

OUR DEPARTURE FOR HOME.

AND so everything comes to an end. Even the long, the lingering, the dreary, and the tedious hours of an Indian day must have a close—even that fiery sun, which shot up in the vaulted arch at such a small hour, and which seems to loiter on its way, does at last take a downward journey, and sink to its repose—even on the sultriest of nights, when one woos the balmy, but which will not be won, the dog that bays the moon does at last hold his peace, the jackall does eventually cease from his lamentations, the cricket from its chirrups, the bull-frogs from their croakings, and the kids from their bleatings; and though "the lingering hours prolong the night," yet even they have an ending, and the morning gun does at last boom upon the ear.

Even the reader, the gentle reader to whom we fervently hope the preceding pages have acted as the above dispellers of sleep, and who has been kept awake till now—even the reader must come to the last page and the last picture; and, to crown all, even the ten long weary years of the exile in Ind, which by the immutable laws of the empire, immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, he must pass under its fiery sun before he can return to the fatherland—even those ten long years do come to a close, and we find ourselves revelling in the unutterable joy of being permitted to tear ourselves away even from the lovely station of Kabob, that lies so sweetly in the plains of Dekchy, in the province of Bobarchy, and wing our way homeward from this land of the East, from this clime of the sun, to that better land,

"That pale, that whitefaced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide
And coops from other lands her islanders."

And are we not in a dream—in a magnificent dream? Are we, in sober reality, to exchange the scorched and sunburnt plains of the lovely Kabob for the green fields sprinkled with great white sheep? Is the cracked gong to jar no longer on the ear, but be exchanged for the soothing chimes of the far church bells? Are the screeching brats of "India's supple sons" to give place to the rosy-cheeked children, the personification of health and merriment? Are our pale cheeks to feel the balmy air of an English winter's day, and our fingers to feel benumbed with the frost? Are we to taste once more of the real "roast-beef of old England," and our palate be gratified with really fresh oysters and porter? Are we to hear our mother-tongue popularly spoken, and our eyes to be gladdened with the sight of faces that are not dusky, but that are rosy and fresh? Verily, we are; and, in unmitigated transports of delight, we resolve upon disposing of our worldly chattels, and making instant preparations for departure.

Great and many have been the longings for the possession of our choicest Arab;

many an eye has looked covetously upon our irreproachable turn-out;—that slapping mare that trots her fourteen in the hour, and that buggy so singularly adapted for a young and blushing bride, and which the blandishments of friend Cheeny could in no wise inveigle from us;—that superlatively delicious easy-chair;—that immaculate spring couch;—those lamps, those bookcases, those flower-vases, and the like. But we resolutely refuse to sell, and prefer to have an auction at our dwelling, when, under the presiding direction of Blades,—the comic Blades,—who is our auctioneer, a general clearance is made. Then we make straight for the office of the Kabob Tatoo Traction Company; but, inasmuch as the behaviour of the equine species had in no wise improved, and as the rival company had expended its ammunition of tatoos, we resolve to charter a vehicle to be propelled by the bipeds of the East, who in the long run—and a very good long run too—prove to be as fleet as the quadrupeds, and vastly more tractable.

Then are our stores laid in for our lengthened journey, above a thousand miles by land, before the many thousand miles at sea have to be encountered. We bid adieus—and painful adieus—to the good, kind friends who have helped to cheer full many a lingering hour during our sojourn in Kabob; and if we have a regret at “going home,” it is that in all human probability we may perhaps never meet again those happy faces that ever smiled a welcome as we approached; and that although, in our future peregrinations in the West, we may make many an acquaintance—ay, and perhaps an occasional friend—we have no hopes of ever meeting with a recurrence of such friendships as we established and enjoyed in the East. But we are getting horribly sentimental; and the second bugle has sounded, and we are engaged to take our farewell dinner at the mess, which we accordingly do. The claret, more diligently cooled than ever, and the sparkling Moselle, assist to

“Speed the light convivial hour.”

