdity, though, as a rule, we looked solemn at all puns, thinking them outrages on the feelings of society, and an inveterate punster an unmitigated bore. As it was extremely hot, the ladies were allowed to sit on the forecastle, and the *Hindostan* being flush

decked, it was easy of access, the gentlemen generously consenting to keep to windward when smoking.

After dinner we sometimes had most amusing scenes, for on board people are thankful for any amusement, and resort to the most childish games; *pour passer le temps*, feats of agility and skill were daily performed before a circle of astonished spectators. Mr. Campbell, being immensely powerful, and his arms two inches longer than any one else's, distinguished himself highly. One evening an entirely novel amusement was introduced. Two chairs were placed on deck at a distance of about four feet from each other, a pole was then rested on them, and a gentleman, with a stick to balance himself by, sat down cross-legged on the pole; a cap or hat was then placed on each chair corner, back and front,

and the gentleman, seated *à la Turque*, had to knock each off with his stick. It required extraordinary balance, and almost always ended in the downfal of gentleman, pole, chairs, and all, in a universal roll on the deck. The Friar was always suggesting feats requiring great agility, at which he looked on admiring and wondering. One evening he tied a quoit's ring to a rope and threw it over one of the rigging ropes, keeping the end in his hand, so that he could elevate or depress the ring at pleasure. He then requested all the gentlemen on board to come and kick at it, and see how high they could do so, urging them to kick out like men, and not be afraid of it. It was the most ludicrous sight to see these stalwart men gravely elevating their toes at the ring, which gradually mounted higher and higher, till Mr. Campbell, making an extraordinary bound

and kick at the same time, sent it flying, to the mock dismay of the Friar, who declared seriously he could not have done it—an assertion perfectly uncalled for, as no one for an instant would have imagined him capable of such a feat. But to prove that he, too, had his little accomplishments, he procured a skipping-rope, and persuading two gentlemen to turn for him, gracefully gathered his coat-tails about him, and hopped and danced backwards and forwards like a lively porpoise taking exercise.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company pique themselves on allowing ladies to have any little extra luxury at any time they please to call for it; thus they have on this side unlimited effervescing lemonade, while gentlemen are restricted to soda-water. Ices are sometimes served out to ladies, but gentlemen are prohibited from touching them.

A lady is allowed to have preserve at tea whenever she chooses it, while gentlemen are obliged to be content with the usual horrid salt butter. This was a continual grievance to Mr. Chester, who sometimes persuaded Mrs. Clement to send for preserve as if for herself, and then hand it over to him, much to the disgust of the steward, who, however, could not interfere. Mr. Campbell always said, whenever he felt low-spirited, he always asked for one of those forbidden good things, and felt his spirits revived on being answered, "You are a gentleman, sir." Ladies were also permitted to have wine-and-water on deck at supper, but gentlemen were obliged to descend for it—a rule which they easily evaded by asserting that brandy-and-water was wanted for a lady, and the steward's hopes of a future "tip" prevented his being too sharp-sighted on the occasion.

Among the various costumes and characters we had on board, a Greek priest stood very prominent, both on account of his peculiarly clerical dress and the enormous patriarchal length of his hoary beard; he also had long wavy hair, reaching to his waist when let down, but generally caught up with combs for every-day wear. He was going on a pilgrimage from Calcutta to Jerusalem, and the gentlemen found they could converse with him in Hindostanee, and liked him so much, that some of them organised a party to accompany him into Palestine. There were also some Arab merchants who traded horses between Bombay and Calcutta, and spent their whole time on this return voyage, when they had no business to occupy them, in smoking, or sitting curled up on one of the chicken-boxes, immovably poring over their only book, which they must have known by heart.

ARAB MERCHANT.

We anchored at Aden very early in the morning, and of course there was an end of all sleep. The vessel was surrounded instantly by a swarm of frantically vociferating Coolies in boats. The Babel of sounds which ensued beggars description. They swarmed up the steamer like cats, and, as I lay looking out of my port, one came face to face with me, after which I shut my window. The dawn was magnificent, the red sun

rising behind some low, dark rocks, bathing the still sky and calm sea with a solemn lurid light, and throwing the tall, black masts and spars of a large ship into wonderful relief in the foreground. It looked just like one of Danby's pictures, and was a singular contrast to the struggling, shrieking mass of life that surrounded our floating home. About seven, Mr. Gordon summoned us, and we proceeded on shore. Fortunately, the night before, we had asked Mr. Campbell to secure side-saddles and ponies for us, and as we approached the long, low, white building that does duty for an hotel, we saw numerous ponies and donkeys being galloped about by tattered-looking Arabs to show off their paces, and our two side-saddles lying on the ground conspicuously. Many of our fellow-passengers had taken up their abode in the verandah, smoking, and

looking as if they had been there a month. After a good deal of fuss about saddling the steeds, and parrying the storm of wit sent after us by those who dared not venture themselves on horseback, we started for cantonments, and had a wonderful ride. We went along full speed. These poor little ponies are, no doubt, accustomed to gallop all the way. How much I enjoyed that ride, although of course we had no habits, and the wind was very disagreeable. Our hair would come down, and Mr. Gordon was astonished at the extraordinary increase of colour in our cheeks. I went into raptures of delight over the strange, wild scenery, and the uncouth but most picturesque natives, all to the great astonishment and bewilderment of our simple-minded friend, Mr. Stafford, who could see nothing to admire, and believed I was joking all the time.

