

FALL OF O'DONNELL—NEW SPANISH MINISTRY WITH NARVAEZ AT ITS HEAD.

It had been generally rumoured that the overthrow of O'Donnell would depend on the state of affairs in Madrid when Narvaez should arrive there, the impatience of the two Queens, and the state of parties generally; and that if it were found the helm of the State was loosely held by O'Donnell it would be at once snatched from his grasp; if the contrary, time would be allowed to do so. Narvaez found that the "helm" was "loosely held," and he acted accordingly. The New Ministry is composed as follows:—Narvaez, President of the Cabinet; Pidal, Foreign Affairs; Seijas Lozano, Finance; Nocedal, Interior; Arrazola, Justice; Urbistondo, War; General Lersundi, Marine; General Sanz, Captain-General of Madrid; General Pezuela, Director-General of Cavalry; S. Movano, Public Works, and Civil Governor of Madrid; S. Zaragoza, Colonies. In this combination is represented the merely Conservative party, the decidedly reactionary, and the Carlist. Of course the Progressista element is not to be found. It is superfluous to say who and what General Narvaez is. M. Pidal, now for the second time Minister of Foreign Affairs, is, with his brother-in-law, M. Mon, an ardent partisan of Maria Christina. He was Minister of the Interior in 1845-6. He is an ardent and somewhat violent partisan, as becomes a member of the Moderado party. He more than once forgot himself in full Parliament as to speak of Lord Palmerston as the principal object of his hatred. He was made a Marquis for the support he gave to the Spanish marriages. He is an advocate by profession. Seijas Lozano is also a member of the bar, of considerable learning, though of narrow mind. He is also a Moderado, and figured in various Cabinets. Nocedal, or as he was more familiarly termed Nocedalite, was at one time an ardent, almost a revolutionary Liberal. He modified his opinions as the chances opened to him of place, and became attached in 1847 to the Puritans, or Tiers Parti, at whose head was M. Packerco. He is an advocate of no great professional reputation. Arrazola, also a member of the same learned profession, has filled the high office of President of the Tribunal of Justice. He has been Minister of Grace and Justice in several Cabinets, a Moderado-Christino, and personally honest. Urbistondo was a general officer in the Carlist army until 1840. He deserted the cause of the Pretender when it was in its decline, passed over to the Christina camp, and took advantage of the treaty of Bergara. He resided on half-pay in San Sebastian, and was implicated in the O'Donnell plot in 1841. Private papers belonging to him, and abstracted by a servant while he was residing near Bayonne in 1842-3, showed that he was engaged with others in preparing the insurrection which in the latter year overthrew Espartero. He was not long after named Captain-General of the Philippine Islands, but was recalled after the revolution of 1854. He is supposed not to have entirely forgotten his Carlist tendencies. General Lersundi figured as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bravo Murillo Ministry, and was one of those who was preparing the coup d'etat previous to the formation of the Sartorius or San Luiz Ministry. He was implicated in the Diego Leon insurrection in Madrid in 1841, when the project was to take off the Queen to France or to the Basque provinces. He succeeded in escaping to France, where he resided till the fall of Espartero in 1843. He is a native of Guipuzcoa, served as a private volunteer in the Chapelgorris, in the beginning of the war, was the protegee of the Conchas, and was by them advanced to the superior ranks. He was made a Brigadier after the military insurrection in Madrid in 1848. He is a gallant soldier, but nothing more. General Sanz, Captain General of Madrid, was Minister of War in the Cabinet that made the Spanish marriages in 1846, and was a member of the Senate. He was always a Moderado. He has never been much distinguished in any way, either as a general, politician or speaker. Gen. Pezuela, Reactionist, is brother to the Marquis of Viluma, who is rather an Absolutist in politics, after having been a Revolutionist in 1819. General Pezuela, a man of gentlemanly manners, has not been much distinguished for military talents. He has filled the post of Captain-General of Porto Rico. His tastes are more literary than political, and some of his translations into Spanish verse from the Italian are of merit. Such is the new Ministry formed on the ruins of the O'Donnell Cabinet. A despatch has been received at the Spanish Embassy in Paris, announcing that the change which has led to the new Government has nothing whatever of a political character: everything will go on the same. This, no doubt, done to soften any displeasure the Emperor might feel, as he was believed to be partial to O'Donnell. What has become of O'Donnell is not said, nor whether he will be sent to Vienna to study archives.

