



TRAVELLERS' BUNGALOW (FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE CAPTAIN ATKINSON, OF THE BENGAL ENGINEERS).

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In his recently published "Diary," Dr. W. H. Russell, the "Times" correspondent, gives the following description of the bungalows of India, which supply to travellers the accommodation furnished by caravanserais in Syria and inns in Europe.

"At Muddenpore, 306 miles from Calcutta, came upon S— and B— in the bungalow. 'A cock was sacrificed,' to furnish a very tough meal. The bungalows, though varying greatly in actual comfort, are all on the same plan. A quadrangular building of masonry, one story high, with a high-peaked roof of thatch or tiles, projecting so as to form porticoes and verandahs. The house divided into 'suites' of two, three, or four rooms, provided more or less imperfectly with charpoys, deal tables, and a very deteriorated tripod and bipedal establishment of chairs. Windows more or less damaged as to glass and frames. Doors with perverse views as to their original purposes. Off each room, however, is that universal bath-room, and the earthen jars of cool water.

"The interior accommodations of the bungalows depend a good deal on their position. None are exempt from the visits of travellers; all ought to be ready to receive them; but, in point of fact, some are naturally much more frequented than others, in consequence of their situations being better adapted for halting. In some, the whole of the apparatus consists of a broken glass or so; a common earthenware plate; a knife, of no particular use in cutting; and a fork of metal, from which one or more of the prongs has lapsed. There are no napkins or tablecloths; the table is a rude piece of deal. The *khitmutgar* is a dilapidated old man, who places his hands together in extreme deprecation the moment he sees you, and to every question, says, 'Nae hai, kodawun.' (There is none, my lord!) But your servant is placing your little private store on the table. Your salt and pepper-casters (which even go out into society with you under many circumstances) are brought forth, and the death-cry of *Dame Poulet* or *Lord Gallus* proclaims that you will feast on curry speedily. In other bungalows there is a full establishment of knives, forks, plates,

dishes, table-covers, and napkins. Pale ale and soda-water are not unknown, and the *khitmutgar* is cunning in condiments, and has a store of groceries.

"The bungalow generally stands at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the road, in an inclosure, which contains the kitchen and sleeping-places of the *khitmutgar* and his servants. The former is generally a man of the sweeper caste, a circumstance which does not recommend his cookery to fastidious old Indians. The government charges eight annas, or one shilling, to each traveller for the use of the bungalow whilst he halts; and a book is kept in which he enters his name, the time of his arrival and departure, the amount paid, and any remarks he pleases to insert respecting the attendance and state of the bungalow. Small as the charge is, there are frequent attempts to evade it. As to refreshments supplied by the *khitmutgar*, there is no rule, and he charges as he pleases, or as you may bargain with him.

"These buildings, though in theory open to all, are in practice and reality reserved almost exclusively for Europeans. I never yet met a native gentleman *stopping in one*. I have looked over the registries of many, and found, perhaps in half a dozen instances in the space of a year, the name of an Anglicized baboo or Parsee merchant, or native prince inscribed therein. No, these and all such government works are for the white man, and not for the black. The latter buries himself in the depths of some wretched bazaar, or in the squalid desolation of a tottering caravanserai. There would be as much indignation experienced at any attempt on the part of natives to use the staging bungalows, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon 'ladies and gentlemen' in first-class carriages."

THE SHIP SURGEON.

As, wherever by land or by sea mankind are associated, accident and disease may in a moment strike down the stoutest and healthiest, so on board ship the surgeon is rated as a very necessary member of its company.

How it was, and why it was, I went to sea may be briefly told. Falling ill, wearied by many long months of arduous application, I beook myself for counsel to the old friend of my boyhood, Captain Crosstrees. From a very early age I had displayed a great interest in all the captain's narrations. I was with him on the solitary island, wrecked and cast away, suffering with him and the poor remnant of his brave crew. I stood by him at the helm when he brought his ship through dangerous reefs and passes, and strong men closed their eyes, fearing the issue. When he lay down with other brave men to die in the abandoned ship, I stood up with him and his small band to welcome the saving sail as it hove in sight. In short, my predilections were all nautical, until a combination of circumstances turned them into other channels, by which they became altered but not effaced.

I knew what the gallant captain would advise before I consulted him; but, as strong home pre-

judices existed against my taking a voyage, I was desirous of having the weight of his opinion to endorse my own views. He received me most kindly, and said that I was not so far gone that the fresh sea-breezes could not reach me, and metaphorically suggested that whilst a spar or stitch of canvas remained, I should set them bravely to the fair winds of heaven, and pray for a prosperous voyage.

Receiving my appointment to a fine merchant ship about to sail for Australia, I shortly after found myself in the English Channel, under close reefs, with a stiff gale blowing. I had never been to sea before, and had therefore no experience of its effects. As the wind blew more steadily, and old mariners rejoiced audibly at the slashing breeze which bore the good ship "down channel," I lost my professional legs.

Demands for aid came in fast and urgent, and summoned me hastily from the security of my berth, whither I had hastened, whilst servants and stewards called upon me, in the exercise of my duty, to obey the loud voices of the indisposed. Sick at heart and sick at stomach, unable to stand and unwilling to be aided, I endeavoured to throw some of my old energy into my new position, and made a most miserable failure. Captain Capstan, who never was ill in his life, received me at my cabin-door, and was excited to considerable laughter at my somewhat singular appearance. Voices jerked out my name spasmodically, as I passed through the cuddy, and thus I went the round of the disabled.

When I entered the cabin of Mrs. Dash, my composure was fairly capsized. I could with difficulty control my laughter; for I found Mrs. Dash seated upon the edge of a couch, her hair dishevelled and streaming wildly about, whilst her head was crowned with a sadly disarranged bonnet, adjusted with more haste than propriety; in fact, crammed on hind part before, whilst frantically retreating from the poop-deck. Her better half lay extended in listless stupor, having entered on the strife some hours previously and retired vanquished. Poor Mr. Buzz, lately so valiant and nautical, was in so pitiable a condition that he loudly demanded consolation, both clerical and medical. As the former was not forthcoming, I offered the latter, and was gratified on returning a few hours later to find him in a sweet sleep, forgetful of the ship he prophesied was so soon to perish, and of the assistance for which he had called so lately and so loud.

All the remedies which I had at command were now almost useless. Stimulants were the most serviceable, and exercise the best of that class. But if I had recommended that, I should have been despised as a most sorry apothecary. Stimulants and sedatives, external and internal, hot fomentation and pungent cataplasms, were called in to mitigate the pangs of such as were placed *hors de combat* on this their nautical initiation. But for the services of an excellent pharmacist, fellow voyager with us, I know not how the urgent voices and unruly stomachs of that sick multitude had been quieted that rough night in the English Channel. This kind man, most horribly nauseated, but nobly devoted, sat upon the ship's medicine chest, and,