

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.  
**THE DANCING-GIRL OF INDIA.**  
The rajah of Hussunpoor gave a splendid banquet to the officers of a detachment of East India Company's troops, then on their way to the seat of war in the Ghorka mountains. The festivity was conducted on a scale of profuse magnificence, such as the Princes of Hindoostan are fond of displaying on state occasions, and which forms a remarkable contrast to their ordinary simple and even frugal style of living. The spot selected for the occasion was outside the town, at no great distance from the British camp. The enormous tent of the rajah was composed entirely of blue and white velvet, in alternate stripes, with a deep border of cloth of gold, with tassels of the same precious metal. The gilded tent-poles had spear-heads of solid gold. The canvas floor-cloth on which the tent was pitched was covered with a carpet of crimson velvet with a deep fringe of gold bullion. On this, in the centre, was spread a snow-white cloth for the dancers. Attendants, in surcoats and trousers of blue velvet, with crimson shawls about the waist, and turbans of broad, stood round the sides of the tent, some with silver maces, others bearing large fans, which they waved over the heads of the guests, and others with torches composed of strips of muslin steeped in oil and wrapped around iron spindles. These cast a wild and flaring light over the scene of truly Oriental splendour, in which the Cashmere shawls, jeweled turbans, and loose graceful garments of the native nobles were contrasted with the scarlet uniforms and glittering side-arms of the European officers. The latter were mostly 'old hands,' who had been long enough in India to be perfectly versed in the customs of the people. The guests reclined at their ease on cushions and couches, eating sweetmeats, or drinking the wines which were served in profusion by the attendants.  
At length, at a signal given by the rajah, the dancers made their appearance. There were two of them, young Hindoostan girls, with fine regular features, and dusky bronze-like skins. Their large dark eyes appeared yet larger and more lustrous from the circle of black pigment, called *sormas* (a preparation of antimony), which was drawn around the inner edges of the eyelids. The tips of their fingers and the soles of their bare feet were stained of a rosy hue with the juice of the henu plant. They wore full trousers, and shirts of gay-coloured muslin embroidered with gold, with a muslin chador or scarf over the neck, and a figured shawl about the waist—the dress of these opera dancers. Silver anklets, hung with little bells, jingled to the slow movements of their feet. The large hanging sleeves of their vests showed the bracelets of gold and gems on their slender rounded arms. In their ears they had rings, of which the golden setting was hardly visible for the brilliancy of the jewels which flashed and glittered in the torchlight. These were presents from their admirers; for the dancers of the semi-barbarous East are almost as much petted, and as widely celebrated, as those of the civilized West—which is saying a great deal.  
The musicians now struck up their monotonous scraping and thumping, and the dancers commenced their song and dance. The Oriental style of dancing, it is well known, differs greatly from that to which we are accustomed. It consists principally in movements of the body and arms; the feet, though in constant motion, remaining nearly in the same place. Our dances are addressed wholly to the eye, and are intended chiefly to gratify that taste for regular and graceful motion which seems as natural as the love of music. The eastern dance is decidedly of a more intellectual character. It is accompanied by a song, or rather the singing is considered the principal part of the entertainment, to which the dance is subsidiary. Its motions are intended to illustrate the sentiments conveyed in the words. To this end every moment, attitude, and look is made to contribute with wonderful skill. Most of the songs express the passion of love, with all its vicissitudes of gaiety, sadness, hope, suspicion, transport, jealousy, fury, despair. In these cases the acting is sometimes exquisite, and such as would excite admiration in any theatre. Sometimes a martial air is introduced, or a pastoral carol, or a song descriptive of the chase, or other incidents of daily life in the East. Many of these compositions are as famous as the favourite operas and ballets of our boards, and particular dances are called for by the guests of the nauch at their pleasure. The exertions of the dancers are so great, that their excitement soon exhausts them, and several sets are usually read, which succeed one another, and vary the performance.  