We drown dull care in the rosy bowl, and all that sort of thing; and eventually do we tear ourselves away, fling ourselves horizontally on the cushions of the Tatoo Traction Company's vehicle, light our cheroot, quaff our last “peg,” have our hand wrung cordially, nay, violently—our torch is lit, the team moves on, and a parting cheer vibrates in the air as we pass through the compound-gate. Then do we sedulously devote ourselves to the wooing of the balmy. The team breaks into a trot, and we whirl along; but gentle sleep sheds oblivion upon us just as, emerging on the barren plain, we take our final departure from “Our Station.”



CURRY & RICE
(ON FORTY PLATES)
OR
THE INGREDIENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE
AT
"OUR STATION" IN INDIA

BY CAPT. GEO. F. ATKINSON.



LONDON.

JOHN D. ARY, LITHOGRAPHER, PRINTER & PUBLISHER,
8, RAVOY STREET, STRAND.

"CURRY & RICE,"

ON FORTY PLATES;

OR,

THE INGREDIENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE

AT

"OUR STATION" IN INDIA.

BY

GEORGE FRANCKLIN ATKINSON,

CAPTAIN, BENGAL ENGINEERS.

AUTHOR OF "PICTURES FROM THE NORTH, IN PEN AND PENCIL," "THE CAMPAIGN IN INDIA, 1857-1858,"
"INDIAN SPICES FOR ENGLISH TABLES,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

LONDON:

JOHN B. DAY, LITHOGRAPHER, PRINTER, AND PUBLISHER.

8, SAVOY STREET. STRAND.

DEDICATION.

MY DEAR THACKERAY,

YOU may have frequently seen a giant steamer taking in tow some Lilliputian craft, and helping her on, even when the tide was fair, the water smooth, and all was smiling, sunny, and serene. You may have also noticed the same small boat seeking shelter under the lee of its huge ally, when gusts of wind blew lustily, and angry waves came lashing on, as if to swallow up the frailsome bark.

Will you, then, give to my little craft the end of your hawser, even if all goes smooth; and will you let her get under your lee, should howling gusts of criticism, and lashing waves from reviewers, threaten to engulf her?

My tiny vessel is to follow in the wake of your big men-of-war; but the sound of its popguns would be lost in the crash of your thundering artillery; so, before she gets under weigh, pray accept this salute of my little craft as a trifling token of congeniality, admiration, and esteem.

Yours truly,

G. F. ATKINSON.

THE CHÂLET, LINDFIELD,

December.

PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

BEFORE you can be landed on the sunny shores of Ind, a tedious voyage must be overcome; so, in like manner, before you are transported into the scenes depicted in the following pages, a preliminary voyage, in the way of a Preface, has to be encountered. Allow me, then, to improve the occasion by a few sober words of exhortation, that I may dissipate at once and for ever some of those fallacious opinions and crude notions that you persist in entertaining regarding that land called "India."

Allow me, first, to impress upon you this geographical fact, that India is about the size of all Europe; and, moreover, that the British possessions are subdivided into distinct governments, each a kingdom in itself; and that Bengal, Madras, and Bombay are as different and far more disconnected than are England, Ireland, and Scotland; so that that eccentric idea, that floats so persistently in your imagination, of jumping to the conclusion that because dear Charley is going to India, he must infallibly meet dear Willy, who is already there, is slightly illogical; for dear Willy, if I mistake not, belongs to the Bengal Presidency, and is stationed at the very North-west boundary of the empire, at the foot of the Himalayas, close to Cashmere; while dear Charley is bound for Madras, and you may probably hear from him at Cape Comorin, when there will be *only* the trifling intervening distance of some 2000 miles between them.

You might equally well hope that your travelling cousin Alex, who is going to fish in Norway, must be sure to see your dear cousin Maria, who is scrambling about the ruins of the Parthenon; or that because the aforesaid migratory Alex is going to St. Petersburg, he will need a letter of introduction to General Friskhimoff, the Military Governor of Eastern Siberia.

