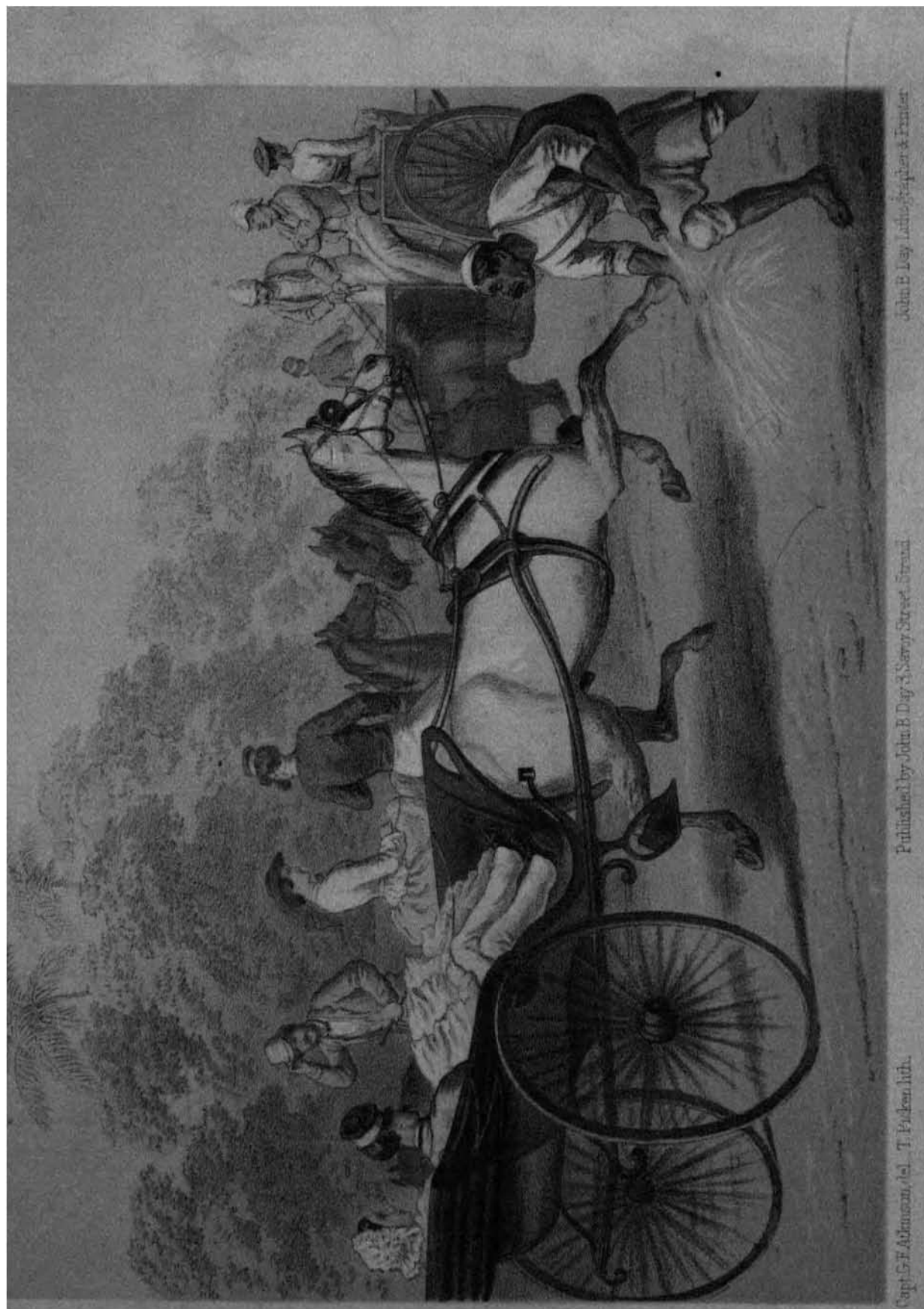


#### CURRY AND RICE.

labour on the roads for purloining his master's water pot. Like Turmeric, he instantly refers to Act 21 of 17, and Regulation 6 of 94, which thoroughly and conclusively establish his view of the question. Then, as for Chutney, his immediate superior, he considers him to be a downright gaby of the first water, and only fit to count the heads of the prisoners in the jail.

In the evening we shall again see him, driving to the band in his curricie; and later still we may meet him, extensively got up in sables and white cravat, scented profusely with some potent essence, telling the ladies of his Arab's exploit, and how he can do his half-mile in fifty-one seconds, and what he himself did that morning at office in the case of Tinkerdoss *versus* Beer Loll, and how the Omlah of the Court (who, I am told, is a functionary of the most consummate importance) congratulated him on the wisdom of his adjudication; all of which interesting communication impresses his fair hearers with the idea, that without him the district in particular, as well as India in general, would go to everlasting smash. But "Our Joint" is a valuable acquisition; his modest self-appreciation always renders him a willing associate, ready to join in whatever will promote sociality, conviviality, and the like. Indispensable is he to the Thespians; his willingness to undertake the mildest characters, such as Hamlet and Macbeth, evince the latent spark of theatrical genius that smoulders within him, which can only find vent in sickly melodrama or derogatory farce. Nothing comes amiss to "Our Joint;" when our parson is absent, the prayers of the devout Church are read by him; and I verily believe he would with equal willingness preach an extempore sermon at a moment's notice, undertake a Protestant discussion with the Pope and all his Cardinals; or, with equal promptitude and despatch, prepare a work for the press on heresy and schism, heavy gun drill, and the plurality of worlds. Thus, with such rare talent, are we not fortunate in having so desirable an acquisition at "Our Station?"



Capt S. H. Atkinson, del. T. Paken, lith.

Published by John B. Day & Son, 31 N. 3rd St., St. Louis.

John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer.

## OUR MALL.

OF course you will take a drive on the Mall, to "eat the air," as we call it in Eastern phraseology. Eat the air? Yes, and a grateful refreshment indeed, after being cribbed, cabined, and confined within the precincts of your closed bungalow for the many and the dreary hours of an Indian summer day—hours which "immeasurably spread, seem lengthening as they go;" glad, indeed, to be able to venture forth from your house of bondage, released from a captivity enforced by the bars and fetters of a scorching sun and the blasts of a fiery furnace!

Oh, for the joys of an Indian summer day! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" A summer day, indeed! when the bright green meadows "are daisied o'er with lambs," and the gay earth, with verdure clad, gladdens the eyesight as it ranges "o'er the blue hills and far away, beyond their utmost purple rim;" with a balmy air,

"Distill'd with the fragrance of flowers,  
When the sunbeams bespangle the dew-begemm'd fields,  
And the birds carol loud in the bowers."

And all that sort of thing?

Not exactly! See the lovely Kabob enveloped in burning sand; observe "the mighty pathos of its empty streets," save when some insane native is to be seen, enshrouded in the folds of his toga, buffeting the blast and daring the sun's rays, which threaten to singe him to destruction; or when some more culpably insane lover of England's blood rushes frantically forth to court the object of his admiration (in which case I detect a signal display of undisguised affection worthy of success). Go you forth and face the fierce fury of the elements on this bright Indian summer day, if anything is seductive enough to tempt you from the comparative coolness of a well-regulated punkah—go you and experience the withering effects of the simoom, which curdles your very marrow, and say if anything can again draw you from your lair while the angry sun shines still, and until the fury of the wind has abated. And let me honestly confess it, the wind does blow right savagely at Kabob with forty fiery furnace power. Be immured, then, in your bungalow from sunrise (and a precious early riser is the sun) to sunset, and you will appreciate a drive in the comparative coolness of the evening.

Let us away, then, to the Mall, where the beauty and fashion are to be seen, though but for a few brief moments, as so "sudden droppeth down the night," the brightness of fair ones' eyes is exchanged for the brightness of buggy-lamps which are called into requisition.

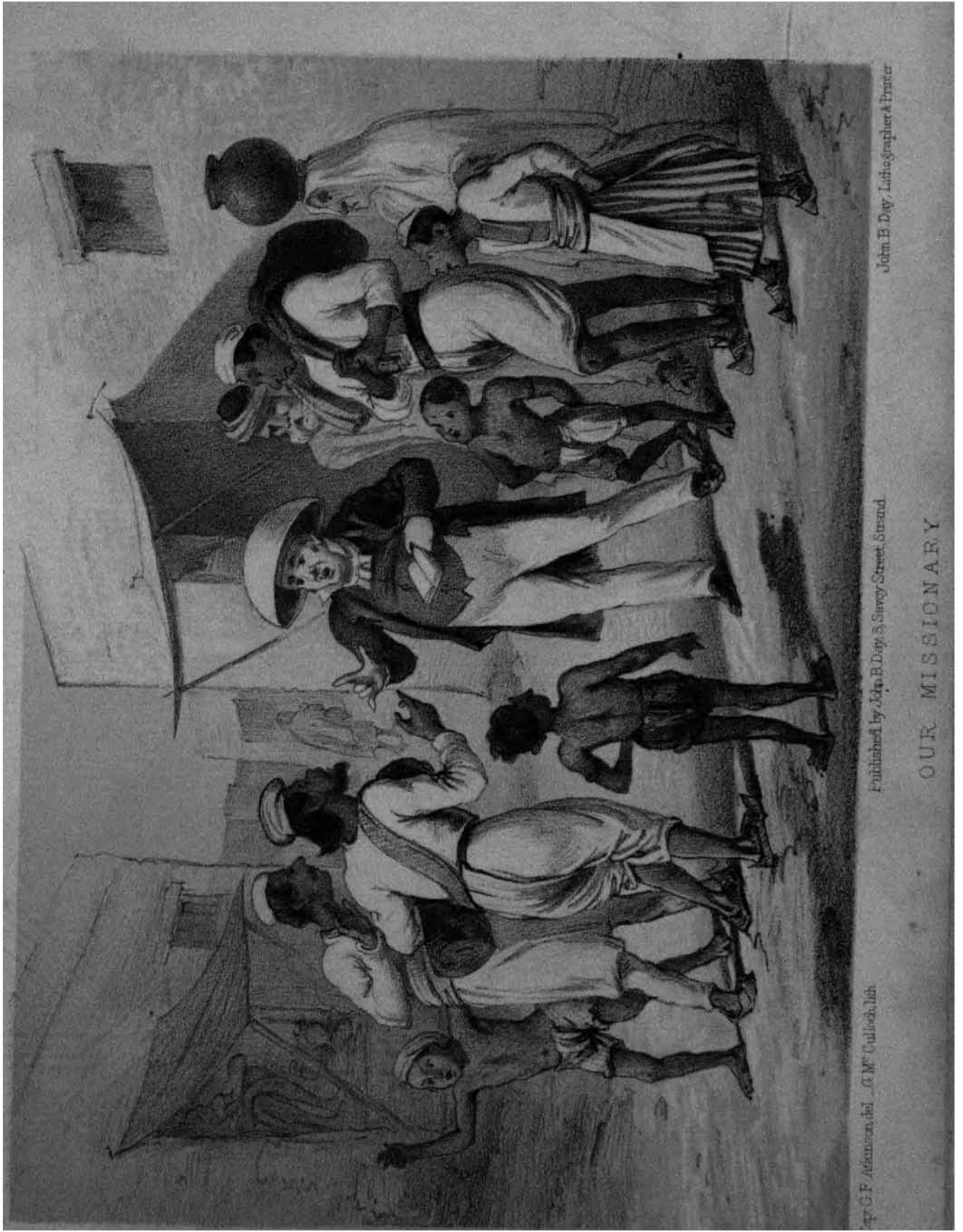
This, then, is the Mall, which, you perceive, enjoys the exclusive felicity of having its Sahara-like surface watered, to the manifest advantage of the ladies' bonnets, which,

## CURRY AND RICE.

until this reform was effected, universally exhibited a uniform drab. Pawney of ours, whose wife has an annual consignment of a French bonnet direct from her *modiste*, the arrival and display of which is one of the events of the season, and affords pabulum for conversation at Kabob for a good fortnight; and whose latest importation (that orange concoction, with a fiery, flaming feather) being totally and irretrievably ruined on the very first night of its public exhibition—Mrs. Pawney's husband, I say, couldn't stand it any longer, so, by superhuman exertions, and pungent appeals to the pockets of the community, eleemosynary donations were got in, and orders on the Paymaster for monthly deductions for this laudable object were obtained, and the watering of the Mall was a *fait accompli*—an achievement which operates most effectually towards the social gathering together of our little society. And we do it in a primitive way, as the patriarchs of old had the ground watered in front of their tents—not with jets shot from those abominations of wheeled carts, objects of terror to incipient Jehus and shying horses, but the simple, unadulterated fluid sprinkled from the protruding palm of the "drawer of water."