The rajah of Hussunpoor had been at some expense and trouble to procure the most celebrated dancers of the country; and many of them were greatly applauded, especially by the foreigners, who strange as it may appear almost invariably learn, after a while to prefer this kind of exhibition to the graces of the ballet by which Taghion, and Ellsar have acquired their fame. One of the nauchess

in particular attracted their attention, from youth and modest appearance. She came forward at first with great diffidence, almost trembling, and sang a pastoral song, somewhat similar to the *Rans des Vaches*, with a voice so plaintively sweet, and a manner so graceful and winning, that the call for its repetition was universal. She excited as much curiosity as an actress making her first appearance on the stage. Her complexion was fairer than that of the other nauchess, and it appeared still more so from the contrast which the shudder of mautilla which she wore, falling from her head over her shoulders, and which was of black stuff, after the fashion of those worn by the mountaineers of the north. The rajah, a fat old Mussulman, who prided himself on being a connoisseur in the art, was much taken with the new performer. He called to him the sirdar or director of the entertainment, and enquired her name and origin.  
"Light of the world," answered the sirdar, "the girl's name is Loozee; and she comes from the province of Keemaon, in the neighbourhood of Almora."  
"She is not a Ghorka," said the rajah.  
"The maharajah is right. She is a Vaisya, and was taken captive by the Ghorkas, who sold her to some merchants, of whom your slave purchased her at the fair of Haridwar. She has been but two months in training, and promises to make an excellent nauchess, but for her excessive desire to return to her native land."  
"I think," observed the rajah with an air of great wisdom, "that all these mountaineers are mad on that head."  
"True, Khodawand, servant of God," replied the sirdar. "They fall sick with the longing for their barren hills and rocks, where the goats starve to death in winter as I tell Loozee. I have been compelled, in order to keep up the girl's spirits, to promise her that when she shall have earned a certain sum to repay me for what I have expended on her, she shall be free to return to Keemaon."  
"Perhaps the maharajah would like to hear the girl relate her own history, in a song, which Balin Singh, the Bard has composed for her?"  
"By all means," said the rajah, and the rest of the company eagerly listened in the call. Loozee who had been standing with folded hands and downcast eyes during this conversation, now came forward, and sang with expressive action some verses. The song was answered not only by general applause, but by the more satisfactory response of a shower of jewels and gold pieces—the former coming from the native nobles, and the latter from the British officers. Loozee, with a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye, hastened to gather up these contributions to her ransom, and was about to withdraw, when the rajah, who had been charmed by the novel and peculiar style of beauty of the young nauchess, as well as by her character, so different from that of the class to which she belonged, bade her remain and announced his intention of rewarding her desert by promising her to his zenannah.  
It was plainly his expectation that the nauchess would receive this intelligence with transport, as indeed it was an unexampled honour for one of her profession. Poor Loozee, however, seemed to be otherwise affected. She stood for a moment as if thunderstruck, and then sinking at the rajah's feet, with joined hands in the attitude of supplication, she exclaimed—  
"Mighty rajah, assylum of the earth, your slave is unworthy to enter your zenannah!"  
"Push!" returned the old Mussulman. "If I say you are worthy, that is enough. Only conduct yourself well, and you shall be favoured."  
"Light of the universe," replied the nauchess trembling and wringing her hands "what shall your slave say? She has bargained with the sirdar to pay him a thousand rupees, and then she will be free to return to her home and her kindred."  
"Well, well," answered the rajah, impatiently. "I will pay the money. Have I not said it? You shall remain with me, to entertain me and zenannah. You shall dress in broad and shawls of Cashmere, and shall feast on pilafs and sugar plums. What more would you have? But, (enough,) you can go."  
But in spite of this permission, intended for a command, poor Loozee remained kneeling, with every sign of confusion and dismay.—  
"Oh, maharajah," she said, "Pardon your wretched slave, but her heart is in her native land, among the hills of my dear Keemaon."  
Here poor Loozee, sobbing bitterly, covered her face with her hands, vainly attempting to hide her tears. The colonel continued, apparently unmoved. "It is my opinion, therefore, that she cannot do better than accept the liberal and condescending kindness of our esteemed friend the rajah. But if she could obstinately persist in her resolution to return to the Keemaon, we must endeavour, among us to make up the sum necessary to satisfy her master, to which I will willingly contribute; and I doubt not that the generosity of the rajah, and of these other princes, will be displayed with its customary magnificence."  
