

terror. At last, after the two miles of road, (for our friend well knew the distance,) the bandit gave in and swept away: and then, when all danger was over, when there was no dark spot overhead winnowing the air with strong wings, the fugitive crept out of sanctuary, and bounded joyously away.

THE RESCUE.

An instance of considerate affection, but rather of sagacity than of sentiment, occurred in the same neighbourhood. A couple of ducks had been reared in the paved court of a town-house, where a small dish of water was the only sphere in which their aquatic instincts could be developed. So much fuss was made about this mimic bath, that the water supply used soon to be flicked and flirted away. Deprived of their natural element, the creatures grew up strangely enough; one was gaunt and lean, the other excessively deformed, with a long neck bent the wrong way, and with a singular propensity to tumble backward when she walked. As their lady-patroness was a humane person, she sent the invalids out of town to our cottage in the country, for the benefit of fresh air and hydropathy. One day, after enjoying the luxury of the great pond at Giltwhaiterigge, the deformed duck was accidentally caught by the wry neck in the twisted root of an overhanging tree. Unless soon rescued she must die of strangulation. Away bustled the brother, up to the back door of the house, and there he stood, quacking vehemently. One of the servants was struck with the earnestness of the creature's manner, and threw him some food. Oh no, he would not eat a mouthful. "What, then?" Having fixed her attention, he ran quacking down towards the pond, looking back over his shoulder to see if she were following. At last he allured her to the very spot desired, where was still suspended by the neck the poor infirm duck. The servant immediately rescued the sufferer, and the excited message-bearer instantly subsided into his usual common-place character.

THE TIMES' REPORTER IN INDIA.

THERE are few great prizes in any of our professions, in these days of keen and constant competition; and this is more especially so in regard to the newspaper press. The members of that profession, as a rule, exist upon salaries which, if known, would moderate the ardour of most of those youthful aspirants who are now so attracted by the flattering "attentions" which Reporters often meet with. But, in one of its modern and most extraordinary developments, the newspaper press has cut out for itself an entirely new sphere of labour; and now, wherever grim war may show its ghastly visage, the Reporter is found, jotting down its details, describing its scenes of carnage, and transmitting full particulars to the paper he represents.

One of the most gifted of these gentlemen is William Howard Russell, the "Times" Crimean correspondent, and also the correspondent of that journal at the seat of war in India, whose "Diary"*

has just been issued. Here we are let into many little secrets of his progresses, and treated to different details of personal adventure which his "Letters" did not present, and which, in fact, would perhaps have been somewhat out of place there.

Arriving in India, not "a day after the fair," but subsequent to some of the most sanguinary scenes of that sad subversion of our authority, which was able, for a time, to put an end to our supremacy, Dr. Russell saw less of the fighting and more of other matters than he could have done had his advent been earlier. But this was prevented by the misconception prevailing at first as to the nature and extent of the struggle which impended. Let us proceed to cull and classify a few facts from these comprehensive stores of interesting matter.

The worthy Doctor put in an appearance in a style which befitted the dignity of his profession and the wealth of the journal by which he was commissioned—"first class" on the voyage out, of course, and with all the honours due to his Crimean laurels, and the friendships he had formed while on his previous mission to the East. Once on the spot, "head-quarters" are his quarters, and the commander-in-chief's own stud is placed at his disposal till he can take his time to purchase horses, and set up an establishment of his own on the true Oriental scale. His Indian campaigning was a very different thing from his Crimean experience. In India, on the march, you have horses and camels, and elephants and servants without end, or very nearly so, many of whose names would constitute no mean exercise in orthography. Oriental prejudices and modes of life combine with the nature of the climate to produce these results; and if we could fancy the thermometer at the height at which they often see it in India, it would be easy to conceive of an indisposition to take more exertion upon ourselves than was absolutely necessary.

"Our Own Correspondent" was warmly received by Lord Clyde, the commander-in-chief, and he assures us that his lordship would have extended the same kindness and courtesy to any other gentleman, duly accredited for the same purpose, had such a one been present. As it was, however, "Our Own" had it all to himself, and, in some of the remoter districts, created quite a sensation. The Rajah of Puttiala, for instance, was anxious to propitiate the Malakaukbarree, or "Queen's news-writer," as Dr. Russell was called; and the account of his triumphal entry into the dominions of that potentate is the finest passage in the book—one of the best "bits of descriptive" any newspaper man ever wrote about his own adventures, and fully equal to the most glowing accounts of the best received travellers in the East. The rajah's invitation was preceded by presents, consisting of large trays of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, "from the Rajah of Puttiala to Russool-General Sahib Bahadour," as the message went. This was a great treat for the said "Sahib;" and so, it seems, was his visit to the celebrated Taj of Agra, on the architectural and other beauties of which he expatiates with evident delight, with great pathos, eloquence, and interest. He had an eye for the beautiful in

* "My Diary in India," 2 vols. London: Routledge & Co.

nature, whether in the animate or inanimate forms thereof, and his taste in these matters was abundantly and continuously gratified. Moreover, in communicating the facts to the world, he has displayed his descriptive powers to the highest advantage.

