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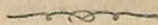


SIMLA IN RAGTIME

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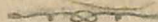
An Illustrated Guide Book.

(To say nothing of the map.)



BY

“DOZ.”



SIMLA, 1913.

Printed and Published for the Author.

by the

STATION PRESS.



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This book's
For all :
Rich, poor,
Great, small.
Within's
Much chaff.
Will cause
Good laugh.
Rich uncle
Once read ;
Rich uncle
Now dead.
That's in-
ducement !
And money
Well spent.

16079

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"Of two evils, choose the one that you enjoy most."

PREFACE

The hump is Prospect, if you please :
The specks on top are only trees.
Viceregal Lodge is on the right :
The time is twelve o'clock at night.

STRANGER, please do not imagine that because I am writing from this side of the Pond that I know nothing about Simla, nor, that I must needs be an American. Unlike globe-trotters and travelling M. P's, I have been in Simla for years, and have only come along here on business. When I first went to Simla, I felt the want of a reliable guide-book and a dragoman. I had an excellent liar at Cairo, named Ismail, but he refused to come and show me Simla. He declared that a truthful and conscientious dragoman had no scope in Simla—besides he didn't know where Simla was : so I had to content myself with an antiquated guide-book and a Goa boy of Portuguese descent.

When the people here learnt that I had come from Simla, they straightway asked me if I had met the Kiplings, the Hawkesbees and the Deodars. I was pestered from all sides for information about Simla, and you may perhaps survive a single example.



I was rung up through the telephone late one night by a man who was leaving for India early next morning, who wanted to know whether he had to call on the Viceroy. This is what followed—

“Are you there? There is no necessity for you to call at Viceregal Lodge. If you are representing America officially, that’s quite a different matter. Yes, you may be presented at the Levee and you may also attend the State Ball, provided you are invited. Being an American may admit you to the White House or to Heaven, but not to a State Ball in Simla. No, you cannot attend in a lounge suit, nor can you join in the State Lancers. No,—no,—no,—certainly not! Yes—no—no— You must be mad. No, no aeroplanes, nor motor cars; only horses and rickshaws. Very well, you needn’t go. They won’t miss you. Good night.”

This sort of thing was getting too frequent; so to get a little peace and to satisfy certain friends who intended visiting Simla, I made up my mind to write a Guide to Simla, even if it were in ragtime—hence this effort.

I have endeavoured to adhere to facts, as fiction has no honour in its own country, America. I must, however, apologise for the three advertisements which appear. They



have been added on the advice of my Agent, to give the book local colour. Two of the illustrations I have reproduced with the permission of Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, London ; one or two others have been stolen from somewhere, and the remainder I cannot account for.

As I have promised the publisher that the preface shall not be longer than the rest of the book, I must at this point bring my introductory remarks to a close.

Boston, U.S.A.

“ DOZ ”

A.D. 1913.

P.S.—I have made special arrangements in India to have my manuscripts brought up to date before publication.



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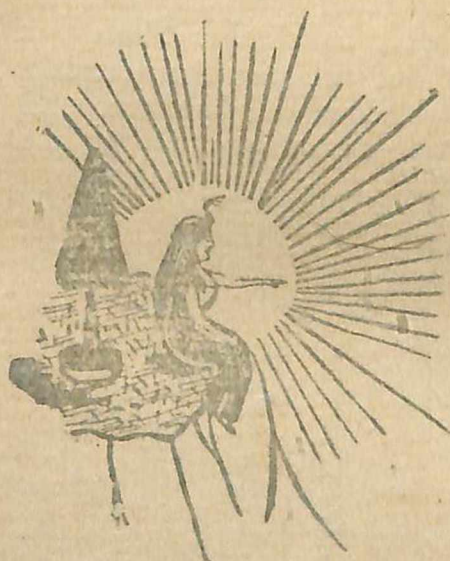
I—OLYMPUS.

"Over the mountain passes,
 Under the peaks of snow," ADRIAN ROSS.

Simla is on the map—the size of a glorified full stop. You cannot glean any information from a full stop, not even a glorified one.

The map shows you how far east Simla is from Greenwich, but that is of no use to you. It also indicates the degree of latitude: that again is misleading; you are allowed no latitude in Simla—You have a Municipality.

Simla is a hill station, pure and simple. Like other hill stations it has hills, valleys, houses, roads, dust, shops, inhabitants, animals—wild and domestic, and scandals.



The air of Simla is however different. It has an air of distinction, which is due to the patronage of the Viceroy and his Council. The first Governor-General to sue-

"Approach, my Ariel, come."

cumb to the charms of Simla, was Lord Amherst, in 1827; and she has ever since been playing the part of a very successful and charming Cleopatra.



"Lead me from hence,
 I faint."

Like everything else Simla has a history : but as I am merely a guide and not a biographer, you must not expect secrets from me. Simla has suffered half a century of abuse from those who have not had the privilege of worshipping at her shrine. But like a pretty woman, she does not mind it, because it is the usual penalty which such products of nature are expected to pay.

“Red Paint” in its breezy manner, thus refers to Simla :

“It is a place where people go when it gets too hot for them elsewhere. From what I could see, it's the old folks who feel the heat most ; the young ones are cool enough ! They are free with their talk up in the hills there, and don't mind telling what they think of each other—in fact I heard that Simla has got quite a sort of celebrity for its plain tales. Its a sociable kind of place too, and little parties of two—never three, if possible—are very popular.”



The young ones are cool enough !

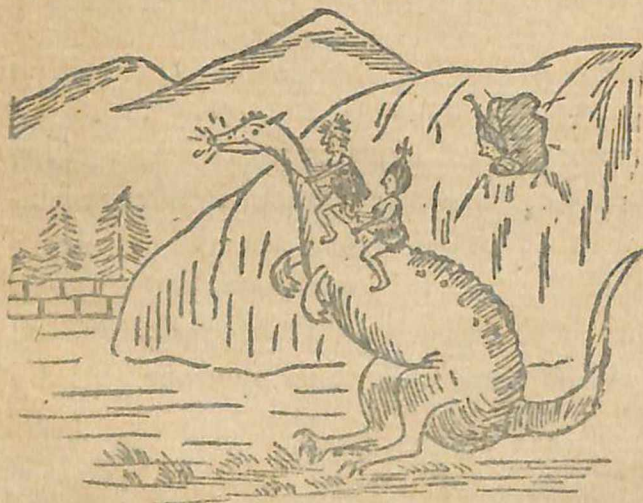
Whether Simla deserves all the rude remarks that have been passed about her, or not, is not for me to say. I hold no brief for her. But like her Knights of the *Kalla Juggas*, she is not so——as she is painted; nor, on the other hand, is she so——as she looks. “Simla Past and Present” champions her cause; and you must refer to that good book for enlightenment on the subject.

Very Early History.

Simla existed in the glacial period: that was, as you know, very long ago. The Simla Directory, and other authorities on the subject, tell us “that a very clever survey officer maintained that Simla was a sea; that icebergs floated about, and these when melting dropped stones which they had embedded within them: Thus Simla was built stone by stone, bit by bit.”

This is absolutely true. For when the icebergs had dropped a sufficient number of stones, and the hills began to take a familiar shape and to look tolerably inviting, man and beast came along and inhabited the caves and shelters afforded by the rocks, and lived on each other. Man eventually got the upperhand of the beasts and subdued them. Men then started living on each other, and this mode of living is still prevalent, but in a more unobtrusive, refined and scientific form.

That Simla was inhabited in the Stone Age there can be no doubt. I have had the privilege of examining drawings of some very crude rock inscriptions; and after much careful thought, have unravelled the meaning which they intend to convey. The Archæological Department will not permit me to produce the original drawings, but my artist's interpretation, which is far more satisfactory and convincing, is produced here. From



A prehistoric elopement in Simla.

the first sketch then we gather that at that time the Annandale valley was a lake, and that a boat race was taking place; and the little hut on the water's edge was no doubt "Race View."

The other sketch is of a Stone Age elopement. Simla in that respect has not changed, except in mode of progression and a compromise in fashions.

Later History.

All the histories, guides, and memoirs, etc., on the subject, which I have devoured, and survived, give the same story as to how Simla came under British Rule. This being so, I am inclined to believe it. I always take the rude stories circulated about Simla with a grain of salt—I should have said '*Cum grano salis*,' but I prefer my own language. So far then as the later history of Simla goes, I believe every word of it, because I do not hold that "*All men are liars*." David, if you remember, confessed having made that remark when he happened to be in a hurry. Well, to come to the point, it was through Sir David Ochterlony that the English got Simla. I never saw Sir David, bless his brave heart, but I have seen his monument standing in a most conspicuous part of Calcutta; and no one, not even the benign Indian Government, would have spent money on the erection of a masonry column about 165 feet high, had Sir David been a myth. The Gurkhas, who were rather restless in 1775 or thereabouts, started on a campaign for the extension of their territories towards the present Simla District, at the expense of the hill chiefs; so in 1815, Sir David Ochterlony paid them a state visit with the usual number of guns. As a result of this visit John Company was persuaded, much against his policy, to accept certain of the hill tracts from the Gurkhas as military out-posts.

Simla was, about that time, the joint-stock property of the Maharaja of Patiala and the Rana of Keonthal, and its attractions were known to a few Europeans only, who started converting it into a health resort, with the permission of the Maharaja. By and bye its reputation became famous, and it turned into a much envied Naboth's Vineyard. The local Ahab was authorized to negotiate an exchange with the owners, which was accordingly done to the satisfaction of all parties: and thus passed a favourite Indian queen into the seraglio of the British Raj. It was Mark Twain who said that the English are mentioned in the Bible—"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the Earth!"

Histories do not agree on the point as to who was the first European to come to Simla. Some say Sir William Lloyd (1817) or Lt. Ross (1819); others say Captain Kennedy (1822), while others again mention the Gerard brothers—two Scotsmen. But who shall decide when historians disagree ?

We glean from various chronicles how the migration to the hills developed, how hotel-keepers, tradesmen and others followed in the wake of the Supreme Government and its satellites. Hotels and residences sprang up on every projection and hollow which the hills afforded, and rocky nothings were converted into local habitations and

named after the baronial castles of feudal England, and Indian viceroys. The official Recording Angel refers to Lord Ahmerst's visit to Simla in 1827 as being the foundation of Simla's greatness. This is true: the foundation stone was sent to the British Museum in 1843 along with that of ancient Nineveh.

Lord Combermere, the Commander-in-Chief, visited Simla in 1828 with the whole of the Army Head Quarters Staff. His legacy to Simla was the Combermere Bridge and the road round Jakko, or part of it. Not the present bridge, but the original one which is sketched from imagination in Captain Thomas' "Simla" and reproduced in "Simla Past and Present." Whereon early Victorian ladies in comic costumes, and coal scuttle hats, with toy parasols, frolicked about with Pickwickian swains and ensigns, to the wonder and amazement of the untutored aboriginal *dandy-wallahs*. Of course every thing in Simla was very crude in those days, and even the Governors-General, from Lord Amherst to the Earl of Dufferin, had to content themselves with such abodes as old 'Kennedy House,' "Bentinck Castle" (now Peliti's Estate), "Auckland House" and 'Peterhoff,' such as they were then. 'Peterhoff' was far too undignified a place for the residence of the Ruler of India, and it was not surprising that



the Countess of Dufferin hurried out of it to occupy, for the four remaining months of her sojourn in India, the spacious mediæval stronghold of grey stone on Observatory Hill, which is both a joy and an expense for ever.

It was Sir John Lawrence who finally fixed up the annual migration to the hills, in 1864: and before the British Raj divorced Calcutta and took unto itself Delhi, it used to be the annual practice of scribes and orators, the one to write inspired and acrimonious articles on what they were pleased to term the "Simla Exodus," while the others made the Bengal welkin ring with shrieks and ululations on the same subject. But constant nagging sendeth away a husband, and the Raj discovered the wisdom and expediency of Solomon's proverb—"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house," and left wide Calcutta to her Lieutenant and the acrimonious ones, and journeyed to the corner of the hill-top to live laborious days in pious tranquillity.

The Joyous Ascent.

The way to Avernus is easy—the way to Simla—which is also paved with good intentions—is difficult. Many apply, but few are selected. Some apply personally, others send their ladies up, if attractive and discreet. There are others again, like the historical

selfish, gruff old major, who prefer the plains, and their wives by their side.

Simla is 58 miles away from the plains by the Cart Road, and 64 by railway. You get into the mountain railway (2' 6" gauge) at Kalka (Kalka is at the foot of the hills and is not on the map). The carriages are small and are again divided into compartments. The 1st and 2nd class compartments can accommodate three or four passengers with a certain degree of comfort, but the authorities seem to have served an apprenticeship in the pilchard packing industry, because they are distinctly unhappy unless they succeed in cramming from six to ten into this limited space. The seats and backs are cushioned and padded, with the object of saving you in case of accidents. You are not permitted to bring heavy luggage or like encumbrances into the compartment—babies are exempted, and an extra charge is made for dogs. I remember, a few years back, sharing the compartment with nine hat boxes, and a lady : hat boxes were then privileged parcels. There were probably four hats in each box, in all six-and-thirty hats—but the lady had only one head.

Big hats have come as a boon to travellers. The present day hat *garage*—you can't call it a box—cannot pass through the compartment door, so it has to be booked ; and the K. S. R. have provided special trucks and wagons for

these. Each truck can accommodate four of these garages, or two cavalry chargers.

The third class carriages look like travelling managerie cages. They are, I believe, intended for carrying poultry for State and University dinners, and are utilised during the off season for the conveyance of passengers.

Just watch the K. S. R. coming into the Simla Railway Station, and the frantic efforts of the passengers to scramble out. He would be a bold man who went up and greeted his friend with the remark, "Well, I hope you have had a very pleasant journey!"

You leave Kalka at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and for six hours the train winds around the hills and darts through tunnels, stopping a few minutes at small wayside stations with outlandish names. There are 103 tunnels of sorts. The Indian Simplon is at Barogh, and is 4000 feet long. The train takes about four minutes to pass through it: but the lights are switched on to prevent any furtive kissing. During the six hours you are kept wobbling by the oscillation of the carriage and occasionally lurch against a well-nourished lady passenger who tries in vain to sleep out the journey. You pass along some sheer precipices, only a foot away from the edge; and just when you think you are going to have a lovely six hundred



feet drop, the engine whisks you round the corner and shatters your dream.

En route you see some lovely bits of scenery : I say *bits* because you see them for a second or two only. You are really at a six hours bioscope show, for before you have time to take in the beauty of the scene, the whole thing vanishes, and leaves you as it were with some absurd advertisement for Green Crown Whisky or Lipton's Tea. You get tired of the sameness of things and long for something to eat. The monotony is broken by a half hour's halt at Barogh, for breakfast or lunch ; where you hurriedly fill your pinching bunker and start off again.

A full stomach maketh the heart glad, and you are in a much better temper and frame of mind after having vanquished the Sandow fowl which the *Khansamah* served disguised in the curry : and after having thus contributed towards the decisive battles of the world, you re-enter your upholstered cell and suffer the engine to swing you round hills again. Of course as a new comer, you are apt to enjoy all this, but I am writing from the point of view of the habitual traveller. However, the journey is more interesting by now, for you are getting nearer Simla. You sit by the window and let the cool soothing breezes from the snows play on your heated brow, and dream of better things to come. In due course you

get to a station called Tara-Devi, which is the gate of Simla; and here the train lingers awhile for plague inspection. The third class Indian passengers are formed up in single rank and inspected; and you take the opportunity to get out to stretch your cramped limbs and to admire your land of Canaan, which is now in full view, ere you get your milk and honey. Jakko holds you spell-bound and conjures up visions of Phantom Rickshaws, Mrs Hawkesbees, and other creations of which you read. Your reverie is broken by a Punjabi scribe, who comes up armed with a register, and addresses you thus: "Please be signing name of self and habitation, etc." You write your name and address and some other details, such as, number of children, their age, sex, and number of teeth cut, etc. If you are a bachelor, the scribe will politely remind you that it is not necessary to enter such details. Rude man!

