

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,

crowning himself with a brilliant red night-cap, mixed such subtle compounds as we saw good to order for the alleviation of the wretched.

Activity was the best remedy for the sea-malady, and, as my duties demanded my presence, I soon recovered; though, had I consulted my own inclination, I should have remained upon my back, and thus continued to present the unpleasant spectacle of a sea-sick surgeon.

There were boys down below who had succumbed to the influence of the elements, lying curled up in their bunks; they moaned over the harsh fate that had brought them to so sad a pass, and, making brave efforts to imbibe unpleasant potions, pleaded piteously to be left alone. I am neither tyrannical nor hard-hearted, but I had my duties to fulfil. Black letters in bold type had imposed them on me, and the laws of health and disease told me that those suffering people huddled in a heap below, and looking so miserable and woe-begone, must be diverted from the pernicious solace to which they were having recourse. So, whilst the morning was young, and the breeze blew fresh and healthfully around, Dick, Tom, and Harry, loudly bewailing their hard lot, bore their bedding on deck and exposed it to the influence of the purifying winds. The same breeze infused fresh vigour into their frames; and when the hour arrived, they ate heartily, because they were hungry, and the sun rose no more on their maladies.

A young German gentleman had completely abandoned himself to the assuaging influence of his berth, and might be found "turned in" in the full dress with which he arrived on board. He had only volunteered one remark, and that assumed the shape of a bribe, to the extent of "five pounds," if the cuddy servant would hail a boat and get him sent ashore! The cuddy servant, however, was superior to the offer, and only laughed and left him to his woes.

Thus I commenced to practise the "healing art" at sea, and I hope with all gentleness and tenderness, although I brought upon myself considerable censure and confusion by threatening a remarkably obstinate old gentleman with the largest blister I could manufacture, unless he quickly recovered. He rose the next day, great in wrath, but hopefully restored, declaring to every one that I was indeed "most violent in my measures." When the weather moderated, affairs became more regular and comfortable; and the various members of the company found their "sea legs," a discovery by no means unimportant.

Sailing steadily through the tropics, with the trade-winds filling our full spread of canvas, whilst seated in the mizen-top, a quiet retreat of my studious hours, I heard loud voices urgently demanding me. There was something rising above those voices, with which my ear was too familiar. I could detect the cry of a woman in distress. Before I had time to make my appearance, many voices had joined that single one; and, as I descended, I found myself seized by an excited gentleman, who dragged me into the cabin and pointed to his child, breathless and deathlike. I saw at once that, from some cause, it had become as-

phyxiated. The breathing was inaudible, and had apparently ceased; the features were discoloured and swollen, and no time, it was evident, was to be lost. A tender woman with tearful eyes stood by, trusting implicitly and anxiously to my efforts. By means of the timely aid of artificial respiration, the lungs were brought to play again, and animation was restored. I received that day, from a young mother, passionate words of gratitude for an only child thus given back to her, as it were, from the dead.

Whilst off the Cape of Good Hope it blew "great guns," with ugly seas leaping over us. Water-casks, "slush-casks," hen-coops, and odd spars had broken away from their lashings. The poop-ladders were carried away by the heavy seas which broke over them, and in the midst of it I was roused to attend a seaman, who was said to be severely injured by being "carried away" with a poop-ladder to which he was clinging. I therefore draw the following picture of a medical incident at sea.

Summoned to the fore-castle at 4 A.M. Man reported killed, or next door to it. Much impressed by the threatening aspect of all around. Day just dawning, and a gleam of light faintly streaking the horizon, pierces the dense gloom which for many hours has surrounded us. The gale roaring hoarsely around the spars and cordage, and big seas tumbling hurriedly over the bulwarks, increasing the large mass of water covering the main-deck, and occasionally vomited out at the ports as the ship lays over.

Captain Capstan, who had been on deck all night, and looked anxious, insisted upon my taking a "small nip" before I venture forward. So Pat O'Scandal, our steward, probably with the best of intentions, put into a tumbler what may be an "Irish nip," but of which, all save a fractional part remained in his custody.

I was advised to go bare-legged on my mission, as boots were useless to protect me against the mass of water rolling across the main-deck; so I tucked up my pants above the knees, and, accepting a sou'wester from the captain, undertook the journey. Being a small man, and weakly, I was no sooner outside the cuddy door than the wind sportively laid hold of me, and seemed disposed to handle me roughly. The waters on deck, and others leaping occasionally over the side, entered into the joke, and, dashing from side to side, disarranged my equilibrium. Heavy casks, still rolling about, pursued me across the deck, and threatened to crush me, whilst the *débris* of broken spars and hen-coops lay scattered about. I reached the fore-castle at last, where I was received by "St. Helena Tom," just as a heavy sea washed over the bow. His powerful arm grasped me; and, as the injured man was below and the ladder had been removed, he lifted me gently but easily, as though I had been a child, and with a cry of "Below, there! look out for the doctor!" I was deposited safely in the arms of those who surrounded the injured seaman.