Aden has been so often described an ugly, hot, dusty place, high barren rocks, hot beyond all conception, and dusty beyond belief, without a vestige of vegetation anywhere, yet commanding interest from its very strangeness. Before you enter the cantonments, you pass through a deep fissure, fortified everywhere, and guarded by soldiers. The shops are all in a long line, and all kept by Parsees. We went into each one by turns, looking for veils for the desert. All our inquiries were answered by "None," till at length a man pulled out some antique pieces of figured white and coloured gauzes, and among them we descried two green veils, and instantly pounced on them. We found all kinds of Chinese curiosities here, and insisted on buying some little feather punkahs, to Mr. Stafford's disgust, such things being thought too common in China

for ladies' use. Undressed ostrich feathers may be procured here in large quantities at very low prices. We took a hasty survey of the cantonments and the views around. What an utterly miserable place! People say, "You must either die of *ennui* or take to drinking"—a wretched alternative, certainly; but really it must be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve one's existence there.

In returning, Nora and I changed horses, much to the annoyance of the Coolie boys holding them, who each declared "it was the other woman." Of course we were everywhere pestered for bucksheesh by crowds of Coolies, who could not even get near enough to touch the horses. We met several of the Dutchmen making purchases. All, being cautious as well as heavy men, were mounted on donkeys. We laughed

heartily at Colonel Brett and Major Hawks, both so tall, and riding such tiny donkeys; they shrieked out as we passed, "Oh, give me back my Arab steed;" while the Friar declared he had spent his whole day in searching for an Araby maid—a being he had read about at home, but could find no resemblance to in reality. No ladies were energetic enough to take the trip but ourselves, and we were really inclined to hiss a party of gentlemen who had actually secured a fly to take them about. When we presented ourselves at the landing-place to take a boat, a noisy discussion commenced immediately among the rowers, each one preferring some particular claim. One man even offered me a fine piece of white coral, as a present, if we patronised his boat. No sooner was our choice made, and we fairly in, than all the others began an indiscrimi-

nate fight of a most alarming character. Some tumbled into the water, some rolled on the sand, an undistinguishable mass of arms and legs. Major Seward and Mr. Campbell clapped their hands and excited them on by every means in their power. When the storm was at its height, a native policeman walked quietly to the scene of action, and, having distributed a few impartial blows, the combatants all rose up, replaced their garments, and went contentedly away.

In the mean time, the steamer had been a scene of great discomfort. The coaling at Aden is a fearful operation. Everybody should go on shore who can manage it; but the Coolies are most amusing. As each boatful of passengers arrived on board there would be a tremendous battle about payment, which usually ended in the English-

man tossing the disputed coin overboard, and telling the Coolies to dive for it. They are wonderful divers, but it seems, for some reason or another, diving has been forbidden, and a policeman stationed in a boat to prevent it. At length some of the natives suggested that, if we went to the other side, they would dive. A rush of passengers took place instantly to the opposite side, where three or four men presented themselves in the water, and dived after any coin thrown out. Sometimes two or three would fling themselves on one rupee. Even a four-anna bit (6d.) they could find; and as this is nearly the last place where Indian money passes, the passengers took the opportunity of emptying their pockets, till suddenly the policeman, evidently suspecting something, made his appearance round the stern, when each native scrambled into his own boat,

striving not to look wet or flurried. Some of these Coolies have extraordinary light hair —no doubt bleached by the sun—of which they are very proud. It is a bright-reddish golden tint, and each lock quite separate, in little ringlets, like the door-mats at home. Nora declared she wanted a specimen, and instantly the desire to obtain one became universal; and as Mr. Farly had been singing to us that Irish song which ends with, "Won't ye lave us a lock of your hair," everybody began shouting this out in chorus to every Coolie who presented hair of the desired hue. At first one or two were nearly persuaded to come on deck, but the moment any allusion was made to the hair, they sprang overboard precipitately. In vain we offered a rupee a lock: none would part with the precious commodity. One boy, about ten, came in a new boat, and Major

Seward rushed down to secure and bring him on deck. At first he came willingly, but some of the others, seeing what was going on, flung themselves on him, and then commenced a fearful tug of war. I really expected the poor child would be torn in pieces, one arm in the Englishman's iron grasp, every one on board clapping and shrieking out encouragement to him, while a Coolie hung on to every other limb, and all three screamed a Babel concert round. At length Major Seward gave in, and the poor boy was dropped, sobbing and frightened, into the bottom of the boat, no doubt thinking he had escaped some great danger. Soon after, a light-haired Coolie, who had been coquetting up and down for some time, rowed his boat near, and, boldly standing up, offered some of his wig for ten rupees, which noble offer was received with

derisive laughter, and a shower of incomprehensible wit, such as our gallant countrymen delight in, was poured on him: "Don't you wish you may get it?" "Wouldn't you like twenty?" "Who shaved the donkey?" "Come, now, I call that cheap;" and so on. I was often amused at the stolid indifference with which the officers of the steamer treat all these vagaries of their passengers. They seldom interfere unless particularly asked, and looked on with a calm, benevolent superiority, just as you would regard the gambols of a large family of kittens or an infant school.

And so we left Aden and calm seas, for before dinner was over we got into very rough weather, so that many unhappy individuals were obliged to vacate their seats, every such defalcation being received with ill-suppressed merriment by the others, half of whom, I am sure, were trembling in their

shoes, and dreading every heave of the vessel would compel them to follow the same example. Huge waves followed us, looking menacingly in at the stern windows, threatening every moment to overwhelm the dessert which was tastefully arranged beneath them in the absence of a sideboard. At length, Captain Blair's cabin received a deluge of water, which, after nearly drowning the baby and the Ayah, made its way into the saloon; whereupon all the windows were ordered to be closed, and the greater number of people on board were consigned to utter misery for two or three days. When I ventured again to emerge from the depths of my cabin, I heard the most doleful accounts of everybody. The poor Friar was completely prostrated; Mr. Campbell was cheerfully ill at intervals, and always returned to talk with his cap more jauntily

set on his head than ever, as if trying to deceive himself. Mr. Gordon rammed his wide-awake over his eyes, pushed his hands further into his pockets, and walked the decks with a fierce determination not to give in, whatever happened. Major Seward was hopelessly miserable, and strove to disguise his melancholy by eating mixed pickles and chutnie; but in vain. Every roll of the ship produced a deep-drawn and despairing "Oh!" which was most touching. This wretched weather stopped our musical evenings, and they were never resumed. Passing Cape Guardafui, a variety of sketch-books appeared, and the old point was immortalised again and again. What hordes of useless sketches one does accumulate, and yet I never can bring myself to throw the least bit away; the merest scratch brings back in an instant the place, the people, and

everything that was said and done. It is far the best kind of diary. Just as with a few notes of an old air, "the scene recurs, and with it all its pleasures, all its pains."