The Mall is not so well attended to-night, for there is a grand feed at the Chutneys', and Mrs. Teapoy of ours is to have a hop; so that the ladies who are going to each place are lying by.

There goes Topey and his wife in their buggy. Topey is commissariat officer, popularly designated "Grambags:" he furnishes the soldiery with "beer, wine, tobacco, sugar, pepper, and snuff," and other varieties too numerous to mention. A capital fellow is "Grambags," and his wife is a stunner. That woman in the white habit is Mrs. Byle, wife of that artillery officer who is riding with her. He commands the Cow Battery—called so, because the guns are drawn by the horned species. A capital rider is Mrs. Byle, and a dead hand at the polka: those were her children we met just now on ponies, with a bevy of attendants. Those in the dog-cart are some of "Ours;" but as the Mall is cleared, and the "*bleesties*" alone are left to hold their undisputed sway, let us be off to the Band, where we shall be sure to see something more of the live portion of "Our Station."



By G. F. Atkinson, del. G. M. Collier, lith.

Published by J. B. Day & Savoy Street, Strand

John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer.

OUR MISSIONARY



## OUR GERMAN MISSIONARY.

DOWN in the principal bazaar, at the very west end of Kabob, which, although the least fashionable, is the most highly peopled quarter of "Our Station," in that whitewashed bungalow, which stares conspicuously amidst its mud-coloured neighbours, like a white-robed native in a crowd of his unvestured brethren, resides the Reverend Emanuel Fruitz, the little German Missionary, his family (a perfect colony in itself, and, therefore, not to be disregarded in this faithful record), and the converts to his faith, whose members might be comprised within a not over-extensive range of apartments.

If the Reverend Emanuel Fruitz is himself diminutive in stature (and why the German Missionaries are invariably little men has not been satisfactorily accounted for), his zeal is fully an equivalent, and his moral worth amply compensates for the lack of muscular development; besides, as already insinuated, his progeny are, at any rate, numerically, if not physically, large; whilst of the sharer of his earthly joys there is no denying it, that she is of a stately and enormous size, completely overshadowing the little Fruitz, when, sitting together in their well-stocked four-wheeler, they take their evening drive. And, by the way, a most surprising vehicle that is. The accommodation it affords, the *multum in parvo* nature of its capabilities, are only to be equalled by the tenacity of its wheels, which, while wabbling so unmercifully, suggestive of immediate disorganization, yet remain steadfastly faithful amidst all their revolutions; while in the horse I recognize, in his moral character, an emblem of the little Missionary himself—patient, enduring, and meek. He has a duty to perform, and he puts his shoulder to the collar with a hearty will, although the load is great, the roads heavy, and the progress slow. A proper Missionary's horse is that!

A perfect Salamander is the little Fruitz: he defies the rigour of the scorching wind, and at any hour of the day you may find him in the highways and byways, holding forth to the native community on the subject of his mission—scattering the seeds, as he will tell you. And this simple duty, it appears, he is well satisfied to perform, without the satisfaction of reaping the fruits thereof; for at Kabob, the heathen resolutely decline to accede to his views of entertaining a novel faith, and resist the logic of his reasonings. Sheltered under the canopy of his wide-spreading mushroom, he enforces his doctrines in all weathers. There he is, discussing a point with two of the natives, while casual passers-by pause awhile to hear the debate, and little urchins drop their screechings and their games to listen to the proceedings.

Fruitz has established a school in the Bazaar, which, I am told, is populously attended; and Mrs. Fruitz takes under her protecting wing the little orphans that Fruitz in his labours carries home to cherish and bring up. Those were the orphans you saw in the Fruitz's verandah, and it was for the nourishment of these same ones that the proceeds of the last fancy sale in the cantonment were devoted, and for whom little

Fruitz pleaded in broken English, with convulsive gestures, in Ginger's pulpit, a few Sundays ago.

A very excellent little fellow is Fruitz, but it is to be hoped that his orations in the Oriental vernacular are couched in language more intelligible to his hearers than are his efforts in English; but his sermon, which was all about a "winny-ya-ard," was an affecting one, albeit the solemnity of the discourse was endangered by the eccentricity of the English, which, I must confess, excited the cachinations of several members of our otherwise discreet congregation.

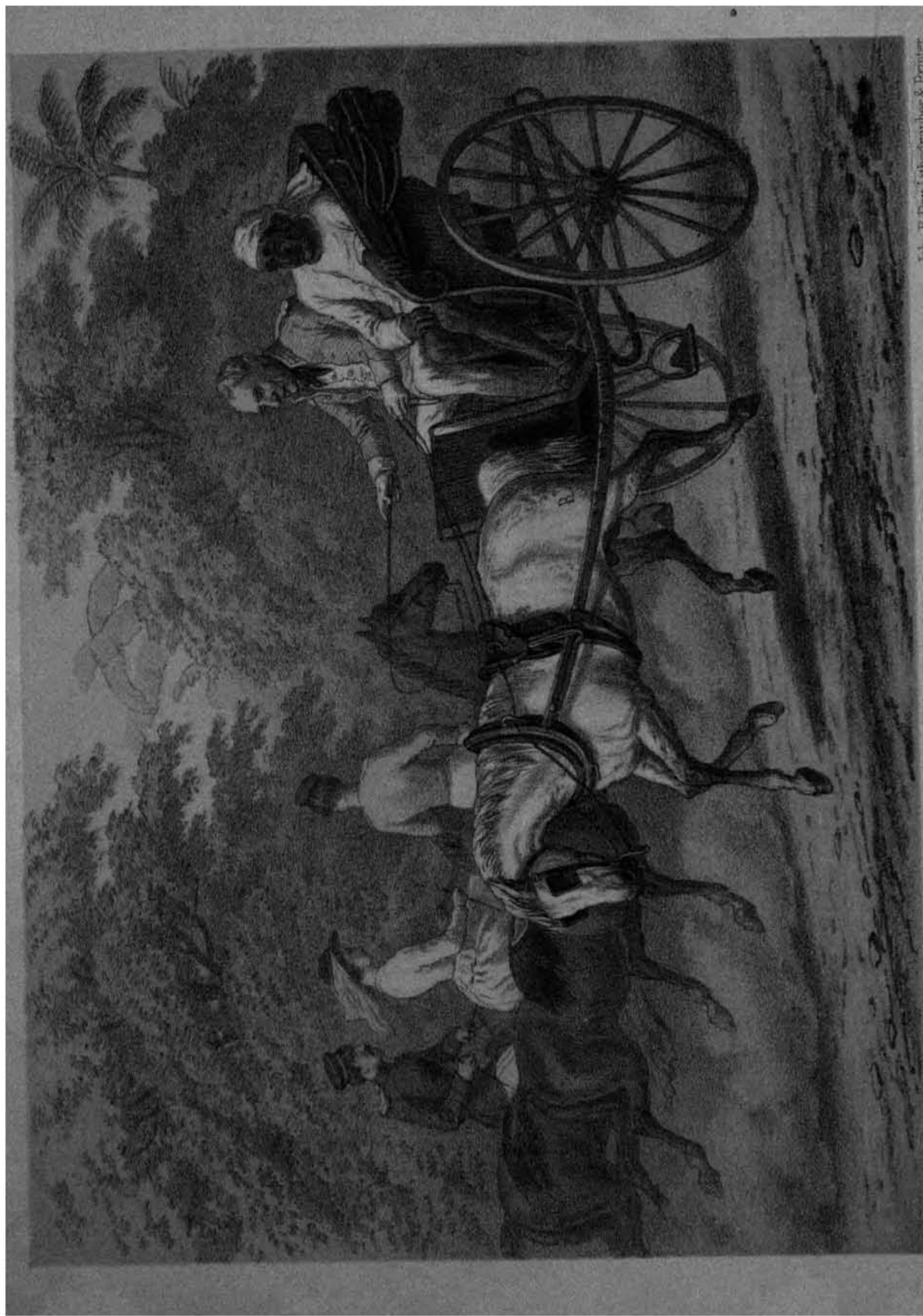
Hawnster of ours, who was so irreverent as to evince merriment, pleaded in extenuation that the conversion by the little missionary of a "Jewish Rabbi" into a "Jewish Wabbi," justified a temporary explosion of mirth. But Fruitz accompanies his eloquence with manual exercises of a theatrical order, waving his arms, and, with his little body reposing on the pulpit-cushion, describes semicircles in the air, as though he were floating on the sea, and buffeting a huge crimson billow.

Then Fruitz has a rival in the Roman Catholic priest, and great are the contentions between the zealous missionaries; and as the latter is a Maltese, and can only speak bad Italian, broken French, a smattering of Hindustani, and dislocated English, how the disputants convey their respective sentiments to each other is a problem the solution of which has not transpired. But the contentions wax warm at times, and rumours are floated to the "Lines" that some convert, seduced and clandestinely appropriated from the rival fold, has excited an agitation not entirely confined to words. We did hear that one convert had been induced to change his creed for the superior monthly stipend that would fall to his lot when in the rival fold, and so he became a Roman Catholic; that a subsequent raising of the emoluments by his original pastor at once restored him to Protestantism, and that the allurements of a higher grade of pay reconverted him instantly to the Papal belief; when, once more, by an enchantment of the Protestant premium, he was only too willing to abjure the Pope, and again throw himself into the congregation of the little Fruitz. Be this as it may, the much vexed question, it is further reported, was submitted to arbitration, when the object of dispute, on the intimation that pecuniary aid would be reduced and equalized in either creed, scornfully rejected the offer, and went down forthwith to the great hideous idol in the Temple of Kabob, and proclaimed himself to be an unadulterated Hindoo.

But the little Fruitz perseveres right manfully, and in the faithful Mrs. Fruitz he has a very able coadjutor.

Go and see the Mission House. You will find Mrs. Fruitz, who, with smiles and much broken English, will be delighted to show you the establishment where the orphans are educated, with a view to their being able to reap for themselves an honest livelihood.

And so, amidst toil, and travail, and disappointment, with contracted means, exiled in a foreign land, but with hopes bright and a firm faith, do this good, worthy couple minister, individually and conjointly, in what is to them a labour of love, working with willing hearts in the arduous duties of that state of life to which they have been called, to the benefit of their fellow-creatures and with the cordial good wishes of the society of "Our Station."



Cap. G. P. Alvarez del. G. P. Paken. lith.

Published by John B. Day & Savoy Street Strand

John B. Day Lithographer & Printer.

DECTOR



## OUR DOCTOR.

DR. GOLEY is Civil Surgeon, and lives in the Civil Lines. The soldiers of the artillery and the staff are exposed to the influence of Doctor De Why; while Dr. McGhee is the consulting physician and general practitioner of "Ours;" and all three repose beneath the superintending and vigilant glance of the great Dr. Fogrum, whose responsible and arduous duties consist in permanently sitting as president of a standing committee to provide for the sick and needy in their affliction, by the administering of medical certificates, which enable the then joyful recipients to escape for awhile from their exile in the shadeless plains of Ind, to

"Breathe in luxury their native air."

Dr. McGhee, it might be unmistakably affirmed, from his uncompromising accent, originated and had his early development matured in the Land of Cakes. In general aspect, his physiognomy is characteristic of severity: the impending brows, which project like cornices, cast a deep shade upon those cold grey eyes, that seem to shrink appalled with instinctive horror at the too dangerous proximity of that fiery nose.

In creed, McGhee is a Christian; in character he is Hebraic, being of an acquisitive and accumulative turn of mind, which resolves itself into performances that afford food for the amusement of the young blood of Kabob, and the enlivenment of the coffee-shop.

The domestic hearth of "Our Doctor" is cheered with a better half, who is the sharer of his joys and the participator in his profits. He has stamped his similitude upon a buxom lassie, who, brought up and nourished in her fond father's homestead, rejoices in a limited amount of knowledge, a powerful resemblance to the maternal parent, and the name of Barbara.