There is no virtue in which Oriental natives so much pride themselves as their

liberty. The colonel was thoroughly acquainted with the character of those with whom he had to deal, and his speech was received with exclamations of "Ucha! bhote khob!" (Good! well said!)—in which the old rajah joined, though rather sulkily.  
But he was well aware that his esteemed allies were, in fact, his masters, and he had an especial dread of the Ghorka impetuous old colonel.  
Well, Loozee, said the latter, tell us your final determination. Will you remain in the zenannah of his highness, or will you take the risk of wandering houseless and homeless over the hills of Keemaon?  
Protector of the poor, replied the nauchess without hesitation, how can your slave answer? She is a poor foolish girl, but her heart is in her native land, and if she does not see it again she will die.  
Well, gentlemen, said the colonel, I think we can make a purse among us to ransom the poor girl. Here he was interrupted by his khitmugur, or personal attendant—a Mussulman, clad in a showy surcoat of yellow muslin, with yellow trousers, and a blue shawl-girdle and turban, who came forward with joined hands, in the attitude of one asking a favour. "Will the Colonel Sahib listen to the petition of his servant? he said."  
What is it? inquired the colonel, somewhat surprised.  
I have served the Colonel Sahib fifteen years, and he has found no fault with me.  
True, Sahaduk, replied his master, and you once saved me from a tiger. Well, what now?  
Gurudeepurwar, protector of the poor, answered Sahaduk, I want a wife. My wife died two years ago in Malwa, and I have a little child, and no one to take care of it when I am waiting on your highness. The Colonel Sahib's kindness has made me rich. The Vaisya women have the report of being excellent wives. Let your servant pay the girl's ransom, and marry her.  
With all my heart, replied the colonel laughing, provided you can get her consent. I am not her father, and cannot give her to you. What do you say, Loozee? Will you be the wife of my khitmugur? He is a worthy fellow, and will take good care of you.  
The young girl looked earnestly at Sahaduk, who was a handsome man of about thirty, with a countenance expressive of courage and good-nature. Will he take me to Keemaon? she asked.  
Certainly, replied the colonel, we are on our way there at this moment.  
Loozee's countenance brightened up. And will he never beat me? We Vaisya women do not like to be beaten, like the wives in this lowland country.  
My servant must answer for himself, replied the colonel. I think I have heard of his beating his former wife, hey, Sahaduk?  
Never but once, Gurudeepurwar, answered the khitmugur, when she neglected our first child, and it died.  
Ah, then she deserved it! said Loozee. I will be your wife, for I think you will treat me well, and I shall see Keemaon again.  
Well, off with you both, said the colonel, get married at once, for we start to-morrow morning for Almora.  
The couple, so unexpectedly mated, retired; and the party, whose good-humour had been restored by this little scene, applied themselves heartily to the supper which was now brought in. The rajah washed away the remains of his sulks in a bowl of brandy punch, which Lieutenant R—, conducted by way of peace-offering, and which the sinful old Mussulman drank without regard to the interdiction of his religion. The entertainment was not long protracted, as the officers were compelled to withdraw early, having to set off before the dawn of the following morning.  
In ten days, colonel G—, with the troops under his command, had passed the Terai, or belt of forest land and marsh, noted for its deadly climate, which separates the plain of the Hindoostan from the hill country at the base of the Himalayas. The province of Keemaon is composed entirely of rocky mountain ridges, intersected by narrow valleys or gorges like the most rugged districts in the Scottish Highlands. Though nears under the tropic the vegetation bears the character proper to the northern limits of the temperate zone. Oaks, pine, fir, the pear, the raspberry, the blackberry, and other trees and fruits to which they had long been accustomed, reminded the British invaders of their native land. The original inhabitants and proper owners of the country were the Vaisyas, a fine race of mountaineers, who, in their manner of life, and their simple honest, industrious character, have many points of resemblance to the Swiss. They build good houses of limestone and slate, and cultivate not only their valleys, but even the terraced sides of their rugged hills, wherever this is possible. They have herds of small cattle, which they keep for their milk, but never kill that being forbidden by their religion. Although a brave and high-spirited people, they have the ill luck to be conquered by the Ghorkas, or natives of Nepal, to the east of Keemaon, who took advantage of some civil dissensions among

the Vaisyas to assail them when disunited and unprepared for a contest. The Ghorkas were a race partaking of the Tartar physiognomy and character, treated the conquered Vaisyas with great cruelty, ravaging their villages, murdering all who resisted, and selling their wives and children into slavery. Fortunately, in the course of their marauding expeditions, they came in collision with the British Authorities; and the result was the war of 1815, in which the Ghorkas were expelled from the conquered territory. In this contest our troops were greatly indebted to the assistance of the Vaisyas, who regarding them as deliverers, did all in their power to aid them, acting as guides and messengers, dragging their cannon up the declivities, and fighting bravely when they came to close quarters with the enemy.  
