

OUR MOONSHEE.

WHO lives in that next bungalow, with the Indo-Grecian portico? Why, Dhalbhat of Ours,—as good a fellow as ever speared a pig or loved a lassie. Nice-looking house! Yes; and Dhalbhat knows how to keep it cool, too, having gleaned some “wrinkles” from the Colonel. I rather suspect Dhalbhat would take unto himself a wife, if Kabob could produce one to his fancy (he had an eye for Carry Cinnamon, but he knows that Cheeny is in the field before him, and is coming in an easy winner), for his house is all ready for the reception of a Mrs. Dhalbhat, with its round table, and couches, whose

“Soft solicitations court repose;”

its marble-topped side-tables, its easy-chairs, and such things, which are prophetic of a state of connubial domesticity approximate or anticipated.

We couldn't get on without Dhalbhat: he manages the mess, is secretary of the book-club, our best bowler at cricket, a first-rate racket-player, and a stunning good dancer, an excellent actor, a keen sportsman, a capital musician, up to any sport and fun: but his colloquial acquirements in the Oriental tongue are of rather a restricted nature, and his attainments in the “black classics” are about as great as his admiration for the Oriental race is microscopic.

Dhalbhat, however, has taken to his books, as the Chief has promised to give him an appointment on his staff if he passes the examination; so he is endeavouring to struggle some Hindustani into his brains, which is no easy joke, I can tell you, for a man who “hates the niggers.”

Come into his house; I suspect you will find him at it now, with that fat old Baghobahar, the Moonshee. A famous Moonshee is Baghobahar! and a capital hand at coaching you along, and getting you through the examination, although the rascal can't speak a word of English. If you wish to distinguish yourself, I recommend you to enlist him in your service, and enter into a solemn contract and agreement with him, that if you on your part do, zealously, and without any interruption, attend to the instruction imparted by him for a certain number of hours per diem, which is the usual arrangement, he on his part will undertake to infuse such an amount of Oriental knowledge into your pericranium as will enable you to emerge from the examination-hall a passed man; and for this instillation of the Oriental tongue, you further agree to remunerate him to a certain extent monthly, and to bestow upon him as a donation the whole of the Government grant to which you then become legitimately entitled.

I strongly suspect that our friend Baghobahar finds that his pupil does slightly

and brandy, and other such impediments to the current of thought; while an occasional inundation of kindred spirits, on frolic bent, flows into the student's chamber, and mars the serenity of the lesson by irrelevant proceedings, to the indignation of old Baghobahar, who views them evidently as a society for the confusion of useful knowledge.

There, as I told you, is our friend at his studies; and that terrible guttural which he is striving to pronounce sticks in his throat, and necessitates an appeal for assistance to that bottle of brandy which the slave is about to uncork, a few drops of which, to tinge the water that is to come out of that goblet on the ground, will no doubt lubricate the offending thorax.

But Baghobahar crosses his stockinged feet, and calculates that, with all the divergences of Dhalbhat's attention, and with all the hinderance of but little knowledge of the language having been ingrafted into him, he will still be able to coach him through. A capital hand at lying in ambush is Baghobahar, and for rattling off an exercise for a disconsolate pupil. Fudge, of the Fire-eaters, employed him as his Moonshee, and when he went up to pass he could scarcely read the character; but he was an ingenious dog, had a secret volume scientifically illuminated, which enabled him to read off his passages with fluency and precision. And then for his exercise, by the expedient of a conspirator in the shape of a slave, who was apparently a mere conveyor of a glass of water, but who bore away clandestinely a note of hand, the Moonshee, who was in ambuscade without, honoured it at sight, and the exercise, promptly done, was furtively introduced once more, presented to the examiners, and Fudge became a passed man.

Chutney was president of the last committee, and a precious particular hand he is, I can tell you,—always on the look-out that you don't get to windward of him, always hovering disgustingly about you, and peering over your shoulder, as Muggins calls it, and seeing that you don't filch your exercises; but Turmeric is pronounced to be a "brick," as he doesn't bother himself with leaving his chair, and, his range of vision being limited, he can't "twig" all the ingenious devices brought into play to remove the horrible difficulties put before one; but, sharp as Chutney is, Fudge managed to overreach him; but everybody is not a Fudge, however!

Baghobahar thinks that, by a similar style of procedure, he may land Dhalbhat safely on the other side, and be the happy recipient of the long-anticipated grant.

We have other Moonshees at Kabob, some who speak English; but as far as a knowledge of the different Oriental languages, and a skill and facility in imparting them to others is concerned, Baghobahar is unquestionably the best Moonshee at "Our Station."



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John B. Day, Lithographer &

OUR BURRA KHANA.

OUR BURRA KHANAH.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN QUIZ,—

"Do induce your newly-arrived friend to accompany you to-night, and give us the pleasure of his company at dinner; we shall be so delighted to see him.

"Believe me always *very* sincerely yours,

"ISABELLA BYLE."

There, now, an invitation to dinner!—to a "Burra Khanah," literally a grand feed; one of the periodical explosions for which the Byles are celebrated, as it gratifies simultaneously the animal appetites of the guests and the sociable propensities of Mrs. Byle, who prefers these wholesale entertainments, these general amalgamation spreads, as productive of a great amount of effect. They are invariably celebration feasts, to record some important domestic event, as the anniversary of their wedding, birthdays, and the like; and this spread is to inaugurate the introduction of a tender Byle into this world of woe, which took place last month, and the christening came off this morning.

Byle, as you are aware, is a gunner, and commands the Cow Battery. A jolly fellow is Byle; a terrific sportsman, always prowling about the ravines after tigers, and sitting up all night, perched upon crazy structures of bamboo, lying in wait for leopards, bears, hyenas, and such-like small game. Mrs. Byle is a splendid rider, and ready for any fun, thinks nothing of her five-and-twenty miles before breakfast, often joins Byle on his elephant when he goes tiger-shooting, and would go into action with the guns as soon as take her evening canter.

Delightful people, the Byles! But the truth must be told: these grand spreads are cruelly ponderous, and indigestible to the feelings—those awful periods between the heats—that stifling room, with the incense of savoury meats (which lie in hecatombs on the table) hanging about like a London fog, which the punkah fails to disperse.

But stay; the company have assembled—there they are, ranged in a semicircle with a formidable degree of precision, from which the male species, ever nervous, have shrunk with apparent dread, and have subsided into platoons at the doorways, and are awaiting the advent of the dinner with silent expectancy.

Byle has sallied forth, for the fifteenth time at least, to expedite the movements of the table attendants, and fearful threats of summary vengeance are floated into our ears. Mrs. Byle is chatting away to her nearest guests, and endeavouring to inject some happiness into them; occasionally suggesting that Byle should solicit the exercise of a little expedition on the part of the domestics; and when Byle has sallied forth, for the sixteenth

their going" (a matter of an intricate nature, involving references to an Army List) is pointed out, or fearful would be the consequences; for, as we all know, the Turmericis are cuts with the Cardamoms, and Mrs. McGhee is at variance with Mrs. Koofter, and the Chutneys don't speak to the Gabys, and the Guddahs are at social enmity with the Ganders; and a few others are cuts with a few more; and all because of previous inaccuracies and wilful divergences in matters of precedence.

But the dinner is, at last, set fairly going; the host and hostess occupy their respective centres of the table, while the top and bottom, with their appalling concomitant consequences of turkey and ham to carve, are studiously shunned, and become the refuge for the Griff, who in this sphere of action imbibes his earliest lessons in carving.

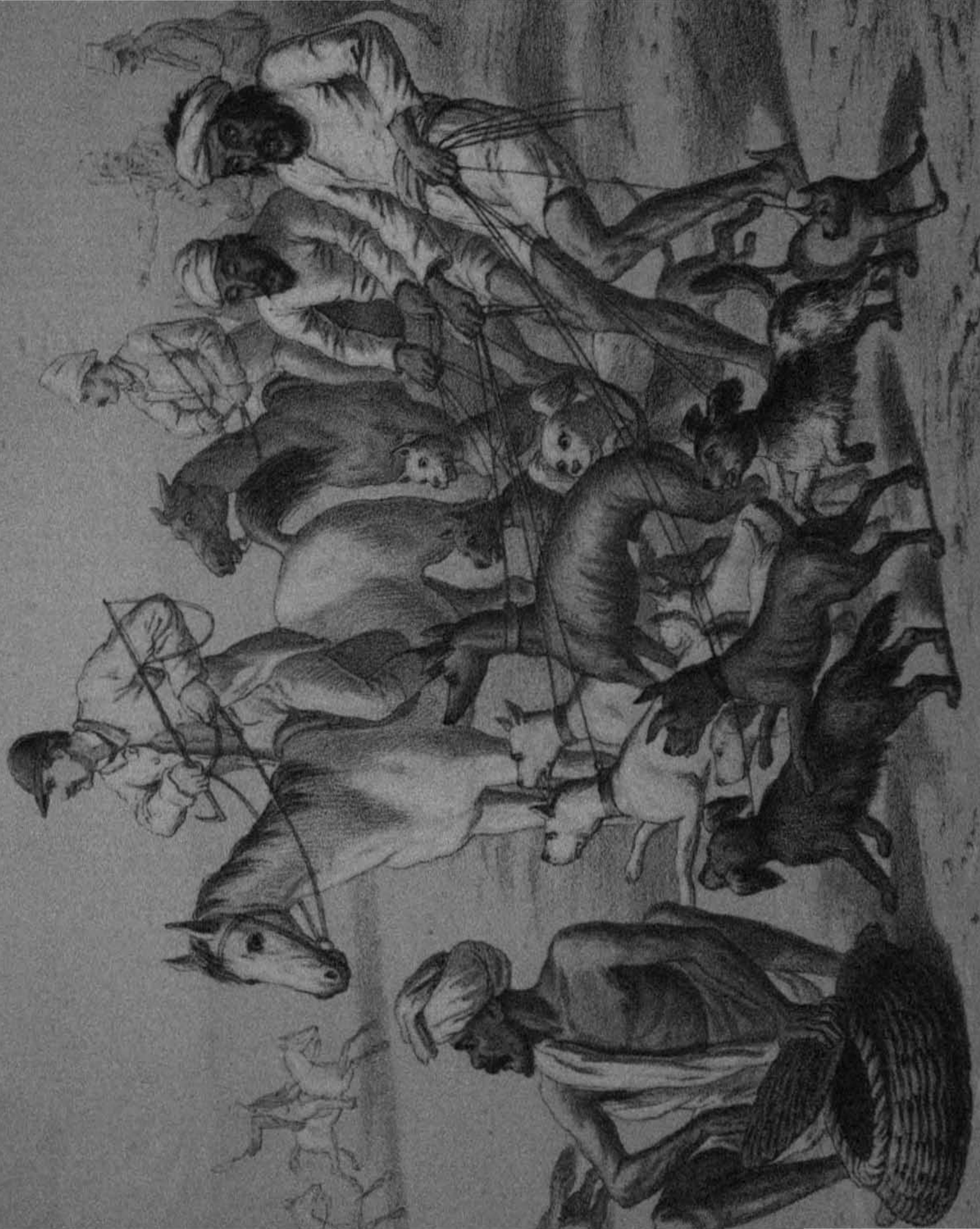
But the time would fail me to tell of how the feast progresses; indefatigable are the slaves in catering for their master's wants, and eager in the pursuit of the choicest dishes, and vigorous in their contests for the cool champagne—which limped beverage has had the charm of rousing the dull echoes; for now the conversation flows apace. Chumuch, the Griff, dissects the turkey, but consigns a pound and a half of stuffing into the velvet lap of the adjoining Mrs. Koofter; the flounce of the punkah becomes partly disengaged, and, after flapping about remorselessly like an unreefed sail in a gale of wind, succeeds in whisking off the protecting wire-gauze top of the lamp, and launching it on the apex of Miss Goley's head, occasioning the blowing-out of the lamp, and the consequent oleaginous effluvium that proceeds from the expiring wick, to the general discomposure of the nasal organs. Then the punkah has to be stopped to undergo reparation; and frantic and awful is the heat that is engendered thereby.