Secondly,—let me remind you that, while there are numerous races with a different creed, caste, and language, so there are customs and manners peculiar to each: and this variety is not confined to the natives; for the habits and customs of social life among the English in India likewise present their petty diversities; and the "Qui Hye" of Bengal, the "Mull" of Madras, and the "Duck" of Bombay, adhere to and defend their own

PREFACE.

customs with jealous warmth of feeling; so that in the following pages, it must be explained, the scenes are drawn to exhibit the customs of society on the Bengal side, as it was necessary throughout to adhere to some one character of people among whom the English were located; but they are such as are common to the whole of India, judging from personal experience in the three Presidencies. And this brings me to the last point upon which I would wish to say a few words.

Among mankind, the perfect individual affords no scope for the exercise of humour. Perfection has nothing comic in it whatsoever; and it is only as perfection is deviated from that the victim becomes the object of wit or a shaft for ridicule: just as a sound and well-constructed wheel, that revolves smoothly on its axle, has nothing in it to excite observation; but when that wheel rotates in a grotesque fashion, symptomatic of immediate aberration from its axle, and, moreover, rattles profusely, it then becomes an object of attraction, and is apt to create a smile.

Those, then, of my readers, who imagine that I have singled out the faults and absurdities of our race, will, perhaps, accept as my reason for so doing, that my object was not to illustrate perfection but to afford amusement, by dwelling upon the sunny side of Indian life, after all the narratives of horror that have of late fallen upon the English ear; but I wish it to be distinctly known that no living mortals have been taken as models for the pictures here drawn, and that if there are any sensitive beings who will fit the cap on their own heads, I can only say that it is their own doing, and not mine.

And now, having brought you so far on your voyage, with the comforting assurance that you are not the persons "so cruelly handed up," let me land you in the East, where you will receive a warm welcome most assuredly. That you may experience a pleasant time of it during your visit at "Our Station," I indulge a hope; and if in the Plates of "Curry and Rice," now set before you, the flavour is found to be a little too spicy and a little too pungent, and, to many perhaps, a thought too hot, remember that it is the nature of Curry to be so. Trusting, however, that it will prove to be a dish to your liking, and leaving you alone to partake of it, and I hope enjoy it, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

G. F. ATKINSON.

THE CHÂLET, LINDFIELD.

December.

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WHAT varied opinions we constantly hear
Of our rich Oriental possessions ;
What a jumble of notions, distorted and queer,
Form an Englishman's "Indian impressions !"