You next stop at the cantonment of Jutogh, then make for Summer Hill, get formally introduced to the deodars *en route*, and begin to feel the spell of your Dream Girl as she draws you nearer. You arrive at Summer Hill before you know where you are, and leave anon. Olympus in all its glory is seen across the valley, with Viceregal Lodge on the crest of Observatory Hill. In a few minutes the engine whistles through the last tube and

swerves round to the south side of Simla. You look up and see the new sky-scraper, Hotel Cecil; and on the right the Nabha colony down in the valley, with Hotel Royal *couchant*: for a couple of minutes the engine puffs and fumes most vigorously, then suddenly ceases, and glides into the Simla Railway Station, where the usual crowd of smiling expectant friends, relatives, and lovers, greet you according to the degree of friendship, relationship, and affection. And this is how you arrive at Simla—dirty and dusty, but not displeased.

Be thankful for small mercies, stranger. You are far better off than the last generation, who had to toil up per dak-gharri and tonga, —trials which Bunyan's pilgrim never experienced. The E. I. R. came as far as Umballa in those days and from there you proceeded to Kalka by the dak-gharri, a sort of rude *bund-gharri* of the plains, with lying down accommodation; with the roof railed round for luggage, like a gipsy's van. You had to travel all night in this contraption, and when you arrived at the Ghagar, which used often to be in flood, bullocks and sometimes elephants had to be substituted for the horses, to draw you across the river; and the pilgrims used to have as glorious a time as Pharoah and his hosts had in the Red Sea. Those who survived reached Kalka the next

morning, only to suffer another eight hour's misery in the tonga. But those were days of quaint romances and killingly funny adventures.

Some years ago one of the magazines had an amusing dak-gharri anecdote in which two ladies, one newly married, got into wrong dak-gharri. Great was the consternation of the bridegroom at awaking at night and finding himself with somebody else's elderly lady, and his own young bride travelling in the opposite direction with the elderly lady's husband. The man's rage knew no bounds ; and his behaviour towards the Indian Police official who wished to help him out of his difficulties, was truly human, as will be realised from the following dialogue.

• * • • •

"Can I assist the sahib ?" exclaimed the police official.

"Yes, you can. Which is the nearest other bridge to this infernal spot ?"

"Infernal spot ? No such place near here."

"You pretend you know English, *fool*."

"Sometime, little, sahib," said the intelligent policeman.

"Try then to understand, you blockhead. Which is the nearest bridge to this."

"Oh, *bridge*! Oh, yes ; twenty mile away, but no pukka road."

"This is nice. What are you doing, you idiot?"

"Sahib make statement—writing ; I report complaint Commissioner."

"Ah, yes—I *will* report it—and get *someone* into trouble!" assented Mr.—furiously ; "first I wish to report our gharreeswallah, who bolted and left us in the road."

"Bolted?" inquired the guardian of the law.

"Scooted, then."

"Scooted?"

"Oh, Lor—he left us—he deserted us—*sumja*? Deserted me and the men-sahib" (waving towards the lady.)

"Oh!—Ah! I comprehend. He ran away from you and your wife? Just so," entering this into his little book.

"That lady is *not* my wife," said Mr.— "she's—she's—"

"That not necessary to explain, sahib," said the Intelligent One.

"But I tell you, it is necessary. It's the pith of the whole story. If you write anything you shall write all. *My* wife has gone away with another gentleman.

"Yes, sahib? That often happen. That not our department."

"He totally misunderstands you," cried the stranger; "this is too dreadful."

"The *other* gentleman—*do you understand?*" bellowed Mr.—pausing.

"Certainly, sahib. Yes? *The other gentleman—*"

"Is *this* lady's husband."

"Tut—tut—tut," ejaculated the official, writing it down; "that very bade."

"And *my* wife got into his *dak-gharree* in the night and drove away with him, and—*this* lady got into mine."

"And why wishing to cross river again and make fresh unpleasantness?" inquired the policeman. "You each got lady you like."

"But that's *just it*. We *haven't*! Son of an owl, how am I to explain myself?"

"You *not* like this lady?"

"No, I do not. *Now!*"

"That very quick tiring. What she done?"

"She has done nothing. I never did like her. She wants to return to her husband, and I want to return to my wife. It's all a beastly mistake."

"Yes. These mistakes very much nasty, sahib, but no patch up so easy."

"Take that," remarked Mr.—fairly losing his temper at the policeman's intelligence and kicking him down the riverbank.

The tonga was even a greater affliction than the dak-gharri. Besides, you had to travel by day for eight hours on the dusty cart-road. Eight hours of bumps and joltings, and 58 miles of dust, did not go to constitute a very pleasant journey, I can assure you. There were of course various stages where you stopped to change horses; but that did not help to relieve matters, as you were off on your journey as soon as the fresh pair were yoked. You eventually arrived, after, four hours torture, at Solan, where you were not in a fit condition to partake of the dak-bungalow lunch.

The tonga was a crude, uncomfortable two wheeled vehicle; fit only for the rough inhabitants of the Stone Age. It had a seat for two, at the back, and a similar one in front. The passengers sat back to back, and the one in the front seat had to share it with the Pathan driver. Your baggage was strapped on the sides over the wheels, and smaller trunks were placed in the wells under the seats. Small boxes and baskets shared the remaining available space with the passengers, and "the whole *subcheez*" was covered over with a canopy of stout canvas. Heavy luggage had to be sent by bullock-carts, which arrived at Simla four days after you. During a steep ascent you were liable to slip off the back seat of the



The old stage road.

tonga unless you hung on to the sides for all you were worth. And all you got for saving yourself were corns on your person when you arrived at Simla. Previous to the tonga and cart-road days, you had to proceed *via* the old stage road by jampan ; but it was far preferable to ride up. There was a more comfortable species of tonga called the phæton tonga ; while the invalid tonga was nothing more than the ordinary tonga minus the seats, to enable an invalid to lie down.

Under the Deodars.

You awake next morning and find yourself—in Simla. Either as a sample of railway humour, or to satisfy the sceptical traveller that he has arrived at Simla, and not Darjeeling or Mussoori, the railway authorities have placed a large board over the station with the word “Simla” painted large, in three languages.

Stranger, you are new to these parts, and it is necessary for you to take your bearings.

Every good general first finds out how the land lies. Although he was scooped the last time, Napoleon always used to decide his exit before he attempted an entrance.

Buonaparte, it is said, was a great admirer of large noses and used frequently to exclaim, "give me a man with plenty of nose." Providence heard his prayer and sent him Wellington. But that is another story. You have been dragged up, round, and through miles of mountains to Simla, but that does not give you any idea as to how you are situated in case of emergency; and emergencies arise frequently in Simla.

To get a correct idea you must get up in an aeroplane, on a gazetted holiday, and hover over Simla. You cannot do this just yet because the Delhi-Umbala-Kalka-Simla Aero Passenger Service has not started yet, and the English machines can only get round the dome of St. Paul's with safety, and are not for export; while German ones are liable to drop you in French Chandernagore or Pondicherry. You must do the next best thing, that is, to climb to the top of Prospect Hill and get acquainted with your surroundings. It will take you about forty minutes from the Church to get to the top of **Prospect**, which is the conical hill to the west. From there you will find Simla a snug little oasis in a desert of mountains. The three-

humped hill in the near west, is **Jutogh**. Far, far away down south-west, where the silvery Sutlej flows, are the plains which you left behind you. Between the plains and yourself can be seen, basking in the sun, dotted with houses, the stations of Kasauli and Sabathu. To your left front are the Chail and Chor ranges, and to the north lie the outposts of the Himalayas and the eternal snows, where neither man nor beast doth abide nor birds of the air wing their flight.

Prospect was once an active volcano, like Mrs Pankhurst. Strange to say geologists cannot tell its age, but they have discovered volcanic ash beds in its neighbourhood, which show that it was the unrestrained activity of Prospect in its younger days that did for the Palæolithic people who lived in these parts. You will remark that one half of Prospect is woody and the other half bare; this was caused by the molten lava which flowed down the bare side! But you are not interested in these abstruse geological considerations and I do not expect you, stranger, to understand or to worry over them.

When you have finished Prospecting, you must get round to the other side, i.e., on **Jakko**, I remember reading somewhere, that had the wind been a little stronger at the time, the Ark might have come along and rested on

Jakko. What a source of revenue that would have afforded the government in the way of gate-money from the thousands of American tourists, and other unemployed who annually visit India,—that is, if the first batch did not carry it away, in chips, as relics and mementoes! What a different place Simla would have been! What a Guide Book I could have written for you!!

There are various routes to the top of Jakko. If you are living in central Simla, your course would be *via* Chirst Church, 'Rothney Castle,' 'Violet Hill,' and 'Horse Heath.' Keep to your left and proceed slowly, as the notice board enjoins, and you will eventually arrive at a semi-barren spur overlooking Sanjauli. It is a lonely spot, just the thing for picnics for two, not more.



* Like this.

The northern slope is well wooded, and I have seen couples, on summer evenings, sitting here silently,* awaiting the rising of the moon, full orbbed, over the outlying hills of Mashobra and Mahasu. Retrace your steps as far back as "Horse Heath," and take the road that leads to the house of the **Fakir** who lives on the summit—and on the shopkeepers in the bazaar. He has two red banners (with monkeys *jumpant*) flying, in opposition to the Union Jack on Vice-



regal Lodge. He is a G. O. C. and commands a division of red and brown monkeys. In appearance he resembles Father Christmas, but he is clad in a yellow instead of a red gown. His make-up is completed with daubs of yellow ochre on his forehead and cheeks. Once a week he visits the bazaar on a white palfrey, and instead of distributing gifts, he lays the whole bazaar under contribution and goes on his way rejoicing with his week's food supply.

You leave the fakir and his host of monkeys and proceed along the summit of the hill. Cast your eyes to the right and you will behold the prettiest view of Simla in the distance.

Far away in the sky line you see Prospect, Jutogh and Observatory Hill, with Viceregal Lodge snugly reposing among the green trees. The long woody range on the right is Summer Hill.

When you have done feasting your eyes on the scene before you, move on and you will come to a large glazed house called 'Mount Everest.' Keep to the right of this house and descend slowly, and in due time you will arrive at a plateau with a few benches for nursemaids and their charges, and for weary folk like yourself. The road to your left is lonely and unfrequented, except by love-birds, and leads in a roundabout way to the Lady's Mile,



behind Jakko, and to Chelsea Convent. The one in front leads to "Balmoral" and eventually to the Mall near "Barnes Court." The road to your right is your way home, and it takes you to "Bonny Moon" in five minutes, passing the sacred precincts of the U. S. Club. You keep on the main road and get to Christ Church in ten minutes.

There are of course other routes leading to Jakko,—one near Combermere Bridge, one near "Barnes Court," and several others as you get round the hill.

Having assisted you to get a general idea of the place, I must now move on to other subjects.

II—AREA AND POPULATION.

Simla is in the Province of the Punjab, the land of five rivers, which spread over the country in the shape of the five fingers of the hand. On the map you will find Simla snugly nestling in the outer fringe of the mighty Himalayas—the Simla which for the greater part of the year, shapes the destinies of over three hundred million people, of a multitude of castes, creeds and colours ; of a vast continent, which Cæsar never knew, and which the Moghul emperors, in all their pomp and glory never succeeded in completely overcoming and governing. The area of Simla, by which I mean the congested area, is about seven square miles. It is surrounded by petty hill states, under different chiefs, who blossom about the station at various seasons of the year. The hills comprising the station are, Prospect, Summer Hill, Mount Pleasant, Bentinck Hill, The Ridge, Jakko, Stirling Hill, and Elysium. Mashobra, and Mahasu are suburbs, six or more miles out along the Hindustan and Tibet Road.

A Scotsman boasting of his highlands, has no chance in this portion of the earth's surface. He tried it on once in America, but the "Amurican" dryly told him, "Wal I reckon we have no wild mountains like yours, stranger ; but we have a few small lakes around here, into which we could deposit Scot-



land, and I guess you would not know she was down at the bottom except by the smell of the whisky."

The population of Simla in the season, is about 38,000—mostly rulers—and their satellites.

Between 10 and 11 A.M. you see the official gulf stream flowing down the mall. Generals, major generals, and minor generals; members of council, secretaries, under-secretaries, and a miscellaneous crowd of civil and military ratings. Indian, European, Indo-European, and Anglo-Indian; all with the cares of the State stamped on their wrinkled brows. Yes, every one of them is a plenipotentiary of some sort or another; if not in reality, then in his own estimation. Even the eighty-rupee Bengali clerk lords it over the forty-rupee Punjabi typist, and exercises his statutory powers in true oriental manner. The sombreness of the throng is happily relieved by numerous meandering red-coated and gold braided *chuprasees* with bundles or banded boxes, containing state mysteries, slung over their shoulders.

By eleven o'clock this crowd disappears and is replaced by Simla society out shopping, paying calls, and gossiping. This fluttering of human butterflies goes on till one o'clock, when they hurry home for lunch. From 1-30 to 2 in the afternoon, the

mall is invaded by the commissariat department, in the shape of a contingent of servants armed with tiffin-carriers and tennis regalia for their masters.

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," and the Government offices accordingly break loose at 4-30 or 5; and then Simla runs wild seeking whom and what it may devour in the way of amusements. The mall is crowded with fashionable Simla out for an airing in purple and long ospreys, followed by rickshaws with jampanees fearfully and wonderfully arrayed. This flaunting on the mall goes on till sunset, which is a glorious sight in the hills. The sun sinks majestically over Prospect to see what is getting on round the other side of the world, leaving behind him a deep red glow, which gradually dissipates into greys, and then disappears altogether. The boast of the patriotic Englishman is that the sun never sets on British dominions, but the American says "Guess old Sol knows better than to trust the Englishman in the dark!"

Most of the characters immortalised in "Twenty-one Days in India," are to be seen in Simla. Although now cut off from his dear fatherland, Bengal, you will still see the unctious baboo, at sundown, toiling his weary way homewards up the mall; umbrella in one

hand and under his arm a bulky Secretariat file over which he will labour laboriously, writing pages of doubtful intelligibility for the edification of his departmental officers ; until his German oil lamp yields up its sickly flame. But the old docile and gentlemanly office baboo is fast dying out—his son is ambitious, and is inclined to be bumptious. The latter is now endeavouring to convince the Public Services Commission of the advantages of the "simultaneous examination," and later on he will give evidence before some future Army Commission regarding his talent for volunteering ; and who knows, some future generation might see him residing at "Snowdon," or shaping the destinies of India, in another capacity. Western civilisa-



Entente.

*" Beautiful maid which speech so dumb,
 I've loved you since the last autumn :
 I love you from this heart's bottom.
 Oh Come ! "*

tion and the Simla atmosphere have also made him romantic; and though he does not Tango, Gaby or Bunny Hug as yet, he refuses to have his marriage contract settled by his



parents when he is five years of age. He must have the bride of his own choice now. Possessing a poetic soul, he revels in amatory epistles and verses, and addresses his prospective father-in-law much after this fashion, which always carries conviction.

To

Babu Kali Charn Ghose,

Paternal father of Miss Kanning Ghose.

Dear Sir,

It is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with loving for your beautiful daughter.

"Eyes like diamond, lips like rose,
Oh my goodness what fine nose!"

I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother (like municipal tar on the dusty mall) the growing love knot that is being constructed in my within side, but the timid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hands still nourishes my love-sickened heart. Needles would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. During the region of affliction my intellectual cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude after my beloved consort. Nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has besieged my now degenerate constitution.

My educational capabilities have abandoned me, and here I now cling to those lonely long tresses of your much coveted daughter, like mariner shipwrecked on the rock of love.