Then, after an interregnum of considerable duration, the second course is produced, succeeded by a pause "more fearful than before."

The sweets have vanished, and at last the dessert, indicative of a concluding climax; the decanters are circulated, and the fair hostess telegraphs to the "Burra Beebee" the signal for departure, and a move (in the right direction) is made.

Then the gentlemen are doomed to a further session, which terminates in the production of coffee, when the gong tells its tale of midnight. The piano is heard in the adjoining room; some faint voice warbles a doleful strain, the "Burra Beebee" rises, and a general dispersion ensues.

Thus have we conspired with the good Mrs. Byle in the inauguration "blow-out;" we have drunk her health in an early glass of cool champagne, and that of the baby Byle in a later bottle of a more tepid character; we have imbibed and feasted upon the good things that were piled upon her mahogany; but the heat of the room, we are thoroughly convinced, has deprived us of a stone of our natural weight. But we have peculiar predilections, and do not recognize in her "Burra Khanah" the most cheerful or the most



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John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer.

OUR PACK OF HOUNDS.

Chas. Smith.

OUR PACK OF HOUNDS.

I SHOULD rather think we did enjoy the pleasures of the chase at "Our Station," and that Kabob can boast of the luxury of a music-giving pack! Only rise from your "downy couch recumbent" to-morrow morning, when it is pitch-dark,—for the meet takes place at daybreak with thrilling punctuality,—when you shall witness the performances of as glorious a kennel as ever roused the welkin with sweet voices musical. Ours is a subscription pack, literally and absolutely,—a term ascribed, not from the mere paltry subscription of vulgar coin for its existence and support, but from the generous subscription, as a temporary arrangement by their sporting owners, of the very dogs themselves, which, on the announcement of a meet, duly and authentically made known in the columns of the *Kabob Chronicle*, and the better-digested pages of the regimental order-books, are forthwith deputed to attend. Thus, from the four corners of Kabob, the contributions of the canine species, in pleasing variety, are to be seen, panting for the chase, and migrating to the appointed meet.

Harriers, foxhounds, staghounds, beagles?—Not entirely. Terriers, Scottish and of Skye; spaniels, with retrieverish and retrogressive tendencies; bulldogs, of sinister aspect, and with irreconcilable legs; greyhounds, greedy and gaunt; together with a miscellaneous assortment of indescribables, rejoicing in unabbreviated ears, and ambiguous in their genealogy, compose the heterogeneous pack.

Hark, the shrill clarion sounds, and there comes Geedur the huntsman.

"Garnish'd for the chase, the gallant sub
To these lone plains directs his devious way."

See how well the pack are kept in hand, for the retentive chain and collar are still unloosed, and the sable keepers restrain the clamorous hounds, which scent the odorous game; for in that covert, that close, that thick-set covert, which lies upon the—coolie's head, is the object of the coming pursuit. We spurn the irksome delays of the search for game;—no beating of the bush, no crushing through the dense copses to expel the artful fox or timorous hare. Be ours the glories of the stag-hunt, the ready-made, the never-missing game; there—there in that thicket, in that basket, I should say—lies the already scented jackal, scented at an unlimited expenditure of turpentine; and there is a duplicate, to forestall the possibility of a too speedy capture and a lack of sport.

The performance of "throwing off" is forthwith commenced, by the throwing off of the basket from the Oriental's head; and warily, by reason of a due regard for the operator's fingers, is the encaged jackal released, and sulkily he avails himself of the

of Bruno, and he improves the occasion by a more speedy retreat. The "field" have now joined: there is Huldey (desirous to see the performances of the little Forceps), more sportingly attired than ever; there is Godower, in gorgeous array,—leathern tights, wrought from an old pair of horse-artilleryman's breeches; there is Jooty, who appears in undeniable tops, auburn in complexion, and redolent of calf; there is Grambags, in his embroidered staff cap, and sporting the military spur (Grambags *must* advertise he is on the Staff, and no longer a parade-crusher); then there goes Legarm, less regardful of appearances, in a flannel jacket and mushroom hat. But the bugle-note of preparation has shrilled, and it fails me to tell of Jeen and of Ginger, of Kirrich and of Garlick, of Chumuch and of Kanter, and the rest of the sporting lot. The dogs are let loose; they sniff the pungent turpentine, and away they go with fleeting step and swift; the pace is dreadfully severe, right across the Parade, down to the banks of the sandy stream, whose waterless bed, glimmering in the dawn, is radiant with swine; when, saddening to tell, schism and dissent enter into the pack.

Heedless of the alluring turpentine, insensate to the appeals and objurgations of the huntsman, the truant pack run riotous,—a maternal pig, with her domestic progeny in train, is singled out by Pincher and his party, whilst Cæsar and his immediate followers devote their undivided attention to an aggrieved grunter. The gallant little Forceps has succumbed under the lash of his infuriated master, and taken immediate steps for a bolt home, while the remainder of the pack stand by, indiscriminately wavering on the banks, and give vent to their unqualified approval in unsophisticated bark.

The hopes of the huntsmen are fled, the jackal has got off scot-free, and the gasping, panting keepers, now running up, appropriate severally their respective batch of dogs; the fresh basket with the fresh jackal, and the pack, now brought into subjection, are moved off to a distant spot, where their attention may be undiverted; a fresh start is made, the jackal on this occasion not let out of sight, the hounds go in with a rush, the game makes for Cantonments, and, after a crushing run of exactly three minutes and a quarter, a seizure is made, and jackal receives his quietus.

The sun has now mounted the sky, the field disperses, the dogs are taken to their respective homes, and the subject of the morning's sport and the awful run, with but slight allusions to the pig episode, are the subjects of discussion at the coffee-shop in the morning, at the band in the evening, and the enlivenment throughout the day of the community of "Our Station."



W. M. Kewan, lith.

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John B. Day, Lithographer

OUR BALL

OUR BALL.

KABOB is in convulsions! Kabob is in a state of agitation—of excitement—that can and will only be relieved by some severe and vigorous operation!

The young blood of Kabob has run riot, and the symptoms manifested are of such a nature as to need some active treatment, which it is proposed to administer in the form of a Station Ball. The Terpsichoreans of Kabob have well-nigh lost the gifted faculty of the dance; the patent-leather boots and the white satin shoes have been lying fallow for many a long and weary day; while the kid gloves, though

“Lost to sight, to memory dear,”

have been in a state of unsullied retirement in the custody of slaves.

It is true that an occasional carpet dance has ever and anon aroused the votaries of the “mazy,” and that even connubial combinations have flowed from the petty quadrillings, and polkings at the domestic shrine; but the walls of the Kabob Assembly rooms have long been mute, resounding and reverberating no crash of the dance-inspiring band. Those chandeliers, those wall-lights, with their crystal shelterings, have become the home of the spider; while the lizard rambles fearlessly along those dormant punkahs, that have for so many a day remained quiescent.

But “the spell is past, the dream is o’er;” its walls are resonant again with the sounds of jollity and preparation. The sable pagan has started into activity, and the dusty chandeliers once more glitter in their joy; the crimson-edged flounces of the punkahs, fresh from the hands of the *blanchisseur*, glimmer with spotless purity. The stewards, indefatigable fellows, defiant of all heat, devote themselves to the rigid lacing-up of the floor-cloth; and the once bare walls, with their sickly hue of pale yellow-wash, are now gay and verdant with wreaths, and other incrustations of foliage, so artfully devised and skilfully applied; while radiant stars of glittering swords and bayonets, with the regimental colours splendidly conspicuous, likewise decorate and adorn the walls.

But let us escape awhile from the scene of the coming fray, and betake ourselves to the Cantonments. The Ball is a general subscription one, and prodigious is the excitement at the forthcoming event. Chouse Lall is pre-eminently conspicuous; his big bundles have had to disgorge their artificial flowers, and a general desire for gloves has terminated in a clearance of his supply. Mrs. Jootmoot’s establishment has been assailed for the immediate propagation of dresses; while the tailors of Kabob, and Mrs. Capsicum’s gang to boot, have stitched for their very lives, amidst perfect clouds of

in. The arrival of one—a second—and then a brace—establishing a quartette—justifies the immediate opening of the Ball. The music strikes up, and a quadrille is fairly under weigh.

But, see, fresh arrivals have added to the hilarity of the scene! The doors, thronged with red and blue jackets, whose possessors, hoping against hope (for the best dancers have all been engaged a good week ago), lie in wait to prey upon some fair one who, through some fortuitous circumstance and the wheel of Fortune, might haply be disengaged; and who, with the inspiration of the music, and with desperate resolve, are determined, rather than miss the dance, to have a polka in combination even with the foot-crushing Goley, whose general misapprehension of the art tends rather to limit the applications for her partnership in the dance, and who, in consequence, has not received so many anticipatory invitations. Letitia becomes, then, an easy prey to the forlorn.

But the band has started a *deux temps*. There, in the giddy whirl, you see the gentle Barbara, her orbicular face radiant with delight, and plunging about like a dolphin in blue; there is the sportive Bella; there is the graceful Carry Cinnamon, who can dance, I promise you, as Cheeny of "Ours," who is waltzing with her, can testify; and there—ye Gods! look at that intruding Oriental, unendowed with over-much drapery, and with a soul set upon punkahs, stalking complacently across the arena. Now, I ask if a gentle corrective is not desirable; and which, if I mistake not, that steward by the door is more than likely to administer.

But the waltzes, the polkas, the schottisches, and the quadrilles are, in time, resolved into the "Roast Beef of England;" the supper-room doors are opened, and the ball-room is deserted, save by the pea-green form of Mrs. McGhee, who sits wrecked on her seat, until some humane steward, descrying her, launches forth and lands her in the supper-room, and revives her with a tumbler of champagne. Turkeys and hunter's beef, fowls, jellies, and blancmange—as usual, interspersed with crackers and the opening of bottles—are now the matters of all-absorbing interest.

The supper is over, the band strikes up, the dancing recommences, another hour or two glide away, till the couples lag and loiter in the dance, the music becomes irrelevant in nature, the lamps begin to flicker, and the wall-flowers to nod—the carriages drive up, and the guests depart.

A fresh invasion is made upon the supper-table by the survivors, a general disinvestment of jackets ensues, pegs and cheroots inspire vocal melody, until the morning-gun announces the break of day, and the spirits of the Ball depart.

Thus has Kabob signalized itself by this great event; the Ball is pronounced to have been most successful, and well attended; for there were at least nine ladies, five of whom could dance. It is true that many a fair face is missed; but there are domestic occurrences which occasionally militate against participation in such hilarities, as Mrs.



OUR TIGER-SHOOTING.

AND we do something in the shooting line at Kabob; though the small game are scarcely worth the exertion of tramping after, being at rather an inconvenient distance. We can, of course, go out and knock over our dozen or two brace of blacks (partridges I mean, not niggers), and snipe as many as we choose to blaze away at, to say nothing of hares and all sorts of small fry, when in season; yet who cares for such cock-robin sort of shooting after having been accustomed to polishing off a tiger or two before breakfast, and bagging a few leopards, bears, and such-like before tiffin?

