

the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna, and one at Ghazee-pore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazee-pore agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazee-pore and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand labourers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favourable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavourable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favourable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.—*Household Words.*

THE HEROES OF CHILLIANWALLAH.

Night fell on the Indian battle-plain,
Where the blood of the brave had pour'd like
rain,
And the horse and its rider lay stiffen'd there,
By the jungle that shadow'd the tiger's lair!
But a foe, more fierce than the tiger bold,
Had made of that jungle his dark strong-hold;
For the guns of the Sikhs, in silence dead,*
Had number'd our bravest among the dead!

Now, o'er the tents that are scatter'd round,
Is brooding a silence, still, deep, profound—

* It is stated that in the opening canonade the Sikhs were so effectually concealed behind the thick jungles that the only guide to the British Artillerymen in taking aim was the smoke of the enemy's guns.

Save the groans of those who are dying there,
On the damp ground, chill'd by the midnight air—
Where Jhelum's waters roll o'er the brave,
With a crimson tinge on its ruffled wave—
And floating plumes which the sun at morn,
Had seen on many a proud head worn—
All tell of the direful work of strife,
Of which that battle-field was rife.

Who are these standing in silence there?
What do they gaze on in sad despair?
As the fitful gleams of the twilight wave,
The warrior who lies in his glory low!
Sadly they gaze on that noble brow,
Where slowly the death-damps are gathering
now;

For the radiant glance of that eagle eye,
They seek, but in vain—there is no reply!
Yet the smile on that proud lip seems to tell,
That he dies for the banner he lov'd so well—
Whose folds with a rigid clasp are prest,
With his life-blood stained to his heaving breast.

Ah! vainly they try to stem the tide,
Which flows so fast from his heaving side;
He heeds them not, for away, away,
From the stormy conflict of that day
There has come o'er his spirit a sudden change,
And he turned from the scene so dark and
strange,
And thoughts of that home o'er his memory
swept,

Which soft in the rays of the moonlight slept,
In fair England's isle, where the love of years
Must soon be turned to a fount of tears.

Strive not with heaven, 'twere vain, 'twere vain,
His spirit is call'd from its earth-bound chain;
He has gone with his glorious feelings bright,
With a name that no earthly breath can blight,
In the summer-tide of his glorious fame,
Crown'd with the laurel he well may claim!

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By Jhelum's stream how many an eye,
Has look'd its last on the sunny sky?
How many a crested head lies low.
The warrior, grey, who had met the foe,
And hew'd out victory; by his side,
Rejoicing in his gallant pride,
The youthful warrior waves his sword,
Bidding defiance to the horde
Of fiery Sikhs—in vain, in vain,
Brave souls ye strew the battle plain,
As hundreds of our warriors bleed,
Thousands of foemen still succeed;
Yet, pointing to the foe, they stand,