Colonel G—, with the forces under his command, had been ordered to make a detour in the mountains near Almora, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from a strong position which they held in front of the British main body. Unfortunately, the guide who had been furnished him was not well acquainted with the country; and after wandering about for three or four days in the wildest recesses of the hills, the colonel found himself one evening in a rugged defile between two precipices, with no outlet in front but a narrow and perilous ascent. Determined not to bivouac in this dangerous position, he pushed forward until he was checked by the alarming intelligence that the passage was barricaded, and occupied by a strong body of Ghorkas. It would have been madness to attack them in the steep path where three men could not advance abreast, and Colonel G—, at once gave order to retreat from the defile by the way in which they had entered. But at this moment word was brought from the rear-guard that the enemy had appeared in great force at the end of the pass. It was plain to the colonel and his officers that they were caught in a trap, from which it would be impossible to extricate themselves by fighting, without heavy loss. A hurried consultation was held. Lieutenant R—proposed to scale the side of the ravine with a small party, and surprise the enemy by an attack in the rear. The guide was sent for, and interrogated respecting the feasibility of the movement, but he declared his utter ignorance and perplexity. He was a Vaisya, but from a different part of the province, and had only travelled his road on one occasion many years before. While they were still engaged in the discussion, Sahaduk, the khitmugur, made his appearance, begging to be heard. His wife, he said, was well acquainted with the country, and might be of service if they would be pleased to listen to her.  
By all means, bring her here, Sahaduk, said the colonel, why did we not think of this before? Let me hear what she has to say.  
Loozee now came forward, no longer in the garb of a nauchess, but, apparelled as a Vaisya damsel, in a frock of grey camel with a black mantle of woolen cloth over her head. She was perfectly familiar, she said, with the place in which they were, having frequently visited it in search of bilberries and other wild fruit. She knew of a path by which not only a small party, but if they chose, the whole force might ascend the side of the ravine, and regain the main road to Almora without difficulty.  
Show us that my good girl, said the colonel, and you will do us a service for which we will be well rewarded.  
No Sahib, said Loozee eagerly; not that. It is not to free my country from these robbers. And did you not save me from the rajah, and bring me to Keemaon?  
Well my daughter, said the colonel, show us the path, and we will dispute about the recompense hereafter.  
Loozee was as good as her word. The track up which she led was steep and rugged, but practicable only for infantry not burdened with heavy arms or baggage. A dozen men should have defened with ease, but the Ghorkas were probably ignorant of its existence. By midnight the whole detachment had made its way out of the defile in which it had been blockaded, and was encamped in a valley of some extent, offering a good field for action in case of an attack. Many houses were scattered through the valley, but they were tenantless and appeared to have been lately shattered and spoiled by ruthless hands. The Ghorkas have been at work here, said Lieutenant R—. Do you know this place, Loozee?  
Do I know it, Sahib? she said. Ah! who is me! It is Deenah! It is the valley where I was born. They are all gone. There is not one left. It is as the Colonel Sahib said. Oh my father, my mother! I shall see you no more!  
Perhaps they have only fled, and will return as soon as the Ghorkas are driven away, observed Lieutenant R—. The remark seemed to inspire Loozee with new hope. She darted up the side of the hill which hung the valley, and reached at length a lofty crag which jutted out from the declivity. Standing there, she uttered a shrill piercing cry, in the tone in which natives of mountainous countries are wont to call to each other.