You would like to try your luck at tiger-shooting? Of course you would: what English schoolboy with a soul for a popgun would not! There is the experienced Byle, with a pericranium like a walnut, which the sun can't crack, who will give you a lesson, and under his tutelage I engage you will be shown some sport. Of course you will be exposed to the sun, and perhaps to the water too. Think of Byle: the other day, in his little encounter with a tiger, on his last expedition; the elephant upon which he was riding, feeling the claws of the tiger rather unpleasantly intrusive on his hind quarters—just as you might disapprove of the claws of a great tom-cat penetrating your own thigh—ignominiously took to flight, rushed past the edge of a tank full of water, under a tree, a bow of which caught the howdah, which, from the impetus at which the elephant was doing his back-steps, was swept off, dropping Byle into the water, which, fortunately, was only five feet deep. The tiger also lost his place by this sweeping measure, and fell on the bank; there he stood, being about as fond of water as a cat, and being pretty sure of his prey; while Byle, with his head only out of the tank, as you see a buffalo in a river, stood staring at him in turn; and thus they remained for hours under a broiling sun till a party came to the rescue—Byle reached the other side, got a gun, went back into a good position, and then and there, while swimming, lodged a rifle-ball in the tiger's head.

Now, you may have a chance to-day of doing the same; for this morning an aggrieved agriculturist came howling into the cantonments, reporting the sudden apparition of a tiger, only fifteen miles off, which had abstracted his oxen and his fatlings, and evinced a desire, moreover, to elope with his wife. So Byle has got his battery—not the Cow Battery, but his private battery of guns—field-pieces you may call them if you like, or, at any rate, fowling-pieces and rifles. Topey has lent some elephants, a troop of beaters have been enlisted, and we shall be off in the morning by daybreak. The elephants go out to-night, and we go to cover on our hacks.

ment at being made a Van Ambourgh without any preliminary preparation, and placed suddenly in the immediate presence of a "Royal Bengal" without the interposition of the menagerie railings.

But the morning gun has fired; our valet has roused us from our hard cot and our soft slumbers; we have quaffed our Bohea, mounted our Arabs, and galloped to the scene of action. The elephants are all prepared, with their sporting howdahs duly stocked with their batteries. The afflicted agriculturist is there, and points out with looks of anguish "the vestiges of (the tiger's) creation," in the shape of the bones of his favoured bullock, which the famished tiger then and there devoured, as we see some watery-mouthed schoolboy devouring at the pastrycook's door the tartlets he had thought to carry home, but which hunger and a wistful eye could not resist. We listen to his tale of woe, hear that two more bullocks have been abstracted, and we promise the full value of all, and of many more, if he will but show us the tiger.

Away then we start. With cunning eye the beaters track the foot-prints in the shade. He has got into the jungle, and now the track is lost; the beaters form in line; Byle leads in the centre, while Dhalbhat and Muggins are on the left, Huldey and Godower on the right, and a few more. Away we go; we strain our eyes in every direction; occasionally we have a false alarm, then the elephants turn up their trunks, and go trumpeting along, crushing down the jungle—at times into the deep ravines, into which they lower their huge bodies so carefully and so well, then clambering up again, press onward on their way. A beater gives a shout—he is on the track—he sees blood upon the trampled grass. The sun has begun to beat down its penetrating rays upon our turbaned heads, which need the still greater protection of the umbrella. Another shout! Byle, with a practical eye, judges where the game may be, points to our friend the agriculturist, who is beside his elephant, where he should explore. A yell, accompanied by a precipitate flight on the part of the bereaved Oriental, followed by a roar from the tiger, and two sharp cracks from a double rifle, announces to the field that the game has been found.

The bullets have struck the tiger, but not fatally; he crashes into the jungle before Byle can take up a second gun, and springs in his rage on to the tail of Dhalbhat's elephant, which, unaccustomed to such sports, being simply a baggage-elephant enlisted for the occasion, had wheeled about with inconceivable rapidity at the first roar of the tiger, and was preparing for an ignominious flight, when he was tackled from behind; but a ball from Dhalbhat drops the tiger from his hold, who then receives a third broadside from Huldey's gun. By this time the mahout of Byle's elephant has brought him round, and, with two more carefully directed shots, Byle gives the tiger his quietus.

The victim is hoisted on to a pad elephant, we refresh ourselves with the necessary



John B. Day, Lithographer.

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OUR STAGE-COACHING.

son del G. M. Cullloch, lith.

OUR STAGE-COACHING.

THE march of intellect can scarcely keep pace with the march of improvement that is manifesting itself at Kabob. To be sure, we do draw water from our wells, as did our forefathers and foremothers in the days of old, in pre-Noahitic times, before the luxury of the domestic pump had been discovered, and its ingenious and costly machinery was brought home to our hearths and our yards;—to be sure, such elaborate contrivances have not yet been introduced into the sunny East;—to be sure, we have not got our iron roads, and the traveller, unless he would resign himself to be transported on bearers' shoulders ingloriously, must progress upon his expedition at the inconceivable rapidity of ten good miles diurnally. But such atrocities are no longer imperative, for the "Kabob Transit Company" has been established, and we have the glorious facility promised to us, of being able to reach the capital of Bobarchy, which is one hundred and fifty miles off, in six-and-thirty hours!!

Is not this a matter of congratulation? that the great towns of the plains of Dekchy should be thus brought into such proximate and intimate communication with each other? that the bonds of mutual intercourse may be so closely knit, and the human families of the province of Bobarchy be as one?

Kabob must be congratulated! Nor need the felicitations end here; for, under the influence of the great McGhee, who detected a fresh opening for a profitable investment of his redundant wealth, started at once a rival firm, and the "Kabob Truck Transit Company" has its dangerous competitor in the "General Inland Tatoo Traction Company."

And now let us take our journey to the capital. We will patronize the "Kabob Truck Transit Company," which, by its title, provides trucks, upon which you can lash your palankeen; and the ingenuity of device in their construction is only to be equalled by the pertinacity of the structure, which, with all the rude treatment it experiences, declines resolutely to fall to pieces, although those front-springs will persist in drooping so alarmingly. Did I say springs?—I mean plates of the rigidest iron, which, to moderate their too great elasticity, as communicated to us by the managing secretary, are further rendered immovable by being girt around with thongs of catgut and strips of the stiffest and most inflexible bamboo.

We have booked our places; the Kabob post-chaise is brought to our door—always allowing that the animal in the shafts is disposed to accede to such an arrangement; the truck has reached our dwelling; our palankeen is lashed thereon; and our provender for the way (for we are mortals of a suspicious turn of mind, and are in full assurance of some pending calamity) is laid in to the tune of much bitter beer, considerable sodas,

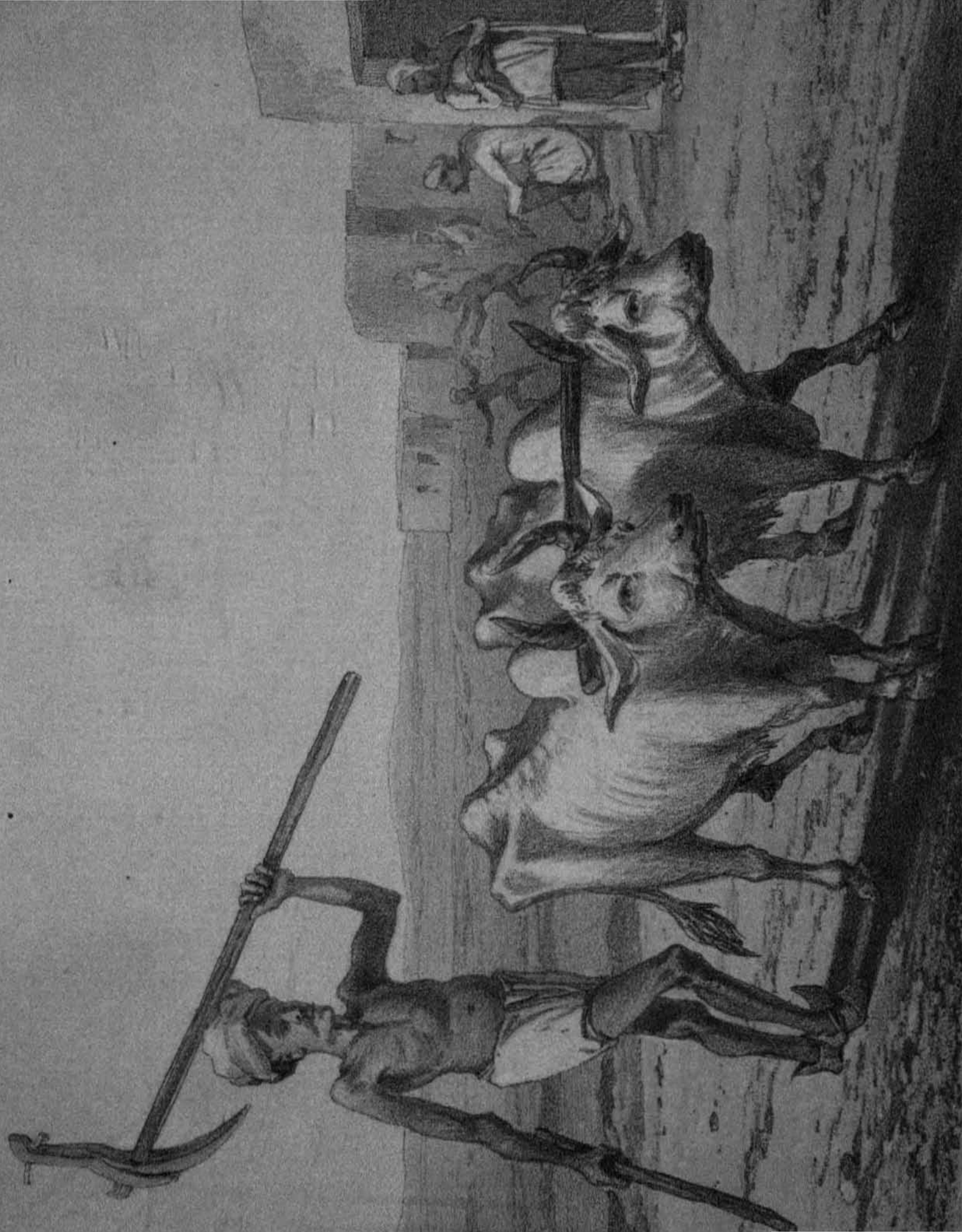
Our gateway, spacious in its width, from the circumstance of one pillar having been annihilated by the wheels of one Griff's dog-cart, offers no obstacle to an easy passage for our vehicle, which, through the good disposition of the horse, and under the consideration and full expectation that he is about to return to his gram-bag, has unhesitatingly condescended to make a start. The Jehu is delighted; he clambers on his perch, handles his ribbons as he would a bunch of carrots; flourishes his long-lashed whip, with which he thwacks the dorsal vertebræ of the too generous steed until he breaks into a canter; the horse-keeper, after desperate efforts, and with much puffing, and not a little scraping of his legs on the rapidly-rotating wheel, hoists himself by the side of the charioteer, and we are fairly off.

We puff away at our cheroot, and cherish fond hopes that, as the quadruped between the shafts has evinced such serenity of disposition, our progress may not be marred by any egregious manifestation of illwill on his part, when, in the twinkling of an eye, we find ourselves shot up into the roof of our vehicle, to the scarification of our shin-bones by that detestably-protruding shelf and drawer; we descend with still greater velocity, hear a crushing of masonry, a din of voices, imprecatory and abusive in their nature; we clear our eyes from the dust that has blinded them, and discover that our steed has wilfully diverged from the appointed way, and striven to make direct for his gram, with a total disregard for drain-bridges, or any such opposite hinderances, and deposited our vehicle in the contiguous field. But we lie tranquil, and submit ourselves to the mercies of the Jehu to eradicate us from the ditch and the dilemma.