As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am now masticating and will make a motion as soon as I perceive the business of life a little laxative. I am of a lofty and original lineage and of independent incomes, and hoping that having debated this proposition in your pregnant mind, you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle as.

Your dutiful son-in-law,

MOTI LALL



The New Volunteer Recruit.

Habitat—Calcutta (ancient capital of India)

Displacement—twenty tons.

*Argument.—If I am rotund and fat, never mind for that.
 If my head don't fit my hat, never mind for that.
 On parade the Cornet say,
 "Dress back, Private Ohunder Dey."
 If my "ponch" comes in the way, never mind
 for that!"*

The A. D. C.-in-waiting is still waiting. He waits in every Province and will continue waiting till the end of the chapter. He feels his waiting most on the night of a big dance, when he is on duty and his Chief suddenly makes up his mind to leave early. There was once an A. D. C.-in-waiting who was thus situated ; but the fire of love was upon him and he was determined not to be done out of his three (bracketed) dances with his divinity ; so he sent away the Chief's conveyance, had his three dances, two of which were sat out in the *kalla jugga*,



explained that the carriage had been sent away by mistake, and took Sir Ball-Cartridge home in the rain in a rickshaw.

III.—CLIMATE & GRASS WIDOWS.

Simla is noted for its salubrious and bracing climate ; and it is that that produces the genus "grass widow." Many who do not care to send their wives all the way Home, send them up to some hill station, Simla for choice, for the season, to recruit their health. These unattached ladies on privilege leave, are known in Anglo-India as **Grass Widows**. Being lively, attractive and with a talent for mild and respectable flirting ; unin-cumbered by their husbands, but on the other hand accompanied with a liberal wardrobe of the latest Paris creations ; with nothing particular to do and plenty of time to do it in ; they generally have a good time : collecting and inticing away all the eligible bachelors from the unmarried generation, much to the chagrin of seasoned spinsters and speculating mammas. They are to be seen at all entertainments and parties. And Mrs. Antipon says that the various As. D. C. keep special lists of their names and addresses with a view to inviting them to dances and to the various junketings. Being harmless, charitable and laying claim to superior virtues, they are naturally much sought after.

Simla has a fair share of snow in the winter. In the summer it is a bit hot and when the rains are late the roads become fearfully dusty.

The Authorities have patented a malodorous pitchy liquid for smothering the dust. It is the subject of one of the Bad Ballads, which I reproduce for your benefit.

The Tragedy of the Mall.

The sun was setting in the west,
 Setting with all his might.
 He did his level best you see,
 To hurry out of sight.
 And this was only just because
 He didn't like the night.

The moon was mooning sulkily :
 And said, she thought the sun
 Was mighty cool to sneak away
 Before his work was done.
 But this was scarcely odd because
 Its done by everyone.

The Worklig and the Enginug
 Were walking in disgust.
 They wept like anything to see
 Such quantities of dust.
 " If we could clear this off " they said,
 " We'd gain the Publig trust !"
 " If eighty sweeps with eighty brooms,
 " Swept it for half a year."
 " Do you suppose " the Worklig said,
 " That they could get it clear ? "
 " I doubt it " said the Enginug,
 And wiped a dusty tear.



Wiped a dusty tear.

" Ratepayers come and walk with us,
 We're rather pushed for cash—
 And soon we'll clear the mountain road
 Of nature's powdered trash.
 Then you can ride and drive at ease,
 And likewise cut a dash."

"The time has come" the Worklig said,
 To talk of many things,
 Of better roads, electric lights,
 New capitals and kings.
 And what to do with all the cash
 Each noble person brings."

'We've written to the Meteorjoke
 To hurry up the rains ;
 And by the time we hear from him,
 We can repair the drains :
 And if there's time, we'll try to raise
 The Town Hall up again.

The Worklig and the Enginug,
 Besought, but no one came :
 They sat themselves upon a rock,
 And cried it was a shame.
 The Publig kept their distance, just
 To watch their little game.

The Worklig was a nasty Lig,
 And full of petty spite.
 He swore he'd pay the Publig off,
 And place them in a plight.
 And so he hombl'd home and played
 The devil in the night.

Next morn the Publig woke and found
 The Mall a sea of tar.
 From Boileangunge to Jakko Hill,
 And round Lukkar Bazaar.
 "I'll have them on my tanglefoot,"
 Said he, "within an hour."

That morning about ten o'clock,
 A sorry sight was seen.
 The Puglig struggling woefully,
 Thro' tar and kerosine.
 "I've got'em" cried the wicked Lig,
 "Although its rather mean."

"Ratepayers" cried the Enginug,
 "When struggling you have done,
 Will you go home and fetch the cash?"
 But answer came there none !
 'Twas scarcely odd, because the tar
 Had smother'd everyone !

You have the usual four seasons in the
 year, spring, summer, autumn and winter.
 Officially there are only two, viz. the season

proper, from April to November, and the winter, from ~~to~~ December. During the season you have dust, rain, a round of amusements, municipal taxes, the annual ills that flesh is heir to, and no room to walk or drive on the mall. In the winter you have snow, the rink, good health, the mall practically to yourself, and the monkeys from the neighbouring hill tops in place of the usual official population.

The monsoons are regulated by the Meteorological Dept; and if you want to arrange a picnic or garden party, all you have to do is to ring up that department and ascertain whether it has arranged for it to be clear on the particular day which you fix on. I once met a man who told me that he had officiated as a Weather Reporter in a Meteorological Office. He said that his duties were to perambulate the terrace of his office every morning to record the daily atmospheric pressure and the names of visible clouds. He did not know one cloud from another, and as he had to make a daily report of his observations, he used to look up previous entries and select the names of the clouds therefrom. Consequently his fudged-up entries often led to forecasts of disastrous cyclones, which of course did not come off; and eventually led to his services being placed at his own disposal.

Weather charts are placed outside the Station Library for the convenience of the public ; and jampanies amuse themselves by trying to unravel their meaning while their mistresses are discussing the days news with the librarian or pouring over the fashion papers in the reading room.

During the rains, which last from July to September, it is damp and misty. The occasional breaks are however glorious, and help to dissipate the monotony of the rainy season. But for the hot and dusty days and the few rainy months, the climate of Simla is about the best you can get in India for your money. Simla, during the rains is subject to storms of more or less severity, and 'Towelle's Guide' reproduces an extract from a letter from the Pioneer's war correspondent, describing a "Battle of the Clouds," in 1873. It is more lucid than "With the Bulgars before Adrianople" and "How the War Arose". Most of us, although not in the diplomatic service, have an idea how wars begin ; but little Tommy, whose father was in the Indian army, had practical experience. He went to his pater one evening and asked him quite innocently, "Daddy, how do wars begin?" "Oh don't worry me" said the veteran "go and ask your mother." "Mother," said Tommy, "how do wars begin?" "Well," said his mother, "say the" Germans pulled down

the British flag—"My dear interrupted the father, "the Germans would not dare—" "Indeed they would," ejaculated the mother. "They would do nothing of the sort roared the father." "I tell you that they would," returned the lady, getting up from the sofa and flinging the cushion at the D. S. O.'s head, by way of emphasis, "and what is more—"

But that was about enough for Tommy, who sneaked out of the room and was heard to say. "O Lord, I know how wars begin!"

Public Health.

There are two civil surgeons, six assistant surgeons, two private practitioners, six chemists, two hospitals—and one undertaker in Simla—so the odds are in your favour.

There are certain complaints peculiar to the place. *Laceomania* is a throat and chest complaint common among ladies. *Influenza* visits annually. The influenza bacillus is, as you know, a native of Italy, and under the microscope, is found to resemble the usual type of the wandering Italian minstrel. A few years back *Appendicitis* was very fashionable. Everything not readily diagnosed was appendicitis till it was proved to the contrary by an operation. *Swelled Head* is a common complaint of the station. There are two kinds; one due to absence of



brain, and the other to the presence of bad whisky in the head. *Myopia* is fashionable among ladies. *Sleeping Sickness* attacks servants, especially *Jampaneers*. *Food and Mouth Disease* is due to effect of climate on the appetite ; the chief symptom being insatiable craving for food. It is one of Mrs. Antipon's pet complaints, *Baldness*, is due to the mineral water of Simla and also to matrimony. There are three infallible cures for baldness viz. Youdine, Molino, and Rubinstino, which are sold at the local hair-dressers.

IV.—THE MALL: THE MAIN ARTERY.

THE ways of Simla are crooked. What I mean, of course, is that there is no road in Simla which you can call Straight, like the old one of Damascus. For instance, no club-man can come home late and tell his wife that he came straight home from the club; the shape of the roads will not permit of it. The upright and stately trees and inhabitants of Simla, however, make up for the crookedness of its ways.

There is one main, meandering road in commonly known as the **mall** or *thandi sarak* (cool road)—Starting from **Viceregal Lodge**, it will take you round **Jakko** and bring you back there. There are of course various offshoots leading to, and circumventing various spurs, but these are of lesser consequence. The mall is of almost uniform width the whole way, except a small portion opposite **Hotel Cecil** (the local Tower of Babel), which the heathen in his blindness has termed **Choura Maidan** (wide plain) to show his appreciation of space.

There is a tree in the centre of this Choura Maidan known as the **Wishing Tree**, which has a legend attached to it. Tradition requires that you should walk round it three times backwards, before invoking the friendly spirit which is supposed to inhabit it; and



after dark, romantic couples may be seen hanging around the neighbourhood to get an opportunity of propitiating the diety.

Somewhere here you will find, if you look for it, an Indian **Police Constable**.—the first of its kind. Other guide books do not mention it.

About half way between Viceregal Lodge and Choura Maidan is the **Foreign Office**, a red swiss chalet looking building. You may not enter the sacred edifice except on business, and then you are met by a gorgeously got up Indian janitor at the portico, who conducts you to the visitor's room to revel in photograph albums of Native Chiefs and others, all appparelled in costly velvets and brocades, in a wilderness of colours and bespangled with priceless oriental jewels and stones, personifying the wealth of India. The Foreign Office has the best collection of old unserviceable weapons and arms, which it proudly displays on the walls of the vestibule. This office is also responsible for the free distribution of alphabetical tails to the names of distinguished people. Twice a year, the distribution is made and notified in Gazettes Extraordinary. How the distribution is made is a mystery till you find out, and then it is simplicity itself. There is a small green barrel marked "all orders, no blanks" full of the well known alphabetical appendages so common

in India, and another yellow one, full of names of officials and non-officials, taken haphazard from Thacker's Directory. The orders and names are drawn simultaneously from each barrel and allotted accordingly—and you never know your luck !

The hill above the Foreign Office is **Mount Pleasant**, and the large white house thereon is "**Peterhoff**", which was built with the object of making the Russians feel at home when they came over. The Russians having disappointed, "**Peterhoff**" became Viceregal Lodge till the present dream in stone, on Observatory Hill came into existence.

You have been introduced to Choura Maidan already, and you do not come across anything very startling in this neighbourhood till you get to the **Kennedy Estate**. *En route* you pass, on your left, the "**Retreat**"—the name is misleading—and "**Knockdrin**." On the right is "**Kennedy Cottage**" looking very blue and green. According to some historians Capt. Kennedy was the discoverer of Simla, and here the first hill captain built himself a habitation in 1822, and entertained lavishly all those who tramped their way up to Shumla, as it was then known. His wines were highly commended by the French traveller Jacquemont. The authorities have not thought fit to erect a monument for Kennedy; nevertheless his memory is being perpetuated in a glori-

ously befitting manner by the Secretariat and other Tennis Clubs.



The long road to Annandale is often not long enough.

The road beginning between "Knockdrin" and "Race View" is the **long road to Annandale**,—though some people do not think it long enough, at times—and the one to the right leads to the Railway Station. Proceeding round the hill you pass the **Tennis Courts** and the **Office of Crimes**, and on your left you get a glimpse of **Annandale**, the Olympian valley of Simla. Here on the flat are held fêtes, races, gymkhanas, football tournaments, etc., etc. because there is no other place to hold them.

The Greeks did not admit their ladies and daughters to the Olympian Games, and the prizes awarded were garlands of wild olive. Of course civilisation has changed all this and

the garlands and crowns which young blushing maidens of the present day seek are those made of orange blossoms and diamonds.

The famous "**Gorton Castle**," the sight of which will recall to your mind the exploits of Jack the Gaint Slayer, is your next objective. "Simla Past and Present" calls it an "imposing" building and very kindly leaves you to interpret the expression as you like. One cynical inhabitant, however, whose bump of veneration for government architects has not been sufficiently developed, tells me that it means that the building is an eye-sore. There was another imposing building on the Ridge a few months back, but it proved too weak to sustain the burden of its own imposition, and one night it was spirited away to the nether regions, where no doubt you will recognize it later on. That will indeed be eternal punishment!

Gorton Castle is the creation of the P. W. D. The property belonged to Sir James Walker, philanthropist and banker, who presented it to the station as a hospital for Europeans. Somebody did not consider the site quiet enough nor suitable for a **Walker** Hospital, so the hospital was built miles out, on a distant and desolate spur—remote from man, so that he may not forget the name of the donor, during his pilgrimage thither.

"Where shall it stand? the Committee cried;
 Down by the Mayo School!
 Sure, that's the place! 'tis far and wide,
 Salubrious and cool."

The Gorton Castle estate was taken over by Government in exchange for the hospital site, and in a few years the present castle made its appearance. It is the workshop of the giant toilers of the State. You get a good view of it from Combermere Bridge.

You leave the giant's castle with a feeling of relief. The road to the left leads to Anandale and to the **Jail**, at least so the signpost tells you. It really leads to the colony of **Kaithu**. Why the jail is mentioned on the signpost the municipality alone knows, and it probably is alone interested : anyhow, if circumstances ever move you to retire temporarily into unpoetic seclusion, you know which road to take. The landscape then presents to your gaze a board with 'Secretariat Post Office' painted thereon ; opposite the Post Office you will find a towering, iron-gripped, stone building called the **Public Works Building**, wherein are the department of Commerce and Industry and the Railway Board. Its predecessor committed *Suttee* on the 12th February 1896, out of respect to **Goad**, the Municipal Secretary, who died on that day ; and the present building rose, Phoenix like, from the ashes. Goad was held in great respect mingled with awe and terror by every native in Simla. Those who witnessed the P. W. D. fire say they saw Goad's spirit walking about in the blazing building, quite unconcerned, which was just the sort of thing it would do.

This disastrous fire grievously exercised the souls of the people and many local poets burst into verse of more or less elegance. I quote from one named Sinha :—

“Mr. Goad, Rajah of Simla, long to care,
 On the death of the Rajah, Simla calamity shall share,
 But attribute to it what it may be right,
 True Simla witnessed a most sad sight
 P. W. D. fell victim, to the air it cried,
 Burning to the foundation, on the spot it died.

A crowd there stood with finger in mouth around,
 For the fire of poor P. W. D. also I join my sound.”

Passing under the mighty P. W. D., you get a sight of still mightier and ever verdant and woody **Jakko**, studded with frail human habitations, reposing serenely like a huge whale. Unchangeable and mute as the mysterious Sphinx, Jakko watches with silent and amused contempt, the works and vanities of a white people, who of late have started boring their way through her mountain fastnesses.

Ye Banks and Brays ! The stone building on your left is the **Bank of Bengal**. The soil of Simla is peculiarly suitable to banks. They thrive all the year round, and practice what is known as *polylandry*, a philanthropic system of acquiring land. The process is unlike that of the Land Acquiring Act, which seems harsh in its operations and which appears to have been originally drafted by a select committee in the reign of King Ahab, when he experienced difficulty in acquiring the Jezreelite's vineyard for a public garden



wherein his band could play on Wednesdays, for the benefit of the ladies of his court opposite.

