

and after taunting us, with Asiatic gesticulations and Hindustani abuse, rides towards his comrades. A score of bullets follow him in his retreat, and one, better directed than the others, has reached its mark; he reels in his saddle, tries to steady himself for a moment, and then falls heavily to the earth. We have just time to glance at the body as we pass; it was that of a large muscular man, with well-trimmed glossy beard and dark oily complexion—the very type of the Mussulman Sepoy. The Sepoys are now in full retreat, taking care to avoid the “open” as much as possible, and, falling back from “tope” to “tope,” we following with cautious steps upon their track.

It is now, with the exception of the feeble glimmer of the stars, quite dark, and we can just distinguish the sombre outline of the “topes” of trees, which are dotted thickly over the plain. The tope which we are now approaching stands out dim and spectral in the gloom; the trees seem like huge spectres interlaced together. We advance within twenty paces of it, and halt our horses, to listen for any sound of the retiring foe.

Suddenly, and as if by enchantment, the whole is lighted up by a brilliant line of fire. “Back, back for your lives; there are the enemy.” We were upon them unawares, and, before we have time to rectify our error, are exposed to a heavy volley of musketry; but the bullets, fired at a greater elevation than was intended, passed harmlessly over our heads; that darkness, under cover of which the enemy were effecting their retreat, probably saved a dozen lives. As it is, however, the shock to the nerves was decidedly unpleasant, and several of our Sowars, under an emotion which had a strong affinity to fear, ducked their heads in the most unsoldierlike manner possible.

Again the darkness is suddenly illuminated by that rival line of flame, and we can just distinguish the white coats behind, and the dark faces gleaming savagely in the back-ground; they have got the range now, and as we wheel hastily to the rear, keeping up a sharp, irregular, though apparently not a very effective fire, the bullets fly through our ranks thick as hail, and with a precision painfully accurate; several horses bite the ground, and a few Sowars are slightly hit. The rebels have evidently taken advantage of this temporary check to make good their retreat, for the musketry suddenly ceases, and all is silent as the grave. Drooping with fatigue, and almost too exhausted to sit our horses, we at last give up the pursuit, more especially as the darkness is so great as to render it impossible to distinguish objects, and, flinging ourselves from our weary steeds, almost as exhausted as their riders, throw ourselves upon the damp hard ground, where we endeavour to snatch such repose as our situation will allow, and are soon wrapped in that deep heavy slumber which follows great bodily fatigue.

Grey and clear dawns the morning, and up we jump, with jaded looks and pale fagged countenances, and gaze eagerly round for some traces of the rebels. Not a sound is to be heard, not a whisper breaks the stillness which has settled upon that wide desolate plain: the sun, fierce and dilated,

like one of those red lamps suspended over the door of a chemist's shop, rests upon the horizon, and already begins to throw forth rays of intolerable brightness. A distant sound is borne upon the wind: it is the yelping of the curs in a deserted village at the opposite extremity of the plain. But where can the enemy be? They have made good use of their time, and are now far beyond pursuit; they have given us the slip, and it is worse than useless following them up.

Scattered over the plain are the relics of yesterday's encounter, and the vultures—those untiring scavengers of the battle field—have already scented their prey. Muskets, pouches, caps, dead bodies of men and animals, lie thickly about, and it is some satisfaction to see that the enemy have suffered more in the *mêlée* of yesterday than our own men. Slowly and languidly we mount our steeds, and proceed to join the infantry, who have come up in the night and are encamped a couple of miles in the rear.

Such was the termination of many a *dour* after the Sepoys, who, when fairly brought to bay, displayed a dogged courage, a steady discipline, and a capacity of enduring fatigue, which has often surprised those who have only had occasion to remark their conduct in the field. Let us hope that, by a wiser and better administration, the British power in India may be so wielded as to make the natives recognise the advantages of a beneficent Christian rule. The sad scenes of the rebellion will be remembered with less pain, if they convey lasting and useful lessons both to the victors and the vanquished.

WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

A MELANCHOLY duty has summoned me to the Brown Town, where I have been staying for a day or two, indulging in a pensive retrospection of events long passed away; visiting scenes endeared to remembrance and too deeply fixed on the memory ever to be effaced, and recalling impressions which, though they date from childhood, are those most profoundly impressed on the mind. I am bound from the Brown Town to the Grey Town, and, having but a brief furlough, am anxious to get away. I take my ticket at the railway station, and am informed that I shall have to change trains at Clodbury, about a dozen miles off. It is a pleasant sunshiny morning as we trundle along on the single line of rail which connects the Brown Town with the trunk line, and which runs side by side with a trickling rivulet through the ploughed fields and pastures. We make very little fuss as we go along, and beyond frightening a few couples of partridges from the water's brink, which skurry off without taking wing, make no sort of sensation whatever. By and by we are on the main line, and steaming a little faster, and some quarter of an hour later we halt at Clodbury, where I am dropped *solus*, to wait for the train to Grey Town. Here I make the interesting discovery that I shall have to wait two hours before proceeding on my journey—that, by an ingenious arrangement of the railway managers, two trains which will pass the station, and might take me to my destina-

tion, will not stop to take me up, and I must wait for the third, which will be due at three o'clock, it being now near one. Well, there is nothing like patience, and we must have lessons in *that*, some way or other. Let us see what account can be rendered of the two hours of waiting.

The station at Clodbury is a very miniature affair, with a platform of some twenty yards in length, and bounded on the north by a small box of a booking-office, and on the south by a still smaller box of a refreshment-room. Between the two there stands a lock-up book-stall some four feet wide, with nobody just now to attend to it, and a sort of blind waiting-room, where a few boxes and baskets, without a guardian, are piled on the table in the centre. In the booking-office the trap-door is closed and the clerk is invisible, but I hear him pottering about in his den, now clinking money, now clattering with the telegraph machine. Beyond the time-table on the walls, there is nothing to interest a stranger in the office, and I turn out to look for amusement elsewhere. I walk to the other end of the platform and look in at the window of the refreshment-room. There are two bottles of soda-water stuck on end on the little counter, one black bottle of something else, and a collection of two sponge-cakes. Behind these sits Mariana of the moated grange in a state of chloroform, or of reverie, and demure and motionless as a statue of Niobe; she does not move at the sound of my slow footstep, and I see nothing but her black-willow branches of drooping ringlets and her pensive profile. I stray on to the rails and look along the perspective of the iron line, which, perfectly straight for seven or eight miles, dies off in a vanishing point to the north, while in the other direction it disappears in a curve within a couple of furlongs. There is not a sound stirring; the village of Clodbury is a mile off; in the dead silence that prevails, I am glad to catch the notes of some small birds who come bounding on to the rails with a quick chaff-chaff. There they are—two, three, four, five, six—all chaffinches, foraging for crumbs among the sweepings of the platform, or pulverizing among the loose earth between the rails; but a movement of mine startles them, and off they go in that bounding sort of flight peculiar to them, and whose outline would be a series of elliptical arches.

These little visitors have hardly made off, when propitious fortune sends a stray duck waddling on to the platform, who reports his advent by an apologetic conciliatory sort of quack, and proceeds to settle himself in the sunshine as if for a nap. I sit down on the sole seat, to enjoy the society of the duck: he winks at me over his back, at the distance of about three feet, and buries his bill in the plumage of his breast, protruding his crop in an aldermanic sort of way, and deliberately wriggling and gravitating with his whole body, as though he meant to take root in the planking—winking vigorously all the while, in quite a confidential way. I feel grateful for his company, and, spite of myself, I begin speculating on those nictitating orbs of his. According to Sir D. Brewster, and the received laws of optics, master duck, *teetotaller* though he be, ought to see double. Is it so? I ask myself. Does my savoury friend imagine, every time he gobbles up a