The offending quadruped, the author of all our grief, is reposing on his side; but by repeated applications of pole and thong is restored to his legs, and a sense of his conduct; the truck is dragged on to the road, and the animal once more harnessed, and solicited to start.

But no—imprecations, objurgations, whacks, puncturings, and poles, are resorted to in vain; our tatoo's ribs are impervious to all. We watch the proceedings: in vain the niggers exert their utmost muscular capabilities, almost to the bursting of their livers, in striving to make the wheels revolve; in vain do they strive to propel the vehicle by applying themselves to the shafts; in vain does the lash fall heavy on the flanks, and eyes, and ears, and head of the tat; in vain does the pole alight on his ribs, or the twitch wrung round his nose excite any symptom of aught but retrogressive motion. But at last, by the ingenious device of coiling a rope round a fore-leg, and hauling at it, the tat, finding himself becoming on a more and more insecure footing, changes his tactics, springs forward, with a seeming determination to crush his tormentors, and away we go, at the rate of forty miles an hour!

Then we have a repetition of the pleasing little prelude to each stage on the occasion of every change, which occurs at every five miles. But still we progress, and, through the inequalities of the road, we pass a joyful time of it, about equally divided between our mattress, and the roof of our vehicle. We find our bones rather sore, and our bottles rather broken; our soda-water and our patience are exhausted; but the wheels of our



Engr. F. Jones lith.

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John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer

OUR AGRICULTURIST

OUR AGRICULTURISTS.

WE do occasionally indulge in rusticity, and partake of the pleasures of the pastoral life. From the giddy whirl of gaiety—from that vortex of dissipation in which we are eternally plunged at the delectable Kabob, we pitch our tent

“Where stillness betokens a peaceful retreat
In the depths of the dark forest glade!”

and away from the fascinating allurements of town life, and amid the agriculturists of Ind, devote a happy hour.

We thus indulge in rural pleasures and the produce of the gun simultaneously. The early dawn finds us in the field, not tramping among the turnips, but trudging about the swampy ground in search of snipe, accompanied by our dogs, which we do flatter ourselves are lineal descendants of the best blood, and of the most aristocratic of the canine species, addicted to game,—dogs superlatively handsome, with tails judiciously abridged, and ears depending exuberantly. A sable valet carries the double-barrelled gun; a second bears the powder and the shot; a third delights in conveying the needful treasures of soda and of brandy; a fourth the umbrella;—all followed by our sprightly tat, led by his sable groom.

And so we tramp about until the sun's perpendicular height illumines the depths of our skulls, when we have recourse to the saddle, and loiter listlessly on our homeward way.

Then are the table attendants actively alert; the sacrifice of the chicken has been accomplished; the savoury condiments for our curry have been amalgamated, and are seething in the pot; the everlasting omelette is about to be cooked, and the unfermented cakes prepared. Then we indulge in our bath, and at the door of our tent, placing ourselves in a suitable position, receive the welcome shower from the hand of the water-carrier. We reinvest our limbs in the lightest and the loosest of vestments, and then we breakfast. Fire is next vehemently called for, by which our fragrant cheroots are lit; we throw ourselves on to the cot of ease, and resign ourselves to the indulgence of the latest periodical, with occasional interpolations of the “balmy.”

Thus we while away the lingering hour, till hunger and the slave warn us it is time for tiffin. The feast is spread, the pale ale glimmers in the glass; we find that the tent's high temperature, the morning walk, the mid-day slumber, have parched the throat, and that one bottle is of no avail—we try a second, and that scoundrel slave asserts we try a third. But we have had a famous dinner; the curry, flavoured with a spicy pungency, is good indeed—the pale ale most insinuating:—we once more call for fire, and then

and as

“The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,”

we think what a comical ploughman he is—not as you may picture to yourself, a swarthy sun-burnt English rustic, with his team of giant horses, wending his weary way, while the plough—that ponderous implement—remains in the headland for the morrow’s use; but a supple son of Ind. See, there is one; his labours for the day are o’er; the wearied bullocks, relieved from their work, steer homeward by their way; he follows, “with solemn step and slow,” carrying the plough upon his head!

Then, as we sit at the door of our tent, and the evening shadows are lengthening, we watch

“The village train, from labour free,
Lead up their sports beneath the spreading tree.”

The sable mother issues from her door, and with her offspring straddling on her hip, watches the return of her lord. The wearied mechanics sally forth, and, squatting by their huts, smoke their hubble-bubbles, and talk of pice; while the younger branches of the community, with the shrillest of voices, give themselves up unreservedly to amusement, and screechings of delight.

Then darkness falls upon the plain, and lights are burning in our tent; and as we sit without, the bats and the beetles buzz about our ears and bang into our eyes; the frogs set up their chorus, the crickets their chirrup, and the kids, abstracted from their mothers, bewail their fate with intolerable bleatings. Then the head man of the village comes to pay us his respects; we give him a chair, and if our colloquial acquirements admit of the luxury, we indulge in a discourse ament the crops, the climate, and the state of things in general, and of the village in particular, until our slave announcing our evening’s repast, we solicit his adjournment, and betake ourselves to dinner.

And so the lingering hours glide on, and bitter beer glides down; the smoke from the village, as the hungered rustics cooked their daily meal, and which had well-nigh suffocated us, has now cleared away; the village dog has begun to prowl about, and in his audacity has invaded our tent; but a tent-peg alighting seriously on his hips, has caused him to vacate. We once more take to the easy-chair without, and gaze upon the

“Glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.”

The village is hushed in silence, save by the bayings of the dogs and the faint yelpings of the jackall, which is yet afar. We begin to nod, fling ourselves upon our cot, and soon, forgetful of jackalls, dogs, and villages, fall into a pleasant dream, and imagine that we are fifty thousand miles away from “Our Station.”

OUR NUWAB.

AMONG the magnates of "Our Station,"—and I had almost been so unthankful as to omit him in this faithful record,—is that Oriental potentate, the Nuwab of Kabob. Imbued with much generosity, and impregnated with a taste for English sports and pastimes, the Nuwab is a character of considerable appreciation among us. Where he picked up his predilections for our race has not transpired, nor is it a matter for the display of any anxiety; suffice it to know that the Nuwab is game for anything, from a pool of billiards to giving a ball to the Station.

That is the Nuwab's palace, if you can call that accumulation of tattered buildings of brick and mud and plaster a palace. But let us introduce you to him, let us drive up to his house. There he is, bedecked in gold-embroidered velvet, with a velvet-and-gold turban; pearls depend from his ears, and patent-leather shoes encompass his feet, which are clothed in stockings; across his shoulders is a Cashmere shawl, and he smokes his hookah, waiting till his equipage is ready.

But look at his sporting turn-out; an old English drag, imported by General Bamboo, and with which the old general "stuck" the Nuwab when he went home. And, by the way, you should examine the Palace: it is a perfect refuge for the destitute,—destitute articles, for which no purchasers could be found when their owners left Kabob, and which the benevolent Nuwab relieved them of;—articles such as an unaccomplished Oriental would find great use for; such as pianos by the dozen—desperate creations, that make the tips of your fingers tingle to touch; harps, babies' cots, four-post bedsteads, ladies' wardrobes, marble-topped round tables, and the like. Then there are carriages *ad infinitum*,—veritable arks, with gigantic springs, and violently yellow in complexion; lofty mail phaetons, with hoods, once down, no power on earth could cause to be put up again; and billiard-tables, with caverns for pockets, and a prevailing irregularity of surface, engendered by the curling up of the wood. But the Nuwab shrugs his shoulders, smiles, and knows full well that his asylum is stocked, not from any absolute necessity for the things that are to be found therein, but from sheer feelings of charity to relieve the oppressed of their superfluous furniture.

See, the Nuwab, who knows it is sporting to drive four-in-hand, and so thoroughly English, retains the fashion, but somewhat Orientalizes it; for, instead of handling the ribbons himself, he squats cross-legged on his velvet cushion, which is spread on the roof, and there, while his Jehu,

"With whistling thong,

Urges at speed his prancing team along,"

the Nuwab puffs away at his hookah; occasionally roused, however, by the urgent necessity that frequently arises of having to hold on tight as the team, taking the Jehu

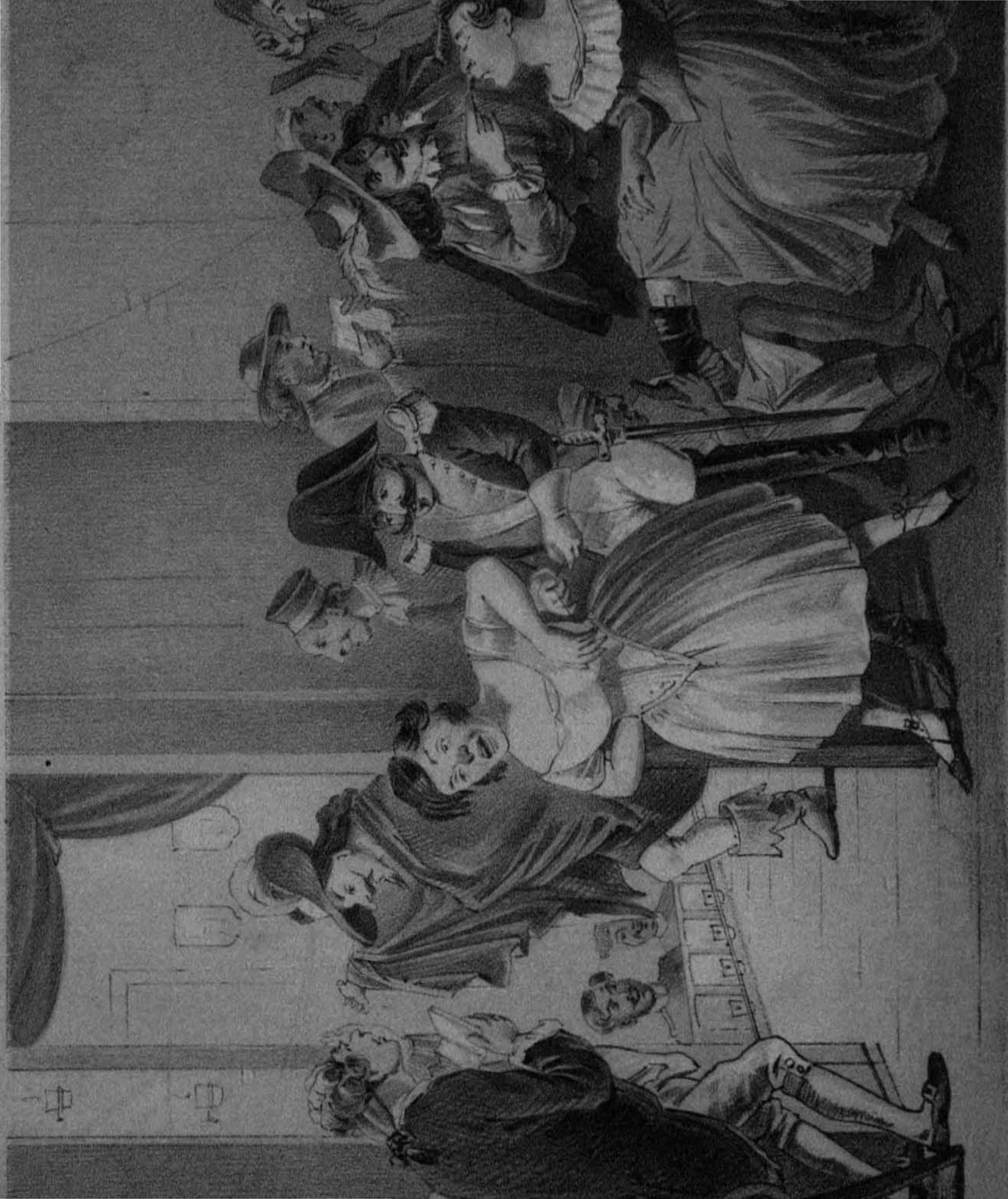
would it not convulse a genuine English Jarvie to behold? First the Jehu gains his seat, next come the leaders, who are duly installed, and their reins unite them to the whip; then are the wheelers brought to the scratch, and with much rearing and plunging, much lying down on the pole and other extravagant physical contortions, the steeds are announced to be ready. The Nuwab surmounts the roof by means of a ladder; he crosses his legs; the reins have entangled themselves in the Jehu's palm; the horse-keepers suspend their chirrupings and remonstrances; the near leader, a ginger-coloured brute with a stiltish style of leg, and the off wheeler, a cream-colour with the pinkiest of eyes, stand on their respective hind legs, receive the maledictions and the cudgellings of the bystanders, spring forward, and away they all go.

