

A PASTORAL.

The following poem, by A. S. Munday, a hitherto unknown English poet, is not only exquisitely sweet, natural and easy in its flow, but it is a marvel in its verification.

BRITISH SEPOYS.

PHYSIQUE, DRESS AND ORGANIZATION OF THE NATIVE SOLDIERS OF INDIA—THE ASIATIC DEFENDERS OF THE EMPIRE WELL SUITED TO CHEASE THE COSSACK—THEIR PAST PERFORMANCES AND FUTURE CAPABILITIES.

Riding or driving through the crowded bazaars of India the visitor is apt to have his attention arrested by the superb appearance of a certain class of the natives. Proud and erect, clad in the "muffi" of the country, with flowing muslin robes, and gigantic turbans rakishly perched on their heads, with emerald and diamond pendants in their ears (hereditary adornments, bequeathed from father to son for centuries), and eke, perchance, jewelled studs in their noses, fierce whiskers and moustaches, and above all, no cast marks on their foreheads, these men move among their compatriots with the haughty mien of a warlike aristocracy. These are the British Sepoys or native infantry and engineer soldiers, and the Sawars, or native cavalry troopers. There are no native artillerymen, the native batteries have been all disbanded in consequence of the great mutiny of 1857. The infantry and sappers and miners in full uniform, clad exactly as the line of the British army, except that their thin black pants have no stripe down them, and their head-dress is either a fez cap with tassels, or a small cap like a German student's, or a small turban of the colour of the facings of the regiment, or else a peculiar pyramidal construction of cotton cloth stiffened out with two horizontal and perpendicular strips of rattan. They are, as a rule, very handsome men, with Caucasian features, and thick arched eyebrows meeting over their noses, and their heads are shaved, leaving a top-knot. The regular cavalry uniform is hussar costume of French gray and silver, with a little red turban perched on three hairs, and the troopers, who are mainly Mahrattas, wear their hair long, curling upward at the nape of their necks like the Cossacks, only they take more care of it, comb it with the solicitude of a Murray Hill belle, and never defile it with grease. It shines brilliantly enough by reason of its own animal oil. Brilliant, too, are the teeth of the dandy warriors of India. Their tooth-brushes of split-cane are perpetually in requisition. The fatigue uniform is a white shell jacket simply. The body guards of the Viceroy and the Governors of Madras and Bombay are similarly uniformed, but in scarlet and gold for the Viceroy and blue and gold for the minor representatives of the Empress of India, with a very peculiar head-dress instead of the turban. This is a sort of scarlet tiara of basket-work, covered with cloth and shellacked, of a like pattern to that worn by the Assyrians of old, and the diadems of the sovereign Princess of India to-day. It is something like a reversed pitcher, with an incipient bishop's mitre on the bottom—or ten, rather. The so-called irregular cavalry, which are probably the best, are uniformed more in native fashion, with large turbans and tassets, of scarlet for parade and Rankee, or cotton dyed of a butternut hue, for service, with jackboots and cotton pantaloons thrust into the tops of them. The regular Ghoorka regiments of Bengal are dressed in scarlet like the rest of the infantry, but are equipped, in addition to muskets and bayonets, with their national knives, affairs

