

wide, smiling mouth, the strong, massive chin—a masterful-looking man who looks as if on occasion he could both give and take. His dress is worth examining as well as his face. On his broad breast are stretched chords of pearls and diamonds worth a king's ransom; there is a blaze of diamonds from his yellow topes, his jewelled scimitar flashes in the sun, his feet are stuck in golden shoes, from the heels of which project massive gold spurs. This is Scindia—the man who clung to us in the mutiny when his own troops, the Gwalior Contingent, revolted, and sweeping down on Cawnpore, would have driven Wyndham into the Ganges but for the opportune arrival of Colin Campbell. He has not all his life stood thus amicably shoulder to shoulder with Britons. As a boy, still in his tutelage, he was within sound of the cannon thunder of Maharajpore, and there stood by him now British officers on whose breasts hung by the famous rainbow ribbon the bronze star won in the fierce conflict where British valour alone retrieved Gough's reckless carelessness. Scindia is talking jocularly with Holkar, in whose bosom, to all appearance, there lingers no *arriere pensee* concerning the fell day of Mahidpore, when Sir John Malcolm crossed the Sipree by a single ford in the face of 20,000 foes, when the young Holkar, the father of this man, shed tears as his troops fled and his sister Beema charged Hislop's infantry with lance in hand; and when its free independence was finally wrested from the realm of Holkar. Sir Salar Jung, the Prime Minister of the Nizam, attired in long black gown and white topes, and with the light blue ribbons of the Star of India over his shoulder, is chatting with Bishop Millman in his purple apron. The three sons of Sir Jung Bahadour, who constitute the Nepaulese deputation, move throughout the throng attired as British staff officers, with heavy aiguellettes in addition, but instead of cocked hat and helmet they wear barret caps, set thick with priceless diamonds, surmounted each by a glittering aigrette, whence waves a tall plume of horsehair. Among the native princes stands Count Seckendorff, of the Prussian Guard Corps, with his plumed helmet and his medal-laden bosom; and essaying conversation is the Maharajah of Jaend, in yellow and gold flowered coat, the bosom of which is a mass of diamonds and pearls. He wears a richly jewelled skullcap, with plume rising behind, and underneath the edges of the skull cap there falls a cloud of light green muslin on either side of his grave dignified face, covered with iron gray hair. In long purple velvet gown, studded with stars of gold, and wearing a tiara like hat, set close with diamonds, whence fall pendants all around, with aigrette of princely value, with earrings linked by heavily jewelled chains, with jewelled scimitar stuck in the yellow sash: his face ruddied a dark red with chilli-die to conceal the fell ravages of leprosy, sits silent, lowering and sombre, the saturnine Rajah of Rewah. In dark pink brocade over white, with string upon string of emeralds on his bosom, of great size and of surpassing lustre, sits, quietly excoquating, the dignified and benign looking Maharajah of Jodhpore. Look at the Maharajah of Pultialah as he sails along the alley in navy blue satin coat, with yellow sleeves—sleeves and coat alike encrusted with pearls. His huge white turban is studded with devices in great cut diamonds which once belonged—when as yet the sun had not wholly gone down upon the Napoleonic dynasty—to the ex-Empress Eugenie. What a reverse of fate for the diamonds! Tassels of big

