

mani gathered, at last, from their incoherent exclamations, the misfortune that had befallen her husband, she burst into a storm of grief, flinging herself upon the floor, accusing herself as the cause of the calamity, and exclaiming that she had lived too long. Then, as a sudden idea darted through her mind, she sprang up, crying out:

"I owe him more than useless tears. Why do I waste precious moments in lamenting him, while I still have duties to perform for him? Quick!—prepare the boat!—let me go hence!"

She was promptly obeyed; and instantly repairing to the Ranah's palace, she mounted his horse, and rode rapidly to the main guard, followed by a body of martial rahoops. Amid the light of the torches, and arrayed still in her white robe and her chaplet of mougrees, she sat erect on the war-horse, and addressed the troops in an animating speech, exhorting them by their religion, their royalty, and the ancient and unsullied rajpoot honor, to rescue or avenge their Ranah.

(To be continued).

From Three Months in India.

**AN INDIAN DINNER.**

ON entering the dining room, one is struck with the load of viands which crowds the table, over which a huge punka (a fan attached to the ceiling) noiselessly waves to and fro. Until the family approach, its motion is scarcely perceptible, but no sooner is any one within its influence than it is pulled in a more energetic manner; and an immense relief is felt after the fatigue of walking from another apartment, and being for a few moments without this important requisite. Behind each chair, stood a whiskered, moustached, and turbaned domestic, with his arms closely folded across his bosom, or opened only to adjust the chair most conveniently as his master or mistress becomes seated, and to arrange a napkin, which he then places in the hands or upon the knee. A footstool is before each chair, and is an indispensable comfort to an Anglo-Indian. The lamp or candle shades are all provided with perforated covers to protect them from the effects of the punkah; and over each wine-glass or tumbler (of which there are generally several to each person) are silver covers as a caution against flies and insects. I have seen a table covered with little brown grasshoppers, or, perhaps, with what more closely resembled crickets, to such an extent that, being unaccustomed to the sight, it was difficult to touch anything, as the plate was immediately invaded by them, and their motions were far too quick to be calculated upon. Occasionally the fire-fly will cause some alarm to the stranger, when its bright glow is discovered amidst the folds of a delicate white muslin garment; but at the season when the white ants take wing, and are attracted by the lights, nothing can be more annoying than their intrusion. The flying bugs, too, are objects of abhorrence, both within doors and in the open air; their odour is most noxious. In driving, they are very apt to settle in the air, than which few things can be more intolerable. The English lady is surprised to see so much beer consumed by females in India; but I have been told that such is more commonly the case up the country than in Calcutta; and some residents in the latter place remark that a 'Mufussilite' is known by a partiality for this beverage. However this may be, it is quite allowable and usual for a gentleman to request the pleasure of taking beer or wine with a lady, which would have a droll effect in England. I have heard of a lady, in Calcutta, who used to restrict herself to a dozen bottles of Allsop's or Bass's ale a day; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, being totally unacquainted with the person in question. I was, however, very much astonished to see four, five, or six glasses of light, but exhilarating champagne, disposed of, in addition to other wines, by some ladies at dinners or ball suppers; and I fear it is too true, that many of them seek, by such means, to remove the extreme depression of spirits and lassitude which are superinduced by the climate.

**THE PERAMBULATOR.**

WHEN Pharaoh wished to thin the numbers of the fast-multiplying Israelites, he summarily commanded that all male children should be slain as soon as born. Popular prejudices and the usages of modern society scarcely admit the introduction, now-a-days, of so simple and efficient method of avoiding the dangers of over-population predicted by Malthus. But various ingenious substitutes have been devised in place of Pharaoh's midwives. Thus, the milk and bread that constitute the chief nourishment of children are so diluted and adulterated as to ill-supply their craving wants, or to actually engender disease. Syrup of poppies are beneficially supplied to ease their exit from a world which is to them one long wail of tears. Ingenious toys, of explosive tendency, are artfully devised to delude them into danger. Sweetmeats and playthings are coloured with poisonous pigments for their unsuspecting palates.—Tender little children are exposed to the bitterest weather with their legs bared in a manner that would inevitably injure the health of strong adults. And lastly, the spirit of Herod prompted some ingenious Misonephist to invent