Three times she repeated this call, listening anxiously in the intervals. At length a response of the same kind was heard, but evidently at a great distance, and Loozee slowly descended the hill. There were she said none of her people in the neighborhood, but they were afraid to approach. It would be necessary to wait to the morning, when she would be able to learn more.  
When the morning dawned, the British officers perceived, that their escape from the ravine had been discovered by the Ghorkas who had shifted their ground, and were now drawn up in great force on the road to Almora. Immediate preparations were made for an attack. The struggle which ensued was a desperate one, the British troops being superior in arms and discipline, and their opponents in numbers, with the advantage of the ground. The battle however, was suddenly decided by an unexpected event. A furious attack was made by some fresh assailants upon the rear of the Ghorkas, who, surprised and panic-stricken, broke and fled in every direction.  
The English officers, unwilling that their men should be scattered, soon recalled them from the pursuit. The auxiliaries who had so unexpectedly come to their aid were less for bearing. They were no other than the Vaisyas of the neighborhood, who warned by the cries of Loozee, had suddenly collected and attacked their enemies when they found them engaged with the English. They now pursued, and cut them down without mercy, thus avenging the many outrages which they had received at their hands.  
When the pursuit was over, the Vaisyas assembled in a body, and came forward to greet their savior. They were headed by a noble looking old man whose stalwart form betokened great strength, and who bore in his hand a heavy wooden mace sword, which had evidently been wielded with unsparring vigour. His looks however, betrayed no exultation, but were composed and even melancholy. He was heartily welcomed by Colonel G—, and his officers, who acknowledged the assistance they had received from his well-timed attack. The old man received their compliments and congratulations very calmly. He said that he and his people should always be grateful to the English people for taking so much trouble to deliver them from the tyrannical Ghorkas. For his own part he had not much cause for rejoicing; the Ghorkas had spoiled his home, slain his two sons, and carried his daughter into captivity. His house could be repaired, and his fields stocked anew; but of what avail would it be to one who had no children to share in his good fortune, or to succeed him when he died?  
Poor Loozee could endure no longer. Casting off the black mantle which concealed her face, she threw her arms round her father's neck, laughing and weeping at the same time in the excitement of her joy. The astonishment and delight of the old man at this unexpected recovery of his lost child may be readily conceived. It appeared that Loozee's mother was still alive, and there were others of her kindred among the neighbours who were now coming in from all directions. The officers, as may be supposed, were much pleased at witnessing the happiness of their pretty protégée, to whom they themselves had been not a little indebted for their extraction from the embarrassment of the preceding night. As it was impossible to delay their march, Sahaduk was directed to remain at Deenah with his wife until the war was over—an order which, without disparagement to his courage, he was very willing to obey.  
In a few weeks the Ghorkas were compelled to evacuate the country, and a permanent military station was formed at Almora. Sahaduk resided there with his master, until the latter was ordered to another part of India. He then rewarded the faithful services of his attendant, and discharged also his debt of obligation to Loozee, by fitting up a handsome palanquin, in which he made over in free simple to his ex-khitmugur. Should any of our friends hereafter chance to visit the capital of Keemaon, we recommend them to make their purchases in the linen drapery line of the worthy Sahaduk Bhae, now one of the principal Mahajuhans of merchants of Almora. Loozee, his faithful helpmate, the careful mother of half-a-dozen fine young mountaineers; and from all that we can learn we have no doubt that he honorably fulfilled his promise—never to beat her unless she deserved.

**Escape.**—We understand that a prisoner escaped from the City Gaol, on Saturday, in an extraordinary manner—in such a way as to establish beyond contradiction the truth of the old proverb—"Give him an inch and he will take an ell." It appears that he had been permitted to walk at large through the Gaol, and, abused by confidence reposed in him so far as to enter a room over the entry walked out of a swinging window on the porch and slide therefrom, a distance of 30 feet, to the ground and made his escape. On Saturday evening, the Sheriff's posse searched the Admiral throughout, detaining her a considerable time, but to no purpose, we believe.