I was gratified to find that he was as much alarmed as hurt. He had been stunned by the severity of the blow he received, and was bleeding

freely from a scalp wound. Although much bruised, he had no broken bones; so, with a few stitches and strips of plaster, the hæmorrhage was stayed, and the wounded mariner was speedily restored to the list of the able-bodied.

Whilst in high southern latitudes, amidst turbulent seas and boisterous weather, we were spoken by a ship, which demanded medical aid. Going on board, I found her to be a whaler, and learned that several of her crew had been killed and her commander sadly disabled in an attack upon the leviathan of the deep. For weeks that brave man had been enduring the agony of a fractured limb, without medical assistance on board, and far away in southern seas. So the vessel had been put about, and was on her way to the Australian coast for the aid so much required. Brave men engaged in the perils of the whale fishery ought not to be sent to sea, far from all hope of assistance, without medical aid being on board. An enterprise so generally highly remunerative, ought to demand a sufficiency to be snatched from the grasping avarice of owners to insure the aid so frequently required. This question cannot be unworthy the grave consideration of the enlightened and humane legislators of New South Wales. Having inspected the limb of this long-suffering man, and relieved the ununited fracture from its clumsy encasement, adapted by the ship's carpenter with all tenderness and good will, I reset the fracture, and returned laden with the grateful thanks which alone I would receive for the service I was glad to render. I say again, it is a crying shame that men, exposed to constant peril of life and limb, should be sent into the high latitudes of southern seas with no aid provided for their hour of agony and distress.

"Jack," courteous at most times, is always so to the ship surgeon. He holds in most childish dread the cunning implements of his craft, and would rather face the enemy, or any nautical disaster, than the ship surgeon armed with the most delicate lancet, to make a puncture however trivial. Strong men, otherwise bold as heroes, shrink from the most trifling operation, when introduced into the "doctor's cabin;" and I could call to mind many strange instances of "Jack's" odd dread of the surgeon's weapons, and his preference to personal operation with razor-blade or penknife. I once had an opportunity of seeing the effects of this peculiarity of "Jack's" character. A collection of matter, deeply seated in the hand, demanded immediate release by free incision. "Jack" strenuously refused to submit, but attempted an operation with a razor blade, which, being ineffectual, caused him ultimately to lose two fingers!

Thus, in readiness for ailments or accidents, the ship surgeon traverses the deep. Happy is it when no pestilence breaks out during a voyage. But day or night may call upon him, and present to his notice such emergencies as demand the greatest cunning of his art. All eyes will be upon him then, for he is the rock whereon their hope is built. Neither blue lamp nor red lamp hang symbolically over his door; but in the hour of need, gentle women and strong men know where their voices will be heard and answered.

Far out at sea, too, the solitary ship may hoist her signals and demand his aid. The wounded and disabled revive when they hear that the welcome sail is in sight, bearing the aid without which they might perish, and hope returns as they behold the small boat lowered in answer to their cry of distress borne across the waters.

FEMALE CAPRICE; OR, THE THREE WIVES.

[Concluded from page 335.]

SQUIRE OLDFIELD and his wife Catherine were a hearty, handsome, elderly couple, who had toiled up the hill of life together successfully, and were now, as the poet expresses it, going down it hand in hand, a kindly, honest, loving pair. After the first greetings were over, Catherine rallied her daughter, as mothers will do sometimes, on the fact of making herself scarce at the parental homestead; but, on Emma's attempting to apologize, kindly added, "Oh, I know how it is, my dear child; a young wife has something else to do than to be always running after her old mother."

"That is how the world wags, wife," said the squire; "she must leave father and mother, as the holy writing saith: but you think of us often, my child, I am sure."

So they seated themselves to the amply spread breakfast-table; and, the old gentleman declaring that his long walk had made him both thirsty and hungry, poured out a glass of wine for each of the party, and proposed "many happy returns of the day."

Now, it occurred simultaneously to our young couple, that many returns of such a morning as they had passed together would not be desirable; but instead of keeping this consciousness to themselves, and accomplishing a silent reconciliation, Alfred raised his glass with a trembling hand, and the more impulsive Emma was obliged to put her own down on the table again while she wiped her eyes. This action did not escape the notice of the worthy old man.

"What is this?" asked he; "have I offended? My son-in-law, you look embarrassed, and Emma is in tears: what has happened?"

Alfred, finding that the whole matter must come out, motioned to Hal to leave the room, and tried to explain: "It is a little matter not worth mentioning; only my Emma is a little too obstinate."

Unfortunate young man! it certainly might be said of him, on this particular morning, that he could not open his mouth without "putting his foot in it." His remark re-opened the flood-gates of his wife's grief, who declared that she had struggled against it in vain, but the sense of injustice in being styled obstinate, capricious, and perverse, was more than she could bear.

Great was the confusion amongst that small breakfast party. The father said, 'Hist! old wife, do not meddle in young folk's quarrels;' but the mother opined that perhaps, if they were to hear exactly how matters stood, something satisfactory might be accomplished in the way of arbitration.