Nora was thankful for the stormy weather in the Red Sea, which laid up Mr. Campbell and Major Seward. As she was never sea-sick, she was enabled to triumph over them considerably, and ridiculed and laughed at them in the most unfeeling manner in return for the way they had persecuted her during the fine weather. She was always entangled in endless discussions respecting the obedience owing to the nobler sex, Nora stoutly declaring her determination of preserving her freedom intact; and Mr. Campbell used to tease her dreadfully, always repeating, in a censorious manner, "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands." Nora would reply, that she held the latter

articles in contempt, and could not be bothered with them; when Mr. Campbell aggravatingly asserted it was the inevitable fate of all women, and she would be no more able to help it than eating her dinner. Nora retorted that she had been to India and back, and still was Nora Leslie, and she thought her own name prettier than any she had ever heard. Mr. Campbell would shake his head portentously, and still reiterate his provoking insinuations that it was in store for her; then, perhaps, Major Seward took it up, saying, "That seeing it was Eve's fault that all mankind had suffered, it was the least women could do to submit peaceably to superior guidance, and keep out of more mischief." This, of course, drew forth a vehement contradiction, and Nora would boldly ask, "If men were so clever, why did not Adam refuse the apple?"

"Oh," said Major Seward, "because he was too gallant to refuse when a lady offered him the fruit." "Serve him right," said Nora; "he was just as anxious to taste the fruit as Eve, and so was glad to put it on her shoulders, like a shabby fellow." "Not at all," put in the inexorable Major Seward; "Adam knew quite well what it would entail on him, but as Eve had already eaten it, he was too kind-hearted to let her suffer alone, and so placed himself in the same uncomfortable position." This was such a new and startling view of the case to poor Nora, that she was driven to woman's argument of "It wasn't so at all." It was no wonder, therefore, she rejoiced over their forlorn and limp appearance after a day or two's good tossing. Even though Mr. Campbell made desperate deadly lively attempts at cheerfulness, she was not to be deceived by

the effort, but estimated it at its true worth —a feigned composure he was very far from feeling in reality, and treated him accordingly. Major Seward was in a stage beyond caring for anything that passed, so he enjoyed a temporary immunity from her revenge.

The late heavy sea made many passengers determine to go by Marseilles, and as Mr. Gordon promised to take charge of us through France, we determined to go also, if our passages could be changed at Alexandria. In preparation for their continental trip, many gentlemen began diligently studying the intricacies of the French language, deluding themselves with the belief they would have mastered its difficulties before landing in France. Colonel Brett sat down every day, solemnly and stiffly, before a formidable dictionary, intending doggedly to

learn it straight through, by which time he felt persuaded he should be as much at home in French vernacular as in his mother tongue. Alas! however, for his perseverance, which deserved to have been rewarded, when we reached Suez he had only arrived at the letter "G," and consequently, feeling himself hardly strong enough to venture on mixed conversation, put off his French trip to a future day, and went quietly round by Southampton. Mr. Hughes, after vainly mystifying himself for some days with incomprehensible words, gave up the attempt in despair, and changed his passage from Marseilles to Southampton. We saw Mr. Stafford for some time intently studying a book of French dialogues, which, on looking over, we discovered to contain chiefly such sentences as "She is very lovely," or "Beauty is deceitful;" and laughed him out

of the idea that phrases of that style would be of any assistance to him on a rapid railway journey through France.

A day or so before reaching Suez, the stewardess came into our cabin, saying the passengers' baggage was being weighed, and all our possessions must go up instantly; and then commenced a rapid collection of all the loose articles in the cabin, which were all, even down to a pair of slippers, tied into a huge bundle made out of a sheet, and carried off. This time, however, by dint of sending some heavy boxes round the Cape, we had kept our luggage within due bounds, and paid nothing extra for it. We were told that all the second-class passengers are weighed with their luggage (for what object I know not), and the Irish nurse and baby weighed fifteen stone.

As the basket in which our cats had tra-

velled down country had been thrown overboard, the purser ordered the carpenter to make a wooden cage with bars in front—a far more convenient and comfortable mode of conveyance for the poor things. On board they were placed in the unoccupied chicken pens, and when we used to visit them every evening to pet and console them a little, we were often assailed by numerous witticisms on the singularity of our choice of pets, cats and parrots being such well-known emblems of old-maidism, our facetious companions remarking that we appeared determined to guard against any deviation from that line of life.

Our last day on board the *Hindostan* was a very busy one, everybody packing up the multifarious articles which, however neat you may be, always get strewed over the cabin, and all preparing for a start. We

were not to arrive till night, and there was no hope of rooms in the Suez Hotel, bad as it is, as they were sure to be full of Australian passengers waiting for their overdue steamer. At dinner, the usual ceremony of returning thanks and drinking the health of the captain and officers was performed; but the captain had contrived to absent himself (of course necessarily). After a most unsettled day, we cast anchor off Suez at seven o'clock. The little steamer which was to take us the remaining four miles into Suez soon appeared, looking absurdly small as it drew up alongside our huge ship; and we felt slightly incredulous when informed that all the passengers and their luggage went in one trip.

