

where are displayed, in the street, grain, fruit, and sweetmeats—the latter presenting a singularly dark and uninviting appearance— are scattered thickly about. Sometimes a Hindoo temple shoots up, white and solitary, into the sky, of picturesque, but by no means handsome exterior, through the half-open door of which you may catch a glimpse of the fantastic deities within—huge misshapen monsters, with red lips and goggle eyes, boasting arms by the dozen, and gazing comfortably around, though encumbered with an addition to the original cranium of a couple of heads.

As the troops advance, we have time to note their appearance. Behind the rear-guard is seen the cavalry: the English trooper, with his pale, and too often sickly countenance; the sowar, with his karkee tunic, long boots, waving locks, untouched by the comb, variegated saddle, easy seat on horseback, with his knees up to his eyes, body swaying wildly about, eyes flashing forth uncurbed passions, and love of plunder. Behind them, again, the infantry and artillery, who can only be distinguished by clouds of dust, out of which occasionally emerges a dusty, fagged, jaded individual, with a musket in his hand, unshaven, unwashed, his uniform hanging loosely upon him; very different from the smart, active, well-dressed private, as he appeared on the regimental parade before the barracks at home. In the rear extend for miles long lines of hackeries (carts), elephants, camels, and all the paraphernalia of Indian warfare. Rolling long clouds of dust into upper air, the motley cavalcade creeps slowly along, like the tail of a comet attached to its nucleus, the small clump of glittering bayonets in front. And through all this scene of heat, noise, shouting, and dust, sits the cart-driver, as undisturbed as patience herself, perched on the front of his groaning, tortured vehicle, white, actually white with accumulated dust, streaming with perspiration, and yet with a look of philosophical resignation that might have struck envy into the heart of a stoic.

Nine o'clock! and the sun pours down his rays with all the fervour of an Indian summer. The men begin to flag, and drop to the rear by the half dozen. Beasts begin to fail, the elephant even, undulating his huge carcass from side to side, like a three-decker in a gale of wind, shows symptoms of exhaustion. The effects of the half-hour's halt at daylight are fast wearing away. But we have not long to wait now, the camp is at hand; and at length the column, no longer martial and erect, but with its crest daggled and drooping, wheels slowly in beneath a grove or 'tope' of trees, which is the resting place for the day. The men are dismissed, and break off into groups, produce short pipes, and devote themselves to the great plant. Officers, hastily unbuckling their swords, throw themselves on the ground, and endeavor to snatch a few minutes' repose. By degrees, and at long intervals, the baggage drops in. Now all is confusion and bustle again; unloading of animals, gabbling of domestics, shouts, orders, the buzz of voices; sowars riding wildly about at the gallop, their hair streaming in the wind, their turbans, in disorder, fluttering like streamers behind their heads—their sharp-cut, savage features gleaming with excitement; Sikhs, with their handsome faces, long hair, like a woman's, gathered in a knot on the top of their heads, athletic forms, and bold independent air, lounge slowly past, or salute each other in unknown tongues. Now the camp is marked out, and the position of each July allotted. Up go the white tents, and, 'as from the stroke of an enchanter's wand,' a city of canvas, regularly

laid out, whitens the surface of the earth. Pickets are thrown out, the Europeans repair to their tents, silence is restored, and only a few stragglers linger on the scene, but lately alive with noise and uproar. Look at those two groups, the antithesis of each other, let us approach and examine them more closely. There are half a dozen European soldiers inside a pal (small tent), all in dishabille, some reclining at full length on the ground, others standing in an easy attitude, smoking with the quiet dignity of Britons. They are all the true type of the John Bull—large limbed, broad-chested, full faced, with a Brocton look of stolid dullness. A darogah (police officer) approaches this group with hesitating steps and timid mien. He is dressed in white, with a brilliant shawl wrapped round his loins, his head enveloped in a turban of motley hue, beneath which shines his dark, mahogany countenance, regular features, white teeth, jet-black beard, and eyes glistening like those of the basilisk, with an expression of cunning rather than ferocity. A gigantic sword glitters on his thigh, sheathless and trenchant, and in his belt are two formidable-looking horse-pistols, manufactured in the year one, and only meant for show. Pigamas (drawers) of a pink color hang in folds about his ankles, and his feet are encased in shoes, or rather slippers, of red, curling upwards in a point at the toes. With a graceful salam, he addresses himself to the nearest of the soldiers, a short, squab individual, with a countenance suggestive of animal food and ardent spirits.

'Colonel Sahib hagir hi? (Is the colonel present?)