But what the internal economy of the McGhee household exhibits, has never been made visible to the naked eye of our community. The seclusion of a China and a Japan has nought to compare with the rigid interdiction of all intercourse from without, that signalizes the government of the McGhee rule, in respect to the non-admission of the foreigner; for hermetically sealed are the garden gates, and the glad voice of welcome rings not within its walls. Is it lest the pledge of their earliest affections, in the form of the gentle Barbara, might be reft from the domestic bosom by some susceptible stripling, convulsed into enamourment, and entrapping her in the meshes of matrimony? or is it that morning visits engender evening spreads, and that buggies at the door are provocative of bitter beer at the table,—concatenations which involve pecuniary consequences of a serious nature?

The paternal McGhee has a penetrating eye for the main chance. The duties of

## CURRY AND RICE.

his profession—the medicinal and the surgical—no longer molest that brain, from which any acquirements he may have realized on the subject in his early days have long since exuded. The popular impression is, that he is a veritable "Revolver," while the ladies look upon him as a perfect "Herod" among their children. Such being the views entertained, the really sick ones of "Ours" are never submitted to his destructive powers; and so the leisure of the "Great Plague of Kabob" is occupied in a more genial way, by devotion to the business of the Kabob Bank.

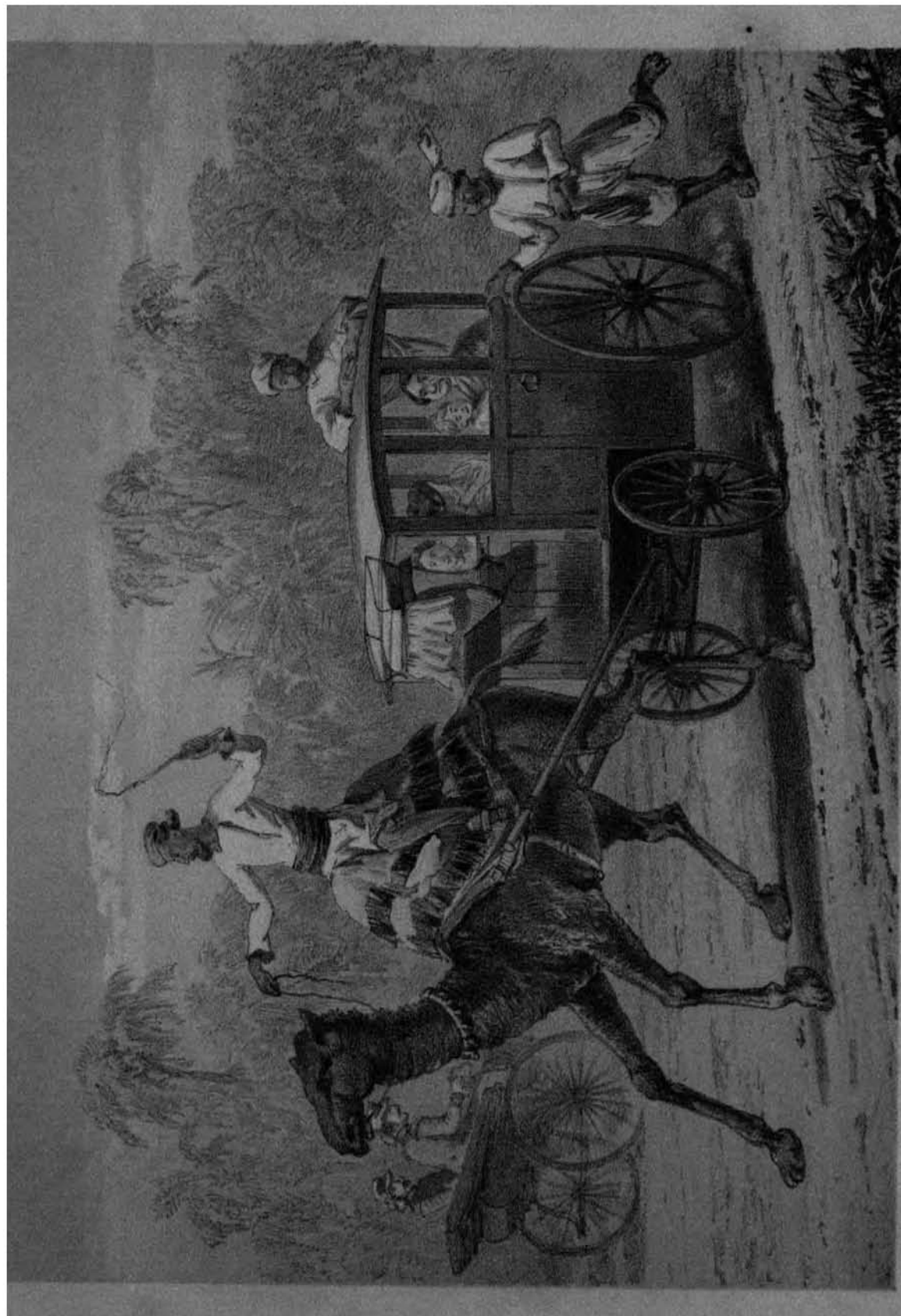
Of course, you have heard of the Kabob Bank! Well, it was originated and established by McGhee, who is the very life and soul of it. He is a director; so is Stickerdoss, the nigger; so are Ensign Loan, and Neel, the indigo-planter; and so is Pysa Doss, the contractor. These are the bank parlour authorities. Scraps is secretary. Scraps came to India as a recruit, and being originally a tailor, got a snip to purchase his discharge: then he became a river merchant, diffusing all the trash of the metropolis along the banks of the great Gunga; now he is shareholder, manager, and secretary of the great Kabob Bank. He will transact any amount of business with you in that bank parlour, but always under the secret ministration of old McGhee. Just drop in and ask for the loan of a lakh; you will be delighted with the fluency with which the great man will dilate upon shares, floating deposits, securities, liquidations, remittances, exchange, insurance, mortgage, premiums, policies, government paper, and the like.

Between you and me, it is said, and Goley affirms it to be so,—but, from his having been profusely bled by the Bank, his opinion might be somewhat biassed, and his mind prejudiced,—but still it is said that old McGhee does funny things in that quiet bank parlour,—cancelling shares in a peculiarly acquisitive, and not altogether unprofitable manner, and performing other delicate but lucrative operations, which augment and develop the resources of his individual purse.

But the mighty maw of McGhee is not appeased with such mild nourishment, and craves nutrition from other sources; so that he established the *Kabob Chronicle*, of which he is sole proprietor. He is a great shareholder in the "General Nullah Navigation Company," as also in the "More Effectual Nigger-Clothing Company," and others too numerous to mention.

But, here he comes in his buggy, with his horsekeeper seated beside him. That buggy, built some fifty years ago, is still tenacious of existence; but, like the human frame, is ever in a state of active renovation. The horse, too, is worthy of your regard. It was a cavalry charger, cast from the ranks for unsoundness, general debility, and old age, and was purchased by McGhee at auction for eightpence half-penny. And just see how the blood of the once proud Arabian tells: he will work while he has a spark of life left in him. And he certainly does not lead an idle life with old McGhee, whom he is now drawing to visit his hospital, which, taking into consideration the sport that he finds there morning and evening, bears the impressive designation of "Our Doctor's Preserves."

"Good evening, Doctor. Warm evening—eh?" There he goes; he doesn't hear,—his thoughts are too much occupied with rupees, and with what he can best do to turn a penny out of some one at "Our Station."



Cart G.F. Atkinson del. F. Jones lith.

Published by John B. Day & Son, 21, Savoy Street Strand.

OUR DOCTOR'S WIFE

John B. Day Lithographer & Printer

## OUR DOCTOR'S WIFE.

IN that small dingy bungalow, with its thatch all dishevelled and deranged, its pillars peeled of their whitewash, and verging hopelessly from the perpendicular,—its once green venetians bereft of their hinges, hanging about with a similar obliquity of purpose, and yet evincing a determination to blockade the doors,—the compound bared of every symptom of vegetation, and denuded of all human life,—there, in that demesne, and staring at you like a bleared and dismal waste, a howling wilderness, where the jackals at their midnight orgies love to roam, and give vent to their lamentations in wails, long, lachrymose, and loud,—where the crowd of vagrant dogs, too, from the contiguous Bazar, resort to bay the moon, and serenade the inmates,—is there domesticated with her lord, the spouse of our far-famed Doctor; there is domiciled the gentle Barbara; and there are ripening to maturity the still small blossoms that are designed to perpetuate the dynastic brood of the McGhees.

The interior of that family mansion, as already recorded, is not generally exposed to public view; but, still the inner life of the McGhees is not altogether unknown to fame, for the secrets of the prison-house are divulged with a degree of circumstantial evidence that justifies occasional belief. Now, we all know, for instance, and we heard it through Mrs. Brisket's ayah (one of those Oriental creatures of the genus lady's-maid), who had been in Mrs. McGhee's service, who told Mrs. Nutkut's ayah, who whispered it to Mrs. Garlic, who mentioned it to Garlic, who repeated it at mess, that Mrs. McGhee often whops Barbara because she doesn't get married. But ayahs are shockingly given to embroidery, and are as spiteful as loquacious; and we cannot repose trust in all they assert, or we might also credit that unscrupulous rumour also promulgated through the ayahistic agency, to the effect that old Mother McGhee, who is mightily cannie in the things that are visible, is still more deplorably so in the things not seen, and that, as the ayah herself expressed it, she never did come across such a "Mem Sahib,"—that her wardrobe which is visible to the naked eye, is a mere japan or veneer,—and that her invisible garments are about as scanty as the skirts of a Highlander; and though it is confirmed by Mrs. Jootmoot, the demi-semi Oriental, who lives in the Bazar, and dispenses cheap second-hand millinery to the soldiers' wives, and whom Mrs. McGhee once delighted to honour, yet Mrs. Jootmoot is horribly prejudiced, for Mrs. McGhee has withdrawn her custom, because she had the audacity to bring up old McGhee at the last "Court of Requests," for refusing to pay her little bill of long standing, and who had, *vulgo*, to stump up; a decree much to the mortification of the matron, and the gratification of the subs of "Ours," who were members of the Court, and who are frequently entertained by the settlement of such petty pecuniary disaccordances.