pearls dangle from the turban. On his bosom are strings of uncut pearls, each one as big as a small oyster—full of transparency, but destitute of glitter. Sir Jamstee Jehnjeebhoy, the Parsee baronet, in plain blue frock with gold braid, is conversing with General Litchfield, the American Consul, whose yellow plume dances on his dark helmet. One whole row of seats is occupied by the dilapidated remnants of the once puissant dynasty of Mysore. Up among the spectators on the tiers of benches sit the sons of the ex-King of Oude, with whom days have so greatly changed since he revelled in the picturesque recesses of the Kaiser Bagh. Up there, too, sits the Maharajah of Burdwan, a Bengalee minor Rajah, arrayed in black satin and silver lace, with diamonds on his head dress valued at £60,000 every stone of which he would freely give in exchange for the empty honour of the title to salute. The Maharajah of Cashmere, a potentate actually and really independent in virtue of Golas Sing's opportune payment of the crore of rupees, which were the expenses incurred by the company in the first Sikh war, in conversing with his Highness of Lahore on whose tiara are the richest specimens of the richest diamond mines in India. In scarlet robes, with tall crimson mitres, faced with figured gold work, stand the Burmese Embassy, broad shouldered, Tartar faced chiefs, who resemble in feature more the princes of Nepal than any of the chiefs from Hindostan Peninsula. Square and firm, with his quiet air of self contained self-reliance, stands at the top of the lower flight of steps General Lord Napier of Magdala, the Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's forces in India. He has already been on board the Seraphis, and is now here, returned to bid the Prince a formal welcome in the name of the army. Near him is Sir Henry Norman, who made good his claim to repute in the mutiny. And there stand around many a soldier, and many a civilian, who have deserved well of their country, each in his own degree, and according to his respective opportunities. About a quarter past four there arrived from the "Seraphis," Lords Aylesford, Harrington, and Alfred Paget, with Colonel Ellis and Dr. Fayer. At 4.20 the Viceroy passed down the ghut, and with constrained greetings to the native chiefs, went on down the jetty to the pontoon. Thither, too, there presently proceeded, in batches, the gentlemen, English and native, who constituted the deputation that were to present the address to the Prince when he should land on the pontoon. Conspicuous among these were Mr. Stuart Hogg, to whom it was obvious, by his nervousness that there had been confided the duty of reading the address. Mr. Turnbull, the Secretary to the Justices passed down, bearing on a cushion of red, the richly ornamented casket containing the address—"looking," remarked a lady, "very like a bride-cake." Last of all there passed down Sir Richard Temple.

Wonderful Swimming.

A FEAT PERFORMED MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* calls the editor's attention to a feat of swimming performed just forty years ago—a feat more remarkable than any that the world has ever known up to the time of Captain Webb's remarkable natatory exploits. The paragraph, it appears, is abridged from volume 21 of the *Saturday Magazine*, of the

6th of November, 1842, and runs as follows:

At about half past six o'clock in the evening of the 6th October, 1835, the yawl *Increase*, manned by nine men, including Brock capsized in a terrible squall off the Newark floating light, at a distance of six miles from the nearest land; seven of the men went down with the boat, and Brock, believing himself the only survivor. It was dead low water, and the flood tide would set off shore, so if ever he should reach the land he would first drift at least fifteen miles before the ebb would assist him. Still he determined to make the attempt and putting his arm through a rush horse collar (lately used as a fender to the boat), which floated by, he rid himself by the aid of his knife of his petticoat trousers, striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth, but did not venture attempting to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing his legs would become entangled, nor of his boots. The horse collar retarded his swimming, so he left it, and as he swam on, to his surprise perceived one of his companions ahead of him. He, too, sunk, and Brock was left alone upon the waters. Winterton light served to direct his course but the tide eventually carrying him out of sight of it, he made for a bright star, in the same position, and with his eyes steadily fixed upon it, continued swimming and calculating when the tide would turn. The sky became overcast, and a storm of thunder, with forked lightning followed. This passed, and was succeeded by a calm. His heavy laced boots encumbered him greatly, and he succeeded in freeing himself from them. The Lowestoft light came in sight, and occasionally the tops of the cliff beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast were visible. Driven by the swell of the sea over Cross Sand bridge, the checkered buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt told him he was distant from the land four miles, and opposite his own door. The tide did not run strong, and fearing to stay by the buoy even for a few minutes, lest his limbs might not again resume their office, he set off for the shore. Just then he was startled by a whizzing sound followed by a splash in the water close to his ear; it was a large gray gull, which mistook him for a corpse, and made a dash at him. The whole flock came up, but he frightened them away. Afterwards he caught sight of a vessel at anchor a great way off, and to get within hail he must swim over Corton Sands, where, owing to the breakers meeting him, he swallowed a great deal of salt water, but before utter exhaustion some change fortunately occurred in the direction of the swell as he was driven over the sands into smooth water, and he felt his strength revive so that he could swim to the shore. If however, he were to attempt this and succeed, there was no certainty of getting out of the surf, or that he could walk, climb the cliffs, or get to a house. If he could not do all this the cold wind would kill him, so he made for the vessel, though it was more difficult than to swim on shore. The nearest approach he could make to the vessel was about 200 yards, and as he was drifting by he mustered all his strength and cried out. His cry was heard, a boat lowered, and he was taken on board fourteen miles from the spot where the yawl capsized, after he had been seven hours and a half in the water. Once safe he fainted, and for some time continued insensible. Though treated with the utmost kindness his sufferings were intense. His throat was in high inflammation and much swollen; round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed, and the soles of his feet, his hands and his ham