Now, it is a remarkable fact, that although not understanding one syllable of the native tongue, the British soldier will always attempt a conversation in the dialect of the east.

Soldier. (With much gesticulation, and a vain attempt to catch the accent.) Hah, Colonel, Sahib—tent—there. D'ye twig, blackie?

The dusky darogah smiles blandly. 'Ap ungregee bolta.' (You are speaking English!)

Soldier. (loquiter.) I say, Bill, there's this ere cove a wanting some grease to bolt with. Bolta indeed! That's what ye be a wanting. Bolt, you black rascal ye, or I'll scoop your eyes out of your ugly head.

Bill (In a voice marticulate from tobacco smoke.) Knock the (expletive) nigger over the pate, and (expletive) let him wait there till I come and pick him up.

The darogah, in spite of his warlike appearance, looks uneasy, and slinks away from the dangerous vicinity. Group number two consists of several camp followers, mild Hindoos, clad, or rather disapparelled, in dingy kumarbunds (waistbands), busily employed in preparing their morning meal. The first care is to seek for wood, which is done in the twinkling of an eye, blackie collecting it in some mysterious manner from the grass around. This done, the otah (a species of flour) is produced, from which he quickly manufactures a thin flat cake which goes by the name of jipati: this is placed on a brass plate, and laid on the fire, and his culinary preparations are complete. When ready, this cake to which a little rice is sometimes added, forms his simple meal, which he devours with the gusto of an epicure, lingering over it as if he could have enjoyed the pleasure for ever. Then comes the dessert, the hubble-bubble (small hookah), and he is at the acme of enjoyment. The water bubbles in the cocoa-nut, and his soul is in the seventh heaven. The Sikh is denied this enjoyment, smoking being prohibited among

the disciples of Govind; but he makes up for it in other ways, swallowing down enormous quantities of ardent spirits and intoxicating drugs. By and by, a young officer in Her Majesty's service emerges from a neighbouring tent in the primitive costume of his ancestors, the ancient Britons, when in dishabille. He has a big stick in one hand, and a pair of boots in the other, and, by his flushed countenance and furious air, has evidently worked himself up to a high pitch of mental and physical excitement.

Officer. Here you bearer, nigger, rascal, quee hee.

Conscious of the coming storm, the dusky domestic has entrenched himself behind an adjacent tent-rope, and shows no decided inclination to be won over by these endearments.

Officer. (In unmistakable English, and elevating his voice.) And you did not clean my boots, you scoundrel! Clean boots, thus—(imitating with his hands the act of polishing shoes.) Well, you infernal reptile, knave, what do you say to this—'Hum?'—Boot? Devil take their lingo. Will you answer, you scamp?

Blackie's reply is somewhat irrelevant.

'Hum gureeb admi kodabund.' (I am a poor man, my lord.)

His lordship, not in any way softened by the rejoinder, overflows with wrath, and makes a frantic rush at the object of his ire, pinions him with one hand, while, with the other, he administers repeated applications of the ratan.

'You blackguard (whack), not to clean my boots. Never been accustomed in all my life. Just like them (whack.) What can you expect from a black-face! Take that, and that, and that.' (Whack, whack, whack.)

His lordship forgets that he is not at his club in London, and that the (expletive) nigger has walked fifteen miles, and has not yet tasted food; but why wonder that such trifling matters should have escaped his recollection?

Twelve o'clock! the earth is like an oven, the sun pierces through the canvas walls of the tents, and strikes hot and fiery upon the occupants within. We grasp for breath, and wander savagely about in drawers, in the vain endeavor to find a cool spot somewhere. And now the summons to breakfast, and we sit down to table (our khitmutgar standing behind our chair with his hands meekly folded before him,) and go through the form of a meal—no more. At over, comes the tranquillising pipe. After inhaling a sufficient quantum of tobacco, we make a desperate attempt at sleeping, but the heat is too great to enable us to woo the sweeps of Morpheus.

Thus passes the day till the shades of evening fall, when we emerge from our suffocating dens, and inhale the evening breezes. Dinner in the open air, 'with what appetite we may,' concludes the day, and we retire to rest, with the pleasing anticipation of being disturbed at the same hour on the morrow.

The sketch depicts an ordinary march in India, but, of course, when in presence of the enemy, it is considerably more arduous and harrassing.

STRATFORD COMPANIES.—The Rifle and Infantry companies met for Battalion drill in the Town Hall, on Monday evening last. Lieut-Col. Service commanded the companies and Lieut. Col Barretto inspected them. The men succeeded in going through their different evolutions in a manner alike creditable to themselves and their officers.—[Herald.]