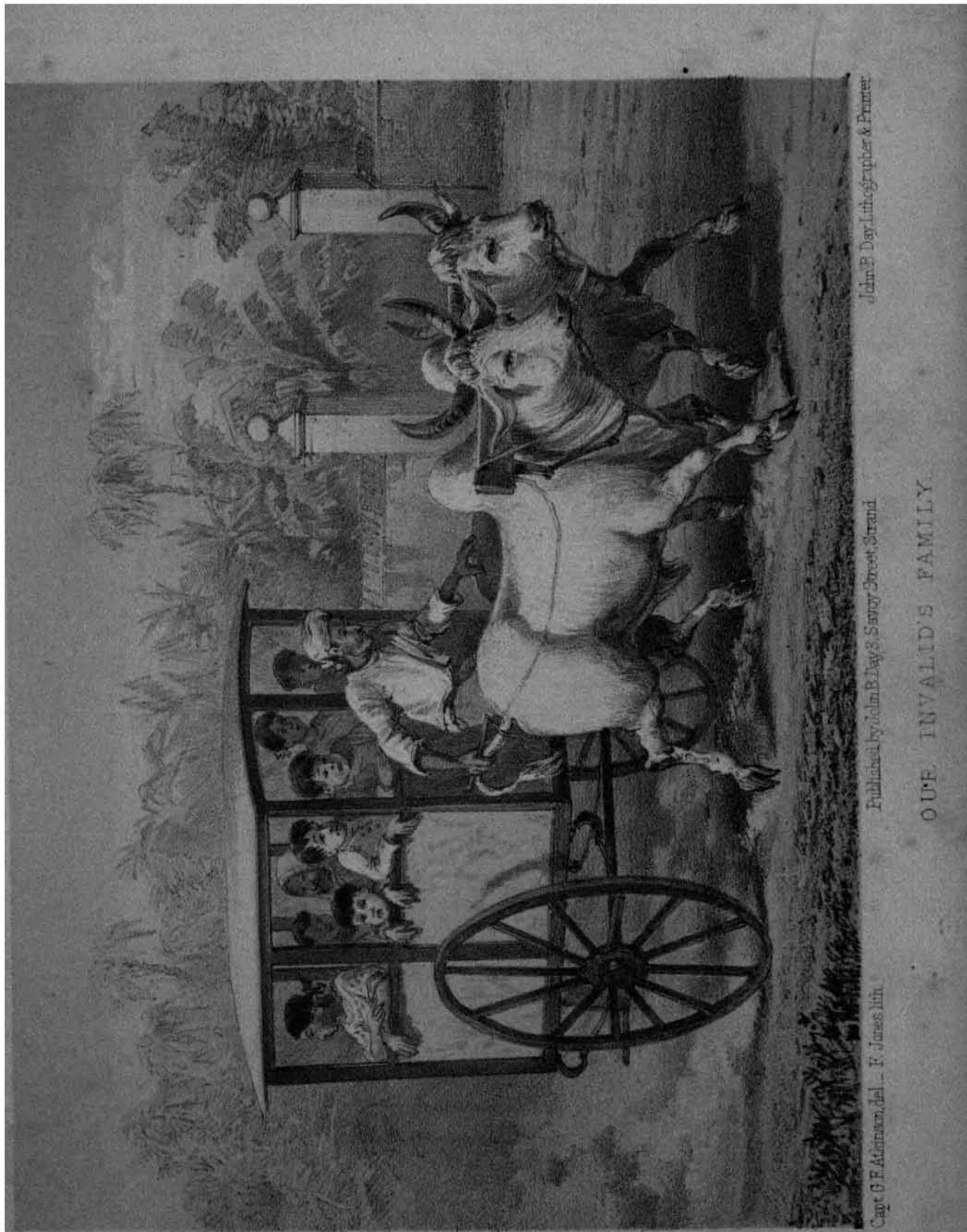


## CURRY AND RICE.

Chouse Loll, the great cloth merchant, considers it a profitless operation to have dealings with Mrs. McGhee; and, being an influential personage, he resists the missives that are sent to allure him into her presence. But Mrs. McGhee is triumphant over the petty *boxwallahs*, those itinerant purveyors of lucifer-matches, ginger, salmon, castor oil, shaving-soap, pickles, note paper, and bridles. She despatches her emissaries (the Doctor's orderlies, who are enlisted, *vi et armis*, in her service), and the recreant pedlars are haled into her presence, to their unmitigated disgust, to the general ransacking of their boxes, an abstraction, at nominal prices, of their choicest treasures, with hopes faint and undefined of pecuniary compensation.

There comes Mrs. McGhee, in her trap, drawn by one of those gargling, groaning, gaunt "ships of the desert"—being preferred to horses by the cannie Doctor, as being less addicted to gram,—and, really, a capital camel it is!—drags that palankeen carriage at a good ten miles an hour; and though it is a caution to the passing traveller, I am not quite satisfied whether the terror inspired on the minds of horses when it passes arises from the awkward gait and general uncouthliness of the animal, or from the uproarious clamour of the vehicle itself, which rolls along with the spokes and tire of its wheels in a state of such loose dependancy as to stir up the noise of ten thousand anvils, sufficient to rouse the dead.

Though the domestic doors are shut, and her mansion inaccessible, the band plays to-night, and Mrs. McGhee then takes the opportunity of displaying her loved Barbara, for the special benefit of anyone intent on matrimony. And, by the way, they do say—but it must be apochryphal—that once some hapless wight, a needy sub involved in difficulties, and dunned by his creditors, conscious of the monetary value of old McGhee, did actually institute proposals for entering into the McGhee family; and, under the combined influence of a champagne tiffin and an unanticipated advent of an obtrusive bailiff, rushed over to old McGhee, and inquired what he would "fork out" to get rid of his Barbara, whom the Griff in question then and there offered to take off his hands for a suitable indemnification. The report, as further particularized, records that the sum demanded was of so heavy a nature that the terms of the treaty were summarily rejected, and the bold Griff, with champagne subsided, and a bailiff departed, had cause to rejoice at old McGhee's declining his offer. But, to return from our digression: just go alongside Mrs. McGhee's carriage, and you will find her conversation delightful. If she knows little of the world beyond her compound gate, she can and will tell you narratives of herself: how that she "enjoys very bad health"—with a microscopic detail of her ailments, together with the treatment she has experienced,—when the last poultice was applied—and where,—what the specific pains are that she endures, and what medicines did for her. But she is never so happy as when she becomes discursive upon the subject of dental surgery, from which you will ascertain how and why she has been a martyr, with a thrilling circumstantiality which will, probably, have the effect of removing you from the carriage, bearing away in your mind the impression that the McGhees are decidedly, and palpably, a family that does not do over-much honour to "Our Station."



John B. Day Lithographer & Printer

Published by John B. Day's Savoy Street, Strand

OUR INVALID'S FAMILY

Capt G. F. Atkinson, del. — F. Jones, lith.

## OUR INVALID MAJOR.

As we are at his gate, we'll just step in and see Major Garlic. Unlucky in promotion, disgusted with incessantly tramping the parade-ground to little purpose, and no symptoms of a Staff appointment displaying themselves, even in the far-off horizon of his hopes, he made capital out of his constitution, cultivated a disordered state of liver, and got invalided.

In his early career, Garlic was a gay Lothario, delighting to bask in the sunshine of some loved one's smiles, and striving to captivate some blushing maid to bear the loving name of wife. He sought a bride: although the multiplicity of his applications and entreaties to the maidens of Juwabpore, where he was stationed, won for him the soubriquet of the "Solicitor-General," they were, one and all, impervious, unpropitious, unkind.

In terrible disgust, and with desperate resolve to announce with crushing effect his utter scorn for England's heartless daughters, he rushed simultaneously into folly and wedlock, and married a "darkie"—a pure and unmitigated specimen of the mild Hindoo; one of those dusky daughters of the East that roll their black effulgent orbs

"On India's coral strand."

Garlic is a sensible fellow now, and acknowledges that he played the part of a pretty considerable idiot; but his antipathy for the female sex has not diminished, nor has its violence abated; for, with a cunning eye and a keen relish, he diligently courts the weaknesses of frail women, and diffuses with immoderate glee the petty peccadilloes of Eve's fair daughters, as, ever and anon, they reach his ear to tremble on his tongue.

Garlic has affected the census in a very material degree, having established a family on a scale of unlimited prodigality; his quiver is well stocked with a miscellaneous supply of every tincture and of every tinge. There is the unqualified coffee-colour, in its normal hue, with all the delicate varieties and gradations consequent upon the introduction of milk; there is the genuine, undeniable mud, the yellow, the tawny, and the pink. See, there are some of the olive-branches taking an airing in their trap; they bear the felicitous cognomen of "Garlic's Irregulars," and the vehicle itself revels in the appellation of "Garlic's Colour-box." Does not envy rankle in your breast at witnessing the happy lot of the parent invalid, at being the possessor of such a piebald progeny, with their tawny complexions, black eyes, and still blacker locks?

Dame Garlic is not patent to the vulgar world: her habitations are in the dim obscure; she dwells, as it is Orientally expressed, "behind the purdah;" but in compliance with your entreaties, she may be induced at times to emerge and increase your satisfaction by displaying in your presence the zest with which she smokes her hookah,

## CURRY AND RICE.

and chews her beetal-leaf. The once lithe, sylph-like, airy houri, has merged, through the inspiration of unlimited butter, into an obese, ring-nosed, unctuous matron.

Have a caution as you enter the house—that land of darkness: the floor is infested with the brats that lie dormant in every direction, with vestments of an abridged, if not of an entirely abrogated nature. The fumes of tobacco, commingled with the scent of the flavouring essences, together with the pungent odour of Eastern confections and condiments undergoing the ordeal of concoction in the inner chambers, impregnate the air, which, unagitated by the grateful motion of a punkah, is stifling and oppressive; but Garlic is used to it, and the sable spouse and her tribe thrive spontaneously in this hotbed.

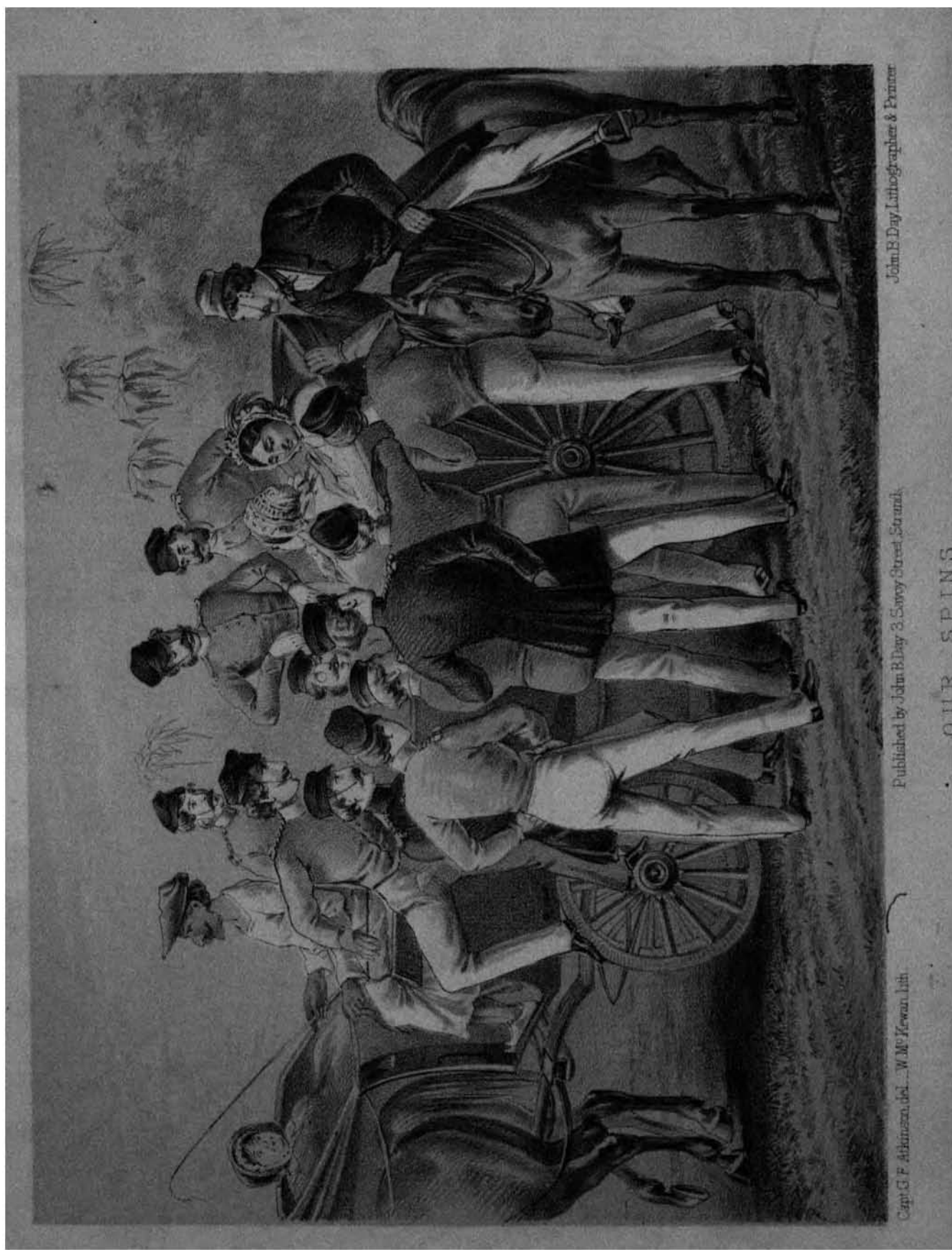
An amusing, clever fellow, is Garlic: fond of his books, which to him are a source of domestic enjoyment—as well they may,—and still more, desperately fond of an argumentative encounter; and is prepared, at the earliest opportunity, to dispute, expound, convince, and enforce his views on any possible subject, against any comer, however formidable, and however acute. Get him on his *chabectra*—that terrace of masonry before his house, where he loves to sit when the shades of eve have “cooled the burning sky,”—and have a gentle chat with him; and a pleasant hour it is for the Indian exile, when the easiest chairs that the bungalow can produce are brought forth, with supplementary ones for the especial consolation of the upraised legs; when the grateful cheroot, and still more grateful “peg”—that artful and insinuating compilation of soda-water and of brandy—are then instituted by the Pagan Ganymede; and the surrounding air is agitated by the large fan in the hand of a corresponding slave.