With this equipage our Nuwab occasionally comes to the Band, where he dismounts and talks to the ladies, whom he invites to a nautch at his own mansion.

And now, let us drop in to his palace on such an occasion. The guests arrive, and are installed in velvet-cushioned chairs, and otto of roses is handed round with dried fruits and sweetmeats. Then come the dancing-girls, gyrating on their heels, ogling and leering, and shaking their uplifted palms, with other idiotic contortions, indicative, in the Eastern eye, of grace and dignity of motion. But "Our Nuwab" invites us to supper; and there we find tables groaning with the productions of Sticker Doss's Europe shop, for which "Our Nuwab" has given unlimited orders. But liberality and redundancy have been more considered than appropriateness of assortment. Lobsters and "tart fruits" commingle, while truffled sausages and sugared almonds share mutually the same dish. Nor is it for want of crockery, as dishes and plates, and vessels even of the most domestic character, grace the board, side by side with silver plate and glittering ormolu, to the unsmotherable amusement of the guests.

But the wines and beer have been properly cooled, and, considering they came from Sticker Doss's, are not so bad. We have great fun, and the laughter is prodigious; the Nuwab, who, as a strict Hindoo, sits complacently a looker-on, joining in our mirth, but urging us to partake with greater courage; which, indeed, it needs, for the table slaves of his highness are not adepts at Christian cookery, and trifling irregularities greet the senses. The salad indicates the presence of cod-liver oil, and we have faint suspicions that "Day and Martin" has been introduced as a sauce.

But the Nuwab is in blissful unconsciousness of it all, and we drink his health in three times three, which gratifies him intensely. Then we adjourn to witness the fireworks, and a troop of fifty pariah-dogs let loose, each with a lighted squib at his tail, is pronounced to be great sport. The Nuwab is pleasantness itself. He offers the loan of his elephants at any time, and hopes we will join him on his next shooting expedition; promises to show us his new rifle, which his old friend Bamboo has sent him as a present from England; and then, with a cordial shake of the hand, he wishes us good night, and expresses (in Hindustani, for he cannot speak English) a hope that he may often be gratified by having the happiness of affording such gaiety as is in his power to the residents of "Our Station."



del. W.M. Kewan. lith.

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John B. Day, Lithographer & Publisher.

OLD THEATRICALS

OUR THEATRICALS.

OF course we have private Theatricals,—the gallant votaries of Thespis get up for the amusement of delighted audiences, melodramas of the most absorbing interest, and farces intensely facetious.

One end of the assembly-room is set apart for a stage, the floor of the centre is removed for the occasion, and this hold, as it were, forms the pit and orchestra. The stage is a fixture, and the ingenuity displayed in making the most of a very circumscribed sphere of action is a matter for admiration. The side scenes are but three, and are on triangular frames, which revolve. One side exhibits nature in its wildest mood—beautiful pea-green trees, with dabs of various colours to portray the wild flowers of the forest. Turn the scene, and you are plunged at once into the retirement of domestic and civilized life—a book shelf in a *negligé* state, and the portrait of a flaxen-headed cowboy, doing something o'er the lea, arrest the attention of the admiring spectator; and thirdly, masses of brown ochre are designed to represent rocks or whatever fancy may suggest. The back scenes are a corresponding trio, that roll up—one a wood for the romantic and the perpetration of horrible murders, with a circular cut in a dab of sky for the addition of a gentle moon when requisite. Then we have an interior, which, by a judicious arrangement of properties, duly set in order by the momentary introduction of a John, whose livery consists of a strip of yellow paper tacked to his collar and cuffs, can equally represent the boudoir for interviews with unfavouring papas, or the drawing-room, where scenes in connection with bended knees are commonly enacted; as, by the addition of a couch, with a sheet thrown over a stick, it will form a bedroom. Lastly, we have a dungeon, for the express benefit of enchained gentlemen who have got solos to communicate. Great, however, as is the artistic excellence of these scenes, the drop is incomparably superb. Some ambitious individual, overflowing with perspective on a novel system, has poured it forth on the canvas in the shape of columns ingeniously receding to the front and approaching to the rear.

But to the Play. Let us pop behind the scenes. The band has thundered forth its operatic airs; the company have poured in; the melodramatizers, after a world of commotion and a profusion of scuffling and driving off of servants, have at last fairly commenced operations; the bell has tinkled; the prompter has hauled up the green curtain, to the detriment of his tights and the discomposure of his temper; the drama has opened—touching are the scenes—unnerved are the spectators—pocket-handkerchiefs are in demand; the plot thickens—the climax is at hand. Chumuch is the hero; a touching scene lies before him; he is in difficulties—he hums—he haws—he

"Weep! wee-ep! wee-e-ep!" speaks the prompter, in a graduated crescendo scale.

"What?—What the deuce is it? Speak out!"

"Weep!" shouts the prompter. "Confound it; can't you weep?—Weep!" roars the prompter.

The touching appeal, together with the emphatic reply, has caught the ear of the house, and the laughter is prodigious; but Chumuch, unabashed, faces the storm, and weeps convulsively.

The drama is concluded; and now let us hear Blades sing his comic song. Blades is our serjeant-major, was an undertaker before he enlisted, is an excellent actor of low life, with a fund of original humour. We couldn't do without Blades, for he fills up rejected parts that our leading Thespians would scorn to accept; but somehow or other Blades makes his few sentences tell with greater effect than all the rest of the performances, for he is such a wag, and plays so well. To be sure he "exasperates" his h's, and is apt to hear "futsteps a comin'", when he will be hof to claim the 'ands of his Hevelina for his bride;" but he is a thorough good mimic for all that.

And now let us watch the preparations for the farce. Motey is to personate Julia, and he is now undergoing the operation of having his waist clewed in by Hawser, the Prussian soldier, who is sedulously engaged in the domestic duties of a lady's-maid; Muggins is learning his part; while Mirrich, skilled in face-painting, operates upon the whole *corps dramatique*. A paper of rouge, a box of violet-powder, and a burnt cork compose his materials; nor is his office a sinecure, as, with a thermometer at 96°, and not a breath of air, periodical repairs are many and oft. Well—the farce begins; the prompter, that most important functionary, renders salutary assistance. For my part, I rather envy the prompter: Chumuch and others vow he won't speak loud enough, while Muggins and the rest declare that he always shoves in his oar when not wanted; so that his office must be a highly desirable one. However, the play is over, loud are the plaudits, delighted are the audience, pleased but uncomfortably hot are the actors.

There is a supper at the mess for the *corps dramatique* and numerous friends, including the ladies. The health of the actors is proposed; our manager says something funny; the play is discussed; loud is the laughter, merry are the company; and before they separate it is fully decided that another performance, on some very early occasion, shall come off to enliven the community of "Our Station."



OUR BAZAR.

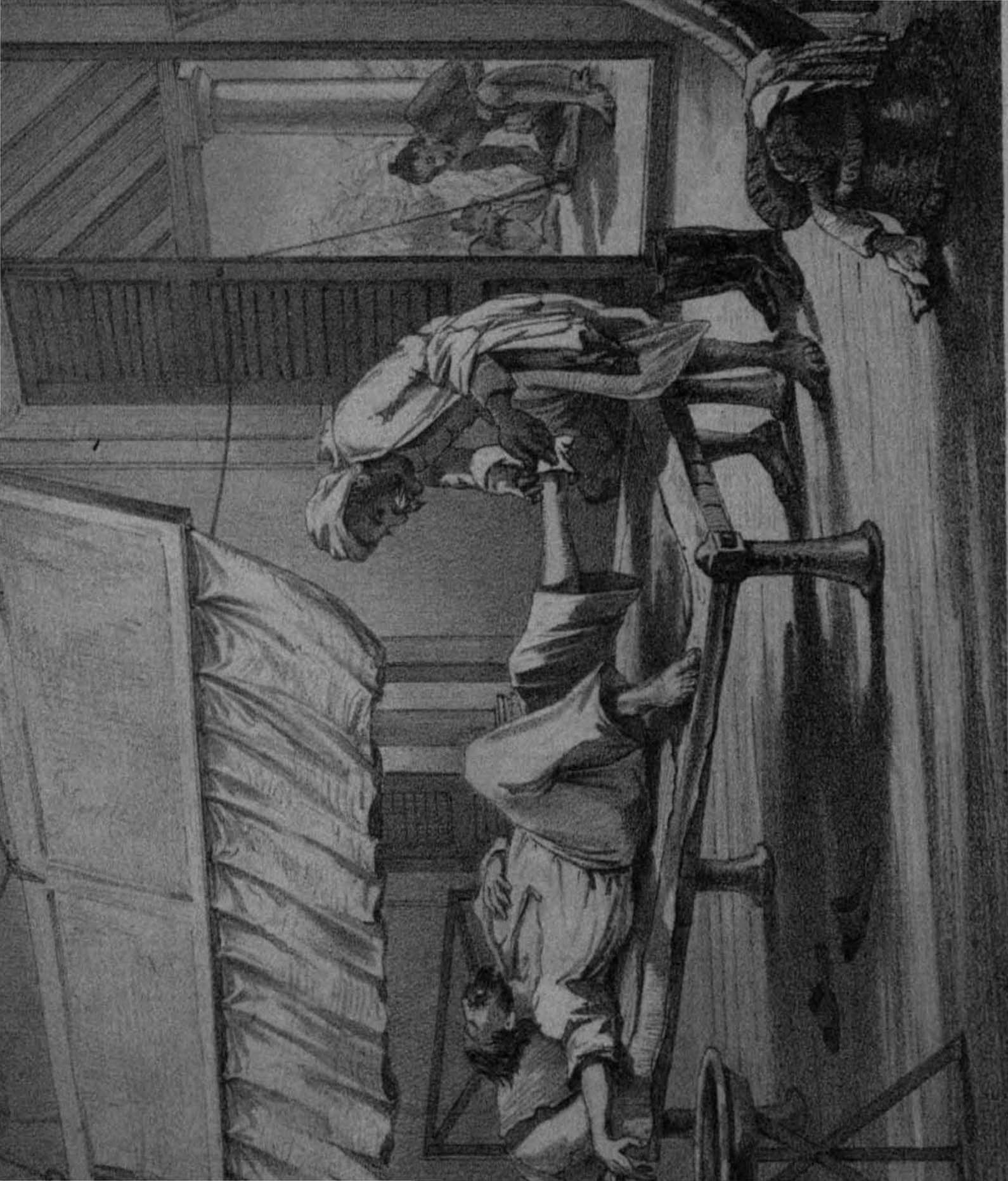
AT the eastern side of Kabob are the habitations devoted to the native population,— constructions of mud that frown grimly at each other across the narrow, dirty ways that separate them, and which form the thoroughfares that intersect, bisect, and dissect the Great Bazar of Kabob. The dwellings, in their prevailing feature, combine the attractiveness of the primitive mound of earth with the characteristics of the pigsty. They form blocks of mud, perforated with apertures of very limited dimensions. But there are grand exceptions, for the Great Bazar can boast of at least three mansions, double in their stories, and the amount of brick-coloured paint which adorns their *façades*, in the shape of hideous demons and still more hideous animals, inexplicable in their anatomy, together with portraiture of celebrated eastern kings, with the very yellowest of complexions and the very widest-opened eyes, would strike admiration into the heart of every beholder. And then the upper stories, with their gorgeous balconies, at least fourteen inches wide, with daintily-carved parapets a good seven inches high, and painted every colour under the sun, shed an air of aristocratic splendour around. These are the palaces of the nobles. There, in that one, more splendid than its fellows, dwells Chouse Lall; and here, in this one opposite, resides Bunya Doss, the great contractor, of the grain caste. There, below, in the open shop, reposing on their hams, and smoking their hubble-bubbles, are his assistants, dispensing grain of every kind to the tempted passer-by; and there, in front, stands a buffalo, sniffing the good things which the uncouth monster has already grabbed at on his way, and for which his dense hide has been punctured accordingly. Opposite is a confectioner's shop; to be sure we miss the ice-creams and tartlets, the jellies, and the buns—Bath and plum, the pastry and the cakes; but do we not see, and do not our mouths water at the contents of those brazen dishes, those savoury-looking mounds of tawny-coloured sweetmeats—combinations of oil, of treacle, and of flour, upon which the eyes of those two urchins have fallen and are feasting; and in which the Oriental damsel, with coin at command, is about to invest, lured by that pungent odour which, penetrating our olfactories, reaches to the very roots of our hair.