ANOTHER CRISIS IN SPAIN.

Accounts from Madrid speak of a new Ministerial crisis, the object of which was to get rid of Narvaez much in the same manner as he had ousted O'Donnell. In any case Narvaez seems to be but the stepping-stone to Absolutism. The condition on which Narvaez now keeps power is complete submission to the will of the Queen, and her Majesty shows a firm determination to get rid of every sort of check, and return to the system in vigour at the death of her father. The project of a fusion, similar to that of the elder and younger branch in France, between the Bourbons of Spain, is spoken of. The appointment of the ex-Carlist General Urbistondo to the post of Minister at War, renders the fact more probable. A letter of the 18th, from Madrid, states that the Queen has nearly thrown off all reserve as to these ulterior views, and that Narvaez, all imperious as he has ever been, is obliged to submit. The Gazette gives an account of the reception by the Queen of General Count de Benckendorf, aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia "charged," says the official journal, "to present to her Majesty two letters from his sovereign—one containing the formal notification of the accession to the throne of the Emperor Alexander II., the other being a private letter in which H. I. M. makes known to our august Sovereign the friendly object of the general's mission, manifests to her Majesty in the most expressive terms the sentiments of cordial sympathy which he feels for Spain, and testifies the desire that the friendly relations between the two Courts shall become closer."

THE WESTERN ULTIMATUM TO NAPLES.

The note, or ultimatum just despatched to Naples, is described as very moderate, in form at least. With respect to the French squadron, the orders are that it shall cruise off Naples, but at a distance, in order not to afford any temptation to the disaffected to revolt, and not to produce excitement among the population. The fleets will, no doubt, arrive soon after the ultimatum. There is no doubt of the ambassadors being recalled in the too probable event of the King still refusing to act on the demands of the allies. Up to the latest date, his Majesty persisted in his refusal. He appears perfectly confident that his people will remain passive, even though they know the fleets are off the coast. Indeed, his Majesty is so sure of matters going on well, that he can afford to be facetious in the demonstrations of England and France. When he went to Gaeta the other day, he said to his guards, "Adieu, Messieurs, to our next meeting. If you happen to hear anything about the French and English fleets, pray be so good as to come and tell me."

THE NEAPOLITAN QUESTION.

A letter from Naples, in the Austrian Gazette, says:—"On hearing that France and England had recalled their ambassadors, the Council of Ministers assembled. It is affirmed that the King expressed his regret at the decision come to by the Western Powers, but that for his part he could not and would not give way. Nevertheless, in order to express the consideration of the King for the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Victoria, and to prevent the supposition that he desired a diplomatic rupture with the Western Powers, it was decided in the Council of Ministers that the Neapolitan ambassadors at Paris and London should not be recalled. On the contrary, an order was sent to them to keep up continued diplomatic relations with those governments, and not to quit their posts unless their passports were sent to them."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S ADVICE TO THE KING OF NAPLES.

The statement that the Emperor of Russia has urged the King of Naples to avoid a total rupture by making some concessions, seems to be confirmed by numerous communications in the continental papers. The Cologne Gazette, and the Independence Belge, two generally reliable journals, express

would be left? This, as it involves no very abstract calculations, will not require to be solved as the other problem about stumps was by Bonnycaeste.

The insinuation that, in a written and printed article, we were "talking at the judges and jury," we shall notice by merely suggesting, that the implied effect on the judges of our editorial, goes far to show that the old man's opinion of those gentlemen remains pretty much the same as in the days when he designated them as "robbers," &c. &c.; and he has certainly adopted a strange way of attempting to conciliate their sympathies to his side of the libel case against us, by implying, that they hold the scales of justice with hands so weak that a few lines in a newspaper would turn the beam.

As to the Jury, we can assure McLean that there exists no necessity for "talking at them," as the precious batch of Tories which compose the three special panels, will not have the pleasure of proving the elasticity of their consciences at our expense; for the Court which ordered that Jury, with which McLean expressed his great satisfaction and content, decided last Term that we need not avail ourselves of their valuable and conscientious services, unless we please.

