

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN the sun it peeps in through the window pane  
 My thoughts they rush out at the door ;  
 I turn to my books and my lessons in vain :  
 My thoughts, I can find them no more.

Alas! they have fled to the meadow away,  
 The birds may have swallowed them up,

Or else they're concealed in the new-made hay,  
 With the daisy and bright buttercup.

Both lessons and books are well in their way,  
 But, like medicine, they do not agree  
 When taken too long on a fine summer's day,  
 When the sun is the doctor for me, for me,  
 When the sun is the doctor for me. W. C.

TRIMBUCKJEE'S ESCAPE.

THE story of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion's place of imprisonment being discovered by the minstrel Blondel, must be well known to all my young readers ; but they may not be aware that a somewhat similar story is told of a prisoner in an old Indian fortress, and whatever doubt may be thrown on the story of the king and the minstrel, the incident I am about to relate undoubtedly occurred.

The town of Sannah, on the island of Salsette, about twenty miles from Bombay, was a noted port in mediæval ages. The fortress by which it is guarded is built on an extensive plain, and is bounded on one side by the river. It lies at a little distance from the town where the natives live and from the quarters of the European officers. The plain is ornamented by avenues of fine trees, and in the cool evenings is a favourite resort of the European residents. In the early mornings the native grooms take out their masters' horses upon it for exercise.

At one time, during the struggle between the English and the Mahrattas, there was imprisoned in the fortress a noted Mahratta chieftain, named Trimbuckjee, Prime Minister to Bajee Rao, the last of the Peishwas.

This man was of low caste, and had formerly held the office of keeper of the king's slippers. In this humble position he performed his duty with great care and diligence, frequently running many miles in the heat of the day that his master, on arriving at a new encampment, might find his favourite slippers ready for him ; and Trimbuckjee's zeal attracted the notice of the Peishwa, who soon promoted him to a higher office. Here he still made himself conspicuous by his skill and energy, and he was gradually raised from one post to another until he became Prime Minister.

But Trimbuckjee was as unscrupulous as he was clever, and the British were thankful when such a dangerous enemy was lodged in a fortress at what

might be considered a safe distance from the master over whom he exercised a very bad influence. Bajee Rao, however, though not prepared to fight for the liberty of his favourite, was determined by some means to effect it, and willing assistants were not wanting.

It was in the early part of the year that Trimbuckjee was taken prisoner, and the hot and rainy seasons passed away without any effort being made for his release ; but in the beginning of the month of September some of the prisoner's friends arrived at Sannah, and the following plan was agreed upon of informing him that if he could contrive to scale the wall, or elude the watch in any way, all arrangements were made for conveying him to a place of safety.

One of the conspirators, a Mahratta, entered the service of an officer of the garrison as *groom*, and this man, according to the usual custom, exercised his master's horse very early in the morning on the plain. He one day, while leading the horse immediately under the wall of that part of the fortress in which Trimbuckjee was known to be imprisoned, sang the following lines :—

" Fifty-five horses are waiting here,  
 And four-and-fifty men,  
 When the fifty-fifth shall mount his horse,  
 The Deccan \* shall flourish again."

The guard, composed, for greater security, exclusively of Europeans, did not understand the Mahratta song, but the prisoner, aware that some attempt would be made to rescue him, immediately guessed the meaning of the words, and cleverly contriving to escape from his jailors and rejoin his friends, was by them conveyed to a safe hiding-place.

It was not until some years had elapsed that he was again taken prisoner by the English, and was sent to a fort in Bengal, where he died.

F. M. A. CAMPBELL.

\* Deccan, the name of all that part of the country.