But let us pass on, if that gaunt, half-famished hound, all covered with sores—a very Lazarus of dogs—will but gratify our wishes by making way, and adjourning with his bone to some more convenient locality. There goes a native, carrying his bed and walking; and in that you see how such a performance was enacted some eighteen hundred years ago, when those miraculously cured of their diseases took up their beds and walked—not, you perceive, as the imaginative artists of the West love to portray such scenes, by depicting weak men staggering along under huge and highly-carved four

poses an Oriental's bed. And this act of taking up his bed and walking is the commonest object in an eastern city that falls upon the eye. There goes a woman with her pitcher of water from the well, bearing it so dexterously on her head, a performance by which the daughters of the East acquire that uprightness of form which particularly characterizes them, and which consequently imparts to them their greatest attraction.

But let us get away from this din. That fellow who is about to feed, and who is blowing so desperately into that confounded horn, is driving the Devil away—quite enough to do it, I should imagine. This is the Hindoo temple, and this violent ringing of bells, and banging of gongs would, I suspect, have a similar effect of driving away their gods.

Take care, or that Brahminee bull will have his horns into your ribs. Look at the bloated beast,—he is holy, and the Hindoos reverence him. He is let loose in the streets, and is fed till, as you see, he can scarcely walk, save to reach the grain merchant's open store, and help himself at his will. Capital practice for our Griffs are these bulls: to shoot one openly would be to create an uproar in the city; but great sport they afford, and bullets go plump into their fat sides with a sound delicious to the ear. See, there goes one limping along. I shrewdly suspect a rifle-ball has very accidentally struck that joint, and that rifle the property of some Griff. We sometimes entice them to our gardens, and teach them the art of drawing water from our wells, at which we find they are great adepts, and to which the Hindoos do not object, as it saves their pockets, and their religion is not affected, as the animals are not injured. But if the Hindoos are glad to be absolved from having to feed them, the public at large are only too rejoiced to get rid of what is universally considered to be a nuisance to "Our Station."



Ed. F. Jones lith.

Published by John B Day 3, Savoy Street Strand.

John B Day Lithographer

OUR BEDROOM.

OUR BED ROOM.

"SAHIB!—Sahib!—Sahib!"—and so it goes on, that voice of the valet, gradually increasing in force and earnestness of appeal. Firstly, of a mild and indicative tone; then explicative,—remonstrative,—until it becomes imperative and decisive; and the slumberer is roused to a full comprehension of the fact that the gun has fired,—that it is daybreak—that it is getting late—that the horse is ready—that it is parade-time; that, in fact, it is contrary to right, reason, and reputation, to lie any longer a courtier of repose. But we are not to be defrauded of our utmost limits of rest: the night has been a stifling one; we have been lying simmering on our cot, gasping as we gazed at the super-pending punkah, which waved listlessly to and fro, producing but a slight motion of the air; we watched its irregular style of proceeding with increasing dissatisfaction and perspiration; we observed that its speed was gradually getting

"Small by degrees and beautifully less,"

until its motion died away; when the suddenly startled native, aroused to a sense of his sleepiness and the loss of his rope, would seize it afresh and pull as if to tear it down. Then we watched again, and coveted the sleep that would befall our coolie's eyelids and spurned to court our own. The punkah-wind lulled, and the flounce was hushed into repose: we know it well,—that brute, that pagan, had succumbed again into the arms of the sleepy god, and we lay there bathed in perspiration, and awake. A boot,—two boots,—a slipper,—two slippers, did we expend in vain as missiles, projected with unerring precision at his head. We tried a chair; but no, the vile heathen was impervious even to that; until a personal assault, effected to the detriment of our feet in kneading the outcast's ribs, did at last restore him from oblivion to his rope.

Then would we simmer again, and long for sleep; we would listen to the sharp buzz of the mosquitoes, which, driven away by the punkah, held their concert by the ceiling and in the adjoining rooms; we hear the loud croakings of the loquacious frog outside, the shrill and never-ceasing chirrup of the crickets that infest every crevice of the house within; we watch a musk-rat, which we discover it to be from its odour, on its midnight rounds,—we let fly one of our recovered slippers at it, but without effect; we feel something cold and slimy on our forehead, and knocking it off, find it to have been a lizard; and then the stoppage of the punkah necessitates a second excursion into the verandah to puncture the head of the coolie, for which, on this occasion, we employ a foreign substance in the form of a racket-bat, in lieu of our digits or our toes, and with great effect. And then we try to sleep again. We drink up all the water in the room;

just as the big gun booms in the distance, and our ears are saluted with the "Sahib! Sahib!" that announces it is the hour to get up.

And then we dream we are in a land of luxury and of ease, reposing on a soft couch in some lovely spot, where

" Every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses !"

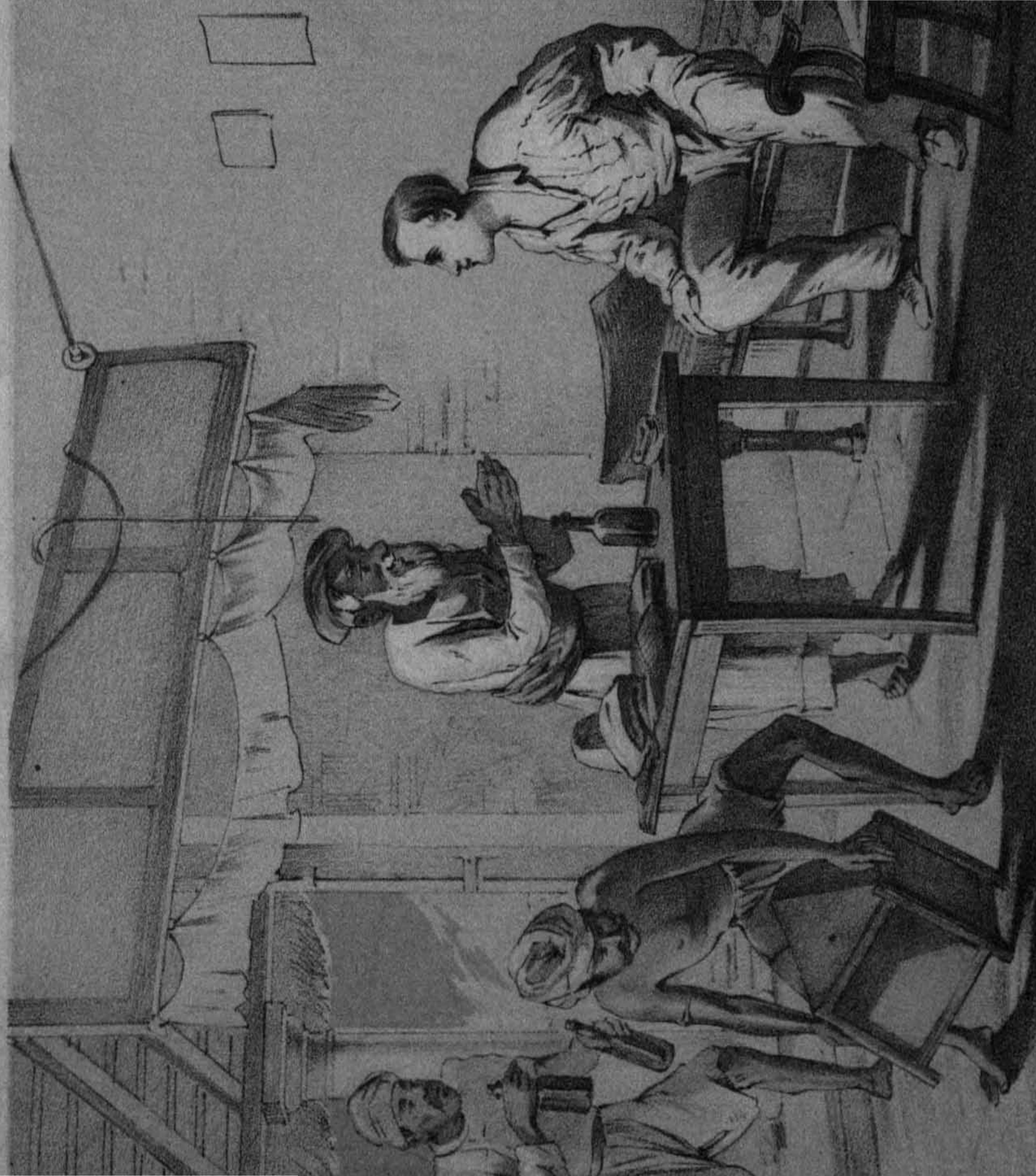
When "Sahib!—Sahib!" falls reiterated on the ear, and transports us from the land of dreams to the mat-covered cot of our stifling bungalow.

But we dose on, and our valet puts on our socks, and our boots, and our pantaloons, brings the bowl—the brazen bowl—on its tripod, reiterates his solemn remonstrances that we shall be late—helps us to sit up—forces a towel into our hand, and, with soft insinuating attentions, enables us to accomplish the formidable operation of toilette, which the languid frame is too loth to perform.

Then as we put on the upper garments and sally forth, our table slave brings us our morning cup of tea, which, hot as it is, is refreshing to our parched throat on this sultry morning. We light our cheroot, and mount our steed; while the horsekeeper, charged with the safety and the carrying of our sword (which is an implement of far too ponderous a nature for exhausted humanity to convey beyond what dire necessity requires) scampers away to the Parade, and we follow.

