

When to him came his stricken bride,
 And thus her loved one found.
 Who can tell her wild despair?
 Who can fathom love so rare?
 She laid her down close by her lover's side;
 Grief so great from love so deep,
 Sorrow that forbids to weep;
 Unwounded, save by hapless love, she died!

EASTERN OFFICIAL LIFE.

BY RAMSAWMY SIVAJEE, ESQUIRE.

SLAP BA—a *thousand* pardons for this *lapsus calami*! My natural *penchant* for slang—I mean, for the discarded beauties of popular parlance—sometimes leads me beyond the strict limits of parliamentary diction. With this neat apology for a rudeness which I had so unwittingly approached, I think I may safely assume that the reader has already anticipated my most respectful *salaam** in conjunction with “*the assurance of my highest consideration and esteem.*”

[I shall not, I think, be accused of egotism (but only a pardonable pride), if I remark *en passant* that the foregoing little “gem” is not *wholly* unworthy of the earlier literary traditions of the House of SIVAJEE.]

I will now ask the reader to accompany me through that pretty little bungalow in which I received such kind hospitality on my first arrival at Madras, and which was described in the City House-Register as “*The Dove's Nest*”; premising my observations with the remark that the description thereof will apply generally to the domiciles of all Indian bachelors.

There were *three* occupants—my swell guide (*Mr. Benjamin Beauclerk Spiffin* was the name with which he usually retired to rest); his chum (*Mr. Arthur Wellesley Jones*); and my humble self—all government servants, and no mere “pop-guns” either in the estimation of the sable inhabitants of the locality in which we resided.

Mr. Jones (or “*Nosey*,” as we called him) held a lucrative appointment in the *Foreign Department*, and was exceedingly well posted in

* Eastern usage prescribes this mode of salutation on all occasions. The *MODUS OPERANDI* is thus:—In approaching the object of his respect or friendship, whether it be a god (idol) or man, the Asiatic politely exclaims “SALAAM, SAHIB!” and then (suited the action to the word) bends his body until it reaches the contour of an irregular curve; and at the same instant he raises his right hand, which he places across his forehead and right eye so as to conceal a well-known sarcastic gesture on the part of that facetious optic. Remaining in this position for 4 or 5 seconds, he slowly resumes the perpendicular, folds his arms across his breast, and imparts to his features a “pensive melancholy,” indicative at once of abject servility and deep hypocrisy; the “degree” of the latter being regulated by the circumstances of the occasion, and by the status, divine or social, of the stick, stone, or person greeted. [For further information on this interesting subject, see MILTON'S “*Observations on The Last of the Mohicans*,”—chap. XV., page 53.]