In conclusion, we recommend, in all charity, that McLean reflect upon the warnings which Nature has of late given him—that he "is not what he was," and that he cease to make the painful exhibition of an old man affecting the energies of vigorous manhood, for he must have sense enough left to know that the armour of the warrior is but an unseemly incumbrance to the "lean and slipped pantaloons," and by so doing he may avoid the application of the language of the self-accusing Macbeth:

"I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their place
Curses not loud but deep."

The remarks in last Friday's *Islander* on the subject of the recent reversal of the judgment of Robert Hutchinson Esq., J. P., in the matter of the complaint of the late master of the Schooner *Rapid*, against the Assistant Collector of this port, for the detention of the register of that vessel—are unworthy of note, save as evincing the spirit of the writer in seeking to disparage all those individuals whom the confidence of the people may have elevated to those offices which, a few years ago, were deemed the prescriptive right of the Family Compact. In giving his decision, Mr. Hutchinson acted, as it was his duty to do, on his own idea of the law and justice of the case, and in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace. The view of the case adopted by his worship, was, we are bound to presume, deemed to be erroneous by the Judges of the Supreme Court, otherwise they would not have reversed it. That, however, Mr. Hutchinson had nothing to do with, as he had to decide on his own construction of the Navigation Act, and was no more bound to adopt the opinion of the Recorder than he would be obliged to coincide in that officer's estimate of his own character as a man or a lawyer. With reference to the inability of the Common Councilors to understand that gentleman, we have not unfrequently heard him endeavour to express himself in language which it was impossible for faith itself to suppose that he understood. It may be that the Councilors who declare that they cannot understand Mr. Lawson, state the truth, and yet this may imply no want of intelligence on their parts; and the natural inference is, that the boot is on the other leg, when the men who understand, and are understood by, the people, give utterance to their opinions so explicitly.

THE SHIP MAJESTIC.—We were gratified to learn that our esteemed and worthy townsman, the Hon. W. W. Lord, succeeded, contrary to general expectation, in getting his splendid ship the *Majestic* back into this port from where she was cast away near Pictou light-house. Mr. Lord left here as soon as possible after learning that the ship was on shore, and had seven schooner loads of goods removed from her and sent to Charlottetown, after which she was pumped dry, and got off without apparently having sustained any very serious injury. When she made her appearance at the entrance of the harbour on Friday last, crowds of people gathered on Pownall-street wharf to cheer and congratulate the owner on his success, which they did with right good will, as the noble vessel neared Mr. Lord's wharf. We feel much pleasure in noticing the success of Mr. Lord's undertaking in this respect, because the risk he incurred was enormous. A very large amount of property was placed in a perilous condition—goods, we understand, to the amount of about forty thousand pounds, besides the ship and freight, which, had they been left where they were, would have entailed a serious loss on the underwriters. The goods landed here have been surveyed, and the damaged part sold, not, as is very often the case, at a great sacrifice, but at such remunerating prices, that the greater part of the goods, we are informed, brought more than the first cost. This circumstance cannot fail to be regarded by the underwriters as highly creditable to our mercantile community; and the indefatigable owner of the *Majestic* has incurred the lasting gratitude of the Insurance Offices for his successful exertions in their behalf. Mr. Lord, we understand, bears unqualified testimony to the energy, judgment and caution of those parties in Pictou, to whom the care of his vessel was entrusted, while she remained near there.

We are happy to inform our readers that the Representation Bill, passed last Session, which the Tory party here a few weeks ago petitioned Her Majesty to disallow, has received the Royal confirmation. We will, probably, in our next No. offer a few observations on this subject.

The English Mail, with dates to the 25th ult., arrived here on Friday afternoon in the *Lady de Marchant*. All the intelligence of any importance which the papers furnish, will be found in our present No.