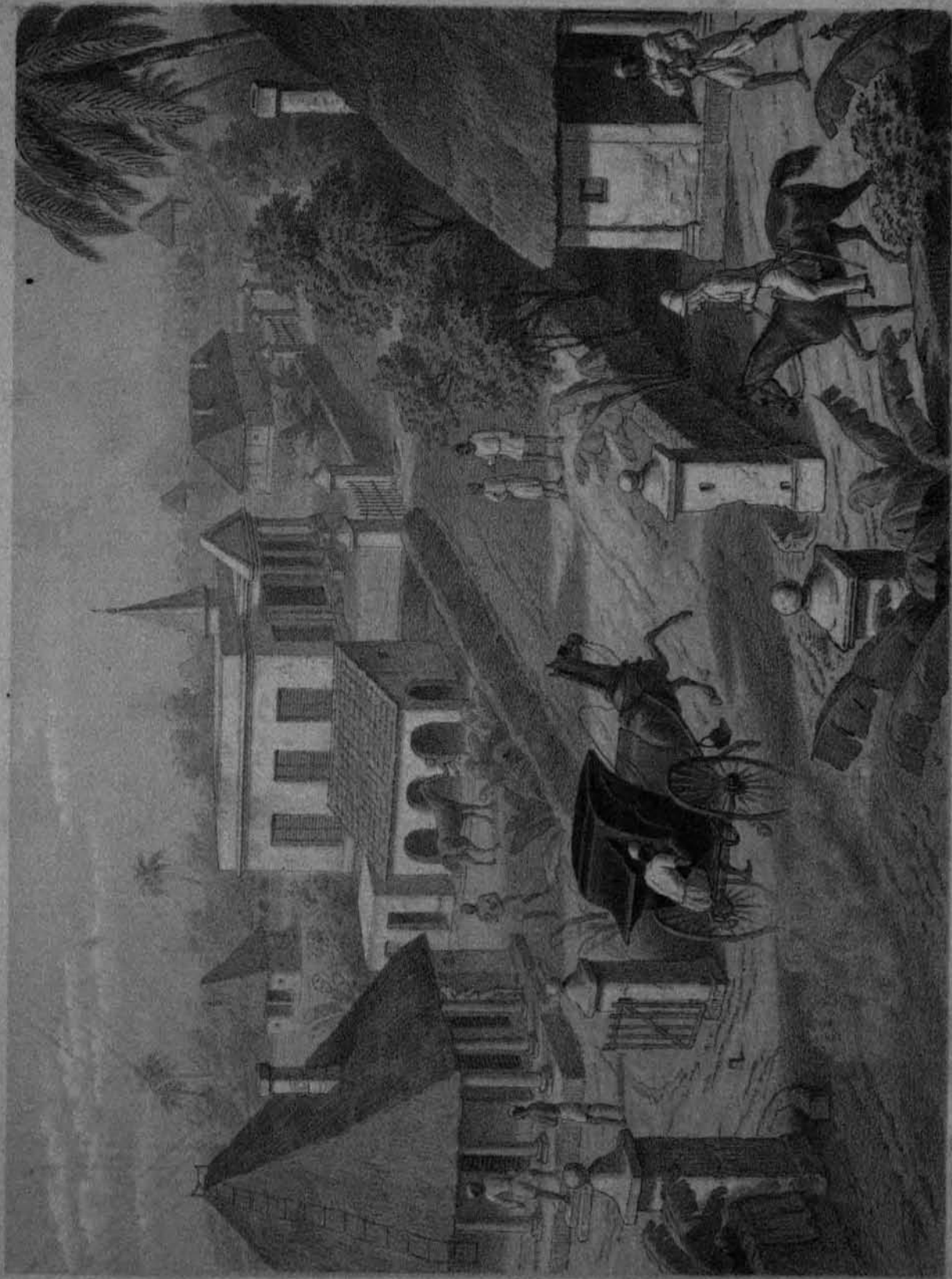
First a sun, fierce and glaring, that scorches and bakes ;
Palankeens, perspiration, and worry ;
Mosquitoes, thugs, cocoanuts, Brahmins, and snakes,
With elephants tigers, and curry.

Then Juggernât, punkahs, tanks, buffaloes, forts,
With bangles, mosques, nautches, and dhingees ;
A mixture of temples, Mahometans, ghâts,
With scorpions, Hindoos, and Feringhees.

Then jungles, fakeers, dancing-girls, prickly heat,
Shawls, idols, durbars, brandy-pawny ;
Rupees, clever jugglers, dust-storms, slipper'd feet,
Rainy season, and mulligatawny.

Hot winds, holy monkeys, tall minarets, rice,
With crocodiles, ryots or farmers ;
Himalayas, fat baboos, with paunches and pice,
So airily clad in pyjamas.

With Rajahs—— But stop, I must really desist,
And let each one enjoy his opinions,
Whilst I show in what style Anglo-Indians exist
In Her Majesty's Eastern dominions.



Capt. G.E. Alderson del. T. P. Dean, lith.

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John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer

OUR STATION.

OUR STATION.