"Our Bed Room," you must acknowledge, is not over-crowded with upholstery: the cot (defrauded of its mattress, but with a strip of fine matting in its stead), a table, chair, and bowl, are all that it can boast of. We do at times desert its floor, and take our cot and stretch ourselves with the stars for our canopy and the fresh breath of heaven for our punkah, when there is any; but our predilections do not run in favour of snakes, and scorpions, and centipedes, and prowling ravenous dogs that carry on contention by our side, nor jackals that come howling in our ears, which, acting in combination with a temperature at 100°, is anything but provocative of sleep; so we retreat once more to our chamber, to welcome even the little air that a considerate coolie will be inclined to give, and the comparative coolness it affords.

A night in the hot season, I think you will agree with me, is not calculated to impress you with a desire to become a sojourner of "Our Station."



THE weather is not—not decidedly—a residence in a frying-pan, on a blazing English kitchen fire, is Paradise to it. The night, too, is sultry; the darkness has not mitigated the fury of the blast;—we gasp in our palankeens, we take long pulls and strong pulls at our insinuating bottles, and startle the niggers at the perpetual poppings of the soda-water corks, that keep up a heavy file-fire throughout the night. As day dawns, we struggle with somnolency till the sun rises, and darts its downward rays into our cramped abode with intolerable intensity. We begin to be somewhat weary of this Indian night's entertainment, and have a mighty craving for a cup of hot tea or coffee, and a longing desire to expurgate from our eyes, and ears, and hair, the dust that has invaded them.

But the fates forbid it; the panting bearer, as he patters alongside, announces with grim satisfaction that we are "*very near*," which, on the institution of a rigorous cross-questioning, resolves itself into the awful fact that we have still ten miles before us; and as the sun has "scaled the vaulted skies," and in its course has already split the top of our gun-case, and curled up the lid of our cheroot-box, and the prospect of our own vile body being frizzled by its penetrative rays is more than a possible contingency, the hope deferred makes our hearts more than sick.

But here we are at last, thank Heaven!—at the "Travellers' Bungalow." We extricate ourselves from the palankeen, which is borne into the verandah, and our immediate wants are instantly the source of anxious solicitude on the part of the "sweetly smiling, sweetly talking" slaves. That venerable patriarch of self-complacent mien is the purveyor of the institution, and with unbounded largeness of views, and a broad idea of his own capabilities, and the expansiveness of the larder, interrogates us as to our requirements, which he can meet to any extent. He is prepared to supply us with the most dainty food in endless variety, if we will but express our sentiments and expound our views. Hot rolls and buttered toast, cold ham and sausages, raised pie, and other delicacies, float before our imagination. But the horrid heathen, the vile pagan, destroys our dream of hope; his expressions prove to be of the metaphorical order, and we discover that hot water for our tea, a grilled fowl, and an unfermented cake, is "all the store that he can give to me."

We resign ourselves to this reduced state of things; and while the second slave is providing water for our ablution, we unfold our thoughts, and our dressing-case—when lo! a rush is heard in the verandah, a noise of many footsteps, and a chuckling as of domestic poultry, when, fast pursued by the venerable patriarch intent on slaughter and our breakfast—a cock—a weather-beaten cock—

"A gallant cock

As ever roused the echoes of the morn,
And from his stately dunghill throne
Crow'd lustily"—

flight of a projectile which nears his head, he flees away. Incited by the love of sport, we join the chase. Away we go, the gallant cock making for the kitchen; when a stout stick impelled by the hand of the supplementary slave, diverts his course of flight, but impinges on the sharp joints of a half-famished dog that prowls about for food, which limps away, howling in his anguish. Away goes the cock;—lengthy in leg, he strides across the plain, periodically the object of a brickbat and a slipper. Now he makes for the verandah, when a second dog, excited to pursue, contributes his quota of assistance, until the game, disquieted by the flight of missiles, once more seeks the refuge of our chamber, when the artful projection of a slipper knocks him into the hands of his slayer.

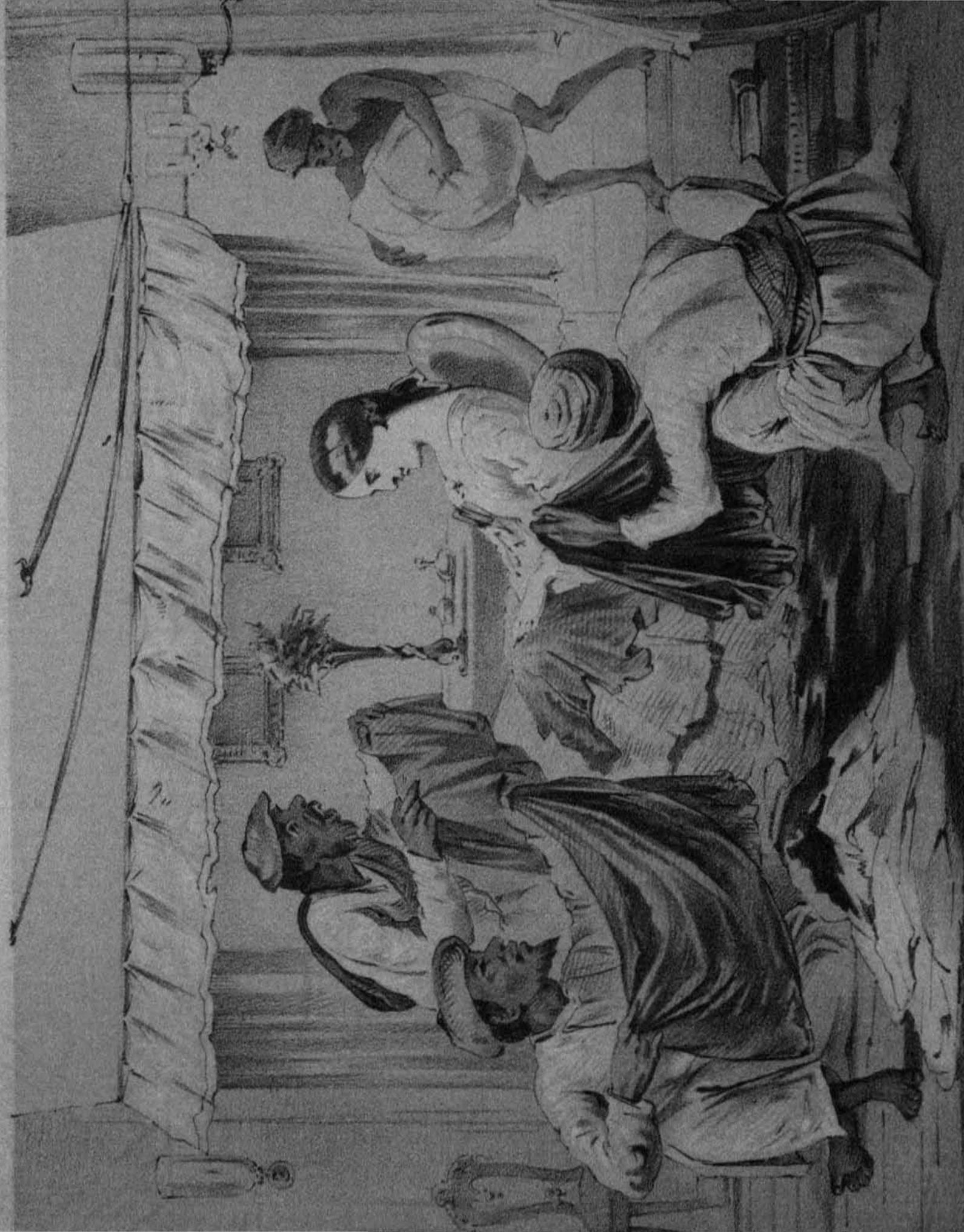
We perform our ablutions, we reinvest ourselves in garments of the airiest texture, when breakfast is declared, and there the once-gallant cock, so late the object of our pursuit, lies recumbent on the dish, like an uncomfortably flattened frog.

With all the ardour of our being, with all the muscular development of our lower jaw, we strive to masticate the obdurate bird; but no—its flesh is impervious to the sharpest incisor, and spurns the efforts of the most crushing molar, and we rest satisfied with the assurance that we are tackling the identical cock that came out of the Ark. But the hot tea, which we have made from our own supply, refreshes us; and with the other accessories obtained from that same store—our palankeen—we refresh the inner man.

The sable patriarch offers to immolate a second fowl for our early dinner; but we decline the proffered sacrifice, as our morning's experience of the dish, popularly called "a sudden death," does not warrant our indulging in a repetition of the luxury; so we dine off the contents of an hermetically-sealed tin of more savoury food.

The hours lag long and wearily; the punkah, of limited dimensions, with a deranged flounce and with unsymmetrical ropes, waggles with a quaint and threatening aspect, and affords but little mitigation of the burning heat. We have a tattie at the door, and the slave keeps it well saturated; but its ambiguous form admits the fiery blast. We lie recumbent on the cot, which has the authorized and popular number of legs, of which the chairs cannot be said to boast;—we have dozed;—we have read the regulations that hang upon the walls forty times at least, till we know them by heart;—we have drunk tepid beer, and warm soda-water has allayed our thirst;—we have recorded our names in the book of fate and of the Bungalow; when, at last, upon a grateful ear the sounds of the relieving palankeen-bearers announce that the sun has set, and that the hour of departure is at hand.

The palankeen is once more furnished with our goods, the tax for the shelter is paid; the grinning attendant, implicitly believing in his inmost soul that he has afforded us the most unqualified satisfaction, receives a donation with a smile of happy con-



OUR CLOTH MERCHANTS.

KABOB is proud of its Merchants; their energies are exhaustless, their credit unfathomable, and their wealth unbounded. If they have not ships bounding across the wide ocean, freighted with their stores—if they have not correspondents and associates in every land—if they have not shops which display in rich profusion the measure of their wealth—and if they have not their rural seats where they can rub off the pen-and-ink, the brown-paper-parcel proceedings of the day,—they have their ships of the desert—they have their creaking carts, bounding over the rugged roads of neighbouring provinces, ponderous with the bales of treasure that they love to barter for the rupees of our community, which flow into their coffers. They have the very soul of profit within them; their dwellings are in the lordliest hovels of our city; their bundles traverse every street, and their bills haunt every bungalow.