that 'wheel blessing to mothers,' yecept a perambulator. Greatly as mothers and nurses may venerate the name of these machines, we seriously doubt whether the health of children whose physical powers are, thus as it were, gymnastically weaned, is not frequently impaired by the too general and injudicious use of infant perambulators. It is undoubtedly far more convenient for the mother or nurse, to propel a helpless child before her (when no one can accuse her of not looking after her charge), than to toil with it in arms, during the daily walk, or subdue her pace to accord with its feeble steps. But the change cannot always be pleasant to the infant, nor beneficial to its health. There is lost that sustained warmth of the mother's body, for which no artificial heat is an efficient substitute. Children are far too frequently taken out 'airing' (we borrow the elegant phrase from the Court Circular) in perambulators on cold, windy, or gloomy days; when their inactive and unprotected position renders them peculiarly liable to suffer from the effects of exposure. Every one must have observed such unfortunate little victims being driven along our streets, lolling their heads in hopeless resignation, after the manner of calves in a butcher's cart, whilst their blue cheeks, and watery eyes, and pinched faces give presage of the impending catarrh, bronchitis, or pneumonia, the true cause of which the hastily summoned doctor will scarcely fail to comprehend when he notices the perambulator in the hail. Moreover, these conveyances are often unnecessarily used for children fully able to walk, and who should be taught thus to exercise their limbs. It is, however, less trouble to the nurse to propel a great chubby two-year-old child in its go-cart, than to guide and assist its early attempts at independent toddling.—*Lancet*

**BIRTHPLACE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.**

TURNING off by a lane, near the church, another mile brings you to Hays Barton, Raleigh's birthplace. It is a solitary farm-house—built in the picturesque style of four hundred years ago, with gabled wings and portico, thatched roof, small mullioned windows, and a heavy oaken door thickly studded with iron nails standing at the end of a garden, partly concealed by a few old trees that rise from among the herbs and flowers. At one side of the Barton, in front is a modern brick barn; but there are two or three sheds and stables built of cob on the other side, which keep up the olden character. The whole scene, shut in by low swelling hills and lines of tall hedges, is eminently rural; and how much more so in Raleigh's day! Just the place for a happy childhood. I knocked at the door. It was opened by a good-humoured damsel, who, to my enquiry whether it was true, as I had read, that strangers were permitted to see the interior of the house, answered, 'No, it isn't.—We used to show it, but had to give it up—people hindered our time so; and now they stand and look at it as long as they like, and then go away again.' This was said with a smile, as if not meant seriously; and as she stood still at the half opened door, seeming in no hurry to retire, we had a chat of some twenty minutes. I might sit under the porch for an hour, if I pleased, and look at the bee-hives and old trees, and at the upper window on the left—the window of the room. There Raleigh was born.—Did the gallant adventurer ever think of the quiet homestead in the days of his courtly prosperity? He could not have helped reverting to the hours of boyhood, when adversity overtook him—when he lay stricken with fever on the coast of Guinea, or during his long and weary imprisonment in the Tower. Was he thinking of the woods around Hays Barton when he wrote his 'Country's recreations, and, with a pen sobered by experience, drew so true a contrast between the 'anxious sighs and untimely tears' of courts, and the silent groves, downs, meads, and gliding fountains, which he tenderly apostrophizes? Did recollections of innocent youth come back upon him when, in his after years of sorrow, he said:—

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet;  
My staff of faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

To me, musing under the rustling leaves, while the scent of hay filled the air, there was a touching moral in the great man's history. Here the glad beginning; and far away, within the shadow of the court, its heroic ending. Whatever his faults, he deserved better than to lose his head by the executioner's axe, at the behest, too, of a king foolish enough to imagine that by tearing a leaf from the journal of the Commons, he could deprive the nation he misruled of their rights and liberties.