Lord Clyde agreed to give him every information, on condition that he used it only in his letters to England, and let no word of his plans or information transpire on the spot. Nothing could be more reasonable, surrounded as they were by wily, watchful, disaffected natives. Russell, of course, agreed to this, and kept his part of the compact with fidelity; and his Excellency kept his. Lord Clyde even invited him to his table—an honour which showed the largeness of his Excellency's heart, and his generous appreciation of Russell's services to the army. But the Doctor, having the option of joining the head-quarters staff mess, and rightly judging that he would be more comfortable there, took that course. It was also more in accordance with his notions of independence to subscribe his quota to the expense of his maintenance. Drawing up a requisition on the Commissariat, that department immediately provided him with an excellent tent and furniture, and, in addition to his own man servant "Simon," he engaged two *kelassies*, or tent-pitchers, and an "attendant sprite," as he calls him, a *bheesty*, or water-carrier, a *mehter*, or sweeper; and these, having duly salaamed to the great Sahib, smote their foreheads and retired to a little tent adjoining that occupied by their new master. The Commissariat provided elephants and camels for the transport of all his baggage while on march.

"Just as the sun began to throw up a light lemon-coloured semicircle into the broad shield of the blue night, a sort of stifled life woke up with it in the camp." The servant brought him the invariable cup of tea and cheroot, and out he went with some chatty friend for a ride in the cool of the morning. At seven came the bath, at nine a walk over to the mess tent, where breakfast was ready, his own chair, knives, forks, and plates having been taken over by his servant. Camp breakfasts would well agree with many folks, as here described. "Tea or coffee, and goat's milk, bread, butter, chupatties, fish, mutton chops, or grills and curries." After breakfast, round to the commander-in-chief and other authorities, to glean such facts and hints as would make his letters to the "Times" interesting. At two o'clock came *tiffin*, or luncheon, more curries and chops, cold meat and pickles; and add to these pale ale—not quite the thing for the liver, perhaps, but very generally, often copiously, sometimes recklessly indulged in, by the greatly-to-be-pitied campaigners. As the sun sets, more riding, then bath, and then dinner. The mess-tent is lighted up and the table spread with a snow-white cloth. Soup is served, hot and thick—then fish, such as roach—joints, such as mutton and beef, and these are followed by curries of fish, fowl, and mutton—stews, ragouts, and sweetmeats, sherry, beer, and soda water, with now and then "a pop of champagne." Not bad fare, to be sure, under the circumstances, and calculated to keep up obesity,

whatever may be its effects on general health and martial ardour.

This mess-table had one person present, who, it seems, never would let his friends do *all* the talking, or have the facts and arguments entirely their own way. How "Our Own" came off in these post-prandial debates we have no means of knowing, but he has certainly given the orator in question a smart back-hander in his book, by describing him as follows:—"Figure lean and angular; narrow round the shoulders; big splay feet; hair fiery red, dishevelled and matted in snaky masses; beard and whiskers, if possible, more red and fierce than the hair; forehead low and receding, but broad and lumpy over the brows, which are two elongated white knobs, from which spring a few red hairs; eyes feline, nose large, coarse, aquiline; mouth huge and coarse, covered, as to the upper lip, with red hairs, glowing wildly in carrot-coloured spikes, and garnished with a few massive fangs, the intervals between which are filled up with small metal spikes on which teeth had once been fixed by the dentistic art."

Having thus administered a severe wound, with great and ludicrous humanity the said wound is plaistered up by a quiet observation as to what an able man this unprepossessing "party" was. Of course, most of his personal descriptions are less free, and probably also less exaggerated than this.

One day he went out to indulge his piscatorial tendencies, but the results were not grateful to his feelings: "hideous fish, a little larger than herrings, with long bodies, large silver scales, light-yellow bellies, large black eyes, very large pectoral fins, provided with sharp spines, with which they hopped actively along the ground. Another sort, a little larger, were fish covered with a slimy skin, greasy, pustulous, with mouths like that of a shark, from which projected long worm-like feelers. A third sort had very sharp spines at the gill and back fins, and made a croaking noise like a frog when taken out of the water; but, worse than all, the net brought up parts of human skeletons, some with flesh upon them." No more "Ganges-fed fish" for "Our Own Correspondent" after this, of course, although some of his friends were not so nice, declaring that fish was fish, whatever it might have fed on.

Shortly after this adventure, in a moonlight march an event took place—only one of a series—which nearly put a premature full stop both to the "Diary" and its writer. Russell's white mare had been very restive all the previous night, kicking and plunging and rearing; and when he mounted her, she evinced a most decided repugnance to the camels and the elephants into whose company she fell in the line of march. Sticking his spurs vigorously into her ladyship's sides, Russell set off across the open; but after going along *rather* fast for his pleasure, she set off *very* fast on her own account, and, in spite of the Doctor being by no means a "light weight," she tormented him in this way for nearly three miles. He pulled till his arms were sore, but all to no avail, and at last they plunged into a watercourse, some twelve feet deep, which made the poor beast scream with terror and the rider's head and eyes to swim; but, happily, no

bones were broken. Two soldiers picked him up, and on the camel of a friend he pursued his journey, losing sight of poor "white mare," saddle, bridle, pistols and all, and blistering his legs by the friction of his long riding-boots, which were not quite the style of thing for a trip upon a camel's back.