Would you seek the possession of what they have to dispose of? You need not order your carriage and drive to the fashionable shop; you will find no counter, backed by simpering slaves, seductive in their insinuating offers, and smiling with self-complacency. The Merchants of Kabob are of the peripatetic school. Their shops are, figuratively, on their heads; and their worldly goods are brought into your immediate presence before your wants and desires are even divulged. I really do not know what the ladies of Kabob, and of India in general, would do—how they could possibly

“Lure the lingering hours along,”

were it not for the itinerant Merchants, those sons of the pack and the yard, of the linen, the velvet, and the silk. They are the safety-valves for England's daughters, which allow of the escape of that tedium and apathetic indolence which would otherwise destroy the vital spark. It is a striking fact, which has hitherto escaped the eye of general observation, and which is deserving of a thorough recognition, that the introduction of a Cloth Merchant into the presence of the fair, operates more successfully in restoring life and animation to the fast-fading patient than all the medicines and ministrations of the faculty. And, more than this, those fair ones who indulge in the habit of a perpetual *kopravallah* in the vorandah are the liveliest and healthiest of their race. Look at Mrs. Capsicum, observe Mrs. McGhee, think of Mrs. Geedur, Mrs. Gander, and others,—how energetic, how lively, how active, they one and all are. And how is this to be accounted for, but by the indisputable fact of the all-prevailing presence of the men of muslins, of ribbons, and of wools. Talk of homœopathy, of hydropathy,—give me *kopravalopathy*, as a certain and most efficacious system for the ailments of the

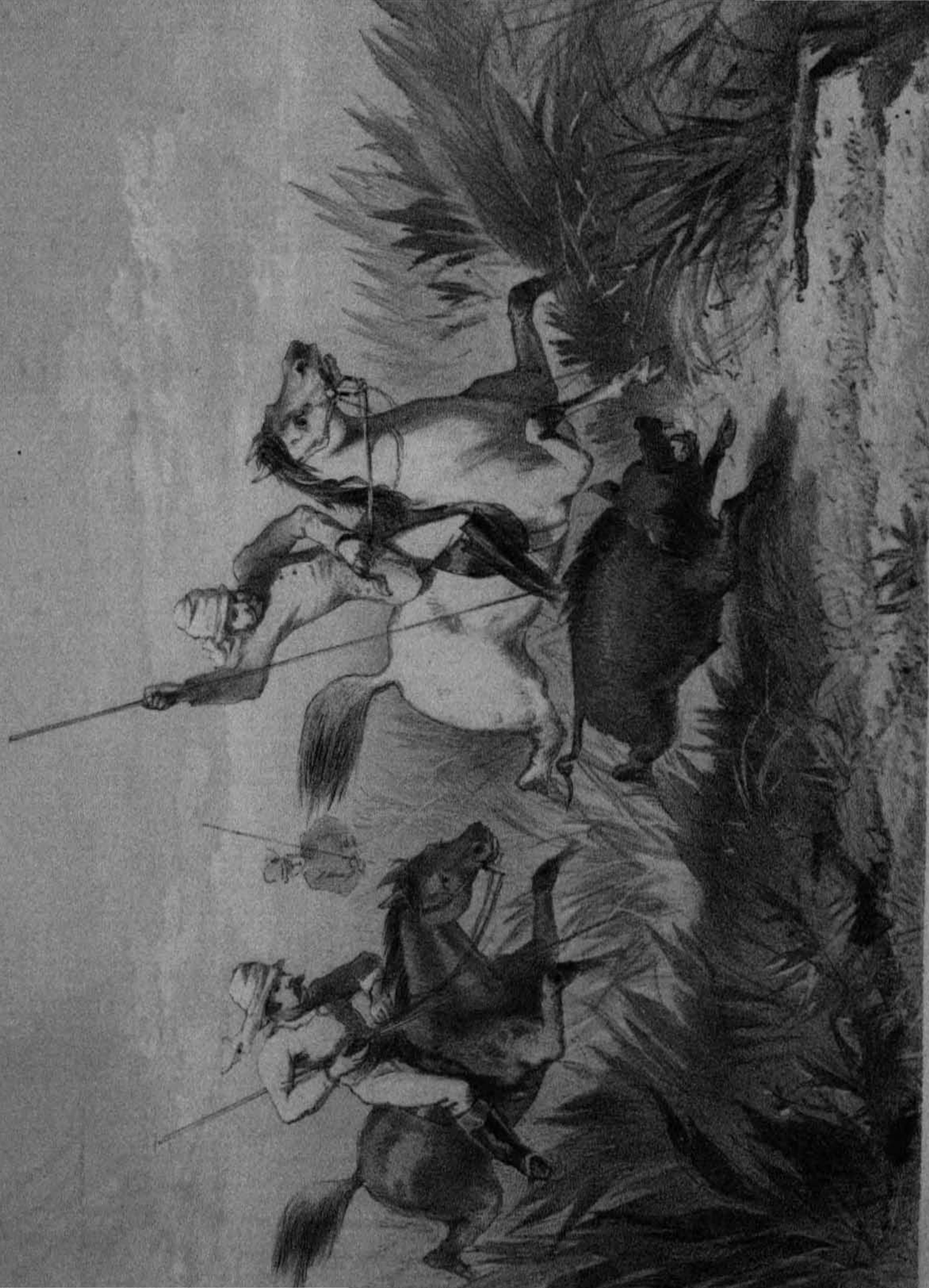
Just step in to call on Mrs. Cardamom ; she has lately become a convert to the system, and take my word for it, you will find her drawing-room carpet

“ With native plants enamelled o’er,”—

or, rather, natives’ goods. There, you see, are rival Merchants, bidding for the honour of her purchase. Chouse Lall is so insinuating, and Rupee Doss is so seductive, and his goods are all so fresh—declared to be just received, and only extracted that morning from the newly-arrived bales, and never before exhibited to mortal eye in Kabob—which, between ourselves, is a declaration slightly figurative and Oriental, as we saw the rascal showing those very identical things to Mrs. Capsicum, not an hour ago. But Mrs. Cardamom thinks that tarlatan so sweet, and that ribbon so lovely, and that pair of gloves so charming ; and Cardamom lets her get what she wishes, and likes to see her well dressed ; and so she wavers in her previously-expressed declaration, that she would positively buy nothing. Then Chouse Lall produces the identical kind of goods, and the rivalry becomes vigorous and keen, until indignation fires the soul of Chouse Lall, and he animadverts upon the private life and character of Rupee Doss, whose black and boiling blood declines to recognize such uncalled-for reflections, retaliates with compound interest, and with comprehensive gesticulations and significant remarks of withering scorn and defiance.

Then recriminations ensue, and the rivals unite in concert of vituperative melody, to the enlivenment of Mrs. Cardamom ; and the final adjudication of the case by the dress-piece being obtained from Chouse Lall at one quarter of its originally-expressed value, the shutting-up in desperation by Rupee Doss of his bundles, and the eventual clearing of the room ; when the spark of contention once more blazes into flame in the verandah ; and when this has subsided, a fresh bone of contention arises in the matter of the coin mulcted from Chouse Lall by Mrs. Cardamom’s slave, who, in the payment of the wealthy merchant, has subtracted from his rightful claim the sum of one-fiftieth part of a farthing, but for which Chouse Lall battles with vehemence of manner and vigour of articulation, as if the fate of his house hinged on the result.

A valuable institution, then, is the merchant system of Kabob. And what if the produce of their bundle is not always of the newest,—and what if the sum taken for each article is the price demanded divided by six, reduced further by a subsequent subtraction. Why, we are all similarly circumstanced, and are all at the mercy of these sable vendors, who, most unquestionably, with all their faults, are indispensable for the comfort—yes, and for the amusement and enlivenment of “ Our Station ”



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OUR PIG STICKING

OUR PIG-STICKING.

AMONGST the diversity of sports, pastimes, pleasures, amusements, recreations, and the other multiplicity of enjoyments, by which we speed the loitering hours at Kabob, and enliven the intervals of parades, treasure-escorts, guard-visiting, and other such delectable avocations of a martial nature, we sally forth at times to do battle with the savage beasts of the field, and exercise our faculties of destructiveness in the annihilation of the wild boar in the jungle. But we do not patronize all the paraphernalia that distinguish this sport in the lands of the West: we have not the brazen horn,

“With penetrating sound
Its thrilling tones the echoing woods resound.”

Nor do we need the pack of dogs to tackle our prey: the steed and the spear are all our requirements, combined, I may add, with dexterity in the use of the latter, and a capability of sticking to the saddle of the former. Dhalbhat is our most accomplished pig-sticker, and polishes off his grunter with a scientific insinuation of the spearhead into its flanks that is delightful to behold. But Dhalbhat is a clipping rider, and his Arabs are first-rate,—as active as if they were stuffed with quicksilver, and never flinching from the attack of the irascible boar, when, as in his wrath he frequently does, he wheels suddenly round and becomes the aggressor. In such moments I recommend you to exercise considerable adhesiveness to the pig-skin beneath you, or there is a contingency that may possibly arise, of the tusks of the infuriated monster being implanted in your own ribs.

But let us join Dhalbhat in his morning excursion. The tents are pitched at a village some twenty miles off; for within the neighbourhood of Kabob not a grunter can dare to show the light of his countenance. We ride over in the evening, and have our dinner on the jungle's edge, when, with “nut-brown draughts inspired,” we narrate the feats of sport gone by, and talk of the coming fray.

The morning dawns. There is our sporting Griff already in his tops, and on his steed, the little Tantrums, which has become a most inveterate pig-sticker: there is Dhalbhat on a high-cast Arab, that walks with head and tail erect, in all the conscious dignity of aristocratic perfection: there is Byle on a “Waler,” that is, a horse from New South Wales—for Byle is a heavy man, and the Arabs feel his weight: there is Huldey on his Cape: and, to complete the variety, there goes Topey, on an imported English mare, which has won many a race, and, though “rather groggy at the fore,” has plenty of go in her still: and, lastly, there is a Griff on a genuine Hindoo,—a regular neighing, rearing, pink-eyed monster, with white nose and legs, and an amazing exuberance of spavin.

The pigs are pronounced to be plentiful; and, though the jungle is tolerably dense,

there are breaks which may afford many a good spurt, and be the scenes of many an obstinate encounter.

We dispose ourselves in squads, and divide the field; a few sables enlisted in our cause beat the jungle. We have not gone far, when the pink-eyed Hindoo is seen dashing off with his rider, who, with his young blood boiling with excitement and anxiety to flesh his untried spear, has described something of the swinish form sloping away from a field. Away goes pink-eyed Hindoo, and away goes his rider with him, into the jungle. We follow, but are soon met by the elated Griff on his now foaming steed, who, with triumphant energy of action, points to his spear trickling with gore. He has done the deed—he has killed his pig—he is a hero. Then we press on to view the object of his triumph; which proves, however, to be a lady pig, who, with maternal solicitude, stood by her youthful progeny; and from which circumstance he was enabled to accomplish the slaughter of what, in his verdancy, he believed to be the consummation of the pig-sticker's hopes and the acme of glory. Unmitigated chaff ruthlessly annihilates the Griff's delight, and he and the pink-eyed Hindoo subside to the rear.

But a regular grunter is hurried from his lair, and makes away for an adjoining copse. Swift as the arrow from the bow flies the Arab to cut him off; away goes Topey, handling his spear, on slaughter bent. The pig makes a turn upon the Arab, which, nimble as a goat, bounds aside, and escapes the impending tusk; while Dhalbhat, from the sudden swerve, is only able to prick with his spear the now enraged animal, which makes a vigorous assault upon the advancing English mare, who, less active than the Arab, swerves aside, and escapes the Scylla of the boar to roll over on the Charybdis of a protruding stump, that brings her and her rider to the ground. But Dhalbhat comes to the rescue; and the pig, backing into a dense clump, stands for a while at bay. By this time Topey has remounted; and, with a threatening move to the rear, the pig bethinks himself of a neighbouring ravine, and makes away for it at his utmost speed, and a speed that keeps the Arab at full gallop, I can tell you. Slap through many a break and many a brier over the rugged ground, at racing pace, the mare at times ahead, with Topey ready for revenge; then, by a change of course, Dhalbhat closes upon his flanks—the pace is killing—the ravine all but attained; when by a touch of the spur, and a judicious handling of the rein, Dhalbhat is able—and all in the twinkling of an eye—to plunge his spear into the heart of the great brute, which rolls lifeless into the ravine below.

Thus we carry on the game. We polish off a few more pigs, return to our tents to seek shelter in the heat of the day, and refresh ourselves; and then we gallop back into cantonments, satisfied with our morning's sport, and exciting the envy of all the sportsmen who could not join the excursion, and who, by the way, are pretty numerous at "Our Station."