"OUR STATION" rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Kabob, it is situated in the plains of Dekchy, in the province of Bobarchy. Far from the busy haunts of a civilized world, and the traffickings of men, and plunged in the wild retirement of a luxuriant jungle, smiles Kabob, "the loveliest village of the plain," basking beneath the rays of the orient sun. Oh! if there be a paradise upon earth,—I suspect it must be this!

The general aspect of Kabob is obtrusively prepossessing; it is bounded on the north and east by a mountainous range of—flaming brick-kilns, whilst on the south and west it is embraced in the tortuous sinuosities of a circumambient ravine populous with pigs. But Kabob—and the truth must be told outright—Kabob is not regarded in the light of being the most attractive station in India. Popular prejudice protests against its secluded locality, and malignant slander whispers, in no faint accents, that a hotter and a duller hole is not to be discovered by the most enterprising and enthusiastic tropical traveller,—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

To be sure, and we must confess it, Kabob is not the capital of the province; the councillors of the Kingdom, the great men and the mighty men, do not reside here, nor do the high Church dignitaries, nor any military magnate, not even a general. Then, again, it is not situated on the banks of the holy Gunga; its solitary temple is not reflected in the bosom of that sacred and budgerow-bearing river; nor, again, do its stately dwellings and lofty palm-trees grace the skirts of the Grand Portmanteau Road that intersects the Northern Empire. Steamers do not furrow the waters that flow by its sunburnt banks, dropping as they pass their timely offerings of Allsop and of Bass; nor does the shrill whistle and intermittent puff of the locomotive "molest its ancient solitary reign."—But what of that? Have not the works of the Great Lohar Railroad been commenced upon? Have not the great capitalists of Kabob—the princes, the governors, the captains, the judges, and all the rest of them—taken shares? and does not every one know that in twenty years' time the line will be open, and that Kabob will then be within one hundred and fifty miles only of the nearest point on the line? Ha! Ha! What can scandal say then? Kabob will be isolated no more—benighted no longer. We see it all; the once dim future is now a very meridian blaze of brightness. We see with a distinct vision consignments of bitter beer pouring into our rugged highways. No longer shall the anxious bullock yield his last breath in glorious but unavailing efforts to drag the much-expected load of six dozen chests. The wild tracks shall no longer be made known by the whitened bones which there unburied shine, and tell the startling tale of supplies for British mouths from Briton's isle drawn ruthlessly over many a hundred miles of bleak expanse.

Away with melancholy, then! for Kabob, let me tell you, will be, moreover, a thoroughfare to the lands of the West, when the Great Lohar line is open. Visions haunt me of travellers thronging to our portals—blue-eyed young maidens fresh from

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dear England; and blear-eyed old Indians, belivered and bedevilled, on their way to England. Visions of claret and Allsop, of choicest delicacies hermetically sealed—all at a reduced tariff. O Kabob! Enviably Kabob, what greatness is in store for thee!

But let us stray through thy sandy meadows and grass-grown streets, fair Kabob! and tell of all thy architectural splendours,—thy accumulated glories of whitewash and of thatch,—thy mud-built edifices and thy mud-built cottages,—thy mud-built enclosure-walls, in all their mud-begotten majesty!

Ah! there is the parade-ground; there, on that bare and barren plain, do our dusky Trojans learn the art of war; there the embryo hero rises from the pristine performance of the goose-step to a full knowledge of brigade manœuvres. In order that Kabob may enjoy the full benefit of the westerly breezes—which in summer, let me tell you, blow with summary and unquenchable fury, but which, nevertheless, are highly appreciated—"Our Station," as usual, faces the west. On the eastern side, then, of the Parade are the "Lines." First, is a row of apparently magnified sentry-boxes, commonly called Bells of Arms, which appellation denotes their object. In rear of these are the huts for the native troops,—small mud-wall tenements roofed with thatch, amidst rows of sickly plantains.