The polylandry system is simple. If you are tired of your house, the bank will advance you a sum of money on it. If you cannot return the money within the stipulated time, you needn't ; because the bank will let you keep it as a gift and take over your house, which then becomes a "bank building." Of course the bank loses in such transactions, but that is the bank's look out, not yours.

So much for the banks, and now for the brays. A few years back the mall was the common property of donkeys, mules and inhabitants. Somehow they couldn't agree, and the municipality awoke one morning and found its office besieged by a deputation of one hundred donkeys and mules of sorts, who, in loud and emphatic language, set forth their objections to being mixed up on terms of equality with the inhabitants. An extraordinary meeting was thereupon convened by the municipality and resolutions passed there and then, and the result was the construction of a special tunnel, which, passing under the mall from the slums of the lower bazaar, affords donkeys and mules comfortable access to the **Lovers' Walk** and the sylvan delights of the Willows' district.

"St. Marks" is the house next the bank, wherein the Union Church is established. "St. Marks" once belonged to an Irishman, a dentist; it then became the Y. M. C. A. with ten young office men. These got married and then there were none; so **The Y. M. C. A.** packed up and removed to a less frequented and less exposed part of Simla, and is now doing pretty well, thank you.

The banging and clanging and other weird and fearful sounds that here break upon the listening ear, emanate from another place of worship just above "St. Marks" viz, the **Hindu Temple** (Kali bari). I am not acquainted with the Hindu form of service, but I am given to understand that the tumult is raised to announce the approach of morning and night for the goddess to prepare to rise and retire. The ceremony is, I understand, called *aratrik* or *arati*.

For many years the **saluting battery** stood on the plot adjoining the temple, but the mounts of various high officials were not accustomed to sounds of cannon and the result was that they used to take fright, dislodge their riders and obstruct the traffic. The saluting battery is a necessity; it announces midday and also the arrival and departure of high officials, which otherwise would not be known. As it would require an act of Parliament and extra work in the Foreign Depart-



ment—beg pardon, *Foreign Office*, to abolish salutes, the authorities removed the battery to a less fashionable quarter before any hardy Labour member had time to get the news and to ask questions in the House of Commons.

You are now in the neighbourhood of the **Indian War Offices**—the two jaundiced looking buildings on the right. Yellow, besides indicating biliousness, is one of the official colours and conveys a mystic meaning. After the Civil and Military imbroglio of 1904-05, the constitution of the War Office was affected somewhat seriously, and it has ever since been under medical observation, and the report of the medical board is expected shortly to be hatched. The **Intelligence Branch**—you must not mind the name—is also here. The hill above you is the prosperous one known as **Bentinck Hill**. It first boasted an old dak-bungalow : then Lord Wm. Bentinck wanted a house built there in 1829, and there appeared **Bentinck Castle**, wherein he dwelt. Bentinck Castle eventually passed into the hands of the Simla Bank, and when the bank passed away itself, in 1887, a New Club was started in opposition to the U. S. C. The building caught fire and a new one was raised ; but the U. S. C. proved too much for the New Club, which soon after ceased to exist. Chevalier Peliti bought the estate and his **Grand Hotel** now ornaments the hill.

The next best thing to starting a Marconi Coy. is to become a Minister to the *Interior* in Simla. People flock to hotels for various reasons and the hotels in Simla are always full up. If you possess a foreign name, so much the better ; but if your name is Smith, stranger, change it *aik dum*. If you have been in any way conspicuous at the Delhi Durbar, first call yourself Durbar-Smith, or Delhi-Durbar-Smith, and then start your hotel. The Scipios of Rome were called respectively, Africanus and Asiaticus, for their services in those two continents, and how much more are you, a Delhi Durbarist, entitled too a second cognomen ! Your object is to get rich and to "get-rich-quick" like Wallingford of the carpet tax fame. Without money you cannot buy an estate, for land is valuable, very valuable in Simla. If you carry away too much mud or puddle on your boots, or if your face is a little dirty, they will put a land tax on them, mark that. On the other hand, if you use a little excess water to keep yourself and your household clean, you will be charged for excess water. These are the little peculiarities of Simla, stranger, which you must get used to.

The road to your right leads to, among other places, the **Roman Catholic Cathedral** and the **Kutchery** (Court House). Somewhere below the cathedral was the original village

of **Shumla**, from which Simla takes its name. Had you come to Simla a hundred years ago you would have seen it, but then you would have been dead by now. That however, is of no consequence—better men than you are dead! In front of you is one of the undoubted indications of western civilisation writ large on a board, viz., **Kellners** (with the forked tail to the K). Kellners is one of the institutions of Simla, and it keeps the station in good spirits. Take the road to the right and you will encounter the intoxicating and knock-me-down perfumes of the Lower Bazar.

Opposite Kellners is the **Telegraph Office**, in a green timber tunic. If the baboo is there, and awake, he will receive your message and hand it to a peon who will hoist it through a hole in the ceiling for despatch. You can use the **Telephone** here and get a receipt, all for two annas. Kellners starts the row of shops for which Simla is famous and when there is a slump in amusements, the ladies of the station fall back on the shops, where they kill time and the assistants. There are drapers, tailors, chemists with poetical names, auctioneers, doctors perruquiers, opticians, etc., etc., all the way up till you get round to the Carlton Hotel. This part of the mall is usually crowded of an evening during the season, and here you will meet a motley crowd of moving ospreyed hats, polo teams, horses, rickshaws

and perambulators, all trying to get into each other's way. Here you will probably find Mrs. Antipon and Mrs. Rubber-Tod, in rickshaws in the middle of the road, eagerly discussing ninon and chiffon or the latest Simla scandal, with a crowd behind them waiting to pass. The flight of steps on the left, leading to the top road is purposely placed here to provide for such contingencies. The old story that it was placed there for the purpose of affording Mr. Framji easy access to the Scotch Kirk is a heartless libel.

Do not attempt to wait till the Antipon—Rubber-Tod discussion is over; it will take some little time, as a Simla scandal is a complex affair and requires a lot of elucidation; and with Mrs. Antipon, who is a born romancer, it becomes into a two volumed naughty novel such as the Station Library will not keep even under lock and key. In society circles Mrs. Antipon is known as "the brook," because of her tendency to go on for ever. Nothing short of the sound of the approach of His Excellency's outriders will move her from here. She absolutely ignores the youthful police force

A little further up, opposite Hussain Bux's Stores, is the area known as Scandal Point. Here besides the new electric light, is the only mechanical equestrian statue Simla boasts of.



It is a clever piece of mechanism, which smiles, salutes and slaps its horse occasionally, when it shows signs of undue activity and restlessness.

The stone edifice with two miniature ornamental lions, *couchant*, on the top, is the **Bank of Upper India**, and the one next it, like a colossal Lukkar Bazaar overmantel, accommodates the **Punjab Bank** and **Messrs. Clarke and Ranken's** millinery and tailoring establishments. The road to the left leads to the **Post Office, Y. W. C. A., the Union Church, Delhi and London Bank** and **Grand Hotel**.

The Post Office takes every thing seriously, and if you linger at the "Registration Window," the girl in attendance will take you seriously. The Post Office has actually been known to perpetrate an unconscious joke at the expense of our local pleaders. A litigant tasildar, in search of legal advice, addressed his letter "To Any Honest Lawyer in Simla." The Post Office Punjabi clerk, whose duty it was not to recognise letters insufficiently and vaguely addressed, wrote across it in red ink, "not in Simla" and returned it. A note was made in his service book and a copy was sent to the Administrative Department, where it was embalmed 'twix coloured covers and buried in the vault of the building; where it will repose till some official who wants to write a history of the Post Office, comes along and excavates it. If

the Punjabi gentleman continues unconscious his career is assured, and he might awake one morning and find himself P.M.G.

On the right is the **Ridge**. In order to encourage the art of poster designing, the authorities have placed boards all over Simla for exhibiting such works of art. Red and blue type predominate. The Simla A. D. C. designs its own posters according to the dressing of each play, usually brown(e.)

There was formerly a row of unsightly shops on the ridge, from the rickshaw shelter to Lukkar Bazaar : but nature revolted and burnt it down in 1875.

The **Station Library** occupies the first floor of the long stone building which opens on to the ridge. The ground floor opens on the mall and contains the municipal offices, while the attic is occupied by the Electric Supply office. There is a chamber of silence in the library and a separate reading room for ladies. There are also, a general reading room and a smoking room.

You get all the leading magazines and newspapers in the library. *Truth* generally lies hidden at the bottom of a well or khud, or some other inaccessible place. In the library, "Truth" lies hidden between two boards. "The World" is made to suffer in the same way. However, one can understand the

hiding of "Truth," as it is stranger than the amount of fiction in the library. The English weeklies arrive on Sunday morning, when the divine French drapery in "Madame" and other fashion papers are generally worshipped by the congregation returning from divine service at Christ Church. The Secretary acts as literary censor and naughty books are taboo; but certain unconventional works of favourite authors are kept under lock and key and served out only on special requisitions.

The zoological - garden - bear - house looking rotunda, is the **Bandstand**. Formerly the band used to play here on wooden platforms, till an oriental gentleman, with a soul for music and an eye to business, saw the deplorable primitiveness of things and generously offered a real bandstand. The municipality has its own band, consisting of one old Mutiny veteran drummer who also acts as the town crier. He beats his Indian drum and precedes all his proclamations with a long and lustrous exclamation of "Ha - a - a - a - a - ahl" much to the amusement of the gang of admiring and envious street urchins who follow in his train.

The **Town Hall**, which was spirited away, occupied the space between the library and the bandstand. Some say it was Gothic, others say Roman architecture, but from what I remember it was P.W.D.; if not, it might have been still standing. Built in 1887 and passed away 1913,—Ætat. 26 years. Considering the

amount of band music and masonic trumpet blasts the walls had to withstand on occasions of dances, it was not at all bad. The walls of Jericho only lasted seven days after they were entertained with Hebrew music. **Christ Church** will be found in the extreme east end of the Ridge.

The **Gaiety Theatre**, with its commodious foyer and up-to-date dressing rooms with magic mirrors, is owned by the municipality and is leased to the **Simla A. D. C.**

The 'A. D. C.' are actors by profession though some of them take up Government employment as a pastime. Members are to be



"Oh pity, pity me,
A captain's daughter she,
And I, her humble suitor."

found all over India, and the various British regiments include a certain number in their cadre, whose services are requisitioned for if local talent is found wanting. Last year we saw a *good bit* of the Gilbertian opera "Pinafore," by the Southern Army.

The A. D. C. apply the Monroe doctrine to the Gaiety Theatre and everything theatrical. No professional company has any chance in Simla, as the local amateurs will not hire out the theatre. The fact is they cannot, because

they are always rehearsing and changing the cast and eternally squabbling for leading parts.

They got Mrs. Antipon's back up last year because they offered to put her in the chorus, behind the 'show ladies.' This year she refused to be one of the 'Arcadians,' and disappointed the Romany Robbers at the last moment when she saw Luigi's make-up. Her part (that of the housekeeper) was then given to a popular versatile actor much to the embarrassment of the Mistress of the Robes.

To return to the row of shops on the mall. The oldest establishment in Simla is that of an Indian jeweller, which traces its descent to ancient Rome, and it still proudly and conspicuously displays a board with the old patronage of the Senate and the Roman People—**S. P. Q. R.** Its only rival is **Lowrie's Hotel**, under which you presently pass. The loud *musical* efforts which you hear while passing **Liddell's Press** emanate from the **Rink**. If the melody does not soothe your savage breast, it rouses your savage temper, till you hurry past **Hamiltons** and arrive at **Combermere Bridge**. The **United Service Institution** is on the left. I once attended a very interesting lantern lecture here by an officer of the S. and T. Corps, on the "History and Progress of Army Transport in India." Ac-

According to him, in the olden days, military men and their families used to travel on camels, under escort of a warrant officer, Somewhat after this fashion.



Family on first camel.

The road to the Institution also takes you to the **United Service Club**. On your right you pass **Peliti's**. It was here in 1885, according to Kipling, that Jack Pansy, Bengal Civilian, first encountered the **Phantom Rickshaw** with Mrs. Wessington, (G.W.), which eventually did for him, as he did for the woman when she was flesh and blood. Stranger, let's hope you will never see airy rickshaws on the mall, round the Lady's Mile or Elysium as did Pansy. The fairest of women are delusions we know, but that is just why men are so fond of hugging delusions.



An American's idea of a phantom rickshaw.



You pass **Thacker Spink, Richards, and Steierls**. You get "**Simla in Ragtime**" next door.

Every thing has an end, even the row of shops ; and the last of the banks, the **Alliance** peeps down at you through the trees. You pass **Carlton Hotel**, (which by the way, changes its name every few years,) and arrive at the **Old Bandstand**, where the band plays on Tuesdays for the benefit of the members of the United Service Club, who assemble in the house opposite, which is known as the **Chalet or Hen House**.

The two roads on your right lead to the **Cemetery** among other habitations, and also to the **Brewery**. You then encounter the **Churel-ki-Bauli**, the Witches' Well, in the vicinity of which no native will linger after dark. The *bauli* no longer exists ; the spring which fed it having long since dried up, a victim to municipal experiments. As you proceed, the hustle and bustle abates, and the mall becomes less crowded. Jakko is thickly wooded here and the road is in consequence cooler and shadier. A little further you come across a notice board with "**Patiala State**" written on it, and you then enter the **Khyber Pass**, which is well guarded by boy-scouts. The scenery here is not half bad.

You next meet with the road which leads to "**Barnes Court**." "**Barnes Court**" is the

residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Sir Edward Barnes, the Commander-in-Chief, who was Wellington's Adjutant-General at Waterloo, built the place in the thirties—hence the name.

"There was a Knight of great renown, a soldier brave was he,
 Altho' he never had the luck a single fight to see.
 The only war-note he had heard was beat of evening drum,
 Or bugle call upon parade; his name was William Gomm."

Lady Gomm, the wife of this knight, whom the Company Bahadur sent out as Commander-in-Chief, from Mauritius, to relieve Lord Gough, buried her dog "Coonah" in the garden of Barnes Court in 1851; so if you ever encounter a phantom bloodhound in the neighbourhood, answering to the name of "Coonah," you will know who he is. The road to the right leads to **Bishop Cotton's School**, and you are now in the district known as **Chota Simla** (lesser Simla.) The mall continues its meandering course and eventually lands you at **Chota Simla Bazaar**; whence a road branches off to **Kasumpti** and the '**Downs**,' suburbs of Simla. You leave the bazaar to the shopkeepers and find yourself in front of "**Ellerslie**," the Punjab Secretariat. From this point, till you get to the **Chelsea Convent**, the road is lonely, quiet, cool and shady. Mrs. Antipon occasionally forages around here in her rickshaw for local colour and victims for her next romance. When you see her here in her rickshaw,

pretending to read a book, you know she is on something. She runs down some unwary romantic Sub from the plains in the act of whispering sweet nothings to the lady he is riding out with, and then spends the night with her fertile imagination at work weaving out her plot; and next day half of Simla is talking about young—and Mrs.—

“My dear,” says Mrs. Rubber-Tod, “Mrs. Antipon is very seldom wrong, and you may take it from her that things are going a bit too far etc. etc.”—You can never be too Khubardar in the hills, stranger!



'Twas ever thus.

You eventually arrive at **Chelsea Convent** and **St. Bede's College**, which are built

on the spur on your right. The Pioneer Lines were situated here when the road round Jakko was being constructed, hence the native name **Puneer Line** for this spur. From this point to that overlooking the village of Sanjauli, the road is commonly known as the **Lady's Mile**. On arriving at **Sanjauli** you turn to the left: the road to the right is the Hindustan Tibet Road which leads to **Mashobra** and to the outlying ranges and eventually to Western Tibet.

On your way round you come across the **Mayo Orphanage**, established I believe in 1871. Far down the lonely spur is the exiled "**Walker Hospital**." It would certainly pay the enterprising brothers Davico to start a tea-house here for the hungry and tired visitors.