The task of moving the luggage, though commenced with great celerity, was not accomplished for some hours; so it was eleven

before we were informed all was in readiness for our departure. In the mean time, the saloon was a scene of some confusion, the cabins being all emptied out, and last arrangements being made. Mrs. Smith was in a most tearful stage of port wine. She had been singing "Rule Britannia," and, on being complimented, said her forte was sacred music. When we came down to fetch up our parrots, the odour of brandy about her neighbourhood was more than a *soupçon* as she rushed towards us, and, seizing my hands, begged me not to leave the steamer that night, sobbing, and bidding us adieu solemnly. Poor creature! she was not to be allowed to land till daylight. Mr. Gordon took our cats on board, and then returned for us. Fortunately we had some gentlemen with us. How the children managed I can't conceive, for the scene of

confusion and struggling baffles all attempt at description. Out of a hole in the lower deck you walked along a narrow gangway, guarded by a single rail on one side, then down some steps, which landed you on the little steamer. It was too dark to distinguish faces, and the gangway was full of people, who would cling to the rail, and let you pass as you best could. The deck was so crowded you barely found standing room. Fancy a hundred passengers with all their luggage (and Indians' luggage, too), to say nothing of thirty-five children and the stately Arab crew of the steamer, with a variety of supernumeraries of different kinds, tipsy stewards, and all bundled at night into a narrow river steamer! and even then you can have no idea of the jostling, pushing crowd we found ourselves amongst. Every minute some one would rush down from the ship with some

missing article or forgotten message, and by sheer force fight his way across the deck. The stewardess bounced suddenly down, hastily put a bundle into Mr. Campbell's arms, and saying, "Hold it tight, sir—hold it tight," disappeared. It proved to be a baby; but poor Mr. Campbell did not know what to do with it, or even which end to hold uppermost. I had secured a seat on the corner of a bench when a rush of people came past, and a gentleman, who had been sitting on the rail by me, smoking a cigar, was pushed off, and turned head over heels into the water, his feet positively grazing my shoulder as he disappeared. It was a horrible moment, and no assistance seemed forthcoming. "It is only a Lascar," said a lady near, "and they swim like fish." "It is no Lascar," I replied, "for I saw the soles of his boots as he went over." I looked

down and saw the man swimming strongly for the steps, while his cap was being swiftly carried away into the dark distance, for the current was very rapid; the sea looked cold and black, and I knew it was swarming with sharks. In the mean time, two men had gone down the steps, and a lantern made its tardy appearance. The men caught hold of the swimmer by his hair and collar, but his pea-jacket, &c., were so soaked and heavy with water, it seemed an age before he was dragged on deck; and then, to our astonishment, we recognised Mr. Lane. He tried to laugh and make light of the accident, declaring he never saw anything so pretty in his life, "he went overboard as clean as a knife;" and as he was carried off to the engine-room to be dried, people shook their heads, and thought, had he not been slightly elevated, he would not have gone over at

all. Considering, however, that the bulwarks stopped abruptly where Mr. Lane had been sitting, and for a considerable space on each side of the paddle-boxes there was no railing or protection of any kind, it was rather a wonder some of the ladies or children did not follow his example. Had Mr. Lane not been a good swimmer, he must have been drowned.

The confusion was at its height: every one was begging some one else just to hold a parcel, or look after a child for an instant. I had Johnnie's best hat and feathers committed to my charge. Some one proposed we should try the forepart of the steamer, which was not so crowded; so we fought our way to it. I had an iron cage with some of the little parrots in it, which I opposed to any jostling, and at last we reached the end of the vessel, where a keen east

wind was blowing, and I was afraid the juvenile parrots would take cold, and had to wrap them up in a cloak. On the deck near me sat a lady with a shrieking bundle in her lap, and beside her was the Irish maid with another bundle, while two or three more were laid around her, from each and all of which proceeded the same smothered cries. It was Mrs. Andrews and her children. The poor little creatures had been roused up hastily out of their first sleep and hurried into the steamer, and were loudly testifying their disapproval of the whole arrangement.

At length we got under weigh, but not without difficulty, for after the paddles were in motion, nothing could unfasten the rope which held us to the large steamer; it really seemed as if we should be dragged down stern foremost by it. Major Seward wanted

to cut it through, but was not allowed to touch it by the Arabs, and just as it was growing serious they contrived to unfasten it themselves, and we got away. Every gentleman began to feel for his keys and think over his baggage, while every mother counted her precious charges, and Mrs. Andrews discovered it was her baby that had been consigned to Mr. Campbell's charge. People began to compare their grievances, and Major Seward was furious. One of the tipsy stewards would smoke into Mrs. Clement's face, and being too far gone to be sensible of moral influence, had to be removed by main force. Each gentleman meant to write a separate complaint to the *Times;* one would have expected that paper, for a month at least, to be the medium of a hot correspondence between the penitent Peninsular and Oriental Company and its

offended passengers, but, alas for the consistency of human nature! not a line relating to the subject has, I believe, yet appeared.