Lucknow he describes in terms of rapture:—"Not Rome, not Athens, not Constantinople, not any city I have ever seen, appears to me so striking and so beautiful as this; and the more I gaze, the more its beauties grow upon me. The city is said to contain about a million of people, and 150,000 armed men, at the very least. It is, thirty miles round, a vision of palaces, minars, domes, azure and golden, cupolas, long façades of fair perspective in pillar and column, and terraced roofs—all rising up amid a calm, still ocean of the brightest verdure. Look for miles and miles away, and the ocean still spreads, and the towers of the fairy city still gleam in its midst. Spires of gold glitter in the sun. Turrets and gilded spheres still shine like constellations. There is nothing mean and squalid to be seen. There is a city more vast than Paris, and, as it seems, more brilliant, lying before us. Is this a city in Oude? Is this the capital of a semi-barbarous race, erected by a corrupt, effete, and degraded dynasty? I confess I felt inclined to rub my eyes again and again." "Distance," no doubt "lent enchantment" to this "view," but still they were too close to be comfortable; for a shot knocked one man's pipe from his mouth, though it happily did no further damage.

Another "hair-breadth 'scape" for Russell occurred soon after the above. As his horse's hind legs sank through the insecure covering of a well, he had the presence of mind to leap off, and so saved his life. Shortly after, Russell got a bad kick from a horse, which sent him flying on the ground. The kick was in the hollow of the thigh, and thoroughly disabled him. Unable to mount a horse, he had to prosecute his march in a "dooly," or covered litter, used for the wounded. This, of course, to a man of his active habits, was a terrible annoyance, and the agony he suffered is described with harrowing minuteness. Still, his sympathy with his fellow sufferers was strong; and on one occasion, a poor fellow, struck down by the mid-day heat during action, was laid beside his dooly. He gave him a cup of light French wine, having difficulty, however, in getting it into the poor sufferer's mouth, for his teeth were set, and his tongue was sticking to his throat. The poor man rallied for a moment, and, looking towards Russell, exclaimed, "God bless you;" then he gave a short gasp, and expired. The heat was truly dreadful; and, in the midst of all this, there was a cry that the enemy was upon them. A general rout took place; and Russell, poor cripple, feverish, exhausted, and almost delirious, was jogging on in his dooly, with his horse led by its side, to prepare for the worst. At last, very suddenly, his dooly was dropped. The wounded and dying were falling on every hand; cleft skulls and mangled forms were scattered round. He could scarcely move; but his faithful native servant lifted him

into the saddle. It was like mounting a plate of red-hot iron, he says; but there was no help for it: either that or instant death. In his shirt, feet, legs, and head quite bare, and beneath the burning sun, his faithful charger plunged across the plain. They dashed into a crowd of animals retreating. The enemy's horsemen followed, and one man's head was cleft in twain, close to the naked fevered Russell, who by this was quite delirious with his weakness, heat, and pain. He felt, he says, that his time was come; and then the wildest dreams of the woe-begone maniac took possession of him. Then a calm ensued; but still delirious, he fancied himself hunting in his native isle, and plunging into a cool delicious lake, where he soon was stifled, and at length expired.

He was picked up for dead, and by a kind-hearted soldier placed in a dooly, as an officer who had been killed and stripped; but this he learned only when consciousness returned, and he found himself convulsed with spasms, and his mouth filled with blood. Brandy was poured down his throat, and his faithful Simon found him out, and chafed his limbs. He drank a whole bottle of *vin ordinaire* at a few gulps, and in time got medical aid, and eventually his dooly was recovered; but it was lucky he was not in it, for it bore traces of probings of no very friendly character, in various parts, both by lance and by sword. Several officers came to see him, with the commander-in-chief, after the affair was over. Lord Clyde complained of the want of information which had enabled the enemy to surprise them; and several of the wounded described the charge and its appalling incidents; but poor Russell says: "Languidly and drowsily I listened to all this; worldly affairs, for the time, seemed of little consequence to me. *I was thinking of home!*"

However, our space is now exhausted. He took a trip to the hills, and gradually regained his strength, and is now in this country as hale and as hearty, to all appearance, as ever. We must bring our remarks to a close, by thanking him for the deeply interesting volumes from which we have taken a few little photographs, and especially for those sage counsels as to the demeanour of our countrymen towards the natives with which the volumes abound, and which, if only generally and honestly acted up to, will, we may hope, in time restore their alienated confidence, and enable us to govern that vast dependency of the British crown, not by mere brute force, but by living and reigning in the hearts and affections of the people.

EYES AND NO EYES.

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THERE is an instructive children's story called "Eyes and no Eyes." Two boys take the same round within an hour of each other. One declares it was the dullest walk he ever had; the other comes in full of interesting facts that he had noticed. One had learnt to use his eyes; the other had not. It is astonishing how much zest is added to a tour, or