You presently come to the colony of red roofs which is now visible, at the entrance of which you find either a gurkha or sikh sentry walking or standing "at ease." He likes a European to pass his way because he can then spring to attention and come to the "shoulder," by way of diversion. The gurkha is not cut out for ornamental duties; he is a born fighter and loves active service. A friend of mine who served in the Burma campaign, told me that on the march they were, at one time, being sniped at by dacoits from an adjoining hill. A

party of gurkhas asked to be permitted to try and silence them. In a few minutes ten of them disappeared somewhere down the valley and then up the hill. Two hours after, nine returned with two gory, trunkless heads, each. The remaining gurkha succeeded in getting one head only and looked very disgusted at his poor luck. There was no more sniping after that. The house in front of which the gurkha sentry carries on his drill-book capers, is "**Snowdon,**" the residence of the Generalissimo of His Majesty's Forces in India. You get round the bend and exposed to view is a long white Race Stand looking building. This is **Corstorphan's Hotel.**

Continuing your route march you get to **Lukkar Bazaar**—a colony of wood carpenters' shops. The odour peculiar to the Panjabi carpenter prevades the air, and you have to breathe this atmosphere for fully three minutes. The road to the right leads to the **Elysium District.** After passing **Lukkar Bazaar,** you come to the Head Quarters of the **Salvation Army,** and presently return to the Ridge and to **Christ Church.**

Here endeth the Mall.



V—ROUND ABOUT.

You have done Jakko, Prospect and the Mall. Return now to Viceregal Lodge, or rather to the Guard House, whence you started. The road to your right will take you round **Observatory, Summer** and **Prospect Hills** (see map,) and bring you back to the Guard House *via* the **Boileaugunge Bazaar**. You however, may do each of these three hills separately. Soon after leaving the Guard House you come to a little frequented, but very long road, winding down a spur of Mount Pleasant, to **Annandale** and you eventually meet the other long road to Annandale which starts at "Race View." Leave your pony or rickshaw at this junction and take the path to the left, leading to a dilapidated octroi post. Continue, and you will arrive at a lonely picnic knoll, from which Annandale is visible. On the left you will find a rough path, which, if you follow it, will take you to the famous **Glen**. It is a romantic Arcadian spot in which you can lose yourself as easily as did the babes in the wood and more recent couples. Many a midsummer day's dream has, I believe, been dreamed here.

The **Chadwick Falls**,* (the legend about which is referred to elsewhere) is another of Simla's favourite haunts. The way to it is long and tedious, and the return journey

*Named after Colonel Thomas Chadwick, of the Bengal Artillery, who, after his transfer to the Invalids in 1839, resided in Simla until he went home and retired from the service in 1850.

wearisome. Anyhow, proceed along the Summer Hill road passing **Cherriton** till you come to a road leading up to **Chadwick House**. A little way on you will reach a small flat space on which stands a rustic seat. Here you will also come upon a rough path leading to a villager's hut; pursue that path and it will take you down the Summer Hill spur to a bare hill with a large solitary tree thereon—there is no mistaking it (see map). On the left of this tree there is a path; take it, keeping S. E. all the time and avoiding the village below, and you will, if you don't break your neck in the attempt, duly arrive at the Falls; which are, according to those who have measured them, about 200 feet in height.

Elysium. Homer's Elysium was "somewhere to the west of the earth near the ocean": rather vague for the purposes of a guide book. Simla's Elysium is not so far as that, being little beyond Lukkar Bazaar, with which you are already acquainted. Anyhow, having run the gauntlet of the Lukkar Bazaar atmosphere, you immediately enter the Elysian Fields, which to the unromantic *pahari* is known by the prosaic name of Sakli. You pass "Belvedere," "Chapslee," **Auckland House**, Viceregal Lodge of Lord Auckland's days, Elysium Hotel, and arrive at **Stirling Hill** whereon stand the **Longwood Hotel** and '**Stirling Castle**.' It is immaterial whether you take the road to the left or that to the right, as they meet round the hill. Passing then below '**Harvington**, you come to another elevation whereon stands '**Kelston**.' Here again you may take either the road to the left or to the right as they meet near '**Petersfield**' and '**Cloverly**.'

If you are anxious to be alone with your thoughts, I would recommend the road to the right. It is just wide enough for two horses or a rickshaw, and very quiet and shady. About half way round you come across a ruin at the edge of the precipice, whence you get a sight of the metropolis of the **Koti State** far down below. Continue to the left and you will come to "Petersfield" and "Cloverly." The road to the left of 'Cloverly' leads to "**Brancepeth**" and to the **Mountain Home Hotel**, or, as the management will have it, "Switzerland in Simla."

Mashobra.

The queen of resorts is of course Mashobra. A lovely woodland range, six miles out, or more, on the Hindustan and Tibet Road; whither fashionable Simla drives out for week-ends and



and picnics, while many visitors rent houses for the season. The Viceregal "**Retreat**" is here: and Mrs. Hotz will make you as "cumfy" as a prince at the **Gables Hotel**. Mashobra is fast filling up, and has, I believe, been recently taken over from the Koti State.

Mahasu is the sister range on the right, and delightful trips into the interior may be made *via* this place or Mashobra. The fashionable hotel here is "**Wildflower Hall**."

Tara Devi hill is also a week-end resort. On one of its spurs stands the third station from Simla, and you can get there in forty minutes by train.

Observatory Hill and Viceregal Lodge.

Observatory Hill got its name from the magnetic observatory that was built thereon about 1844 by Colonel Boileau, who also very kindly gave his name to the district known as Boileaugunge. When Colonel Boileau was transferred from Simla there was nobody to replace him, so the magnetic observatory, feeling lonely, attracted lightning and got fearfully struck. After this mesalliance it was deserted—like all other unfortunates. 'Observatory House' now stands on the site of the old observatory.

In 1888 the present Viceregal Lodge was completed and the Viceregal party moved in from "Peterhoff." I shall not trouble you

with a detailed account of the palace because you will never live there. You may visit the place, either by the public, or, if you favoured by the gods, the private entry, to attend the various State functions and receptions there enacted; but this must be the limit of your ambition. The residential quarters of H. E's. Staff are dotted about the estate and the new Council Chamber is fast nearing completion.

Observatory Hill is thickly wooded and in these days it is infested by a charitable band of gipsy highwaymen known as "The Romany Robbers," who in company with their rather alluring signorinas, occasionally raid the shops for brass curtain rings, bandana handkerchiefs, and beads to ornament their persons.

The motto of this happy band is, "Charity covereth a multitude of expenses."

✓ Lower Bazaar.

Even distance will not lend enchantment to the Bazaar. You may get a safe view of this nosegay from Combermere Bridge. I say "safe," because you may not be used to the special brands of spicy odours of Araby which pervade an Indian bazaar, and a closer approach may have a fatal result. The bazaar, a conglomeration of



Karim Buz.
"Fashionable Milliner
and
Civil and Military Tailor."

squalid old wooden shanties and ramshackle dwellings, spreading like a sombre crust over the hillside — is

an eye-sore. It is intersected by one main thoroughfare, from which diverge a multitude of evil-smelling alleys and outlets. If you are a student of oriental life and in search of local colour, you must negotiate the bazaar with its evil smells, for they are inseparable. Visit it in the spirit of Haroun-al-Raschid and you will meet all the characters of the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Tales of the Caliphs,' and more. You may read their character in their faces as they brush pass you. Flies and beggars thrive in this atmosphere, It is remarkable what a number of aged beggars you come across. Fate seems hard on these crippled outcasts of humanity ; she kills off the young and healthy and permits these poor blind mishapen beings to linger on in dirt and squalor for three score years and over. But without flies, beggars and pariah dogs, no eastern city would be complete, not even Constantinople.

Somewhere here, in the neighbourhood of the meat and poultry markets, stood the old Assembly Rooms and Theatre where in days of yore, when Town Halls were not, Simla and his wife were wont to meet for purposes of amusement.

VI.—CONVEYANCES.

The only wheeled conveyance which the general public are allowed is the rickshaw ; commonly called rick introduced, it seems, from Japan in the seventies, when the Simla roads were made negotiable. The genuine article is a very well-got-up and well upholstered invalid-chair-looking-arrangement on wheels ; strong and fairly comfortable, and it is manipulated according to the opulence or the corpulence of the occupant, by from four to six hill-men, locally known as *jampanis*. The three "great powers" of Simla, as Buck calls them, are alone privileged to drive in carriages ; and if you ever want to see a picture of Dignity and Impudence, watch a rickshaw with its occupant following close behind the landau of one of the powers aforesaid drawn by superb horses. Whether you are the wife of General Apollo-Bundar Vere de Vere Jones, or plain Miss Vasco de Gama, lady typist in the Imperial Secretariat, you have to content yourself with a humble rickshaw, private or hired.

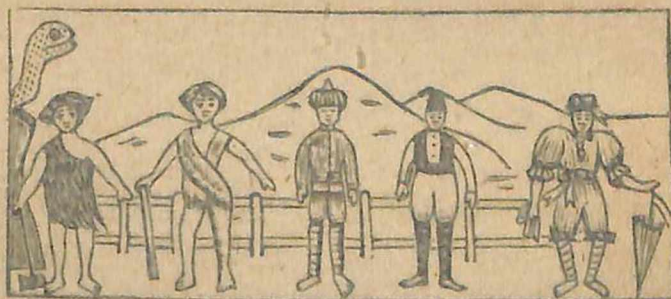
If you have not your own private rickshaw, you can hire one at any time from either one of the local firms of rickshaw makers or from the various rickshaw stands. In the case of the former, you get the genuine article for one rupee a day ; in the latter case you let yourself in for a bone-rattler of

other days, for eight annas a day. In the latter case, too, you often find that you are the immediate successor of a greasy *bania* or a pink *pyjama* belle from the Lower Bazaar who are likely to have left behind, for you benefit, the eager B.-flat (redolent of Rimmel's best), the lively F.-sharp, and others in the same business. The liberal rickshaw *walla* does not charge extra for these advantages.

The coolies are engaged separately : the *chaudhri* (native contractor,) of the rickshaw stand supplies them. These necessary evils at whose mercy you have to place yourself, are frequently clad in very little, and that little is almost always filthy ; and as you seat yourself to leeward, you have a most delightful journey ! The ideas of cleanliness of this species of humanity are strictly limited, nor do they readily take to water. I once caught an old coolie and asked him seriously in what year of the Christian era he last bathed. The man looked at me in surprise, and asked me why I took liberties with old age ? How, continued he, could he remember an incident which happened so very long ago ? Had I asked him the question when he was a young man of twenty, he might have remembered. He did recollect bathing once, he said, but that was when he was a lad. I was glad to find that at least one coolie

had some idea of cleanliness, and I was about to reward him, but he ventured a remark that bathing seemed quite unnecessary so long as one's clothes are washed twice or thrice a year ! You will permit me to explain here, stranger, that the word "clothes," in the case of a coolie, does not signify a liberal outfit as you understand it, but only the one set of malodorous rags which cover his nakedness for all time. Some day, when I am Lieutenant-Governor, I hope to cause an amendment to the Municipal Act, making bathing compulsory for coolies, risking a great epidemic in Simla.

It is remarkable what queer notions some of the elite of Simla entertain in regard to dressing up their rickshaw men ; the result is, that you have carnival processions every evening on the mall. A Frenchman once told me that when he first arrived in Simla, a stranger to the place, a lady sent him a letter by her rickshaw mate. He at first took him for an Italian guide, but when he said that he was her mate, poor *moosoo* took him literally, apologised profusely as only Frenchmen can, and asked him to come in and sit down.



Ye Jampance—Past and Present.

Sometimes an Indian potentate comes up to Simla on business or for an airing, with a cohort of retainers, and then Simla is given

a treat in oriental gorgeousness. Liveries of all hues and patterns are to be seen—from green and scarlet to pale blue and salmon pink—such as Solomon, in all his glory, was never arrayed in.

Rubber-tyred rickshaws are a blessing. The old iron-wheeled atrocities used to shake and bump you fearfully; and on the night of a big dance or other *tamasha*, Simla used to be kept up by the continual rumbling roll of hundreds of rickshaws. It is almost a pleasure now to be driven along the mall at a running pace; and slumbering Simla on occasions such as I have referred to, lies serenely unconscious of the return of the revellers. All one now hears is the quick patter of naked feet, an occasional ring of the bell, followed by the familiar warning of "*khabardar! butch! butch!!*" from the rickshaw coolies. From a distance their appearance is that of a procession of quickly moving phantom rickshaws, with the lights flickering through the trees.



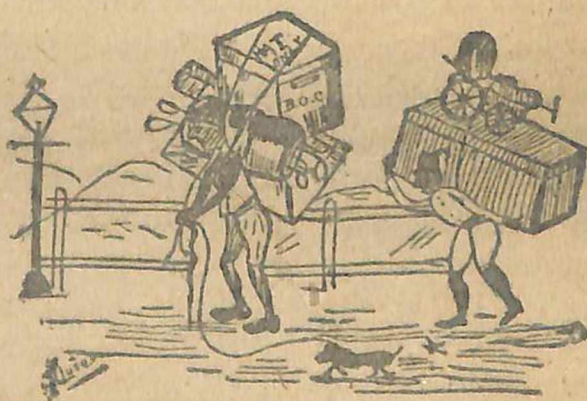
A Dandy.

In pre-rickshaw days, dandies and jompans, queer looking narrow troughs and hammocks carried on poles, were in vogue. But they are now as extinct as the hansom cab.

VII.—SOCIETY.

"They dance and dine and sleep and plod,
And go to Church on Sunday.
And many are afraid of God,
But more fear Mrs. Grundy."

In spring, Imperial fancy eagerly turns to thoughts of Simla, the summer capital and mountain home ; and during the latter part of March and early April, train loads of officials and visitors arrive daily and scatter among the houses, followed by coolie loads of luggage, carried in almost impossible positions.



Late street light.

Coolie.

Dog !

Jampanee.

Society in India is artificial. Simla society is nine-tenths official, and it resembles the solar system. There is the Sun, round which revolve the planets and their satellites,

asteroids and comets. There are also legions of fixed stars which do not count. These heavenly bodies are classified according to their magnitude and coruscation, and their orbits are declared in a table known as the Precedence Table, which is added to from time to time, by the Astronomer Royal, as other bodies are discovered in the official firmament. The planets assume a dignified reserve, but there is no holding some of the lesser lights. In large Presidency towns they are totally eclipsed, but in Simla, the Nut species assume superior and lordly airs, which, of course, is rather amusing.

All these luminaries are numbered and listed like specimens of natural history in a museum. There are quarterly publications which give particulars about them, and these compilations are secretly referred to by *burra memsahibs* with marriageable daughters, and the desirable ones ticked off for future reference.

The Government House list includes all the luminaries as a matter of course; and also, out of courtesy, some of the sub-luminaries. Inclusion in the list entitles the courtesy-wallahs to rub shoulders with the luminaries in lobbies and breezy corridors at certain State functions, such as, when they are gathered together, by command, to make their annual *salaams* to the *Lat Sahib* at Viceregal



Lodge. This tolerated contact leads most of them into the happy delusion that they also move in society !

There is no Court Circular in India. There are gazettes, and numerous press correspondents (with press codes and telegraph forms in their pockets,) encamped near or in communication with the Indian hierarchy, through whom state news percolate to the newspapers.

The chances of a daily newspaper in Simla are *nil*. What with Mrs. Antipon's news agents, and telephones, every item of news and scandal gets round sooner than any paper could hope to publish it. Unless a paper can anticipate news like some of the Paris journals which tell you when a murder or robbery is going to take place, it would collapse in twenty-four hours. But then the Weather Department would chip in and object, because "prophecy" is *its* special subject. At present there are two weekly papers, the News of India, and Liddell's Weekly. The Pioneer Bulletin reproduces daily the latest telegrams for the edification of the "well informed." A few years back we had the "Simla Weakling," but it succumbed shortly after its christening.