Then, as the stars begin to twinkle in the sky, through the canopy of blazing dust that is gradually dissolving, when the bats begin to signalize their existence by gyrations of rather too proximate a character to be pleasant, and when the Bazar has dropped its din, and before prowling jackals have commenced their midnight avocations or instituted their vocal inquietudes, then is the time for peace and enjoyment. Then you can pass a pleasant hour with the argumentative Garlic; when his black hive has ceased its buzz, when the sable matron has dropped her hubbub, and retired to rest, and the black offspring are stretched on the floor of repose; then you can indulge in pipes and politics, discuss the merits of “pegs” and primogeniture, whilst the ballot and brandy-pawney play gratefully on the tongue, and retiring-pensions and military regulations combine pleasantly with the puffs of the punkah and the draughts of iced soda-water.

Then you will hear all Garlic's griefs, and his prospects for the future, which is irrevocably set in this far-off land. He once had bright hopes of a rest for his declining day, if not in the land of his birth, at any rate in the New World of Australia; but such visions have departed with the multiplication of the species, and still more renders such dreams illusive!

No; Garlic has taken a step which he acknowledges will bind him irretrievably to the land of exile. Here he has made it his abiding-place, and here will he remain till he finds a still narrower home in the burial-ground of “Our Station.”





John B Day Lithographer & Printer

Published by John B Day 3 Sway Street, St. Paul

Capt G F Atkins, del. W M Kewan lith

OUR SPINS

## OUR SPINS.

LOVELINESS! that characteristic of British women, is but faintly exemplified among those at "Our Station," who recreate in the appellation of "Spins."

Barbara McGhee is a Spin; but in the popular eye she is regarded as impracticable. We discern in the bud what she will be in the flower; safely may we predicate that she will eventually resemble her mamma in human architecture.

The bachelor mind, on matrimonial thoughts intent, pictures to itself the object of adoration as ever remaining the same ~~delicate~~, pretty being that she now is. But to have such a dip into futurity as is demonstrated by Barbara's mamma, especially as silly Mrs. McGhee persists in affirming that she was once exactly like Barbara, is a prospect quite sufficient to whirl away every project of a holy alliance. Moreover, who could possibly encounter the appalling prospect of having Mrs. McGhee plunging into the retirement of one's domestic hearth.

Next on our roster is Letitia Goley, sister to our civil surgeon, rather antique, but cleverish; a child of sentiment, the victim of tender sensibilities, and with a nose suggestive of a cricket ball! Nine-and-twenty are the summers she has seen; with a few thousand rupees of her own, and a temper to match, she is decidedly eligible. She calls herself a brunette, and prides herself on her Spanish descent, which is about true, considering that Grandmamma Goley was indigenous, and powerfully tinctured with the blood of a Hindoo. It is currently reported that to "claim her hand unnumbered suitors came," but that she prefers the state of single-blessedness. She views matrimony in a sentimental light, and imagines that when love becomes a duty it must cease to be interesting; that wedlock would instantly blast the tendrils of affection, and sound a knell to expiring joy. We admire her doctrine, and—allow her to remain single!

But Letitia is fond of society, and of small talk; goes to every party, and wears mittens. We have registered a small vow to eschew all partners (either temporarily in the dance, or for life) who wear mits. Damp digits are far from indispensable qualifications in a wife, and moist knuckles are anything but conducive to the heart's affections. But Letty is highly accomplished: she is a poet, perpetrates sonnets, which Herr Guttler, the band-master, sets to music. Her most brilliant composition was a heart-rending duet, commencing,

"What are those vile knaves saying,  
Sinner, the whole day long?"

Then she warbles, too; sings a duet with Mrs. Chutney, all about a bank whereon something grows; but whether in time, or out of time, or what time has to do with it,

## CURRY AND RICE.

beyond that it is very wild, is exceedingly dubious: then somebody dances with delight, and wonderful is the quivering and quavering at the word 'dances.' However, the novelty of the song is charming.

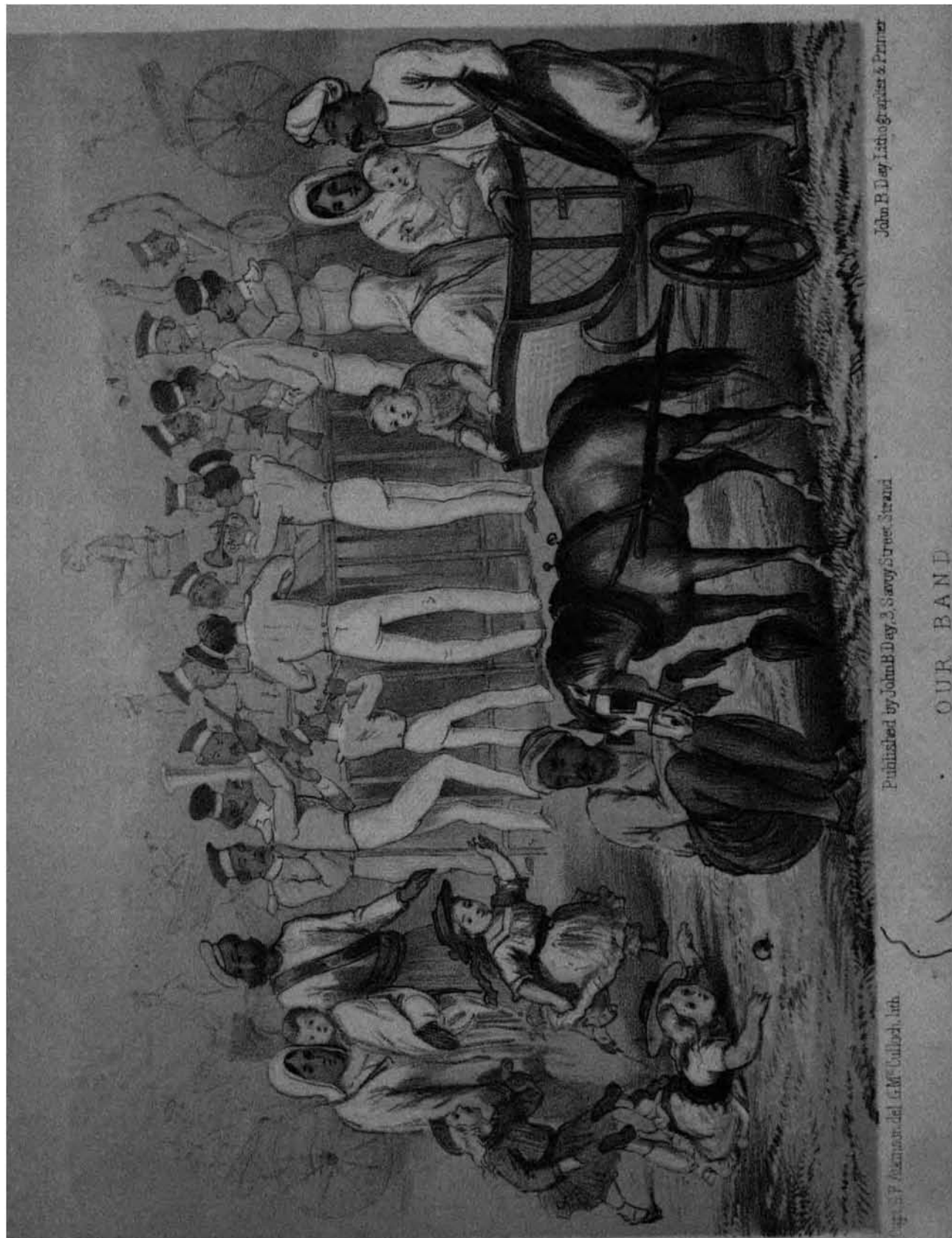
Next, we have Bella Clove, with plenty of head, and a scarcity of brain; a great adept at slang, and all giggle and gums. Rising sixteen, she has the skittishness of a two-year-old, and will soon entangle some amorous ensign by her rolick and rattle, backed up as it is with those bright hazel eyes, that twinkle so attractively, and that merry laugh. Bella is daughter of Clove of ours, who imported her last cold weather; and very little does she trouble her papa in the chaperoning line; for Bella scorns attendance; rattles all about cantonment on that little Arab of hers; scampers round the racecourse in the morning with the young ensigns; gallops at full speed down the Mall with a similar escort, to the intense horror of poor Mrs. Dhurrter, who drives out in her buggy by herself, and whose horse, startled by the rushing tramp of hoofs, forthwith plays insanely the part of a dancing dervish, and, bucking about in the shafts, which are as rigid as maypoles, sets her bobbing about on her cushion like a parched pea, fluctuating indiscriminately between the hood and the splashboard, to the infinite delight of Miss Bella, who shrieks with laughter as she rides away to the band. And there she trots about among the carriages—chaffs the Colonel, promises to teach him the polka, upon which he retaliates that he has, fortunately, got a wife, and has no idea of being churned into matrimony. When away she goes, and asks old Guttler why he plays such stupid tunes, and begs he will always drop those horrid operatic airs, and give polkas, waltzes, and galops instead; then she engages herself for every dance for the next ball, whenever such a contingency should chance to occur; and when the company disperse, the last departure, and the last voice we hear, are those of the merry Bella Clove.

Then we have Carry Cinnamon, who lives with Mrs. Chutney, the best and brightest of the bunch. If the crazy, susceptible ensigns are allured by the rattling Bella, a perfect swarm of admirers hover round the Chutneys' carriage at the band, basking in the fair smiles, and thrilling under the pensive glances of those large blue eyes. No, not a really good feature does Carry possess, and yet,

"With a wild violet grace and sweetness born,"

she wins all hearts; for she is so gentle and so pleasing; admirably educated, plays nicely on the piano and harp; has not much voice, but great taste; never affects Italian, although she does understand it; but she will sing you a simple ballad if you really wish it; and I am much mistaken if you would not like to hear it again.

Popular rumour announces that she has rejected many a good offer, as she declines to give her hand where her heart cannot follow. But such a combination, it is pretty well acknowledged, is capable, at last, of being realized; in which case we shall have cause to lament the loss of the most attractive Spin of "Our Station."



John B. Day Lithographer & Printer

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Wm. P. Garrison del. G. M. Colclough lith.



## OUR BAND.

THIS is Band night. Of course you will drive up and hear the Band play. I will not be so rash as to assert that you will voluntarily listen to it; but if you venture into the vicinity, you will not fail to hear it, for ours is a mightily powerful Band, that insists on making itself heard; it plays on that principle, as you can already observe by the vehemence of that operator on the big drum, and by the inflated cheeks and protruding eyes of the main body of the musicians, who blow melody out of their wind instruments.

"The gorgeous sun has sunk beneath the west," the portion of Kabob devoted to public harmony is under the hands of the water-sprinkling "*bheestie*,"—the musicians of "Ours" encased in the tightest-fitting vestments, and with caps sedulously planted on the side of the black occiput by much skill and great dexterity, have marched up to the scene of fray; while Herr von Guttler, the German Bandmaster, spurning the liveried dress, stalks across from his private dwelling-house; and soon after the musicians have reached the stand, he arrives in a perspiration and plain clothes, to direct the performance.

Herr von Guttler is "great nuts." He was imported from his loved fatherland for the special benefit of indoctrinating our Christian drummers in the art of music; he cannot speak a single word of English; but by much German, little French, a smattering of Hindustani, and significant gesticulations, accompanied with practical example, he is able to instil a certain amount of musical knowledge into the minds and heads of his flock. But a clever fellow in his way is Guttler; he can play every instrument in the Band, and sings a capital song, full of *Lal-lal-las*, and *shlops*, and *shlowshens*. When we have parties at our mess, and the Band plays, Herr von Guttler, after the performance, becomes a guest at the toon, or Indian mahogany, takes his claret like a man, and when the song goes round, he lets out his *Luluwerties*, and his *Treenk treenk hein shlowsh mein von shlink den*,—or something like it, with wonderful velocity, which, if not entirely to the comprehension of his hearers, affords, by the guttural and the inspiring nature of the songs, a matter of lively interest and approval.