At last we reached the little wooden pier of Suez. The pitch-dark night was only lighted by the flaring torches of two or three Arabs; picturesque enough, if one had time to look about one, but everybody began to rush wildly about, losing his own party, and being taken care of by some one else. Mr. Stafford kept close to me, and, knowing the localities, I made straight for the door of the old hotel, and ran up-stairs to the ladies' saloon, which was untenanted save by a sleeping figure on one divan. Just then Nora appeared with Mr. Campbell, and Miss Grant under Mr. Hanson's charge. Every one kept dropping in, each astonished and delighted to find the others;

and Mr. Campbell shook up the sleeping figure, who proved to be a poor sailor-lad taking a nap while he could get it. All the ladies and children were put into this one room, which was soon quite full, and presented a scene of confusion rarely equalled — thirty-five children, twenty ladies, and about ten servants, with innumerable carpet-bags and baskets, many of the papas of the children passing in and out continually; everybody had his hands full of business; most of the children screaming. Nora and I, being almost the only people with no occupation (as our parrots and cats were easily put out of the way), were ready to assist others. Mrs. Clement, of course, was always to be found where she was most wanted; Mrs. Blair was carried in, almost fainting, poor little Hettie dreadfully frightened, and the baby crying and requiring all the atten-

tion of the Ayah, who was making ineffectual efforts to soothe him, and at the same time to open a huge basket of stores. (This is a striking peculiarity of Indian travellers; each baby is accompanied by an enormous basket full of nondescript articles of all kinds; the amount of milk alone, bottled for the desert journey, must have been something marvellous.) I proffered my assistance, and succeeded, with some difficulty, in abstracting a soda-water bottle full of milk, the cork of which obstinately refused to come out. Seeing me looking for something to pull it with, the Ayah silently handed me a hair-pin, no doubt her usual assistant on such occasins. With a pang of pity for the poor baby I tried to remove the cork with the pin, and of course found it a totally useless instrument, but Captain Blair rushing in at that moment with his

hands full, I seized upon him without scruple, as the milk was for his own baby. He took the bottle away, and gave it me back without a cork at all. I administered a spoonful to the baby, who refused to touch it, and then, finding I was more wanted elsewhere, was obliged to stick the bottle upright in the basket and leave it. I pity them when it was carried into the van next morning. Poor Mrs. Young had been brought on shore in a dead faint, with blue lips, and looking like a corpse; but after pouring pure brandy down her throat, and rubbing her stony cold feet, she revived a little. There was no room to lay her down; the most we could do for her was to prop her against a carpet-bag, and put some cloaks under her head. Meanwhile, Dr. Andrews was wandering about, like a perturbed spirit, in search of his

lost carpet-bag, alternately questioning his wife and the nurse as to where it was last seen, and begging some lady to let him see the name on the bag she had converted into a pillow or seat. Captain Blair was charitably engaged in carrying in relays of ham-sandwiches to the famishing ladies and children. Mr. Campbell was standing at the door, playing ball with a number of oranges we had commissioned him to buy for our desert journey to-morrow. He had had a great fight with the Arabs to get two dozen for a rupee. Neither Nora nor I could leave our various patients to attend to him, and he was obliged to pile them on the table, to the intense envy of all the children who were not asleep. Suddenly Mr. Hunter appeared, to say that after searching everywhere, "that little blue carriage-bag was nowhere to be seen;" which announcement

created great consternation in his wife's mind.

"You know, Miss Leslie, it contains the keys of everything we have, besides all the children's powders that the doctor gave me for them to take every evening."

I mentally thought, "You unfortunate little creatures; I fervently hope the bag may not be found to-night, so you may have one less chance of being poisoned."

"You remember, sir," says the nurse, "there were three bags left out, and I handed you the blue one last, as it was most important."

"Go and look once more, my dear," said the anxious mother. But when Mr. Hunter returned again from his fruitless search it was determined that he and the nurse must go back to the large steamer and examine every corner.

Pitying the poor woman her eight miles' row in the dark, all amongst the sharks again, I offered my services to hold the baby during her absence; an offer thankfully received by the poor mother, whose arms were occupied by her sleeping Johnnie. That poor infant! I shall never forget its appearance. It had been very ill on board, and now lay perfectly still and apparently unconscious, and evidently long past the crying stage. I thought it must be dead, and touched its little hand, which was fiery hot and tightly clenched.

"It is not nearly so feverish as it was yesterday," said the mother, in answer to my look.

"Poor thing!" thought I, "they have not told you."

A lull of comparative repose followed, till Mr. Hunter and the nurse returned with—

alas!—no bag; and dreadful confusion commenced again, for it was time for the first set of vans to start, and all the passengers to go in them were busy collecting their things, and rousing the poor children from their restless slumbers, to be properly wrapped up before encountering the keen night air of the desert.

I stood admiring the dexterity with which Mrs. Hunter's nurse was rolling up the baby in an infinity of coverings, ending by placing two or three folds of a thick blue veil over its face, so as effectually to prevent its breathing, and, turning the little bundle over to its mother, proceeded to invest Master Johnnie in the same manner. Poor child! fold after fold went over him, till I am sure he could move neither hand nor foot, nor cry if he wished it; and as his father, who had been helplessly looking on also, lifted up the

little mummy to carry him down stairs, he laughed, half apologisingly to me, saying, "They think it necessary to wrap him up so."

"He is an Indian child," said the nurse, severely, in answer to my look of astonished commiseration. And so they all passed out.

I could hear poor little Mrs. Hunter, as she took leave of us all, murmuring to herself, "And all the children's powders!" while old Mrs. Bell croaked out behind me, "They don't know how ill that child is. They won't attend to me, miss; but I tell you it can't survive this night."

It did, however, in spite of her prophecy, and I have no doubt is well yet.

The room being now somewhat clearer, we who remained began to make ourselves more comfortable.

"People talk of the luxurious way in

which overland passengers travel," said Mrs. Clement; "I wish they could see us now."

We got a mattress dragged in for Mrs. Young, and she seemed to sleep peaceably on it. Another mattress was shared between three ladies, and, after a relay of sandwiches and oranges, we composed ourselves to quiet till the next set of vans should start. I shall always look back on that night as one of the most exciting I have ever known, during which I got through a greater amount of hard work than at any other time of my life. Too much excited to think of sleeping, I got a carpet-bag for a prop, and sat reviewing the room. I never saw anything so ugly as the Dutch women and children looked. The little Andrewses were lying in all manner of positions on the divan, and looking like marble cherubs. Mrs. Andrews was sitting on the floor, leaning against

a carpet-bag, with her baby in her arms. Dr. Andrews said she had been holding the baby in just that position for forty-eight hours, so I suppose it was easier to her than any other.