Amusements.

The pleasures which Simla affords are thoroughly and vigourously taken advantage of



by visitors and those who come up on leave with the sole object of enjoying themselves ; and you cannot stop them. If you did, they would all migrate to some other more genial hill station. The official takes what he can get of the amusements after his day's labour ; and if he does occasionally leave his *duftar* early, his red-coated *chuprasee* invades his home or room at the Club with boxes of files which keep him busy till the small hours of the morning. It is the glowing and usually exaggerated accounts of the amusements which special correspondents, (who must supply good, paying copy) send to their newspapers, that create envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in the heart of the misguided and irritable, sufferer of prickly-heat in the plains, causing him to vent his spleen on the doings of the "Simla crowd" as he ungraciously terms them, by starting a vexatious newspaper campaign on "Simla frivolities" and the like.

It would be very amusing and interesting to know what forms of amusement or relaxation the acrimonious ones, with probably a picture post card knowledge of the place, and a talent for misrepresenting facts, would substitute for those in vogue in a place like Simla, which can only boast of one *main* road and one little monopolised, recreation ground some thousands of feet

below mall level and with no places of entertainment to speak of.

The season generally starts off with a gymkhana or two, at Annandale. Annandale is to the Gymkhana Club what the Gaiety Theatre is to the A.D.C ; and the only place left for the general public to frolic about is on the mall. But to quote the "Bad Ballads," even walking on the mall is not an unmixed pleasure at times.

"They have done away with tongas
 And substituted trains :
 And for the meek pedestrian
 They're widening out the drains"

* * * *

"When polo teams and rickshaws
 Come rushing four abreast,
 The policeman ceases troubling,
 And the weary take a rest !"

During the season Simla lives in ragtime : and if it were told that the end of the world would come a week hence, official business and amusements would go on just the same. The A.D.C. would get up a special *revue* entitled "All of a Sudden Doomsday" ; the Gymkhana Club would start a third and last unlucky bag ; the Revolver Club would practice at flying suffragettes ; the local polo team would challenge Patiala and play scratch for once ; the Green Hearts would give a grand vegetable ball, and the "Club" would play "Hunt the Skipper" or some other well known nautical parlour game. As for others in Simla the municipality would send out its octoge-

narian town crier to warn the public, that in view of the impending disaster, all taxes due must be paid up within the week ; the fire brigade would play " Snakes and Ladders " on the Ridge, and the boy scouts and volunteers would make a special demonstration.

Mrs. Antipon, the Simla scandal repository, would continue gathering scandal while she might ; and the grass widows would wire for their husbands. The shops would have quarter price sales, and the price of coal would of course come down. Landlords would reduce rents and die of heart failure, while tenants would die of shock ; and the Home Department office babu would take orders and draft a long despatch about the change of capitals, in case a fresh agitation should be started in the next world—

An American writer thus defines a gymkhana " A gymkhana is the last resort of a colony shut off from the metropolitan forms of amusement***Intended to provide an afternoon of undiluted nonsense for the benefit of those who don't care what they do so long as they enjoy themselves." Of course this is undiluted Americanism. The gymkhana events in Simla resemble very closely, some of the adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha : such as, charging windmills, sheep, tent pegs, etc; but there are some less dangerous items ; to wit, egg and spoon, cricket ball

and affinity races. A favourite race is "Ye Shepherd's Race," which I most describe. A sheep is tied to a long pole in the centre of Annandale. Couples ride up to it and sing." Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any wool?" The poor mutton, alarmed at being made so much of by the gymkhana folk, bleats for all it is worth. The competitors then proceed to divine what reply the sheep has made; write down their notions on the subject, and race back to the starting point. The first couple to arrive with the correct answer, wins the prize. If you think I am exaggerating, just read any of the gymkhana reports in the Simla weekly.

The season having begun, there follow a succession of balls, garden parties, theatricals, polo, tennis and football tournaments, revolver matches, picnics, jumble sales, and charity bazaars, till November comes round, and then Imperial fancy sadly turns to thoughts of unbuilt Delhi. The visitors then scatter themselves over the plains of India whence they came, and the grass widows return to their lords and masters with mingled emotions. When the last train with its load of visitors and peripetetic officials glides out of the railway station, Simla settles down to the simple life.

VIII.—SERVANTS & OTHER PESTS.

You may wonder at this headline, but there is no help for it. In India, servants are as common as flies, but of a far greater variety; and to get an insight into the character of the principal offenders, I must refer you to Eha's extremely clever and amusing book, "Behind the Bungalow," in which he exposes their petty vices and tyrannies. Here is a bunch of human inflictions, from A. to Z., with many of whom you will come in contact sooner or later.

- A, is the *ayah* employed by your wife,
- B, is the *bearar*, the plague of your life.
- C, the *chuprasee*, whom everyone knows.
- D, is the *dhobi*, who tears all you clothes.
- E, *ekkawallah*, a jehu is he,
- F, is the semi-nude *fakir* you see.
- G, is the *gwalor* who waters the milk,
- H, is the *hakim* in garments to of silk.
- I, irritation, to the servant its *dik*,
- J, the *jampani*, who pushes your rick.
- K, the *khansamah*, who serves at your meals,
- L, the *ladhaki*, with cast iron heels.
- M, the *musalchee*, or scullion so grave,
- N, is the *nappy* who gives you a shave.
- O, stands for *ooloo*, an epithet rude,
- P, the *policeman*, inherently shrewd,
- Q's for "Qui hai;" the *Darwan*, says 'No,'
- R, is the *raj*, who works down below.
- S, is the *syce*, who runs after your horse,
- T, is the *tailor*, who sits with legs crossed,
- U, *unda-wallah*, the egg man of course,
- V, is the *vakil* you get by the gross.
- W, the *wasir* so cunning and gaunt,
- X, is x-actly the one that I want.
- Y, is the *yahoo* whose cause we bewail,
- Z, is the *zamindar* just out of jail.

The Boy, Lopez.

Being a bachelor, my wants were limited and restricted to three evils *viz*, a boy (general) a dhobi (washerman) and a syce (groom). My boy, who answered to the name of Lopez, was a Goanese by birth, a Christian by accident, and comptroller-general, of my treasury by right. He assumed the last role on his appointment, and resented any interference on my part even when I discovered that he was, like the rest of humanity, negotiating for the purchase of Marconi shares. Lopez was brought up in a mission school, where he received an elementary education and a small dose of Christianity ; always a dangerous combination ; but in his spotless pea-jacket suit, he looked the embodiment of the Christian religion. He explained to me that when he was a child he was one day caught by the scruff of his neck by a *padre* (priest), dipped into a river, rags and all, and when he remonstrated and asked the *padre* what it was all about, he was told that he was now no more a blind heathen, but a decent Christian ; and that he was to be known henceforth and for evermore by the name of Lopez. He was then placed in a bullock-cart and sent to the mission school, and when he had picked up enough craftiness from his school mates, he bolted from the institution.

Finding that the single name of Lopez was insufficient to go through the world with, he visited the cemetery and selected "Gonzaga" from one of the tombstones for his prenomer. When Lopez had amassed enough of my lucre, he asked for a month's *chooti* (leave) to proceed to his country to get married. Some time after his return he asked for a further week's *chooti* (same thing) to attend a christening. Knowing the way of all flesh, I gave it him and also consented to become sponsor to the miniature Lopez. The christening ceremonies, however, became embarrassingly frequent; and when I left India, there was a large colony of Lopezes, somewhere on the Bombay coast, upsetting the calculations of the Census Commissioner.

Besides raising a tribe of his own, Lopez was ambitious, and wanted to rise in the world; so he came to me one day before I left and complained of the way his family was increasing, and asked me whether I could use my influence and get him into one of the Banks or a Government office. I asked him what his special qualifications were, and he said that he could play a good game of badminton. I told him that he was becoming too ambitious, and advised him "to fling away ambition, for by that sin fell the angels"; but it was of no use

quoting Shakespeare to him for he was not having any. So to put him off, I promised to help him if he developed into a good tennis player which seems to be a qualification in Simla. Last mail I got a letter from Lopez to the effect that he had started tennis and that he hears that there is a post of Registrar or some such thing going a-begging; could I help him? Surely this would be putting a premium on flunkeyism! He will next want the I. S. O, and I daresay that at some future date one of the Lopezes will pass the Simultaneous Examination and become a high official of the Bombay Presidency. You never can tell!

If I say much more I might be qualifying myself to give evidence before the Public Services Commission; who knows?

The Dhobi

There is a Hindu diety called Shiva, (the destroyer) and if he ever assumes human shape, that shape will be the *dhobi*, for no other character will do him justice. You have no laundry in Simla; you have Messrs Dhobi Donkey and Co, consisting of dhobi (senior), Mrs. dhobi, dhobi (junior) ætat six years; and the donkey. The dhobi will come on Monday with the four-footed partner and take your soiled linen to a stream down the valley to a haunt which he calls the *ghat*.



which is visible from the mall near the Bank of Bengal : and there, on the jagged rocks he will ruthlessly dash your newest dress shirt and other articles of adornment into pulp to get them clean. I first met the dhobi at Calcutta; there he was a lean and lanky, over-baked gentleman, with a turban round his head and another round his loins—nothing else. The Simla dhobi has more regard for you and does not appear like Adam, after the fall; and if he does not lend your dress shirts and collars to Peliti's Band, he brings them in a state, which, if you wore them, you would render yourself liable to ostracism even in the unconventional society of the Cannibal Islands. And yet he will come regularly on the 2nd of each month, with a broad Simla-to-Kalka smile on his face, exposing an ivory key-board, and expect to be paid his monthly wages without any retrenchment for damages rendered. When you explain to him that if you attend the State Ball in a shirt minus its front, the *Moolki Lat Sahib* will get his Military Secretary to strike your name off the Government House List, he will smile one of his cannibal smiles and say that you are his father and mother. *Arp ma-bap!*

The Syce.

When you see a short-coated, woollen-gaitered individual running down the mall for no ostensible reason, that individual is invariably



the syce : and if you keep a horse you must also keep this limb of his Satanic Majesty. If you are, like the British Public, in search of Olympic talent for the next Marathon race, I would recommend Tulsee Ram, my syce. I guarantee that he will give America or any other country as good a run as anyone. I had only to tell Tulsee that I was going on the top of Jakko or down to Annandale, and that I wanted him there as soon as his bony legs could carry him, he would, somehow or other, always be there, awaiting my arrival, although we both started at the same time. I tried him from Mashobra, which is six miles out, and he kept up a steady run behind me all the way and only stopped once to quench his thirst at a mountain spring.

In the eyes of the syce, a horse is a man's greatest asset. He values a good horse even more than he does a good wife.

From what I could gather from Lopez, it appears that Tulsee got extremely wrath with me on the night of a club dance, because I left my pony out in the rain. "There," he told Lopez "was the sahib dancing away for all he was worth with a two anna girl, while his *hazar rupia ka ghora* (1000 rupee horse!) was left out to die of pneumonia in the rain.

Tulsee's powers and propensity for running naturally developed an eternal thirst

within him ; and often, when he hadn't the wherewithal to patronize Lajja Ram's drinking den in the Lower Bazaar, he used to develop a pain in his interior and come doubled up to me for " peg sarap " (whisky), to alleviate his sufferings.

The syce species are, as a rule, great toppers ; and a very irritable Army man once explained to me how the Indian Army List was directly responsible for converting his syce, who was an inveterate toper, into a complete T. T. His syce came up staggering one morning, looking sixteen ways to Sunday, which irritated the old colonel to such a degree, that he grabbed up the Army List from his table and flung it with such force at the staggering humanity, that it sent him flying down the steps on to the roof of the out-offices. That completely sobered him : which I don't doubt ; for it is no joke stranger, getting knocked silly into the middle of next week, by the force of the whole Indian Army—generals and all—in capsuloid form ! However, I am glad to say that I never had occasion to seek the aid of the Indian Army in any form to sober poor Tulsee Ram, for he never gave me cause.

The Ayah.

If you haven't a European nurse for your wife and children, you will have to employ her Indian prototype : her ladyship, the Ayah. The ayah is the most privileged domestic

in India. She makes it her business to know all that's worth knowing about the neighbouring *memsahibs*, and when she helps to disrobe her mistress for the night, she retails all the doings of the neighbourhood. About the Major Sahib, his wife, and the Cuptán Sahib; the *burra memsahib* living in the house below; the doctor sahib and the *chota memsahib* from the plains; and so forth, with which, stranger, we have no concern.

I have not had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the Indian species of Mrs. Antipon, but I have seen crowds of them every evening sitting on the roadsides with their diminutive charges; decked in silver ear and nose rings and necklaces of current Indian coin, gossiping or teaching the children nursery rhymes in the vernacular. I dare say you have heard of "Little Jack Horner" in Kiplingian lingo, by a youthful poet:—

"You can see Jack Horner sittin' in the corner of the kitchen

With his little dish of puddin' on his lap;
If the dish you try to collar, then you bet your bottom dollar,

That you'll find he ain't indulging in a nap.
For he shoves his little thum' in, when he hears a person come in';

And he picks the biggest plum that he can see;
And he makes this observation on the present situation
"Guess you won't find no one else as good as me."

but I am sure you have not heard the ayah's version.

' Chota Juk Honah,
Beta tha konah.
Khata ta kismis pi.
Ungli na dala,
Kismis nakala,
Bola tha " Goot bi am hi."

or this either.

" Crie baby crie,
Putti finger eye,
Going telli mummy
Ayah making crie "

but away with the domestics.

The Shawl Merchant.

For powers of persuasion or for patience, there are few to equal the itinerent Kashmiri shawl merchant or the Delhi jeweller. The former will stealthily approach your verandah followed by two mountainous bundles of shawls balanced on the back of two extremely



lean and hungry looking coolies, and announce in Kashmiri-English "Good Kashmir shawl got." You are probably absorbed in some interesting work of fiction and tell him that you don't need any shawls. But he will reply "Master no buy, only see."

He will then, without further leave or license, invade your verandah, unload his beasts of burden, place a shawl on the ground, squat crossed legged thereon and reduce the mountain of shawls, carpets, tea cloths etc., one by one, as perseveringly as the contractors did the late Town Hall.

He will sit there for two hours entertaining you and weaving a spell on your pocket while his coolies are having a midday nap in your garden. After his visit you will find yourself burdened with a portion of the afore-said woollen mountain—about a dozen articles which you do not require, for which he originally asked seventy-five rupees “for whole lot,” and eventually gave for nineteen.

The Delhi jeweller will do the same with his treasures and very confidently show you some alluring engagement rings for the *miss sahib*. If you tell him that you don't believe in matrimony, he will reply. “Oh ! sahib putting plenty money in bank, not caring own wife.”

Billwallahs.

In Simla, where everybody claims to be somebody and acts accordingly, it is not difficult to run up big bills.

All that an Indian shopkeeper wants is your signature. He worships signatures: and the more illegible your signature is the greater you stand in his estimation. But on

the morning of the 1st of the month following, you will find an army of *bill-wallahs* (bill collectors) sleeping in your verandah, having arrived there at daybreak—the result of indiscriminate signing on your part. If you had a faithful and resourceful slave like Ganem of the Forty Thieves fame, he would despatch them while they yet slept; but your present slave is in league with all the native shopkeepers, from whom he extorts a commission on the purchases made from them for your good self; so your only plan is to meet the foe openly and abuse them. The ordinary every day English expletives will not suffice. They have got used to them and to European ways generally and consequently the usual swear words will not prevail against them. You must use some language which they have never heard. Here is where your knowledge of the poets comes in handy. You can quote a line from Kipling or Shakespeare with great effect. They may recognise Kipling but the Stratford bard, never. Assume a dramatic attitude and stalk into your verandah; raise your hand and likewise your voice, and exclaim—"Avaunt and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee!!!!" This will paralyse the Senacharib Army for a second or two, and when they recover they will bolt for their lives as if all the furnace blasts were let loose on them. They will return to their respective heads of the firms and declare that you are some unfriendly diety, and



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will refuse to be deputed to wait on you again. Thus will you be able to settle up at your convenience.