But we are forgetting the musicians. The appointed hour has come, and the Band has struck up, and plays for half an hour for the edification of a group of children, who are in course of circulation round the stand, accompanied with their sable attendants; the occupants of Garlic's "colour box," and Mrs. McGhee in her camel-carriage. But Herr von Guttler is absorbed with his music. He starts some operatic air; and just watch the energy with which he plays his clarionet, and how, startled with indignation at a false note by the ophecleide, he rushes round and wrings the perpetrator's ear;

## CURRY AND RICE.

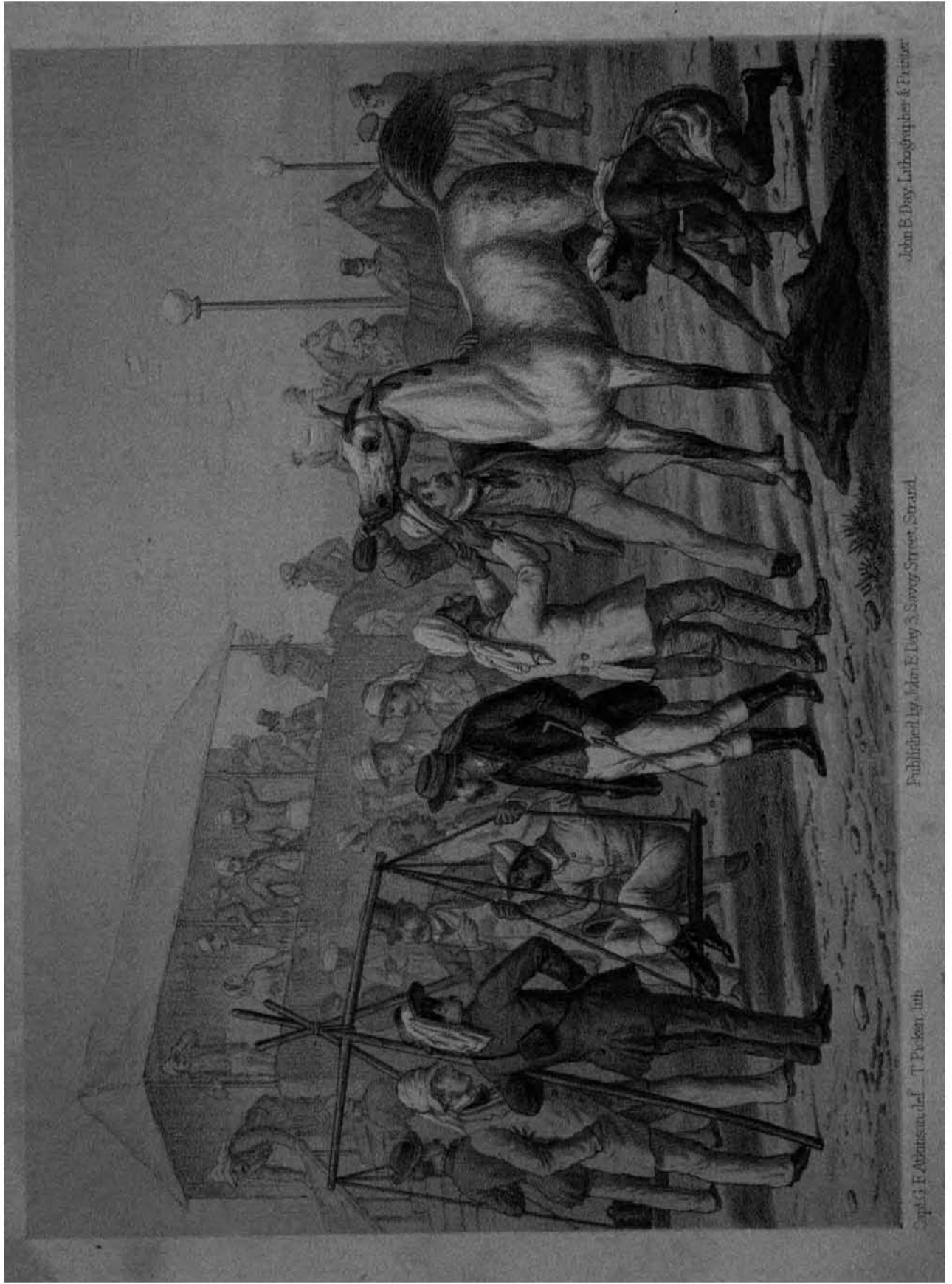
then see him dart off to the drum, and show the drummer-boy how it should be played, returning the drumstick, and, to save loss of time, applying himself to his clarionet as he passes round, and ever and anon stops to administer correction with his *bâton*, or to perform some difficult passage for his pupils.

And now, as it gets dark, the lamps are lit, and the fashionable world, who have been eating the air, steer their way to the Band, to talk scandal, hear all the passing events of the day, and do anything but listen to the music. There are the Capsicums, who have always some one at their carriage; there is the Chutney turn-out, and, as usual, its doors and wheels are incrustated with the devoted admirers of Miss Carry Cinnamon; there is the McGhee trap, devoid of any foreign body, and the matron bearing on her face the manifest expression of a desire for some one to come and court the gentle Barbara; there are the Turmeric, he with his legs raised on the adjacent seat, divested of his hat,

"Listening to the music that he heard in days of old,"

and favouring the visitors at his carriage with occasional references to Act 17 of 95, and Regulation 9 of 21,—while Mrs. Turmeric launches out on the civil service promotion question, till her carriage is deserted, save by Huldey, who is interested in the matter; there are the Goleys, and there is Letitia talking about the moon, and there is Bella Clove, conspicuous in form and voice; and there are the carriages, the buggies, and the other vehicles of our social community; and conspicuous among them the populous shandredan of the little German Missionary, who—to fraternize for awhile with his musical countryman, with whom he is great allies—has extracted himself from the overpowering contiguity of the large Mrs. Fruit, who smiles benignantly beneath her capacious bonnet. And why this good Mrs. Fruit, who exercises such sound economy in worldly matters, should be so profuse in the matter of bonnets, is singularly incomprehensible; for she indulges in a head-gear of mediæval character, which, fertile in bows, diffuses itself with reckless extravagance in every direction. Nor must I omit the dog-cart of the sporting Griff, who is practising the art of tandem-driving, to the confusion of his reins, and the signal misapprehension of his leader, who, after making an effort to annihilate the big drum, wheels round and stares very hard at his driver, inducing his partner in the shafts to co-operate in his eccentricity, and back the cart into old Mother McGhee's carriage, to her endless confusion, and the groaning dissatisfaction of her camel.

But the hours glide on, and the Band has played itself out. The decreed tunes have been perpetrated, nor can the polite Herr von Guttler be induced by the fair Bella to play even one more polka. "God save the Queen" strikes up—an air which the very horses have learned long since; for at its speaking notes they prick up their ears, suddenly wake up—as do the somnolent Jehus on their boxes; the carriage lamps are then lit, parting adieus are uttered, the vehicles gradually disperse, and thus have we experienced one more of those enlivening scenes which kill the hours of the community at "Our Station."



Engraved by J. E. Day

Published by John E. Day, 3, Savoy Street, Strand

John E. Day, Lithographer & Engraver

## OUR RACES.

AWAY to the far East, beyond those flaming brick-kilns which mark the boundary of "Our Station,"—there, on the plain

"Wide and bare,  
Wide, wild, and open to the sky,"

is the far-famed racecourse of Kabob. The turf, consisting of at least three blades of auburn grass on every square foot of ground, and having the further advantage of being perforated with rat-holes as many as the stars in the firmament, copious in number as they are capacious in dimensions, the course of true racing may not be said to run entirely smooth.

The general direction is indicated by a series of posts, crowned with inverted pots of whitewashed crockery. The form is presumed to be elliptical; but as the final turn before the grand run-in bears, to my unbiassed eye, and to my personal insecurity when on the saddle, the nature of a very acute angle, I am inclined to suspect that the ellipse is of an eccentric curve; especially as my gallant gray finds a difficulty when in full speed of weathering it without shooting involuntarily to the opposite side of the course, and exploring the field beyond—a catastrophe which, I observe, is by no means singular on his part.

The Grand Stand is an amazing structure, exhibiting the stern simplicity and severity of the primitive mound, with the advantage of the gorgeously elaborated watch-tower. Here, then, is the scene of equine competition and of feats of equestrian skill; here the rich blood of Old England's sons is proudly carried by the noble blood of Arabia's and of India's steeds; here the fond lover delights to resort with his enamoured fair one, and

"Through the dim veil of evening's dusky shade"

to breathe his tale of love; and here the gay world of "Our Station" gather together at times to see the races, which the sporting community have got up for their individual improvement and the general excitement of Kabob.

This is the first day of the Sky Races, which to the uninitiated may be explained as a meeting for horses that have enjoyed no specific training beyond what could be accomplished during the interval of the "get-up" and the "come-off." On this occasion the interval has been improved to the fullest extent. The arid plain, so long deserted, has been for a fortnight a scene of stirring adventure; here were to be seen owners of horses, in sporting habiliments, marking with knowing eyes the performances of their steeds, as they daily circulated the course and progressed to perfection. Here might be seen Godower with his pony "Tantrums" enveloped in clothing, looking like an animated feather bed; and on every side were to be seen the competitors to Tantrums undergoing their matutinal rehearsals to the delight of their respective owners.



## CURRY AND RICE.

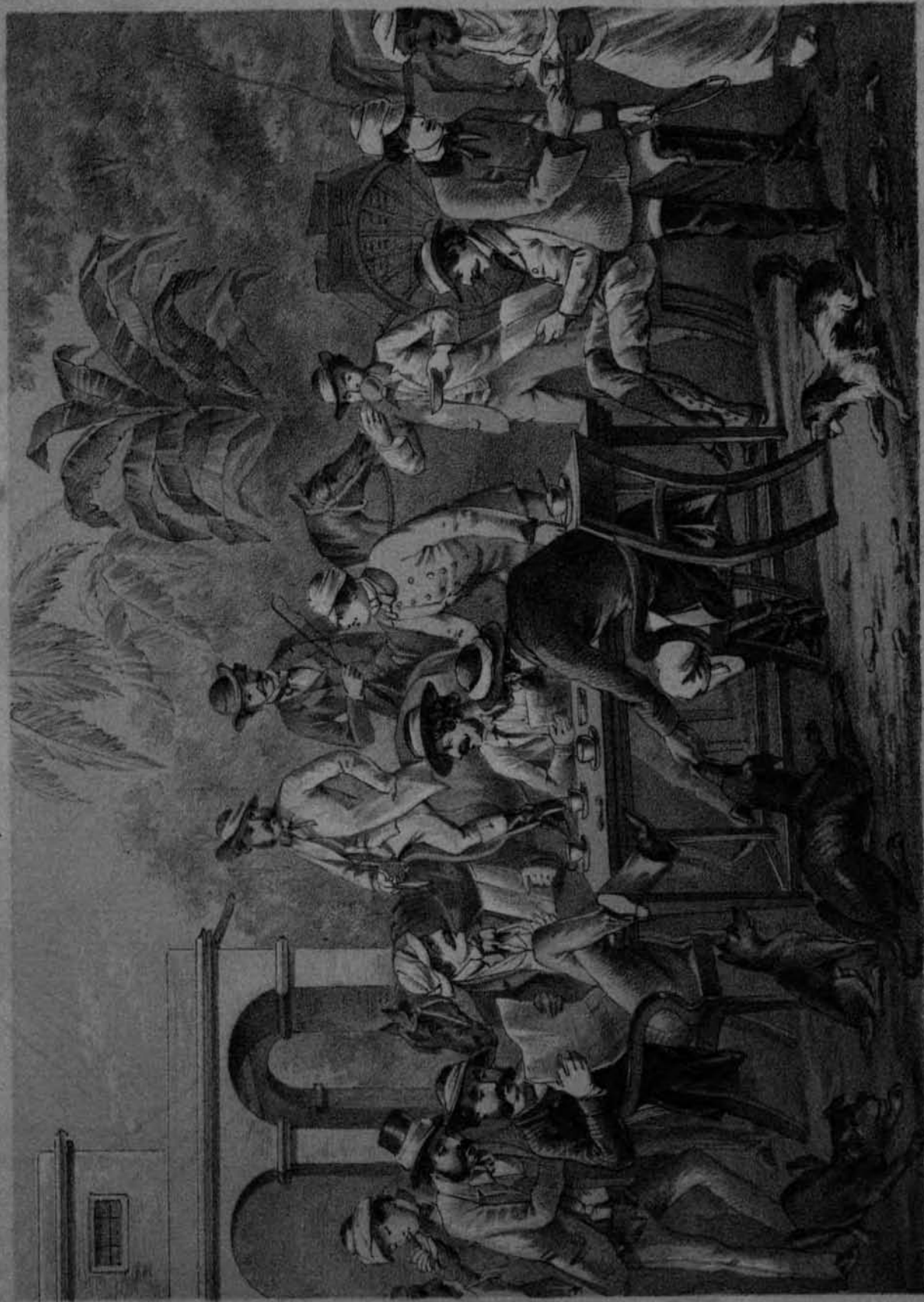
But there goes the bugle (we don't ring vulgar bells at Kabob); the stand is crowded with the loveliest of the land;—there are the Capsicums, and there is Mrs. Turmeric—there are the Chutneys, and Miss Cinnamon; but her attractions fade before the all-absorbing attractions of the hour; beauty must succumb to boots, smiles to spurs, and winning ways to whip and winning horses;—so her retinue is not so great. There goes Bella Clove, tearing up the course, and “declaring to win” any amount of gloves and bonnets; there are the McGhees, the Goleys, and the Ganders; here is Huldey, who is to ride “Periwinkle” for the “Great Swelter,” beneath whose enshrouding coat may be discerned glimpses of flaming scarlet. There, beside him, stands Dhotey, of sable hue, who is to steer “Popgun” in the race;—his legs, plunged into boots of irreconcilable form, bear the mighty impress of mopsticks in buckets, while a gorgeous cap of crimson adorns his head. There is Godower in ecstasies, delivering his secret instructions to Pyjamer, his Oriental jock, upon whom the honour of winning upon “Tantrums” has devolved. And only look at the spectators:—two carriages and three buggies line the rails, to which the native bipeds of Kabob have mustered to the full extent of at least five-and-twenty, and where the jolly sun-burnt gunners, who have tramped up from the barracks with their dhoodeens alight, with their jokes and jollity quite anglicize the atmosphere.