Captain Bayfield, R. N., who has been so long and with such beneficial effects, employed in surveying the lakes of Canada and the Atlantic coast of British America, is promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.—*H. Gaz.*

We understand that intelligence has been received here by the telegraph, that Mr. Buchanan has been elected President of the United States.—*H. Gaz.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday evening last a young man, named James Connell, aged 21 years, son of Mr. Robert Connell, fell from Mr. Burke's Steamer *Ino*, as she was lying at Mount Stewart Bridge, and was unfortunately drowned.—*Has. Gaz.*

hot dishes and hot lamps, an atmosphere "more easily imagined than described." The table is supplied with all the delicacies of the season, including the eternal turkey and ham, without which no burra khana, or great dinner, is considered complete. Eating in such a temperature is a mere matter of form. Soup and hermetically sealed salmon are sent away untasted—entrees are only flirted with—joints positively shuddered at—and Griffin makes a hearty meal off a quail, roasted in vine leaves, and prawn curry, while Sponge only feels himself equal to an ortolan and a plantain fritter. Though the consumption of solids appears a toil to every one, except some ravenous young cornets and ensigns with ridiculous English appetites, beer, sherry, champagne, Moselle, and claret disappear in incredible quantities, to say nothing of shandy-goff, badminton, and other insinuating preparations, that circulate with a rapidity marvellous to behold.

Desert follows, consisting of dried fruit from England, and the productions of the country, such as mangoes, plantains, pomegranates, and water melons. As soon as the wine is placed on the table, the president rises and proposes "The Queen;" the vice echoes the toast. Her Majesty's health is drunk in a bumper, and the band strikes up the anthem. After the deans have gone round five or six times, coffee is brought, and simultaneously with it, a lighted cheroot appears in every man's mouth, unless there happen to be present one or two antediluvian old patriachs, who prefer the almost exploded hookah. Wonderful unanimity prevails, however, with regard to brandy pawnee, a goblet of which universal liquid is placed before each smoker, irrespective of age or tobacco. As soon as the band has got through its programme, Griffin and Sponge adjourn to the billiard room, where, already slightly excited—music always has such an extraordinary effect upon him, Sponge says—they further mystify themselves by a series of "pegs" of brandy and soda water, till the bombardier becomes quite incoherent, and chalks the top of his finger in mistake for his cue, and Griffin sees more balls on the table than are permitted by the rules of the game.

In this jovial state they are no longer fit society for the reader, and we will therefore cut their acquaintance, not caring to follow them into the mess house, where "vingt un" is going on, songs sung, grilled bones and iced beer discussed, and scenes enacted that are best untold, our friend Go-ahead keeping it up till past the hour when we were first introduced to him, and being put to bed by his bearer in a condition of utter helplessness—the united effect of heat and dissipation—where he will snooze away half the day in a miserable state, having taken the precaution, the evening before, in expectation of a "wet night," to ask for leave from parade on the plea of being indisposed—which he certainly was.

It is perhaps unnecessary, before making my bow, to assure parents and guardians that Griffin is not to be considered in the light of a model subaltern—far from it; and to enable the ship loads of embryo members of council and generals of division, annually exported by Mr. Green, and the P. and O. Company, to avoid his errors and their consequences, let each young hero, on landing in the splendid country in which he has been fortunate enough to obtain an appointment, be guided by the following rules:—Eat sparingly; eschew heavy tiffins and hot suppers; drink in moderation; prefer beer to brandy; go to bed early; take regular exercise; avoid borrowing from a bank as you would the cholera; keep up your drawing, music, or any other little accomplishment you may have a taste for; study the language; get a staff appointment; marry the first nice girl you can persuade to share your fortunes with you; and, in all human probability, by the time you have earned your pension, you will arrive at home still a young man, with a handsome competence, a healthy liver, a blooming wife and children, and will spend the evening of your days in the bosom of your family, in ease and comfort, with the consciousness of having deserved it. Having given which piece of advice gratis as a sort of moral, or "tag," the prompter's whistle sounds once more—half of Griffin's bungalow is drawn somewhere up into the roof, the other half is lowered through the stage into those mysterious lower regions whence issue, through unexpected trap doors, imps, fairies, ghosts, and Corsican Brothers—the wings, covered with bamboo, palm, and cocoa nut trees, disappear; we are again in dear old England, which we never properly appreciate till we have been absent from it; and the Qui Hy makes his exit with a profound salam, trusting that the reader does not regret the twenty-four hours or thereabouts he has spent in the great John Company's Oven.

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., NOVEMBER 10, 1856.

—Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion.—SHAKESPEARE.

