

river ; since which the waters of the lake have decreased annually, until the spot now is become a meadow in part and trees cover the remainder.

For years, however, a portion of the covering earth of the subterraneous passage, loaded with trees, remained over the stream, where the bark canoe often passed—the Indian preferring the risk, to the toil of unloading and carrying his freight around ;—and under this lie the remains of Kee-oo-nik, the most adventurous and daring of his tribe—but of this anon.

For he's gone from these scenes to the Lake,
From his paradise he'll return no more ;
To the isle of the good and the great,
Where the sun ever shines on its shore :—

Save to wander by moonlight apace,
Around the 'rock o' the font' and the brave,
And sigh for the fate of his gone-by race,
Whose ashes lie deep deep in the grave !



(From Bentley's Miscellany for June.)

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

Table Talk.

Men will often, until rendered sager,
Back their own opinion by a wager.

EVERY one bets in India ; betting is the life and soul of society. Ladies smoke rose-water hookahs, and bet gold mohurs ; gentlemen puff strong chillums, and stake lacks of rupees : everything that comes on the table, everything that passes the window, becomes the subject of a wager ; the number of almonds served up on a dessert plate, or the probable sex of the next passer-by, may cause the transfer of thousands ;—nay, hundreds of thousands ; for in a country where none wear purses, money becomes a mere nominal commodity, only to be spoken of, rarely to be seen ; the consequence naturally results, that it being quite as easy to talk of thousands as hundreds, and far more imposing to do so, lacks of rupees are sported till the unfortunate sporter, if not exceedingly knowing, lacks everything, and the rich idler becomes the tool of the knowing sharper, who makes gambling his profession, and as such, studies it during those hours devoted by the less clever man to amassing riches to pay his debts.

Charles Macauley (this was not *bona fide* his name, but I will call him so) was one of the former,—that is to say, a good fellow, who would bet on certainties, drug your wine, or play with you for what you liked, whenever he was certain of having the best of it.

James Gordon had long been a flat. While up the country, he had lost large sums of money to Colonel Macauley, but finding it more convenient, had come down to Calcutta to fill a lucrative post ; had been two years in the capital of Bengal, and was not quite so raw as he once had been. Charles was unaware of this little fact, or perhaps he would not have followed him down with the kind intent of fleecing him ; however, these surmises have nothing to do with this sketch.

Colonel Charles Macauley had not arrived two hours in Tank Square, ere he heard that his old friend Gordon was making money fast, that he was to give a very grand dinner-party the next day, and that the said dinner was to be served on some splendid new dining-tables, imported from Europe by the luxurious civilian ; this information seemed strangely to interest Charley. At eleven o'clock next morning, the gallant Colonel jumped into his palanquin, and away he jogged to Chowringee, to see his old friend.

"Sahib in Ghurmi hi ?" The question replied to in the affirmative, Charley ascended the stairs amid the low salams of the linen-wrapped kidnigars who lolled about the piazzas and passages. At last the great hall or banqueting-room was gained, and a very fine room it was. "Gordon Sahib—make shabe—come directly," said the confidential sedar of the great man.

"Bohut Achar," responded the visitor.

"Walky in here ?"

"Rather not. I'll wait here till your master has finished his toilette : you may go ;" and the Colonel began to hum an air with a degree of carelessness peculiar to well-bred people, very different from the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. The black servant vanished ; so did Charley's indifference as he quitted the room, for in the middle of the hall stood the identical tables that had just arrived from England. The Colonel was a man who soon made up his mind ; he gave one glance around to ensure that he was unobserved, and in another instant had pulled out a yard measure, and ascertained the exact height of the said tables, which he as instantly set down in his pocket-book ; then lolling out of the windows, began to watch the hackeries, tom-johns, palanquins, and other detestable vehicles, which rapidly flitted through Chowringee.

The most knowing men are sometimes mistaken in their calculations ; for once even Macauley was deceived : he had thought himself unobserved ; but he was in error ; for as the