"This is the third night," said she, "that I have spent sitting on the floor with the baby, as my little girl was so ill I was obliged to give her up my berth."

Poor woman! what an undertaking bringing home all those children must have been. Every moment one required more covering or its position altering, and all night this sort of colloquy went on: "Peggy, Peggy, get up." Peggy, being fast asleep, was just roused sufficiently to rock an imaginary baby in her arms. (Major Seward said he was sure she dandled a baby always in her sleep.) "Peggy, you are asleep I think; Miss Annie wants some milk; get up." A

second glimmer reaching Peggy's brain, she snatched a pillow from under a little sleeping head and began patting and soothing it; on which, Mrs. Andrews giving her a harder push, she woke up, rubbing her eyes, and was directed to find the milk; but when brought, Miss Annie refused to drink it because it had no sugar. "There now, Peggy, you have forgotten the sugar; go out and see if you can buy some from the people of the house." Peggy disappeared, but soon returned, saying, "There was no one up in the house to give her sugar." And as the young lady's still refusing to touch the milk without it evidently distressed her mother very much, I suggested that Mrs. Schneider had some, as I had seen her giving it to her baby. But I was sorry as soon as I said it, for Peggy, scorning to address herself to the little Malay nurse, remorselessly shook up

poor Mrs. Schneider herself, who rose in a very resigned manner and gave out the sugar.

As our batch of vans was to start at four o'clock A.M., Mr. Gordon came to warn us beforehand; and, having collected all our things, we descended to breakfast, and got some good strong coffee. A sleepy Arab brought in an immense bowl full of eggs and some bread-and-butter, for which refection we were charged five shillings a head. Then the extortionate innkeeper levied a tax of a rupee each on every man, woman, and child —even those who had only spent an hour in the house—for the privilege of sitting on the stone floor of his saloon. Considering he has four sets of Indian passengers monthly, upwards of a hundred each time, to say nothing of the Australian mails, I should think his fortune ought to be rapidly made. Now that we were homeward-bound voyagers, we

found a striking difference in the ideas of the Transit Company on the subject of luggage. Long experience has, I suppose, warned them that it is useless to interfere with Indians on this point; and we were allowed to stow our two cages of parrots, the box with the cats, and a leather bag for ourselves, into the van without a word of remonstrance from the driver, while if we had ventured on taking half that amount of packages in coming out, there would have been a great fuss made instantly.

By the time we reached the first halting station, the sun was very hot. The only difference we saw in the desert was that our old friends the semaphores were in ruins, and a bran new electric telegraph ran right across to Cairo. As for the meals provided, they might have been the same ones we left on the tables last year; but the horses had

very little spirit in them, having taken all the Australian and Bombay passengers across just before us. They seemed scarcely able to drag the vans along, and made us so late, that at the middle station, instead of the prescribed rest of two hours, the coachmen wished to hurry us on quickly; but this both Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Schneider highly objected to, saying their babies required more rest; and having been promised two hours, they would not give up a minute. Towards the close of the day, we began to feel keenly the want of last night's sleep, and Nora was getting thoroughly knocked up; indeed, at the third station most of the children were too wearied to cry even, and the ladies too tired to eat: they could only lie down.

What with the heavy roads and the worn-out horses, it was four o'clock in the morn-

ing before we reached Cairo, as miserable a set of mortals as could well be seen. Mr. Stafford had promised to keep rooms for us, and had actually waited up all night to tell us there was no room at "Shepherd's," and we must go to "L'Orient," where, after many delays, we were at length consigned to our rooms; though not to perfect repose, for we were informed we must be up to breakfast by eight, as the train for Alexandria started at nine; and Nora was by this time too ill to allow of my leaving her till she had fallen asleep. Consequently, I had the pleasure of lying down for about an hour, but not of closing my eyes, as the people in the hotel seemed to be thinking of anything but peaceful slumbers. At breakfast we met several of our jaded fellow-passengers, compelled, in spite of all fatigue, to hurry on. Fortunately, Mrs. Young and

Mrs. Blair had been able to procure an invalid van for the desert journey, so were not as completely dead as I expected them to be. They arrived barely in time to be put into the train for Alexandria; rather trying work for such delicate people.

We reached the station just in time to see the train disappearing, and felt nothing but a sensation of intense relief. I really thought Nora would not have been able to go on at all, and we were both at the moment too tired to care whether we missed the steamer or not. The railway officials seemed exceedingly astonished to hear our exultation at being too late; but as all the Andrews family, Messrs. Stafford, Hayes, and others, were in the same predicament, we were graciously informed that another train would be despatched in the course of the day, though we had at least an hour to wait

while they determined when it should start. However, we were allowed to leave our luggage and all the pets under lock and key, and started with renewed spirits to see something more of Cairo. While we were getting donkeys, we stumbled on our old dragoman, Omar, who instantly recognised and wished to shake hands with us; but, although we declined that honour, he kindly insisted on taking the whole party under his charge, and escorted us to see the lions. The excitement and exercise revived us considerably. The bazaars were of course delightful—living, breathing realisations of the "Arabian Nights;" and our reiterated expressions of admiration seemed as surprising to Mr. Stafford as our delight at Aden had been, he having been too much accustomed to Orientals to understand the pleasure of being jostled by a crowd of dirty Arabs,

and deafened by their noisy cries. We had heard a great deal of the mosque, but could not admire it after Delhi and Agra. Whatever it may have been, it is now irretrievably spoiled by the vulgar mixture of imitation Corinthian pillars, French chandeliers, and tawdry gilding, with bits of the solemn old Moorish-looking railings and carving. Of course we saw the Mameluke's Leap, with which everybody is so familiar, both from description and pictures, and then returned to the hotel to get some tiffin, and started by one o'clock in the railroad. I cannot think why the other passengers were not allowed to wait quietly, and come with us; but it seems the only idea of the Transit Company to hurry you breathlessly through Egypt.