The old man who edits the *Islander* continues to afford melancholy proofs of that mental imbecility which will soon conduct him to a state of dotage, unless he allows his decaying faculties the repose which age requires. While wanting in the vigorous ideas of his more youthful days, he is betraying an increasing forgetfulness of the grammatical structure of his sentences, and even shows an incipient oblivion of orthography. We pen these remarks not for the purpose of wounding the feelings of Maclean, for we hold that bodily and mental afflictions are not fit subjects for attack in the newspaper press, but simply because—ourselves attacked by him—our readers may understand the motive which induces us to defend our conduct without the spiciness which might, without impropriety, give force to our blow on a foe more worthy of our steel. That his memory has gone, he unconsciously proves by admitting in the *Islander* of Friday last that he could not recollect whether he had ever said that the present judges of the land "were robbers, and would be murderers if they dared." Now, as it is notorious as the sun at noon-day, that he did say so, we will extend to him the spirit of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins, and under its ample verge believe that the old man meant not to tell a falsehood, but that "Time, conspirator with Memory," has mercifully drawn a veil over some of the recollections of a life, the reminiscences of which could afford but little comfort to him whose natural gifts had been prostituted, and whose acquired resources had been perverted to the worst of purposes.

The following extracts will prove the assertion regarding his forgetfulness of grammar and orthography. He says:—"If Whelan have a single friend, beyond the necessity of official cohesion"—(what a friend!)—"we give them credit," &c. He then goes on to say: "The judges are next informed"—Next to what? The word buried is rendered *burried*. Again we have—"The only persons, &c., were they." Perhaps he may recollect that he should have written *those*.

Among other twaddle in the same article, he says, that the Lieutenant Governor would rather have had half his teeth drawn than have "his misgovernment exposed" by a trial at the instance of Mr. Williams against the publishers of McLean's libels in Montreal. We will recommend the old man to collect his faculties for a solution of the problem which we now propose—If one half of his own teeth were extracted, how many

either too hot or too lazy to receive visitors, being in all probability fast asleep on a couch, in extremely cool and comfortable, but totally unrepresentable, dishabille.

Our hero is more successful at the next house, where, having sent in his name—which, on its way to the interior, is transformed by the bearer into "Gilpin sahib," or something equally remote from the original—he is ushered into a lofty drawing-room, handsomely furnished, with innumerable little tables scattered about, to the bewilderment of the visitor, who finds he is hopelessly entangled in a labyrinth of these small articles of furniture, from which it is impossible to extricate himself without damaging the numerous nick-knacks with which they are crowded. He is rescued from his nervous position by the fair proprietress, who soon floats in on a cloud of muslin, looking very pretty in the subdued light, which does not reveal the ravages made by the climate in her complexion. The visit passes off as morning visits usually do, and Griffin, having exhausted his stock of small talk, bows himself out, upsetting a table in his way, and drives to mess. He finds the billiard room full of men, with their coats off; most of them engaged in smoking, and drinking the everlasting brandy pawnee. He plays a rubber with Sponge of the artillery for a gold mohur, which he wins; and the least he can do is to ask his opponent to tiffin. "What will we have?" Sponge is indifferent; he doesn't feel very hungry, but is equal to any amount of liquid. They adjourn to the mess-room, and about "Qui hy!" till they are hoarse, making the immense apartment ring with their cries, and causing a billious old major, who is spelling a paper in the ante-room, to turn green with indignation.

In rushes a frantic khidnautgar. "What do their lordships want?" Their lordships want to know what there is for tiffin. The turbaned slave, with folded arms—an attitude of respectful attention in India—glances humbly at the table, which is laid out with different sorts of cold meat, casts his eyes up to the ceiling, as if for an immense effort of memory, then casts them down again, and, expecting an explosion, submissively falters out the daily answer: "Mutton-chop—beefy steak." He is satirically complimented on his cleverness, and one impatient sub, and consigned to a remote and sultry region by the other.

Such tame and commonplace dishes not being considered sufficiently enlivening, Griffin proposes a "devil," and immediately dismembers a turkey. He mixes mustard, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, West India pickle, and other irritating stimulants, and, pouring the mixture over the *disjecta membra*, sends them out to be transformed into an angry grill, threatening the shrinking darkey with instant decapitation in case of failure.

During its preparation our two friends entertain themselves with a game of "fly loo"—an amusement extremely popular in India, affording, as it does, a vast amount of intellectual excitement, with little or no exertion. It is played thus: a pool is formed, and a piece of sugar placed on the table before each player; whichever lump is first pitched upon by a fly, the lucky owner wins the pool. The anxiety with which an undecided insect is watched by the gamblers, is of course intense.