grub or a tittle-bat, that he gobbles up two? However this may be, it is certain, if the received doctrines be right, that my duck cannot see stereoscopically, as we human bipeds do; because, from the position of his visual organs, it is physically impossible that he can superimpose the picture received upon the retina of one of them, upon the picture received upon the retina of the other. That being the case, does he see anything but flat pictures, and what are his impressions as to space and distance? What is the mystery of duck vision? and, for the matter of that, what are the visual laws with respect to multitudes of other creatures, (to say nothing of fishes,) who, like my companion duck, have their eyes at the sides of their heads?

My speculations are suddenly put to the rout, and my duck too, by the unlooked-for arrival of a cattle-train, which, but for my scientific reverie, I might have seen approaching. The arrival wakes up one or two officials, who appear on the stage from some unknown retreat, and something like a bustle ensues. The cattle trucks are shunted into a siding, and then the engine which has brought them begins all manner of odd capers, which I could no more understand than I could the Chinese language. Now it runs up the line—now it runs down—now it lugs off an empty truck, now a full one—now it is gone round the curve out of sight and hearing—and now it rushes up the line for a mile, and comes puffing down with a prodigious bang into the siding. All this is a source of intense alarm and terror to the poor sheep in the trucks, who are bumped now this way, now that, and hurled like projectiles against the walls of their prison. In their long journey from the north they have had so much of this treatment that they have learnt experience, and know what to expect from the manœuvres to which they are subject. I take note that they crowd together in the centre, and stand all wedged in a mass, taking special care to guard their heads from contact with the bars of their cage. In one truck is a huge bull, along with a couple of young heifers; the big fellow has got in the middle, so that when the sudden lunges of the truck hurl his heavy mass forward or backward, he finds a cushion in the bodies of his companions. Meanwhile, the engine is fussily active, and by and by the train, which has been increased by its means to double its former length, moves off towards London, and disappears. And not by any means too soon; for lo! a few minutes later comes a passenger train, which darts past the station without stopping, and follows in its rear rather closely. Within a quarter of an hour there is another passenger train, which stops at all the stations in its route, and plods along slowly, but which, as it does not go as far as the Grey Town, is of no use to me. On its arrival, all the station functionaries come forth from their retreats: the book-stall keeper is at his post—the packages in the waiting-room are claimed by their owners—the ticket-clerk is busy at his sliding-trap—the platform is alive with three-and-a-half arrivals for Clodbury—and Mariana, waking up, parts her drooping willowy ringlets, puts on an attractive face, and makes a show of dispensing the sponge-cakes and

soda water, though I do not see that she actually does any business, or that the grand collation in her keeping suffers any disturbance or derangement.

Not more than five minutes have elapsed ere the train is again on its way; the new arrivals have filed off towards Clodbury, the station functionaries have vanished once more, and I am again alone on the platform—now more solitary than before, for Mariana has disappeared in toto, and has veiled her peculiar shrine with a square yard or so of sham venetian blind, which effectually shuts her out from my view. I have a notion that she is getting her dinner—I hardly know why; but soon I am fortified in this conjecture by certain odours of a savoury kind, suggestive to my fancy of the eidolon of a gridiron, with the willowy black ringlets bending over it—said odours exhaling from the sealed-up sanctuary and flavouring the silent air. How very silent it is! and what a strange, desert-kind of feeling comes over one in a silence so dead and profound, and in the presence of full sunshine, with all the material phenomena of life, bustle, and locomotion dumb and motionless around you, as though fixed and spell-struck by the wand of an enchanter.