IX—HOUSES AND LANDLORDS.

The "Bad Ballads" thus describe the houses in Simla.

"The houses of the godlings
Are built of wood and mud ;
Some are on the mountain tops,
Others down the *khud*."

Yea, verily, most of the houses in Simla are of wood and mud. Timber framing *ex* old packing cases filled in with rubble, plastered over with mud and then lime washed. Some of the larger houses, offices, shops and hotels are of red brick ; houses of stone are few and far between. The acoustic arrangements of some of the ordinary dwellings are perfect. You can hear all that is said and done in the flats above and below and in the apartments alongside.

If you are not accustomed to live on the edge of a precipice, or if you have an uneasy conscience, you have a feeling, during the heavy rains that your house will presently start on an excursion down the *khud*. The only consoling thought is that you will have company on your journey.

According to an old resident of Simla, the present timber structures are far stronger than the older lot. He remembered a somewhat serious, though amusing accident, which might have ended fatally, which befel a very haughty and portly lady who lived in the upper flat of his house. It appears that this dignified personage was in the midst

of her bath when the flooring gave way, and an avalanche of hot water, bricks, tubs and other associated paraphernalia came thundering down into his bathroom. He rushed in immediately, and found a mighty figure suspended from the ceiling ; and it was fully ten minutes before the rotund Naiad could be extricated from her perilous position. You need not be alarmed, stranger ; there is no fear of such unexpected or intrusive visits in these days of the Calling League, under the regulations of which, calls are paid through the post—not through the ceiling.

Some houses are built in such fearfully odd and exposed corners that you have always to remember the old adage “those who live in glass houses should dress in the dark” otherwise you might occasion much embarrassment to the modest passerby on the road above, should he chance to look your way.

Houses in Simla are rented for the season, and may be had furnished or unfurnished—which is the same thing. It often happens that your idea of a furnished house and that of the landlord, do not agree ; and you are thus sometimes placed under the necessity of writing and asking him to alter the environment of his dunnage.

Very often when a landlord sees that you are comfortably settled in his house, he

will be visited by a sudden inspiration that the occasion is a fitting one to be utilised for the enhancement of his revenues. Consequent on the devine message you will receive a notice (regardless of the time of the year) from his legal adviser, to the effect that his client intends to raise the rent and that if you do not agree to his proposal and fail to quit the by 31st December, you will be charged rent at the rate of Rs. 60/- a day. There seem to be humourists among the legal profession !

All the houses are named and also numbered, like the hairs of your head, with this difference that in the former case the numbers are large enough to be legible. The Simla Directory gives the names and numbers of the houses and charges you only Rs. 2 for the information. Mr. Buck of "Simla Past and Present" fame is an authority on the origin of the names of old dwellings, and he devotes a whole chapter to old houses and their owners, in his book for your benefit.



X.—ANIMALS, GAME, etc.

Oft in the stilly night you will hear the chief soprano jackal somewhere down the valley, making night hideous with his solo announcing to the rest of the pack the discovery of carrion. Immediately from all parts of the *khud* you will hear yells of "where, where, where, where!" from his followers; to which he responds in his main-top-gallant-note "here, here, here! This philharmonic concert goes on till the small hours of the morning when the members of the invisible choir scatter to their respective lairs.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark;
 The fox has come to town!"

When you hear uncanny and distressing yells emanating from the valley, followed by the barking of dogs in the neighbourhood, you know that the silver tail fox (native *phao*, after its cry) is on the prowl. He is said to be the forerunner of the leopard and betrays the presence of our spotted friend by his unearthly cries.

The leopard, hyæna and lynx are to be met with occasionally; they also are partial to the canine species.

Monkeys abound in Simla, and the Simian tribe may be seen of an evening on the roofs of the shops on the mall cutting the latest American terpsichorian capers, heedless of the comments of "A Peeress" in the *Times*.

There is also a self-governing colony of monkeys on the top of Jakko, with the old fakir of the temple as the presiding genius. There abide the raja monkey with his numerous wives, the prime minister, the chief of police and the various other officials; every one of whom is known to the fakir by name. Some years ago a young Bishop Cotton's School boy, by the name of de Russet, became the disciple of the reigning fakir on Jakko and renounced christianity. I believe he is still to be seen in a temple down Tuti-kundi side.

You get some good shooting in the neighbouring hills of Simla. *chikor* (red leg partridge) pheasant, black partridge, *ghurrul* (mountain goat) *kukur* (barking deer), etc., etc. According to the laws of the place, monkeys, apes, and pea fowl are regarded by the inhabitants as sacred, and shooting them is absolutely prohibited. Pariah dogs must not be shot in the vicinity of a village. If you want to despatch an undesirable or mad dog, you must first proceed to the District Office and refer to the survey map to see that you are not within the boundaries of the village. If you are, then you must take the dog, mad or not, beyond the village limits and then dispose of him. It is, I believe, on this account that the Pasteur Institute is established in the neighbouring station of Kasauli.



XI.—INSTITUTIONS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"It is better to be a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal than a Municipal Commissioner of Simla "

Old Proverb.

Municipality

I think I said somewhere in the beginning that Simla has a municipality. If you think I mentioned it for fun, visit Simla and convince yourself. The municipality is a semi-official body with a one or two non-official members attached to it for the sake of manners. *Inter alia*, the municipality levies and collects taxes; sees that the mall is oiled and watered regularly, and kept in good condition; that the sanitary arrangements are carried out betimes in the morning; that the drains are kept in working order, and that the clothes of job porters and rickshaw coolies are kept clean and rendered sweet smelling. To carry out the above functions, a large and varied staff of overseers, sweepers and others are employed, forming the outward and visible sign of this otherwise invisible agency.

The public and the municipality are in a constant state of guerilla warfare, in small pica. The municipality is human and long suffering, and it says that the more it does for the public, the more the public rave like the heathen. The public, on the

other hand, are also human, and have been suffering long—very long ! and retaliate in a true Christian like spirit, saying that the municipality hath done divers things which it ought not to have done, and hath left undone various urgent things which it ought to have done ; that there abideth no understanding in the municipality ; for verily, the public pay the piper and are thereby entitled to call the tune. Whereupon declareth the municipality, that the public calleth for Rag-time ! which it comprehendeth not. But the public returneth the scornful answer, saying, that the municipality knoweth no musick, save the slow March of the Departed, in Saul, which sufficeth not for these rapid days. Verily, verily, I say unto you, stranger, that this paper war will continue uncertain like the Balkan negotiations, until some conciliating soul comes along and teaches the beleaguerees the time and charms of the seductive valse.

Taxation

is an old institution ; and whether you call the dues taxes, tributes, or benevolences, you feel just the same towards them. The municipality excels in inventing benevolences, and consequently in Simla, like flies and troubles, taxes come not as single spies but in battalions. Almost everything in Simla is taxed—the official brain is over-taxed. Every male adult, except, I understand, the

fakir on Jakko, has to pay a poll tax of two rupees a year—and yet women are fighting for equal rights ! The hotel proprietor takes the census of the hotel in April and sends the result to the municipality, and a week later you get a bill for two rupees, the penalty for being a male adult, as if it was your fault. However, if you ignore this bill, you will receive a printed reminder containing an extract of a penal clause from the Punjab Municipal Act, intimidating you ; and if you ignore the law as it is writ, it will appear in human form in your verandah next morning in the shape of the municipal bailiff.

When you see the bailiff paying a house to house visit with a bundle of grey envelopes under his arm and a rickshaw load of the same behind him, you can make a pretty certain guess that he is playing the old municipal games of Hide and Seek and Paperchase.

If I am not in error, I think Swift said that “ every dog must have his day,” but as there are more dogs than days, Swift miscalculated. The municipality has however come to the rescue of the dog and altered the phrase to “ every dog must have his tax,”—and what is more, it sees that the poor dog is not done out of it. During its spare moments the municipality has discovered that of the two evil doers, the dog is

superior to man—no matter how humble the individual or what his position is in the Precedence Table—and has therefore prescribed a higher rate of benevolence on the canine species ; which is as follows.

One dog Rs. 3.	} every other dog after the 3rd— Rs. 10.
Two dogs Rs. 8.	
Three dogs Rs. 16.	

So that, stranger, a bachelor with four little dogs, has to pay Rs. 2 for himself and Rs. 26 for his dogs ; whereas a married man with say, one wife, three olive branches, and two adult tom cats, has to pay only Rs. 2 for himself and nothing for the crowd. If I had stayed in Simla a little longer I might have been induced to get married for love. As I am here, I am on the look out for a rich American heiress (no matter how revolting of face) with sufficeint funds to pay my dog and other taxes when I return to Simla

Troubadours.

Once upon a time Simla was troubled with troubadours. But the days of chivalry and likewise those of troubadours are gone, and occassionally Simla is enlivened by Purple Phantoms, Blue Jays, Court Cards, Romany Robbers and the like. The Scarlet Serenaders came up to Simla, pushed various people and articles through the window and departed.

One moonlight night, lured by his sweet melody, I came upon a real, live troubadour, serenading (I cannot mention where) a fair form at a window, to the air of *Finiculæ Finicula*. The burden of his lay was as follows :—

“ Ladye, ladye, tell me who you are,
 Do you come from sunny land afar ?
 Or were you born in Simla town,
 And have you dropp’d the name of Browne
 For Don Gavouni—Macaroni, Pride of Choura
 Maidan ! ”

Three years after, just a week before leaving Simla, I met the minstrel again, and he informed me that he had ‘chucked up’ the serenading business altogether after that night of the moon. But he gave no reason. “Just as well,” I exclaimed, and I caught him by his romantic arm and showed him the new sky-scraper !

Simla lends itself to much romantic fiction. Every hill has some romantic tale attached to it. Here is a very old tale of “Jakko Hille.”

The Tale of Jakko Hille.

“Once upon a time, on a moonlight night, there rode at a slow pace, on the way which leads round Jakko, the principal hille of Simla, a fayre ladye on a horse.

When she was yette some distance from the schools called after a certaine Mayo, she met another fayre ladye, and they knew each other ; butte they were not well pleased at their meeting.

Time proceeded, and so did they likewise, and they came to a point called Sangauli.

Nowe it so happened, (it often happens so rounde Jakko Hille unfortunatlie) that the two fayre ladyes met another fayre ladye, and they knewe each other.

Nowe was a tryinge time; they did not expect that one shoulde meete the other; no, not at a time of night when all good fayre ladyes should be in their bed chambers; so they rode alonge, knowinge each others hearts and being ashamed of each other, for they knewe that they had come each one with the same intent.

They rode in this wise for a space of time, the whole time keepinge silence, which was not customarie with these ladyes under other circumstances—each in her hearte wishinge for the absence of the other twoe. They had come nowe well nigh a certaine portion of the hille which is very woodie, and consequentlie darke, the moonlighte even failinge to penetrate through the trees. It soe happened that this same place was fixed by eache ladye for a purpose; soe the eldest ladye, who was advancinge in years, and was determined notte to be disappointed that nighte, founde her tongue and made use of it straightwaye;

Addressinge her companions, she sayde—"Sisters in companie, we are here unprotected; saye if somebodie rushed oute from that darke woodie place yonder and attacked us, what woulde ye do?"

Whereupon one of the other two saide—for she was craftie—"What woulde you doe yourself fayre sister?"

"Oh" replyde the first speaker, "I woulde turn backe and fly at a greates speede, and woulde not even do so much as to looke behind."

"Noe," said the other, "I woulde whippe my horse and make him fly with me onward and woulde notte give the attacker a chance. But the third fayre ladye, who was the youngest and wisest, kept silent and played her parte welle.

By this time theye had approached the darke part, when suddenlie theye sawe in fronte of them what appeared to be a horseman; and pretendinge to be afraide and notte to knowe whate it was (for theye knewe well enough in their hearts who it was) theye all shrieked—as is customarie amonge ladyes in time of danger—one turned her horse backe and fledde like lightinge, while the seconde ladye darted forwarde and was gone. But the third and youngest fair ladye was too frightened to

move and was aboute to fainte, whene the horseman rode up and caughte her in his stronge arms and she was not disappointed, nor was he, butte were bothe welles pleased at their goode fortune toe meete.

Nowe of the twoe who fledde, they suddenlie remembered that they had dropped eache one some valuable jewellerye behinde, and straightwaye returned to looke for the same, butte they were disappointed in all matters, especiallie when theye saw twoe riderless horses tied under a tree, and more so when theye did discover that one belonged to their late companion and recognised the other as belonginge to a very dear friende.

Thus did the youngest fayre ladye playe her gayme welle and capture her preye; while the other twoe, for their false conduct, lost him.

Suffrogettes.

The only rampant type of suffrogettes to be found in Simla are the dummies which the Simla Revolver Club use as moving targets. The lord help them if Mrs. Pankhurst and her furies ever come to hear about this.

Formerly Scotland and Ireland divided the credit for good stories, but now, anything that savours of humour is supposed to be American. Here is the latest American suffregette anecdote.

A certain individual was lecturing in one of the districts where there was a shortage of men and he advised the unmarried suffregette sister to emigrate to a certain island where the male population greatly outnumberd the women. The audience took the tip good humouredly, but one young spinster waxed indignant and started to walk

out. "Hold on" shouted the lecturer after her "I did not mean you to start at once!"

When Father Bernard Vaughan visited the States, a suffragette tried to take a rise out of him; but the reverend gentleman proved too good for her. The haughty lady it is said, approached the reverend father and exclaimed "And where would you be, pray, but for a woman."

"Madame" came the reply, "on a sultry evening like this, I should be eating ice-cream under an apple tree in the Garden of Eden!"

It seems to me that the simplest way to deal with these wild women, is to deport them to the S(c)illy Islands. If there is no room there, then, the British Government has numerous spare islands knocking about the Pacific Ocean. Deport them to the volcanic Solomon Islands to start a colony of their own, and I guarantee that in six months' time there will be civil war to extermination; and then there will be peace on earth and goodwill towards men, once more.

The Volunteers and Boy Scouts.

If Lord Roberts' scheme for compulsory service ever comes about, then India will probably have to disband its volunteer army.

The Simla corps was raised in 1860, and took unto itself the motto "In Defence," and in consequence it has not seen any active

service ; but it was represented at the great Delhi Durbar of 1912, and the representatives received Durbar medals, which they display on parade. The Simla volunteers have been known to form, at twenty-four hour's notice, a guard of honour at Viceregal Lodge and to march round the town, in step, to the strains of the band of the Leinster and other regiments.

Sometimes,—when the weather permits,—the Officer Commanding takes the regiment up a hill and then he brings them down again. And when they are up, they are up; and when they are down, they are down; and when they are only half way up, they rest for a couple of hours under the deodars and partake of a solid feed.



Every volunteer may get his servant to carry his rifle down to the butts at Annandale and to the parade ground ; but on parade he must carry it himself.

Besides the Volunteers there are the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.



Whenever there are any serious complications in Europe affecting the nervous system of the Empire, Simla calls out its boy scouts and reviews them on the ridge. Not long ago when all the big fleets in the Mediterranean called at the Montegenerian coast "to show their muscles," the boy scouts, girl guides and volunteers had a special inspection parade in Simla. It was all that Simla could do in the way of demonstration. To see a real live soldier in regimentals, one must be content to gaze at the members of the Leinster or other regimental band that happens to be in Simla.