But the bugle again sounds—they have started—there they go. It is for the “Great Swelter,” Periwinkle leading, Huldey having it all his own way; Popgun second; and then following in the ruck is Tantrums, the favourite. Here they come—the excitement is prodigious—opera-glasses in requisition—stop-watches brought into play—“Popgun” gains upon “Periwinkle”—Huldey has taken to his whip—“Tantrums” is still to the rear—the churning of horses’ heads commences—the fair observers tremble with excitement.

“Periwinkle” has shut up, whip and spur are plied in vain, and with a grin of self-complacency, and amid the cheers from the brazen throats of the English soldiery, and the approving “Wah, wahs,” of the indigenous, Dhotey lands “Popgun” a winner by several lengths, and which the sagacious judge, with nose applied to the winning-post, “has been pleased to confirm.”

But where is the favourite?—Why Pyjamer, the jock, received his instructions *pur et simple*, and made a “waiting” race of it, in the most literal interpretation of the phrase, to the infinite disgust of his owner, and the subsequent disfiguration of his own head. And now, while the buzz of excitement prevails, while Dhotey undergoes weighment, and the panting steeds are groomed—while the erring Pyjamer receives his first tribute of jobation, and record is duly made of gloves lost and won, let us refresh ourselves, not at the hamper’s side, where flows the still champagne, but at that camp-table, where coffee and cakes prevail.

And so the morning fleets away; more bugles sound, more plates are run for. There is the “Little Swelter,” and many more, to be competed for; in which the identical horses run, with results pretty accurately foretold. The sun mounts in the sky, and stares through a dust of gold; the last heat of the race, and the first heat of the day has “eventuated,” and we all homeward wend our weary way, delighted at the races, which have for so long, and will for so long, be a subject of enlivenment at “Our Station.”



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John B. Day Lithographer & Printer

OUR COFFEE SHOP.

## OUR COFFEE-SHOP.

AND of course we have a Coffee-shop! We gather together every morning after the early ride or parade, to refresh the exhausted frame with copious libations of Mocha and Bohea. There, under the shade of the Mess-house, until

"The blazing sun that darts a downward ray,  
And fiercely sheds intolerable day,"

scatters us to our respective domiciles, we read the newspapers, expatiate on affairs in general, discuss the state of parties (dinner and musical), traffic in ideas, and while away an hour or two from the day's dull monotony, by mutual interchange of generous sentiment. Scandal is utterly discountenanced at our shop, but nevertheless (and it is a point difficult to be accounted for) there is decidedly a popular impression that prevails at "Our Station," and which signally pervades the female mind, to the effect that at that odious "Coffee-shop" the weaknesses and the frailties of mortal man, and mortal woman in particular, are daily brought to light—in a particularly strong light that the petty peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the community are divulged and proclaimed with a startling amount of embroidery, and with a distracting deviation from rigid truth. And between ourselves, moreover, they do say that whatever gets to the ear of the Coffee-shop, is disseminated and thoroughly made known, at every point of "Our Station," with signal and inconceivable rapidity, the facts gaining perceptibility as they circulate, to the furtherance of the romantic.

But in all this "Our Coffee-shop" is grievously libelled. We recognize in it the manifestation of a too bilious temperament—the explosion of an over-sensitive, if not evil-minded, disposition. Veracity, however, compels me to say that the philosophical and scientific subjects of discourse are unquestionably seasoned at times with episodes of domestic life, and that, amidst dissertations upon the arts of war, the arts of "Mamma" are occasionally evolved; military movements draw one unconsciously to the manœuvring movements of mothers; the attack of intrenched camps leads irresistibly to the winning of intrenched hearts; offering terms to the garrison suggests naturally a proposal to marry; operations of an army in the field to the operations in a domestic household whilst the intelligence of what is going on in the wide, wide world, as revealed in the newspapers, leads to the intelligence of what goes on in the narrow limits of our benighted homes.

And thus it was that the subject of surgical operations in the jaw educated the intelligence, at this morning's Coffee-shop, that Nicaldo, the itinerant dentist, had arrived at Kabob, and that Mrs. McGhee, whose teeth, numerically as well as positively had "dwindled to their shortest span," had had the balance summarily extracted, and the



McGhee's new dinner-set. This circumstance naturally led to the extravagance of the lady implicated, inasmuch as old McGhee had been seen that morning at the auction-sale of poor Sergeant Trail, and that he purchased for the sum of two rupees eleven annas, three flannel waistcoats, five pair of socks, and an old toothbrush,—all of which he carried home in his hat; and that he frowned so hard at the bugler boys that they were afraid to bid against him—sufficiently proving his character is favourable to economy.

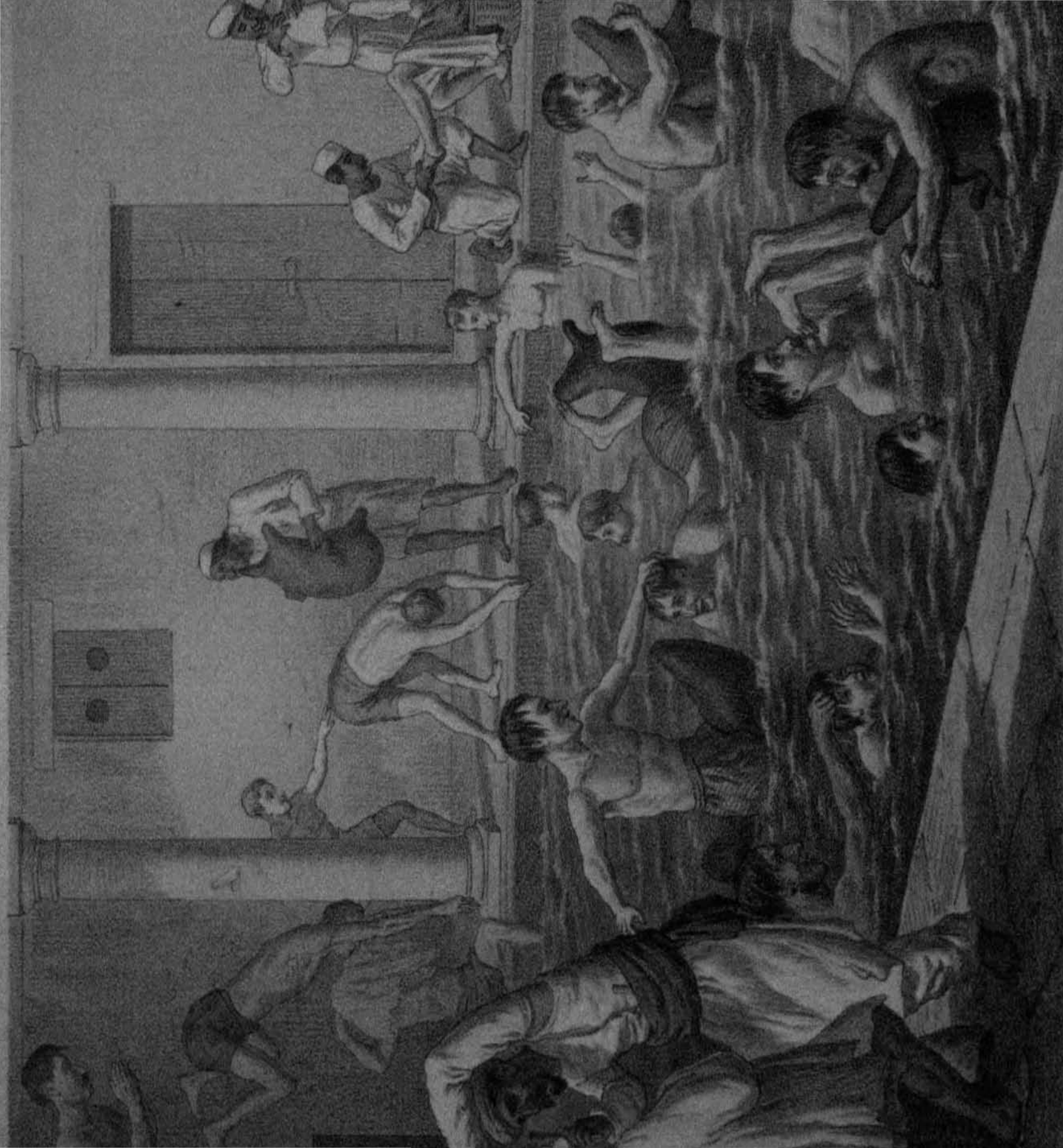
Then we hear the opinions that are expressed relative to the last night's "feed" at the Ganders'; how the ham, professedly a "prime York," had been distinctly traced as having had its origin in the ravine that skirts the lovely Kabob; and that fellow Garlic insists upon it that he saw, with his own naked eye, the native vendor of swine disposing of his produce to Mrs. Gander in her verandah. Moreover, we discover that the turkey was the leanest old bird in creation, and that its breast was puffed out by the ingenious introduction of a tough old fowl, but which the keen eye of Pullo detected.

Then we are told of the hop last night at the Guddurs', which was pronounced to be "deadly lively;" that the heat was so great that Mrs. Chunam, who, as it is declared, has eleven pence out of the shilling of Hindoo blood floating in her veins, and who delights to veneer as much of herself as is exposed to public view, for the purpose of the whitening of her otherwise shady complexion—the heat, we understand, was so great, that the veneer cracked and peeled off in flakes; and further, that her dress happening to subside from off her shoulders, a lovely olive rim, where the veneer had not been applied, became visible, for the general edification.

Guddur, of "Ours," then narrates his adventure in the dance with Barbara, who travelled about the room like a paviour's rammer, to the detriment of his feet and knees; and we also ascertain that Miss Goley favoured the company with a song all about a "bonnie coo,"—which Guddur declares was a hymn, or at any rate a roundelay, while Pullo bets him a new hat that it was a Caledonian melody of an agricultural character.

Thus it is clearly manifest that at "Our Coffee-shop" there is no such thing as scandal, but the simple recording of pure authenticated facts. And thus, with the aid of coffee and cheroots, newspapers, and perhaps a game at billiards in the adjoining room, we while away the fleeting hour, form plans for the coming day, and then, as the sun waxes warm, we migrate to the Bath, which, next to the Coffee-shop, is decidedly





## OUR BATH.

NOR are we without the charm of a fashionable watering-place, whither the gay resident of Kabob may resort, to enjoy the luxury of bathing, relieved for a while from the oppression of the

“Busy town’s tumultuous crowds,”

absolved from the rigid formalities of urban life, and where they can indulge in the glorious liberty of the subject by an unrestricted freedom of attire.