I am sitting on the lone seat, looking up the long glittering line of rails, dreamily drinking in the "silence which is golden," and thinking of nothing, when, lo! dim, faint sounds of exquisite harmony steal over my dull senses and rouse them to a feeling of delectable enjoyment. Is it a peal of Memnon-like music coming from the clouds? is it the echo of some multitudinous chorus of inarticulate voices divinely concerted, and performing sacred anthems in some air-built cathedral, whose vaulted roofs and fretted aisles are not palpable to sense? is it the far-sounding surge of the sea, compelled into harmonious rhythm by the wandering ghost of Beethoven, and wafted inland by the summer breeze? is it the Berlin choristers in a balloon singing and sailing up aloft? No. What, then, *can* it be? Now it swells a grand billowy diapason, pervading the whole atmosphere, and now it dies away in the faintest murmur, returning again in fitful ripples of sound until it rolls as grandly as before. It is some time ere I discover that this mysterious concert is due to the action of the wind, which has gradually arisen to a gentle breeze, and is operating upon the strained wires of the electric telegraph, which here crosses the rail diagonally for a distance of nearly thirty yards, the wires being wound up to more than ordinary tension, and thus converted into a monster æolian harp. I am now aware that the notes I hear, grand and bewitching as they are, are not the fundamental notes given out by these long heavy wires, and that, were it not for the universal law which gives the twelfths and fifteenths along with the grand notes, it is doubtful whether, being so near the wires, I should hear any musical sound at all on the platform where I am sitting. To test this theory, I get up and make my way to a rising ground covered with a young plantation of firs and beeches in the rear of the station. It is as I had expected: from this point I hear the weird harmonies in tones fully two octaves deeper, but then

I do not hear them so distinctly, and should not hear them at all did I not listen intently to catch them.

I am aware of voices on the other side of the plantation, alternating with the click and thud of several mattocks upon the stony soil. Passing between the young trees, where I rouse up some of the companions of my speculative duck, I come out upon the edge of a bean-field, where four or five labourers are busily hoeing up the weeds from the beans, which, by the way, seem to be the only crops looking at all promising just now in this grain-growing district. An ancient labourer hails me with a "Good arternoon, sir," and commences a lamentable diatribe on the backwardness of the spring and the dismal state of the crops. He points to the broad acres of autumn-sown land which should be green and thick in the blade, but where the trace of a green blade is scarcely visible, owing to the long prevalence of wintry winds and biting frost. He is in despair about his own cabbages, which have all gone to the bad, and is going to tell me the price they are demanding for new plants—when, "ding, dong—ding, dong," there goes the platform bell, which is a signal to me that my train is in sight at last, so that I am compelled to run for it and cut off his tale in the middle.

In two minutes more I have got through my two hours' probation at Clodbury, and am trundling along towards the place of my destination. Ere half an hour more has elapsed, I see the square stone tower of Grey Town church sleeping in the sunshine, and the flocks and herds pasturing in the quiet meadows through which the gentle brook meanders lazily, and flashes back the beams of the April sun. "Grey Town! Who's for Grey Town?" bawls the porter. "This your luggage, sir?" "Yes—what's o'clock?" "Three fifty, sir."

Just in the nick of time to catch them sitting down to dinner.

HALLER THE PHYSICIAN.

AMONG the brightest ornaments of the medical profession, none shines more conspicuously for learning, genius, and virtue, than Albrecht von Haller. He was the son of an advocate at Berne, in Switzerland, and was born in that city on the 10th of October, 1708. He very early gave proofs of superior capacity; and when other children were only beginning to read, he was studying Bayle and Moreri. At nine, he knew Greek, and began to learn Hebrew. His father died when he was at the age of thirteen, and he was sent to the public school of Berne, having before that time had a domestic tutor, whose intolerable harshness he remembered with horror all the rest of his life. At school he was distinguished for his knowledge of Greek and Latin, but was chiefly remarkable for his poetical genius; and his poems in German were read and admired through the whole empire. In his sixteenth year he began the study of medicine at Tubingen, under Duvernay and Camerarius. After two years, the fame of Boerhaave attracted him to Leyden, where he had the advantage also of hear-