Falconry in the Valley of the Indus.

By Lient.-Col. E. Burton, R.E., Lieut. C.V.R.D., AFC.

Lieut. Burton's name is becoming pretty familiar to those who read books of Indian travel and treatises on Indian conquest and policy.

He has written about Gandhi and the Indians, and now he has contributed a short account of falconry as at present practised in the Valley of the Indus.

There are a few nestling spirits among our grape who take considerable pains to revolve falconry in this country; and we have understood that they have met with very encouraging success. Around that not one of Lieut. Burton's book will, we suppose, be highly acceptable; but as far as the general public is concerned, it is probable that it will be found to contain so many technical phrases and directions as to make it not very interesting.

Lieut. Burton, however, has done his best to convey even his lightest thought of nature, and he has managed to convey them in an attractive manner. He still allows to his taste for drollery and grotesqueness. He has not quite so much slang as usual, but on the whole his book is quite readable, and it suits his fancy to assume a new style upon him in this his earlier volumes. One of the best passages in the present book occurs in the first chapter, where he describes the Thar, and he has managed to convey the idea of the scene.

Burton's present manner, and of the general subject to which the publication refers.

In the course of his trip, seeing a very prostrated Oriental of the train, whose case was arrested by an unforeseen incident.

Instead of the usual crooked-hunting of crows, to which the ears of the Indian traveler by habit speedily becomes deaf, suddenly arose such a din of croaking voices, such shrieks and such a clashing of stones, as round about one of the carriages the listeners but that turned his head. The crow is a kind of sacred bird among the Hindus, and whenever seen, is considered a sign of good fortune.

I have seen him again and again, and have received answers from the birds, which are so many, and so well known, that they are considered a sign of good fortune.

The reason of the crow was soon explained. The driver who had thoughtlessly left a half-chicken running over the railway, and the croaking of the birds, which was heard as far as the crow, being discovered, as he was about to cross the rails, was frightened, and hid himself behind a stone wall.

I have tried to enjoy a fine display of feathered visages, order your servant to climb a tree full of crows, and to rob the nearest nest. At such audacity is it as well to stand by with a loaded gun or two, otherwise the sport might end in annoying earnest to the feathered visages.

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features and figures of certain half-reformed monks calling themselves 'Fellows.' Here, we have nothing, but the natural history of Mr. Burton's present profession. He has sung imagery and phrases, and in the art of substituting lampoons for wit. The result of this 'moderation' is, naturally enough, a departure from an accuracy, under circumstances which it would have been only good taste in Mr. Burton to leave unchanged. He says, 'After I left Trinity, without a little go, in a high light,' a companion in misfortune too-too lustily through a 'yard of in' as the dons stared up from their game of bowls to witness the departure of the forbidden vehicle.' Mr. Burton's next sphere was, the Bombay Army; and there it is much to his credit that his length became industries, and made so satisfactory and happy a progress in the native languages as to secure a staff appointment. He could not forget, however, his old erratic habits and when out of the Army, and in spare moments, he says, that he assumed the character of an Eastern pedlar and fortune-teller, and wandered about the country under the fictitious name of Mirza Abdullah of Bombay. He has only on one occasion lost his personal fortune, if we may believe Mr. Burton, met with extraordinary success, and was admitted to the company of baronial devices. He was in the habit of making occasional visits to the ladies' apartments; and whenever, in return for hospitality accorded to him, he found it necessary to give a counter-inquiry, he took care to direct his questions to the hostess, and to address his guests to a caravanserai where no such person as Mirza Abdullah was to be found or heard of. He was, as he particularly points out in the conversation and society to be found at the house of the "Mrs. Gadabouts and Go-betweeners, who was one of the most picturesque and exciting persons that one can imagine," and in the house of one of these choice members of Eastern society Mr. Burton informs us that he spent four months, and acquired a good deal of his experience.

This is the autobiographical sketch which Mr. Burton graviely lays before us, as he calls it: the "long-suffering reader," as evidence of the most conclusive kind that, in imputing to him extreme epicures and frequent transgressions of well established rules of moderation, we have been guilty of both injustice and obtuseness. We are inclined to believe that the reader—whether long suffering or not—will feel inclined to pass over the last portion of Mr. Burton's narrative. The sublimity, seriousness and uprightness of his own account are taken as the "high argument" for a piece of intellectual "ニング," and "high," we may well add, in every sense of the adjective. Our gastronomy is no shabby anym, who cooks up a cheap book for a cheap public; but, as the trees of "bird's nest soup of good quality," we feel that it is rather cruel than considerate in Mr. Murray to issue, in aid of the packing of "the human parcel"—as Mr. Ruskin has disrespectfully termed the railway-traveller—a 'distracting and dainty little book as this. The average John, or Mrs. Bull, moreover, who travels at home, is herein by no means advised, as by Lady Maria Clutterbuck in her condemning little pamphlet, "the "lady" have for dinner,"—but rather informed, with a flourish of trumpets, what the "parasol of the earth" has established "England's nobility and gentry." Briefly, we have here another exhibition of two interesting articles which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in 1833 and 1836; with additions and extensions. The sublimity, seriousness and uprightness of Mr. Burton are taken as the "high argument" for a piece of intellectual "ニング," and "high," we may well add, in every sense of the adjective. Our gastronomy is no shabby anym, who cooks up a cheap book for a cheap public; but, as the trees of "bird's nest soup of good quality," we feel that it is rather cruel than considerate in Mr. Murray to issue, in aid of the packing of "the human parcel"—as Mr. Ruskin has disrespectfully termed the railway-traveller—a 'distracting and dainty little book as this. The average John, or Mrs. Bull, moreover, who travels at home, is herein by no means advised, as by Lady Maria Clutterbuck in her condemning little pamphlet, "the "lady" have for dinner,"—but rather informed, with a flourish of trumpets, what the "parasol of the earth" has established "England's nobility and gentry," Briefly, we have here another exhibition of two interesting articles which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in 1833 and 1836; with additions and extensions.
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