But our watering-place is an exceptive one; it is not situated on the shore of the wide-spreading ocean,

“Where all agree

With one consent to rush into the sea.”

Nor are our eyes gladdened by the prospect of lovely woman basking on the glittering shingle, listening to the plash of the receding wave, and watching with attentive eye the sunburnt mariner, or the snowy sail of the bonnie bark as she rides on the waters blue.

We have not our pea-green seats of gridiron build, on which delight to sit those virgin forms of loveliness absorbed in wide-spreading hats and the latest novel. We have not our groups of rosy-cheeked, laughing children to trundle their intractable hoops against our legs, or to project their incorrigible shuttlecocks into our unoffending eyes. We do not rejoice in chaises with quadrupeds that have acquired the art of compassing the very smallest extent of ground in their hour’s trot; nor have we troupes of Jerusalem ponies, garnished with their draperied saddles, wrought into a canter by the impulsive donkey-boys, and bearing on their belaboured backs the merriest of dear England’s fair ones.

These things are not in the nature of our watering-place; ours is charmingly situated on the shores of the waterless nullah that bisects Kabob; and the water where the delights of the bath are effected does not come with its rolling waves plashing on a sand-girt shore, but trickles from an adjoining well, from whence it has been forced by the unremitting energies of horned cattle, and where it plashes (when disturbed) against the plastered sides of a brick-built reservoir.

This is our watering-place of Kabob, in which the form of woman—lovely woman—is never seen; where the male species, with all the seclusion of a Parliament House, have its enjoyment entirely to themselves. Let us betake ourselves to the festive scene! the trip, the change of air, the bath, will revive our falling nature.

We find a bungalow of one large room, with its floor scooped out for the reception

Here, on the left is Scrape Doss reaping the beard of some hirsute visitor. See with what dexterity he wields the razor; mark how its polished edge is whetted by its rapid application to his bared and honelike arm; observe the velocity with which the snowy lather is laid on, and then more rapidly removed (the patient's nose acting as a helm, by which the motions of the pliant chin are guided by the skilful excisor). And look how the jovial crew disport themselves in the water,—how they

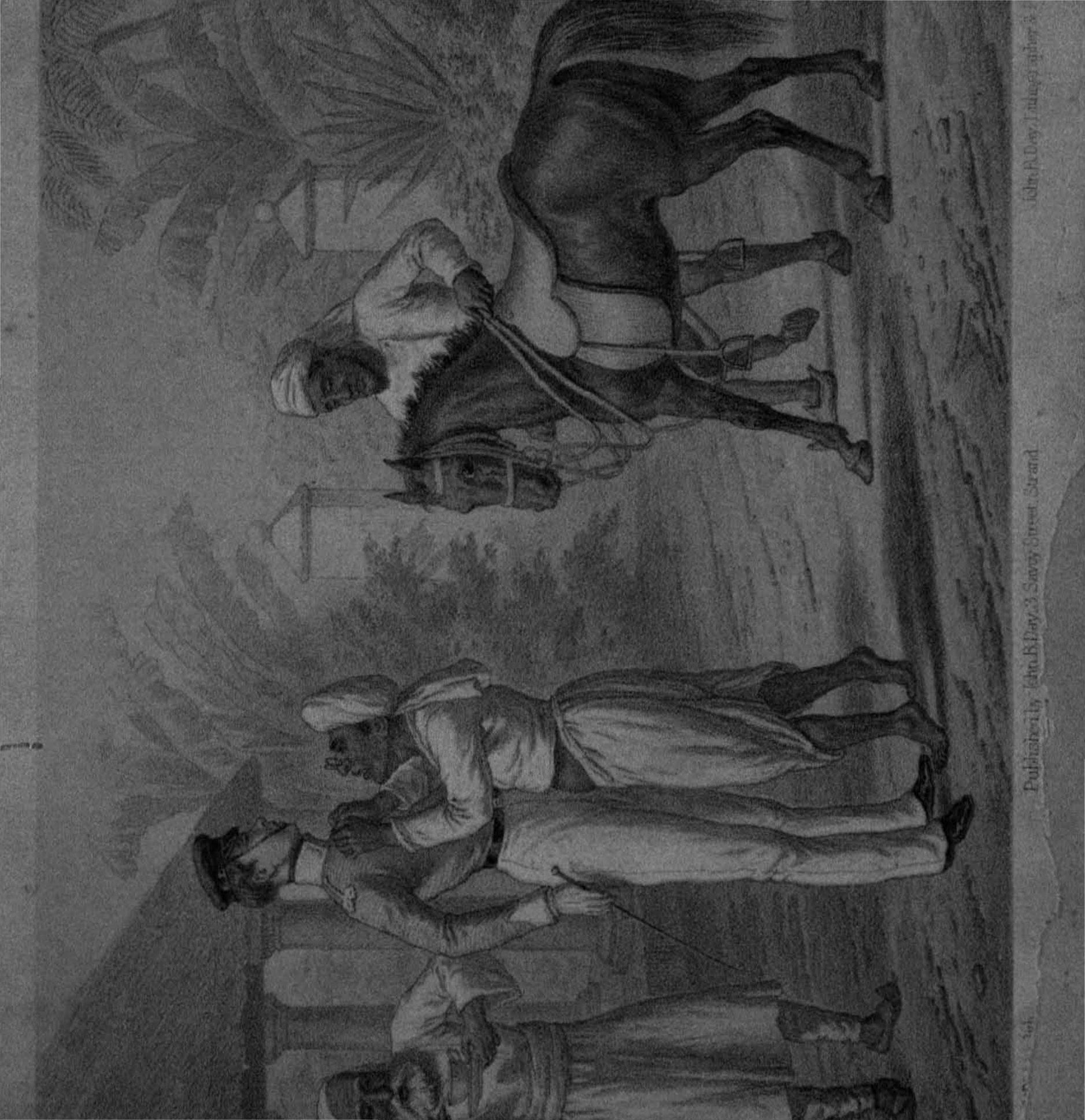
“Plunge about like porpoises or whales at play.”

But what is the prime agent of their fun? A water-carrier's bag!—the inflated hide of some immolated sheep, which is formed into a Neptune's car, and upon which it becomes an object of ambition to learn the art of equitation—an art which combines the difficulties of the saddle with the poisoning peculiarities of the tight-rope. The simplest thing in the world is to ride upon a “mussock”—just like swimming and skating, when you know how to effect it—but a most incorrigible thing is a “mussock” to an early learner. It is so detestably buoyant, nothing will induce it to let you mount,—no ticklish steed was ever so unmanageable; but you get the better of it, stride across it, and, skilfully balanced, grip its sides, determined to fall neither to the right hand nor to the left; when the remorseless monster slips away backwards from beneath you, and you are plunged headlong into the foaming water; or it springs upwards at the bows, and in your ignominious fall, while the circling wave closes over your eyes, you witness it shooting up triumphantly into the air. Then, when you regain the surface, and your hair and the water are removed from your eyes, you detect the object of your immersion floating impenitently, and with a sort of sidelong glance of derision, right at the other end of the Bath.

Look at the essayists—those youthful aspirants for “mussock” honours in every stage of acquired skill. Here is one who, to an unimpassioned and unbiassed observer, the mussock might certainly be pronounced to be invariably the rider, and not the ridden. There, on that side, are veterans in the art, who have converted their Neptune's cars into men of war, and with energy and vigour contest for the supremacy of the wave. Here are incipient swimmers, endeavouring to overcome that fatal facility for sinking involuntarily to the bottom. There the more experienced, who have acquired the elementary knowledge of the art, and who are in a delectable state of mind at being able to remain on the surface, are floating joyfully about, but occasionally becoming the victims of contending factions, and getting ducked. There, on the banks, are those who have disported themselves sufficiently, and are being groomed and rubbed down by their attendant slaves.

But we have joined in the morning's *divertissement*—we have laughed, we have been







THE young blood of Kabob has its sporting representative in the form of the verdant Godower,—a youth precocious in horseflesh, and exuberant in his own animal development. Released from the rod of his oppressor at school, he has been shipped to the land of Ind as food for powder, bearing with him a love of the equine species imbibed from his exercitation on the nursery rocking-horse and from his occasional visits to some neighbouring races.

The mind of the sporting Griff exhibits innocence of a virginal character, from which he becomes the source of much enlivenment to his fellow subs, who give vent to their superfluous jocosity by playing their pranks with this simple and unsophisticated youth. But our Griff has a right good temper, and enjoys the fun; he is game for anything, joins in everything that savours of sport—has learnt to smoke, and polishes off his bottle of beer, or his brandy-and-water, in a style that would refreshen his good old mother to behold.

Our Griff has established a stud. His advent among us was, as usual, the signal for the concentration at his garden-gate of every pony in the Bazar, whose owners, eager to sell, were pressing upon him to purchase, with irresistible argumentations, backed by the exhibition of the performances of each individual animal. The temptation was not to be overcome; and our Griff became the happy possessor of a diminutive *tat* (as we designate the ponies in the East), resplendent with an orange-coloured tail and orange-coloured legs, which his previous owner, a corpulent Baboo, had had dyed in true Oriental fashion.

There is Godower: he lives in that corner bungalow, chumming with half a dozen other Griffs. You see he is just going to parade; and his faithful valet is giving the last finishing touches to complete his martial perfectness, by hooking that intractable collar, which he finds some difficulty in seeing or reaching. There, behind him, is his table attendant, bringing to his master the matutinal cup of tea, which our Griff has already learned to indulge in; but our Griff is hurried, and the tea is hot, which accounts for the simple expedient resorted to by the faithful domestic, to render it practicable for immediate hibition. And there is the gallant *tat*, which, from its ambiguity of temper, its retrograde tendencies, and other inexplicable peculiarities, has been christened "Tantrums" by its sporting owner, who has at last accomplished for himself the pleasing art of riding the obstreperous little brute, whose activity on frequent occasions

Look at the little "Tantrums!"—his diminutive size is not entirely adapted for the large English saddle and bridle which a fond mother and a liberal outfitter had exported with him.

But there are to be races at Kabob; and our Griff, judging from the fleet movements of the little "Tantrums," when on a late occasion he involuntarily eloped with his unapproving master, and bore him swiftly over hill and dale, until he reached the object of his affections—his gram-bag;—judging from his rapidity on that occasion, our Griff considers him well suited for the turf, and accordingly little "Tantrums" is entered for the "Great Swelter," and is forthwith put into the elementary stage of training. To see our Griff directing the performance is quite refreshing;—to see little "Tantrums" smothered in blankets, undergoing the operation of having his superfluous flesh reduced—daily fining down, to the approval of his master—is delightful. Then to see our Griff count the number of gulps that "Tantrums" drank, which were duly decreed, was delicious; but, finer still, to see with what gusto he banged the nigger's head for giving one gulp in excess. Then to see the grooming, the enveloping, the girthing, and, finally, the despatching homewards of the visibly attenuated "Tantrums," was superlatively encouraging.

But our Griff has his own jock; for, having serious objections to castor-oil and blankets for a reduction of his own weight, which could never by any possibility be lowered to suit the inches of his courser, engaged the services of one Pyjamer, an Oriental breaker-in of horses, who was immediately installed in his office and top boots. But our Griff's sporting propensities rest not here: he has been seduced into combining with a brother sub in establishing a vehicle and apparatus, representing a six-dozen chest on a pair of gigantic wheels, which bears the character of a perambulating watch-tower, but called a dog-cart; from the summit of which, accessible only to those who venture to imperil their lives in the ascent, the view of the horse's back and the surrounding country at large becomes faint and indistinct. In this apparatus our Griff pays his morning calls; and where he has been can be clearly discovered by the discomfited state of the gate-posts, which have uniformly shed bricks on his approach; and the contiguous drain-bridges, which have been bereft of their parapets. Occasionally the valour of our Griff, and his love of adventure, is exhibited by the addition of a supplementary horse in front, by way of tandem, which operates as effectually as the plague in clearing the highways. The obstinacy of that leader is thoroughly known, and its pertinacity in resisting all appeals to go where he ought is strikingly manifest to everyone on the Mall; and it is considered a relief when our Griff, as he