two feet long, curved very broad and heavy, and sharpened on the inside. It is a peculiarity with all Indian soldiers that their hands are very slender and lady-like. The hilts of their knives and sabres will scarcely admit of the grasp of more than three fingers of the average European hand. The irregular cavalry are armed with native tulwars, or sabres, which they carry in velvet sheaths lined with sandalwood, which keeps them very sharp, and they are sharpened like razors. The are worn in frogs, close to the hip, instead of slings, and as their horses are shod with felt, the charge of such troopers is marked by the absence of the deafening rattle and clatter attending rapid movements of the cavalry of Europe. They also carry carbines and pistols, and, in addition, usually lances with broad leaf-shaped heads, and the 40 foot staves of the male bamboo, which is very tough and light, although not hollow, and with the joints closer together than in the female bamboo, which we find usually employed in walking-sticks, Chinese chains, etc. The regular cavalry and infantry are armed like Europeans, except that muzzle-loading smooth-bores are used as a rule instead of rifles or breech-loaders, though some few regiments have of late been furnished with the latter. The Shutasowars, or camel cavalry, are a peculiar corps, chiefly used, where field telegraphy are unattainable, as couriers, some of them on fast dromedaries making most extraordinary marches on occasions, while a portion carry mountain howitzers, and form an efficient species of flying artillery. One organization now prevails all over India for these troops. Their European officers are but few, and consist of a commandant, two wing commandants, an Adjutant, and a medical officer, with a sufficient number of officers of the Quartermasters' Department attached to every body of men. General Upton, in his highly interesting report on the armies of the world, while he speaks highly of the organization of the Indian armies, has, possibly from his hurried opportunities of observation or misunderstanding some of the statements made to him, fallen into some singular errors. He credits each battalion, for instance, with four wing commandants. There are only two. The division of battalions into two wings is common to all armies, and except with insects, or Assyrian lions and bulls, or the mystic monsters of Ezekiel, two wings are more adapted for fight or flight than four or more. He also asserts that there is no staff corps in India. Why, it is practically all staff corps. During the re-organization rendered necessary after the mutiny, when whole divisions were disbanded and everything was at sixes and sevens, all the old arrangements for proportion and seniority were knocked into a cocked hat. Of old, staff appointments, which absorbed the most studious men of the regiment, whose promotion went on however, regimentally, had to pass the toughest kind of examinations, with the stimulus of heavy prizes in cash and staff pay, in the various native languages. The staff corps of each Presidency admitted all who wanted to get into it, on passing a sort of very "Little Go," and provided that Lieutenants should become Captains, after twelve years' service, Majors after sixteen, and so on, though neither grades get the same pay as the line Captains and Majors. As, however, they usually had to serve longer under the old system, almost all who could pass pressed into the staff corps, which presents the anomalous feature of not guaranteeing staff employment. Then, in 1859, another set of officers came into the service on "the general list." There are thus three distinct tenures of office for the officers of the Indian army, the staff corps having ten to one of any of the others. What General Upton meant to convey, however, was correct enough. Appointments are made presumably on merit, with suspicion of favoritism, not to exceed three years, and there is no specially favoured body which gets all the good things going, though in point of fact, a man who gets one fat thing is apt to get one as good or better when his term expires. An officer, for instance, may be three years commanding catamarans at Madras, and then appointed Superintendent of the Fire-work Factory, and when his time is up, if he continues to give satisfaction as a good waltzer and amateur actor and general betotum of festivities, will get something else which pays much better than his modest regimental stipend. Under these circumstances, although hundreds of officers have been persuaded to retire on the full pay of their rank, after promotion, in the prime of their lives, there remain in India hundreds of others for whom offices have to be invented, and who are placed in all sorts of civil as well as military positions, while every regiment has its quota of fifth wheels to the coach in the shape of supernumerary "attached" officers who have nothing under the sun to do but to turn out when the regiment does and pay their mess and band bills. England has officers enough for 1,000,000 native troops. And she can put 1,000,000 native troops into the field in no time. The regular army, including Europeans, is under 200,000, but can be expanded at once with recruits who know the use of weapons as well as the men actually with the colors. Vast numbers of natives of India belong to warlike classes, which will not do anything useful. They will not dig or sell goods, they dare not steal, for they have a wholesome horror of the police and the Andaman Islands, and moreover some of them are too proud to steal. But they are inveterate office-seekers. As chuprasias and peons or messengers, every indigo or coffee planter or merchant has numbers of them