I was once asked by a German friend of mine how it was that there were no military officers in Simla. I told him to take a stroll up Jakko *via* "Barnes Court" and to read the names on the trees. He told me the next time I met him that he had counted sixty-nine hill captains alone ; but he thought that a blind. I then showed him the Army Headquarters, and told him that the buildings were full of military men, from generals to privates. He shook his head and said that he had watched the offices for a week but didn't see any.

It then dawned on me that he wanted to see the uniformed article, so I showed him one of the best on Council day. He apologised profusely. I told him that the Indian Army Regulations permitted officers to dress in uniform on state occasions only and that



if he wanted to be further convinced, he should attend a Levee or State Dinner. He said he would. I laid it on thicker and showed him the Indian Army List—without opening it. He was struck at its bulk and he returned to the Fatherland very much impressed at the size of the Indian Army. I had unconsciously done the country a service !

The Masons.

‘ From Greenland’s icy mountains
To India’s coral strand ;
Wherever you may wander,
You’ll find this mystic band.” *Bad Ballads.*

I have tried to discover the origin of the masonic fraternity, but have found it a rather tedious job; but it will perhaps satisfy you to know that Moses and Solomon were Grand Masters.

In my searchings, I also came across this Hudibrastic couplet, written in 1723—

“ If history be no ancient fable,
Freemasons came from the Tower of Babel.”

The Brotherhood came into being in Simla in 1838, and they held seances in “The Hut,” “Melrose,” Assembly Rooms, “Benmore” “The Pavilion,” now known as Lowrie’s Hotel, the United Bank, (where history tells us that the brethren perspired profusely) and various other places. Thence they moved to a house above the cart road which is now the main block of the Government Press. They then migrated to the vault built specially for them, in the late

Town Hall and finally left it for their own Temple above Christ Church. I once tried to become a mason, but being a nervous subject failed in the final examination. The masonic signs are numerous, and the only one that has leaked out is the 'glad eye,' which is imputed to the Hon'ble Miss St. Leger, afterwards Mrs. Aldworth,—the only lady mason.

Masons are to be found all over the world in batches. Each batch has its lodge, and each lodge has its standard joke, as each *dak-bungalow* in India has its standard dish. The old one at Solon had, it may be remembered, "*murgee karee*," of fowls caught during the mutiny. Humour being very scarce in Simla, and what little there is being the sole property of the Simla A. D. C., the three masonic lodges have to share one standard joke amongst them. The standard joke was related to me by a member of the premier lodge, after he had winked, looked under the table, jumped over chairs and performed sundry other symbolic capers, and thoroughly satisfied himself that I was not a mason.

I would have unblushingly repeated it here, but there are enough chestnuts in the book.

In Simla there abide three lodges, Lodge Kitchener (Faith) Lodge Elysium (Hope) and the Himalayan Brotherhood (Charity). The greatest of these is Chari—beg pardon—Faith.

The Fine Arts Exhibition.

There is held annually in August, a Fine Arts exhibition by the Simla Fine Arts Society, for the encouragement of amateur artists. Professional work is also accepted, but no professional may compete for the prizes offered.

The first exhibition was I believe, held in 1861 at Bishop Cotton's School, and since then the exhibition has become an annual institution, under the patronage of the Viceroy. It used to be the practice till Lord Elgin's time, for speeches to be made at the opening of the exhibition, but the Earl of Kincardine discontinued the practice—the reason is not known. Probably some of the pictures made him hold his speech!

There are always some exceedingly good exhibits, but most of them are the works of post-impressionists and futurists. The Society however comes to the rescue of the visitors by issuing catalogues explaining the subjects. If you really want to study the exhibits, the best time to visit the exhibition is between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning—before the crowd comes in. Otherwise you will fare the same fate as I did.

I was exceedingly anxious to see Mrs. Beadon's exhibit (Subadar Major Dyal Singh, No. 39). On entering the hall I beheld

an admiring crowd before the warrior's portrait, so I took up with the "Gamblers" next to it, but not for long, because the afore-said crowd expanded and I was pushed off and eventually found myself somewhere in the neighbourhood of the "Teesta Valley" (73) as portrayed by Hart. Not liking the country I left and encountered on my way, a ferocious "Tiger's Head" (123) for which the artist demanded Rs. 300. My money and my life being in danger, I beat a hasty retreat and met the regimental favourite "Snarleyur." I then returned to the Subadar Major, but the crowd was still thick in front of him. I heard a voice enquiring whether the medals he sported were Durbar medals, but it was promptly silenced by another, belonging to one in authority, which exclaimed "Silly, can't you see Queen Victoria's inscription on them!" I wandered off to "Things that matter" and recognised *en route* "A Street Corner of Calcutta" (138). Here I was admiring the "Snake Charmer" (149), charming ever so wisely, when an extremely portly lady sailed in and shut out the waning light. I groped about in semi-darkness and eventually found myself, by a strange coincidence before "Nightfall" (154). But when this ship had passed in the night of its own making, I took advantage of the light and returned to Dyal Singh. I saw a good bit of the frame this time and was beginning to get a glimpse of

the khaki turban, when I heard a lady exclaim "Khaki does not suit him at all, dearie; he should have been in scarlet." The "dearie," whoever he was, did not reply. I waited a few seconds to hear some other suggestions from this critic, thinking she would suggest a fashionable flame osprey, but she didn't, so I sauntered off to the "Portrait of Mrs. Mac-Entire (256), seated at the piano, weary and ill at ease, playing the Lost Chord. I returned anon to Dyal Singh and this time I was in luck's way. There was only a tall lady admiring the Subadar Major, with her osprey worrying the "Figure Study" (38) above. I found Dyal Singh looking fearfully bored. His eyes spoke unutterables, and his hand was on the hilt of his sword: he was evidently waiting the return of the lady who criticised his regimentals. However, I did not enjoy this masterpiece long, for the galleon which caused darkness a little while previously, sailed up again and found her moorings right in front of me, totally eclipsing the Indian Army Major frame and all. I looked round for sympathy and found it in the amused countenance of the tall ospreyed lady. I then gave up all hope and passed out of the exhibition as silently as did the strange visitor from out the Third Floor Back. Next morning I visited the show early and I had the hall all to myself.

The Knights of the Green Hearts,

or, in Review Order "The Most Hospitable Order of the Green Hearts." Highclass society entertainers—second to none in the land of Ind. The following is the legend of these knights in shining armour, in a nutshell.

"Long before the days of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, it was reported, so the story goes, that a maiden of surpassing beauty was held captive down at the Chadwick Falls, by a monstrous dragon sporting a green heart. Thus is it described in the chronicles. "A fiercely vicious beast with flaming eyes and grisly head which darts forks of living fire; his body a rood long and tail green and supple." When the report of the existence of the beast was confirmed, twenty trusty and valliant men of Simla, without villainy or treason, offered their services to rid the land of the monster and to rescue the maiden. The 19th century Knights of the Round Table were then clad in armour at the expense of the municipality, equipped with lance, buckler and baldric and dispatched to the haunt of the monster. When they arrived at the bare hill with a single large tree thereon (see map) they cast lots for the damsel and lo, she fell to the good fortune of one Sir D'Avrille Newhame. * * * * When the bold

knights had dispatched the dragon, they returned with the damsel and the green heart of the monster, and needless to say, great was the rejoicing throughout the land and greater still the preparations for the nuptials of Sir D'Avrille and the fair Lady Irene.

When the day of the nuptials arrived, all Simla assembled on the ridge to witness the procession; and while the bridegroom tarried at the church, impatient and anxious at the delay in the arrival of the bride; lo, there came a messenger with a telegram for Sir D'Avrille from the fair lady from Rawalpindi, thanking my good knight and his comrades muchly for her deliverance and intimating that she had that morning married a goodly knight of her own choice. The wrath and indignation of the duped knights knew no bounds, and they there and then constituted themselves into a band of Knights of the Green Hearts and took an oath in church never to enter the holy state of matrimony. Their articles of association however provided that should any of their number break the scared pledge, they would forthwith be expelled from the Society for ever.

Such, stranger, is the legend of knights: they now number about twenty to twenty-four.

Their motif is "He is not so—as he looks." They wear their hearts not on their

sleeves but in the right place. They love all but entertain a select few. With no hostages to fortune, they entertain lavishly ; and with the aid of one Merlin, their dances and balls are held in enchanted gardens with fountains of perfumes, outvying those of the Caliph Vahtek. Their grottos and waterfalls are so cunningly devised, that I remember well a couple seeking seclusion in a dark grotto, yeleft *kalla-jugga*, slipped into the cascade and were precipitated on to the mall below and had to return home in a sorry state, with their ardour and garments much dampened,



Amour Propre.

Ye Green Heart knighte, ye wall-flower and ye olde lie.

Sir Galahad :—" Come, the fayre Rowena lacketh partners."

Sir Lancelot :—" By my halidom, Sir Galahad, my programme is full."

Sipi Fair.

The Rana of Koti, one of the petty hill chiefs, holds an annual fair in May, in the

Valley of Sipi, just below Mashobra. The fair has become a sort of recognised institution and it is sometimes patronised by the Viceroy and his staff, and many Europeans attend it out of curiosity, after lunch at the Gables Hotel.

The fair is held in honour of the Goddess of the Valley. She of course does not make an appearance, but the priests of her temple, which is hard by, arrange a substitute in the shape of a small Indian doll draped in red and gold, to which her votaries approach with offerings of fruit and flowers—current Indian coin being more acceptable.

An Indian fair (mela) usually consists of a motley crowd, vile smells, and a medley of noises. The pure mountain atmosphere in the case of the Sipi fair however reduces the second objectionable element to a certain extent ; but to render the congested area less obnoxious, the Meteorological Department, on the advice of the Health Officer, arranges for a local shower of rain on the day of the fair.

The glade is a good way down, and the road to it is long, steep and stony. You are accompanied all the way by an excited holiday crowd of natives of both sexes and of all castes and creeds, who rush down the main road and short cuts in a most reckless fashion, almost upsetting the rickshaws which toil

their weary way down. You pass extremely picturesque woody country, under the shade of deodars, oaks and pines. When you are half way down you hear the continuous doleful din of the country drum, and when you arrive at the delightful plateau, which is made hideous by the presence of a malodorous crowd, the uproar is deafening. The hillside is crowded with village maidens who are specially decked out for the occasion in gala attire, consisting of very loose airy pyjamas (after the fashion of jodhpores), jackets and muslin shawls of all hues imaginable—yellow and pink predominating. There are about thirty to forty rude, creaky country merry-go-rounds, which are in full swing from early morning and well patronised by the rabble, who squat cross legged in the suspended cradles. Gambling takes place in the shape of "Crown and Anchor" with stakes from a farthing upwards, and a mild form of casino excitement prevails round the tables. There are numerous temporary stalls under canvas with German fairings which Houndsditch imports by the ton and re-exports to Delhi for 1 to 8 shillings per gross lots, such as, tin toys, necklets, corals, combs, etc., etc., all of which are eagerly bought up by the village community. There are glass bangles of all colours. One shopkeeper very politely offered me 3 doz. for 3 d. I told him



that I was a bachelor and was not even engaged. He said that if I took them I would be married within a month, but I told him that that was too soon, and that I had no ambition to part with my liberty at such short notice, not even for a bargain in glass bangles—which made him look rather disgusted.

There are native jugglers galore, and remarkably good in their way. I remember one man had a wool industry in his interior. He produced from his mouth over a mile of Berlin wool at one sitting; and really, I never knew when he was going to leave off. I wanted to buy him up and start a *swadeshi* industry, but he was not for sale.

Another man picked up some earth, blew on it and converted it into current coin. He had a marvellous breath that man, and I dare say he would have converted you into a corpse had he breathed on you. There were about a dozen itinerant peep-show men chanting the whole time. For a penny I was shown twenty four wonders of the world. I recognised two or three American cities which one imposter passed off as Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. A picture which struck me as a very ingenious imposition was the "Bath of Psyche" which he called *Belat ki Dhobin* (English washerwoman). Such a compliment I have never heard before. The pictures

from "Graphics" of twenty years ago were passed off as illustrations of the Balkan war. The village band was creating a great disturbance, so I proceeded as near as possible to witness it. It consisted of a big drum held by two coolies and an excited corrybantic *jampani* was belabouring it for all he was worth. When he got exhausted his place was taken up by another, so the drumming never ceased. There were two smaller drums which were beaten by thin reeds which produced enough noise for a coon band contest. There were numerous gipsy beggar women who enlisted your sympathy by displaying month old infants in small hand cradles, and who offered to dance and sing for a consideration.

Native confectioners do a good business : goats are flayed, chopped up and converted into stew by the dozens, all helping to thicken the atmosphere with nauseating odours.

About 3 o'clock the Rana honours the fair with his presence. He holds a court under a *Shamiana* and gazes at the hill beauties on the opposite hillside through a pair of field glasses, which he passes round to his courtiers. The space in front of his tent is then cleared and his archers wage mimic warfare at each others' legs with bows and blunted arrows, with the precision of that of Hubert's grandsire at

Hastings, while his warriors dance a fantastic fan dance. His Highness, followed by his court, then strolls round the grounds, smiling at all and sundry, and his elephant whose name I ascertained was Gunj, perambulates majestically through the crowds, with visitors on his back. He wears a red blanket for the occasion and has a crescent with a large note of exclamation painted on his brow.

Such is the great Sipi fair, stranger : it is held two days and I belive by the second day all the village maidens receive offers of marriage.



XII—L'ENVOI.

Be not despondent, stranger, and hurry no man's cattle. Simla has awakened from her slumbers, yawned, and started upon the path marked Progressive. She is busy at present emerging from the dark ages and the mall is the first to show signs of enlightenment, much to the annoyance of not a few who would rather not have so much electric light on the subject.

On July 14th, the whole of the indigenous population and the *elite* of the Lower Bazaar swarmed upon the Mall to see the shops ablaze with electric lights. "*Wah*," said one of the ladies in a white shroud with two peep-holes for the eyes, as she stared through them at Whiteaway's windows, "What manner of people are these *Ungraz logues*! they capture even the very *billee* (lightening) and use it to serve their purpose. Truly, brother we are living in a wonderful age. Methinks they will next fly."

The shrouded oracle is right. The French people have already practically conquered the air, and when the approved, sealed-pattern machines are imported for use in India, there will be officials and others a-flying in the air, paying flying visits, and arranging real flying camps to Delhi. *Chuprassis* and others of that class will be flying about with boxes

and other mystic paraphernalia of officialdom, and occasionally dropping never to fly again.

But these wild flights of imagination, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the present case. There are however other good things in store for Simla. I have it on good authority that Simla is to have a cool and well ventilated theatre. This was of course decided long before Maud Allan contemplated visiting India. By the way, I gather from the English papers that a certain section of the public in India are strongly protesting against the Maud Allan visit—being shocked at the bare idea ! No doubt the poetic dancer will have to run the gauntlet of fresh air and purity brigades and interpreters of Criminal Codes. If this modern Salome has caused people to lose their heads already, what will happen when she arrives !

The Bad Ballads also refer to the contemplated theatre thus :—

“ There'll be a new theatre
For the Simla A. D. C.
And intervals made longer
For Br-w'n's soliloquy.”

You have never heard B's soliloquy ; but those who are concerned are much perturbed.

Among various other good things, the municipality is to be formed into a more representative body. Poll, dog and excess

water taxes are to be abolished. Rickshaw and other coolies are to be dipped into a strong solution of lysol every morning. Roads and drains are to be widened. Benches are to be placed all round the station for weary globe-trotters. Thackers' map of Simla is to be placed at every sub post office for the convenience of visitors ; and you will scarcely believe it, landlords' rents are to be in a downward direction. But enough is as good as a feast. In another few years Simla will be quite a different place, and will need the writing of a new Guide Book. It is therefore meet and right that I should take leave of you for the present and say "au revoir" in the customary fashion.

"I touch my brow as the Eastern's do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you."

Salaam,



KSB

Diya