We had a merry party at Khafileh, similar to the luncheon we had there in coming out,

though not as numerous a one as it was then. The Egyptians appear to have an immense appreciation of fun, and, though they cannot understand the point of your joke, will always laugh with you for sympathy. When the Arab waiter came round, after the repast, to collect his bucksheesh, Mr. Hayes amused himself by saying nothing, but staring fixedly at him. The poor waiter, after two or three efforts to break through this stony gaze, gave up the attempt, and no doubt, believing firmly in the power of the evil eye, looked rather doleful about it. But when, just as we were leaving, he received an unexpected half-crown from his tormentor, he instantly comprehended the exquisite drollery of the joke in its fullest extent, and was prepared to believe Mr. Hayes a wit of the very highest order.

The floating bridge across the Nile is now

finished, and was regarded by the gentlemen of our party with intense reverence. It was planned, I believe, by Mr. Stephenson, and looks like a huge platform mounted on two little steamers, with machinery so arranged that it can be adjusted each day to the rise and fall of the river, in order that the same even surface may always be preserved at the top, on which the train is pushed from the shore, and carried over to the other side without giving the passengers the trouble of changing their seats. We crossed very satisfactorily; but after what seemed a most unaccountable delay on the other side, we asked when they meant to go on, and were informed that a telegraphic message from Cairo had just been received, to the effect that two camels, carrying boxes with important despatches from India, having broken down in the desert and been left behind, the

accident had only now been discovered, and we were directed to wait till the missing mails arrived in Cairo and could be despatched to us. This pleasing piece of intelligence effectually put an end to the hopes of a quiet night's rest at Alexandria, with which we had been deluding ourselves. Really we were almost beginning to look upon sleep as a work of supererogation. As one weary hour of the night passed on after another, without bringing the desired train that was to release us from our tedious inaction, we strove to make believe the leather cushions of the carriage were as comfortable as a bed could be; but, as every one knows, when you are anxiously awaiting the arrival of anything that may appear at any moment, all chance of sleep is hopeless. The poor little Andrewses were too much worn out to care further about anything, and Dr.

Andrews had long ago come to the conclusion that it was most unwise for people with large families to think of travelling at all; but fortunately, there being many vacant carriages in the train, he was at present able to separate himself from the cares of his numerous little charges. Some of the gentlemen fraternised with the railway officials, and spent the night in unlimited supper and cigars, hearing innumerable characteristic anecdotes of the road.

After an age of waiting and wondering, we started at last, and were turned out in Alexandria a little after four in the morning, having been fifteen hours on the way instead of eight. An unfortunate individual had been waiting all night at the railway station, with a note from Mr. Campbell, saying he had secured rooms for us at the Oriental, and thither our wayworn party

proceeded, more dead than alive. By five o'clock we had gained our rooms, but not by any means undisturbed quiet, for the passengers who had preceded us were waking up fresh and alert, invigorated with their night's rest, and preparing to make the most of their short time in Alexandria; so our ears were regaled on all sides by short scraps of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," and other popular melodies, intermingled with shouts for hot water. At six, Mr. Gordon was knocking at our door, informing us we must go off about changing our passages and separating our luggage; and so ended our third night without sleep, and we looked forward to the certainty of undisturbed possession of the two little berths, however narrow, in the steamer with unalloyed delight, a consummation which at home no powers of persuasion would have made me

believe I could ever have arrived at. As we hurriedly resumed our walking attire, we could not resist ejaculating Mr. Campbell's favourite expression of "Hard lines!" We were driven first to the luggage-yard, where a scene resembling the Suez one in our outward route was being enacted. Having selected one or two indispensable trunks, Mr. Campbell, with rolled-up sleeves, kindly proceeded to paint "Marseilles" on each, in letters a foot high, effectually stamping himself on our minds thereby, as it is impossible to this day to efface the letters. We then adjourned to the office, and found the exchange of passage more easily accomplished than we had anticipated, the Company generously giving you back five pounds, which nearly pays half your transit through France. Having plenty of idle time on our hands, we visited Pompey's Pillar, and found it

of course traced all over with the illustrious signatures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. At Alexandria there are some very good shops, and many of the ladies took this opportunity of providing themselves with the latest fashions; but, as we were to spend a day or two in Paris, we restricted our purchases to light literature, that useful edition, the "Tauchnitz Library," being procurable in any number.

On reaching the *Valetta*, which was to convey us to Marseilles, we found her a much smaller steamer than we had yet been in; sharp and narrow, with very raking masts and high bulwarks. We were told these latter were imperatively necessary, as she cut through the rough waves instead of rising, and consequently was almost always under water. Having deposited our various belongings in our cabin, we went with Mr.

Gordon to bid a tender adieu to our beloved cats, who were to perform the long sea-voyage. The accommodations on board the *Indus* were certainly first-rate, and when Mr. Campbell returned with us to the *Valetta*, he expressed great pity for our limited space; but we triumphed over him by representing it was but for five days, while the passengers for Southampton could not hope to quit the watery element under a fortnight, and would be nearly certain to have bad weather in the "Bay" besides.