in his employ; as messengers and guards when traveling, every Sepoy has several of them living as pensioners on what he can spare of his munificent pay of \$3.50 a month. The natives of India are very generous to their relatives, and, indeed, very liberal, and Christianlike in benevolent deeds to perfect strangers of any race. Every native gentleman has a body guard of fighting men as a necessary appanage of his rank, just as an English lady of "position" must have two six-foot footmen with big calves. Some of these native gentlemen maintain large armies for their great glorification, officered, partly to keep them in order, and partly to provide for the officers, by details from the British establishment. Nearly a quarter of a million of these troops are as well drilled and disciplined as the English. The rest are more like Falstaff's army, though they are more richly dressed and know how to fight and do fight admirably when they get the chance which, poor fellows, they seldom get. English rule has spoiled the fun they used to have, when a gentleman in search of a little recreation used to burn out his nearest neighbor, took his possessions, captured his wives, and slaughtered and tortured every one he could lay his hands on of the masculine persuasion. It is very probable that, in despair of fighting the English with success, they would be very happy to fight the Russians or anybody else, if England chose to raise 1,000,000 or 16,000,000 of them, and pay them all \$3.50 a month each. The 40,000,000 Mohammedan population, which is the idlest and most useless of all, is directly interested in the present quarrel of Islam, and could be relied on to furnish a formidable contingent. The best of the irregular Mogul and Hindostan troops are the Silladar cavalry, mainly composed of wealthy men, who own their arms and equipments, their magnificent Arabian or stud-bred chargers, with wardrobes of a mediæval splendor, which outshine the stories of the costumes of Western chivalry. Some of them actually turn out with armour and shields, and the effect of their costume in mass is very dazzling, though scarcely two will be armed or equipped or clothed alike, if left to themselves. Cloth of cloth and camel's hair, bullion fringe and galloon, the finest damask, and cloth of the richest dye are flaunted by them. Whether little dusky Ghoorkas, or big Sikhs, or the trimmen of the frontiers of Afghanistan; the tall, high caste "Pandies" of Bengal; the sweet-tongued Telugus of the Coromandel; the fierce, little Mahrattas of the Deccan; the blackest Tamils of Southern India, or the cream-colored Nairs of Travancore and Carlin, with their cavalier lovelocks brought down over the left side of their foreheads; the Moplahs of Malabar, or the wild Arabs and Rohillas of Hyderabad, or the supercilious descendants of the conquering Moguls, all these men will fight, and will led, will fight well. Badly led or distracted by dissensions and jealousies among themselves, and ignorant, as a rule, of strategy or grand tactics when led by native leaders, Europeans have been in the habit of whipping them very satisfactorily. But, with European officers, no better, more faithful, more docile troops ever existed. The English beat the French out of India almost solely with the hastily-trained, very low-cast Sepoys originally raised by the East India Company, and some of them helped to send Napoleon to the right about at Aere under Sir Sydney Smith. In the disastrous occupation and expulsion from Cabul in 1841, the native troops fought admirably, and sustained the severest privations with a heroism not surpassed by their white comrades. In China and in Burma they have done splendid service. The Madras sappers and miners were found of the greatest use in Abyssinia, and in all the fighting which in and about India has rarely ceased for six months, the native Indian troops have all responded nobly when called on. Whatloek's Column of Madras, in 1858, beat up the revolting Pandies in magnificent style, and the Thirty-third British Infantry could never have held Lucknow but for the aid of three native infantry regiments who fought by their sides under Havelock. Patient under hardship, cool under fire, and devoted to their officers; proud of the slightest word of praise, and as enraptured as Frenchmen by the bestowal of any sort of distinction—a medal, a ribbon, a sabre or robe of honor—the martial races and classes of India are warriors by instinct, and may well be depended on not to show the white feather against whomsoever they may be brought. Every old Indian officer is full of stories of the sublime death-defying courage of their men under the most trying circumstances. And when they can't find men to fight they delight in the wildest field sports. An officer of the Thirty-fourth M. N. I., once killed eight tigers in four days, on foot, with the assistance of two havillars or Sergeants, who chopped two of the brutes to pieces with their swords alone. And when neither field sports nor active service are forthcoming, they are not disposed to let their muscles suffer for want of exercise. Every athletic sport, except as to the gymnasium full of apparatus which is in vogue among Western communities, is enthusiastically practised by them. They are admirable horsemen, and played polo and tiling at tentpegs long before any European ever got his foot on the peninsula. They are splendid swordsmen. They wrestle naked, except for the janjoty, a diminutive substitute for a figleaf, and covered with oil, like the ancient Greeks; they fence with daggers, with sabres, with two-handed swords, and quarter-staves 8 feet long; they box with weighted gloves like the gladiators of old, and

as to jumping and running, their activity and prowess are remarkable. They are very interesting soldiers, and the Russians, or any one else who tackles them—under European officers—will find they are by no means despicable adversaries.

MYTHS ARE BUT SYMBOLS OF TRUTHS.

As the scholar sees in the vain but beautiful mythologies of the ancients the embodied expressions of the hungry human soul, blindly groping after the Infinite, so the physician sees in that popular myth of the sixteenth century the fountain of perpetual health and youth—an expression of the longings of suffering humanity for a remedy that should forever prevent the incursion of disease. The wilds of Europe were ransacked for this wonderful fountain, and Ponce de Leon sought for it in the cypress-swamps and tangled ever-glades of our sunny Florida. Men have searched for it everywhere and anywhere but where it really is—in the human body itself. The blood is the real fountain of perpetual health and youth. When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excite from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Fother's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pills are pre-eminently the articles needed. They are warranted to cure better, salt rheum, scald head, St. Anthony's fire, rose-rash, erysipelas, ring-worms, pimples, blotches, spots, eruptions, pustules, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, rough skin, scurf, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever sores, white swellings, tumors, old sores or swellings, affections of the skin, throat and bones, and drops of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and lungs.

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