Six games have been decided, besides a dead heat—a fly having settled on each lump at exactly the same moment—when the devil makes its appearance; and is so successful, the first mouthful brings tears into the gunner's eyes. By this time, the table is nearly full of men, who lounge in, attracted by the grill and its accompaniments, and "just for something to do," follow the example of our heroes. After tiffin come brandy and water and cheroots, without which *addenda* no meal in India is complete. Some of the party saunter back into the billiard room; but the majority sit smoking and drinking under the punka till it is time—the sun being nearly down—to ride or drive on the course.

Feeling none the staidier for the cup or the brandy pawnee necessary to rectify it, Griffin having asked Sponge, who is rather uproarious, to dine with him, gets into his buggy and drives home. He then undergoes a species of torture in buttoning himself up in his uniform, and sallies out to "eat the air," which although the sun is down, is still like the blast of a furnace, and a good deal adulterated with dust.

As Griffin rides quietly along the watered course, the trifling exertion necessary to keep his seat on his smooth pacer, but stumbling little Arab, puts him in a mild fever, while an unavoidable bow to the wife of a military bigwig, brings on a sharp attack of prickly heat—a kind of rash that afflicts the Anglo-Indian epidermis during the hot season, the sensation connected with which can only be compared to the united application of a mustard-plaster and a furze-bush.

Arriving at where the band is playing, he goes the round of the carriages, filled with lolling men sahibs, dressed in mediæval fashions, and looking rather dissipated. He does the amiable to all his dinner-giving acquaintance, and fights his way through a swarm of amorous bachelors, to pay his devotions, for Griffin is inflammable, after the manner of ensigns, to the belle of the station, a handsome overdressed girl, the only spinster for a hundred miles round, who, to the despair of some dozen spongy subalterns, Griffin included, will eventually marry the commissioner—a dried up old gentleman, who owns, lucky girl! laes of rupees, and, luckier still, an inflamed liver!

At the feet of this Delilah, our smitten hero remains till *God Save the Queen* disperses the assembly; and he rides home to dress for dinner, calculating the chances of the divinity in the carriage ever becoming Mrs. Griffin; forgetting, poor fellow! that all his widow would get out of the fund would be perhaps a hundred a year; whereas, when malignant hepatitis carries off that valuable public servant, Capsicum Currie, Esq., C. S., a grateful Company will endow his heart broken relief with a pension of not less than a thousand.

On getting to his bungalow, our friend again tries the effect of a bath, which, though not so invigorating as the morning one—the water is not so cold—freshens him up sufficiently for the arduous undertaking before him—a mess-dinner in the month of June.

And around him the Suggema,
The mosquitoes, sang their war-song.

His toilet progresses swimmingly as long as he keeps under the punka, but the moment he leaves that haven of refuge, his collars collapse, and fall limp and starchless over his neck tie, and a map of England breaks out in the middle of his shirt front. Reckless of appearances, he drives to mess, and finds the ante-room rapidly filling. It is "guest night," and every service, regiment, and department has its representative got up according to regulation. There is the sensible white jacket of the native infantry, and the red hot shell of the Queen's officer; the regular cavalry in French gray and silver, the irregular in scarlet and gold; riflemen in green, artillery in blue, and civilians in black; some buttoned up, others unbuttoned; with waistcoats, and without; all talking, laughing, and enjoying themselves, with none of the starch, frostiness, and awful pauses incident to the five minutes before dinner in England. Griffin prescribes a glass of sherry to Sponge, nothing loath; and by the time *Punch* and the *Illustrated*, five weeks old, which the mail has just brought, have been skimmed through, the bugles strike up the *Roast Beef*; and the chief butler, a portly old Mussulman, in snowy attire and a gorgeous turban, with bare feet and a beard nearly down to his waist announces with a salam that dinner is on the table. At this signal, hosts and guests crowd into the mess-room, which is blazing with light, and take their seats indiscriminately at a long table, where covers are laid for about forty. Then commences a scramble of excited khidnautgars, each officer having one in attendance, who, in their struggles to supply the wants of their respective masters, fill up the doorways, and prevent a free current of air through the room—producing, with the assistance of the