Our dinner party that afternoon was the most hilarious I have ever seen. The Friar surpassed himself, and the Bombayites looked enviously at our end of the table. But, alas! our mirth was of short duration, for the wind commenced freshening that evening, and continued to do so till it blew a gale,

and we were pitched and tossed about unmercifully. The unfortunate Friar, looking forlorn and deplorable, was driven to sit in the saloon, from his cabin, which was forward, being flooded with sea-water, and the contents of his portmanteau floating on the surface. The night before we reached Malta was very bad: Nora was terrified out of her senses; and the passengers, many of them, sat in the saloon all night. About two o'clock there was a terrific shock and crash; the array of small-arms at the end of the saloon came down with a clatter; then a calm for a second, the poor little steamer quivering and trembling like a frightened child, and a few scared individuals started out of their cabins. But next morning we were in smoother water, and a benevolent old lady, in talking over the night's adventures, told us: "When that dreadful shock

came, my first thought was, 'Oh, I hope those dear little parrots have not suffered!'" This lady, with her daughter, friend, and maid, were returning from an excursion up the Nile. It was their second tour, and they had penetrated beyond the fifth cataract, entirely without masculine aid (from their own countrymen at least); as she herself expressed it, "That creature man is utterly useless, and simply in the way." The only article she considered absolutely necessary on the journey was a pipe of claret, the drinking water being so bad.

The weather had been too rough for the *Valetta* to display her powers of speed, and shortly after dropping our anchor at Malta, the stately old *Indus* entered the harbour, and in the streets and shops we were continually meeting our former companions, who vainly pretended to crow over us. The

Pera had just arrived with the English mail, and the meeting of outward and homeward-bound passengers presented an amusing con-

OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

glomeration of styles of dress. The former were in all the agony of stiff "all-rounders," Noah's-ark coats, silky chimney-pot hats, and dandy canes, while the latter wore loose shooting-coats and wide-awakes, with pugherees, and a general air of preference of com-

fort over appearance pervaded them all, in striking contrast to the scrupulous neatness of the *Pera* passengers. We laughed heartily at the manly determination with which Mr. Stafford pulled his enormous white gills higher up to his eyes, with British obstinacy asserting his right to hold his own, whatever the fashion might be.

Our passage from Malta to Marseilles was speedy and tranquil, and we had lovely glimpses of far-distant hills and sunny landscapes. Dirty, disagreeable Marseilles presented no inducements to linger, and having passed the custom-house with the greatest facility as regarded our baggage, but finding French uncommonly difficult from the Hindostanee words which would slip out contantly, we took our seats in the train, with great satisfaction at being once more on *terra firma* in Europe; our simple-minded

Boulevard des Italiens. Everything seemed unchanged, and the stream of life and bustle was as rapid as ever. What exquisite silks the "Compagnie Lyonnaise" displayed, and how artistically the windows of the "Trois Quartiers" were arranged. We could hardly tear ourselves away from such fascinations, and were really glad of the excuse of the absolute necessity of buying dresses and bonnets for the approaching London season, till we barely left ourselves money sufficient to pay our tickets to London; and had not Mr. Gordon luckily been able to lend us some coin (he not having equal temptations to expend), our stay in Paris might have been unpleasantly prolonged.

We chose the Calais to Dover route, as presenting the shortest bit of Channel to cross, and were, I must say, most inhospitably received in England by a drizzling rain and

piercing cold, making the poor Indians shrivel into nothing. But everything seemed beautiful to our eyes—the May hedges just budding into leaf, and the honest-looking clods of earth in the ploughed fields—in comparison with the arid, parched sand of India. The London Custom-house officers deserve unlimited praise for the tender manner in which they treated our boxes, such as we had with us, the greater part having gone round by Southampton. But the gentlemen all got into difficulties about their cigars. The French officials had allowed twenty cheroots to each traveller duty free, but the English rules were far more stringent, to Mr. Stafford's extreme disgust. We here bid farewell to kind Mr. Gordon and all our companions, as our routes diverged considerably.

Very few of our friends expected us by

this mail at all, and not one had an idea of our coming by Marseilles; therefore, on driving past the house of a cousin, we positively sent the inmates into hysterics. One of them, happening to be idly standing by the window, recognised us, and, breathless and excited, proclaimed to the household, "The Leslies have come home!" Mamma was out of town, and intended to meet us at Southampton; so we went to an aunt's house, which was instantly thrown into a frantic state of confusion, not only by our arrival, but the irruption of so numerous a family of parrots, while the servants dreaded the cockroaches, which they were convinced were lurking somewhere.

Mercifully, indeed, were we guided to England's shores; scarcely in time, for within

a month after our return home the wide-spreading and disastrous fire of mutiny broke out, and wrapped the peaceful scenes of our late wanderings in a sheet of flame. There was no real necessity for our coming home within the appointed time—many reasons might have tempted us to prolong our stay in India—and I believe the fixed determination of purpose which we evinced was regarded by many of our friends as simple perversity. *Now* I can see how providentially all things were overruled for our safety.

I have purposely avoided alluding to any of the horrors lately enacted in Bengal, preferring to give my readers a picture of what India once was—what it may be again, we trust, when the Dove of Peace shall once more fold her wings on its now distracted plains.

It is, indeed, difficult to believe that so

many friendly companions of our past year have really fallen in such an untimely manner, but not so difficult to realise that the light-hearted youths we have so often joked with and laughed at should prove themselves, in the hour of need, heroes of such sterling mettle—heroes whom England may well be proud to count among her sons. Surely the vaunted deeds of classical warriors grow pale and faint before the matchless heroism of our modern Paladins.

And now for our own sex. In times of sickness and sorrow we know of old no true woman's heart ever fails, nor do her spirits flag till the evil day be overpast; but in scenes of horror and bloodshed human eyes have rarely looked upon, we are hardly prepared to find our sisters acting with a calm devotion, and meeting their cruel deaths with a proud submission which,