**THE HOME PERIL.**

It may seem a paradox, but it is true, that the greatest enemy which a trading nation has to fear is trade. It brings riches, it confers power, it promotes material civilization, and, to some extent, befriends liberty. No great commercial people ever obeyed an absolute monarch, and feudal lordship fell before the burgh and the guild. On the other hand, the increase of its wealth is apt to outstrip the march

of refinement, and set vulgarity in high places. The luxury it diffuses, and the wants it multiplies, impair popular resources, and enlarge destitution. By its tendency to accumulate riches in comparatively few hands, concentrate labor in limited spaces, trade creates that overwhelming power of capital which threatens to be the tyrant of modern times, and worse than all, its dregs can work their way into the character of a people, bringing their hopes, their estimates and their aspirations to the level of the market.

**THE DEAL BOATMEN.**

AND yet there exists, on the shores of Deal, a breed of amphibious human beings, whose peculiar profession is to rush to the assistance of every vessel in distress. In moments of calm and sunshine, they stand listlessly on the shore, stagnant and dormant, like the ocean before them; but when every shopkeeper closes his door, when the old woman, with her umbrella turned inside out, feels that she must either lose it or go with it to heaven; when the reins of the mail coachman are nearly blown from his hand, and his leaders have scarcely blood or breeding enough to face the storm; when the snow, drifting across the fields, is seeking for a hedgerow against which it may sparkle and rest in peace; when whole families of the wealthy suddenly stop in their discourse to listen to the wind rumbling in their chimneys; when the sailor's wife, at her tea, hugs her infant to her arms, and looking at its father, silently thanks Heaven that he is on shore; THEN has the moment arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend, one against another, to see whose boat shall first be launched into the tremendous surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers over which the keel descends are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call 'a lull,' and then cutting the rope, the barque, as gallantly as themselves, rushes to its native element.—The difficulty of getting from broken into deep water would amount sometimes almost to an impossibility, but that word has been blotted from their vocabulary; and, although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point in creation which one would think the seafaring man would most fearfully avoid—the Goodwin Sands. To be even in the neighbourhood of such a spot in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever sailed, is a fate which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but that these poor nameless heroes should not only be willing but eager to go there in a hurricane in an open boat, shows very clearly that, with all his follies and with all his foibles, man really is, or rather can be, the lord of the creation, and that within his slight frame there beats a heart capable of doing what every other animal in creation would shudder to perform. The lion is savage, and the tiger is ferocious, but where would their long tails be, if they were to find themselves afloat with English boatmen?

**NEWGATE FAIR.**

AT Newgate Fair they have adopted a more efficacious device for binding the victim, and we don't run any risk of being horrified to excess by the spectacle of a half choked wretch, writhing and tossing his form like a fish on a hook. The whole affair is, nevertheless, rudely simple; and if there be any old forms and ceremonies remaining to the extreme act of the law, they are got through at the private performance inside the prison. Only three figures appear on the scaffold. First comes the ordinary, in his surplice, reading the burial service; after him comes the criminal, followed by the executioner—a fat little man, with a round face, rather expressive of mildness and indecision. His plan of disguise is at once the simplest and the most perfect I ever saw. He wears a kind of traveling cap, made of dark fur, with lappets fastened together beneath the chin; and this cap, covering his forehead nearly to the eyebrows, entirely changes the character of the head. The culprit takes his place, fronting Snow-hill, and not, as one would have anticipated, the more open space at the top of the Old Bailey. The ordinary faces him, and continues reading. Jack Ketch quickly pulls a white cotton cap over his victim's head, fastens the rope to the beam by means of a hook and chain, adjusts the noose, ties the legs together, and finally bids farewell leaving the ordinary still reading the burial service to that melancholy object before him. You give Jack Ketch time to go below and draw the bolt, and just as you are beginning to feel the delay more painful than you can bear, without shrieking aloud, there is a rattling fall, and a dull, heavy shock, that you hear, as it seems, with your heart; the body trembles with a frightful spasm, and then turns slowly round; the shoulders are raised, and the head drops to the right; the hands try to meet, and soon hang motionless, and change colour by visible gradations. The reverend gentleman had walked away directly after the drop fell. There is nothing more to look at.

The play is played out, and the spectators have all dispersed. You meet them amid the city's bustling busy life, and you read the account of the execution in their faces, almost as plainly as you read it in the late editions of the papers. The majority are costermongers and

labourers of the poorest and lowest grade. Now and then come parties of dissolute men and women, in twos and threes, laughing and talking about the show. Half tipsy and wholly uneducated wretches, of the class which, in a helpless hopeless way of speaking, we term 'unfortunate' with last night's torn and tawdry dresses dragged into daylight, flung along on their way to such places as they can call home—there to sleep away the sheer fatigue of excitement and the fumes of wine.

May the time not be distant when this picture shall be a picture of the past—when its shameful realities shall be forgotten with those which are 'buried within the precincts of the goal.'

**THE BLIND ORGANIST.**

WE present our readers with an extract from a chapter entitled 'Travelling Sketches,' which in our judgment, is very simple and beautiful. The scene is Norwich Cathedral, the fading light of evening flooding its gloomy aisles with a russet light. The heroine is singing in the organ loft, to the surprise of the old organist, who had not given permission:

I sang Mozart's 'Agnus Dei' from the Fourth Mass; that soothing and prayerful solo drawn from the intensest sympathies of the great master of expression, and answering, in its supplicating tenderness, to the innermost yearnings of every nature. It was a great pleasure so to sing it, and yet a strange melancholy lay at my heart and communicated itself to the tones of my voice. As the last note trembled and died away in the silence, I turned and saw an old man standing in an angle of shadow just by the entrance to the organ gallery. He was a little misshapen, sorrowful old man, with thin white hair, and light anxious eyes that wandered eagerly from place to place. As I paused, looking at him, he came forward, guiding himself along by the organ with one hand, and extending the other with a feeble, wandering gesture, which told me, without a more careful study of his countenance, that he was blind.

'Who sings?' said he, stopping suddenly as if to listen for our whereabouts, 'What angel brings air from heaven to wake the sleeping echoes of these dusky aisles. Speak to me.'

Roused from the surprise with which I had regarded him, touched with pity, too, for the wavering step and the irresolute tone, I went nearer and answered him:

'We are strangers,' I said—'strangers and musicians, travelling professionally from town to town. We are here for the purpose of giving a concert this evening in the theatre, and, finding the church empty, made our way up to look at the organ. I am afraid we have taken a great liberty in playing upon it. Are you the organist?'

He listened very attentively, with his head inclined a little on one side, and his sightless eyes turned full upon me. When I had done, he put out his hand again.

'It is as sweet to hear you speak as to hear you sing,' he said. 'Your voice is gentle, and I am sure your smile is beautiful. Give me your hand.'

I took the trembling hand in both of mine, but he disengaged and passed it gently over one of them.

'It is small,' said he—'small, and soft, and slender. Small enough for a child's, and yet your speech tells me it is a woman's. You are young, lady?'

I smiled, and told him I was nineteen years of age.

'Nineteen!' he repeated to himself. 'Nineteen! And you are a vocalist?'

'I hope to deserve the name some day,' I replied.

'Your very voice is music,' he said, still retaining my hand. 'I am the organist of this cathedral, and I am an old man. I have lived here all my life—all my long life; heard the fine London singers at our Festivals for the last sixty years—ay, the last sixty-three years; but never one with a voice like yours! Will you sing for me again?'

I sang for him again and again, till the shadows began to thicken. Then we shook hands with him, and bade him farewell.

'Must you go?' he asked plaintively. 'Shall I never listen to you again?'

'Come to-night to the theatre,' said Mr. Vaughan, cheerily. 'I will give you a card, if you like to take the trouble.'

The old man shook his head.

'Not in a public place,' he said,—'not in a public place. The cathedral is my home, and the organ here my second self. I have never seen either; but I love to imagine them. Perhaps your eyes behold them differently, yet no one knows them so well as I. I am familiar with every echo of the building. I know every pillar by its touch. There is not one of all the forest of pipes in this great instrument but sings to me with the accent of an old, old friend. The place is peopled for me with pleasant recollections. Lady, I would not hear you in the theatre to-night. This is the holiest and dearest spot in all the world to me, and you will henceforth be associated with it. Your voice and your kind hand will come back to me when I am sitting up here alone in my darkness. Thank you, and heaven bless you.'