Immediately behind these are the domiciles for the officers, in two or more lines,—each dwelling, commonly yclept a bungalow, in its own peculiar territory, which varies in dimensions, as orthodoxy had originally designed it, under the fond but fanciful delusion that subalterns had small and field officers great requirements. These bungalows, you observe, look like exaggerated beehives, perched upon mile-stones,—a judicious combination of mud, whitewash, and thatch. Stop; we will go into one presently; let us now see only the outer life of Kabob. There, that square whitewashed edifice, with an excrescence at one end, looking for all the world like an extinguisher on a three-dozen chest!—what is it? You may well ask. It is the church! a regular protestant building! protesting against everything architectural, æsthetic, ornamental, or useful; designed and built according to a Government prescription. Next to it is our assembly-room and theatre; just beyond you see the hospitals; then comes the racquet-court, and to the left is the well-stocked burial-ground. This is the course, where the live splendour of Kabob resort when shades of evening close upon us. There is the band-stand, and this is the station bath. On the extreme right are the barracks, for you must know that Europeans man the guns of our battery that is quartered here. That is the artillery-mess, and opposite lives Stickerdoss, who sells Europe goods, and can accommodate you with anything, from a baby's bottle to a bolster.

Now we must turn to the left, and verging from the confines of the military cantonment, we plunge into territory that is under civil sway. These are the civil lines; those flat-roofed edifices in the Brummagem Tuscan order, all pillars, plaster, and pea-green paint, are the courts of law; this shed is the Treasury, and those men guarding it are Our Magistrate's own peculiars. This piece of ground, with its five cabbages, three peach-trees, and patch of onions, is the Government Botanical Garden; and on your right and left, those wide-verandahed habitations are the dwelling-places of the civilians.

And now, as the sun is getting piping hot, let us gallop home; and after breakfast we will make a day of it, and you shall be introduced to all the beauty and fashion of "Our Station."



Capt. G. P. Adams del. G. M. Collocott lith.

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John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer.

OUR JUDGE

OUR JUDGE.

I MUST introduce you to Turmeric; he is "Our Judge"—a tremendous dignitary! right at the top of the social tree of Our Station, but so desperately absorbed with his official duties, that we see but little of him; his judicial soul being so saturated with appeals, criminal cases, decrees, circular orders, and the like, that when we do meet, the theme of his discourse is so potently flavoured with law, we are overwhelmed with references to Act 95 of 17, Regulation 11 of 78, or some such frightful numbers, which are about as intelligible to us as the hieroglyphics of Nineveh. Who cares for Act 95 of 17, I should like to know?

There you see him in his court—niggers—ten thousand pardons! no, not niggers, I mean natives—sons of the soil—Orientals—Asiatics, are his source of happiness; and there, penned up in that stifling enclosure from "rosy morn, to stewy eve," does he vegetate, surrounded by his jabbering myrmidons. In external man "Our Judge" is suggestive of a boiled bamboo, and in his style of apparel there is presumptive evidence of its being home-made. It is clear that he is no longer—as when a gay Lothario at Calcutta—heedful of the vanities of dress, for he is addicted to the white jacket of a bygone cycle, and appears to encourage the hiatus that exists between it and its nether continuations; these invariably fail to extend to the vicinity of his shoes, which, built after an ancient model, are prodigal in bows.

For thirty and two years uninterruptedly has "Our Judge" been parboiling in India, nor can he be persuaded to turn his steps to old England, of which country his notions are somewhat opaque. I have a faint idea he hopes to get into Council, and prefers an official life for his declining day, to idleness in obscure retirement. To him, modern England has no luring attractiveness! in his estimation, life in London involves a residence in small, dark rooms; and that to stare out of window at the rain, is one's only solace and delight: whilst a country life consists in vegetating with cows and corn, in ignoble obscurity. These, coupled with the necessary perquisites of colds, coughs, umbrellas, sore throats, chilblains, draughts, chest complaints, and such-like, disincline "Our Judge" from returning to the land of his fathers.

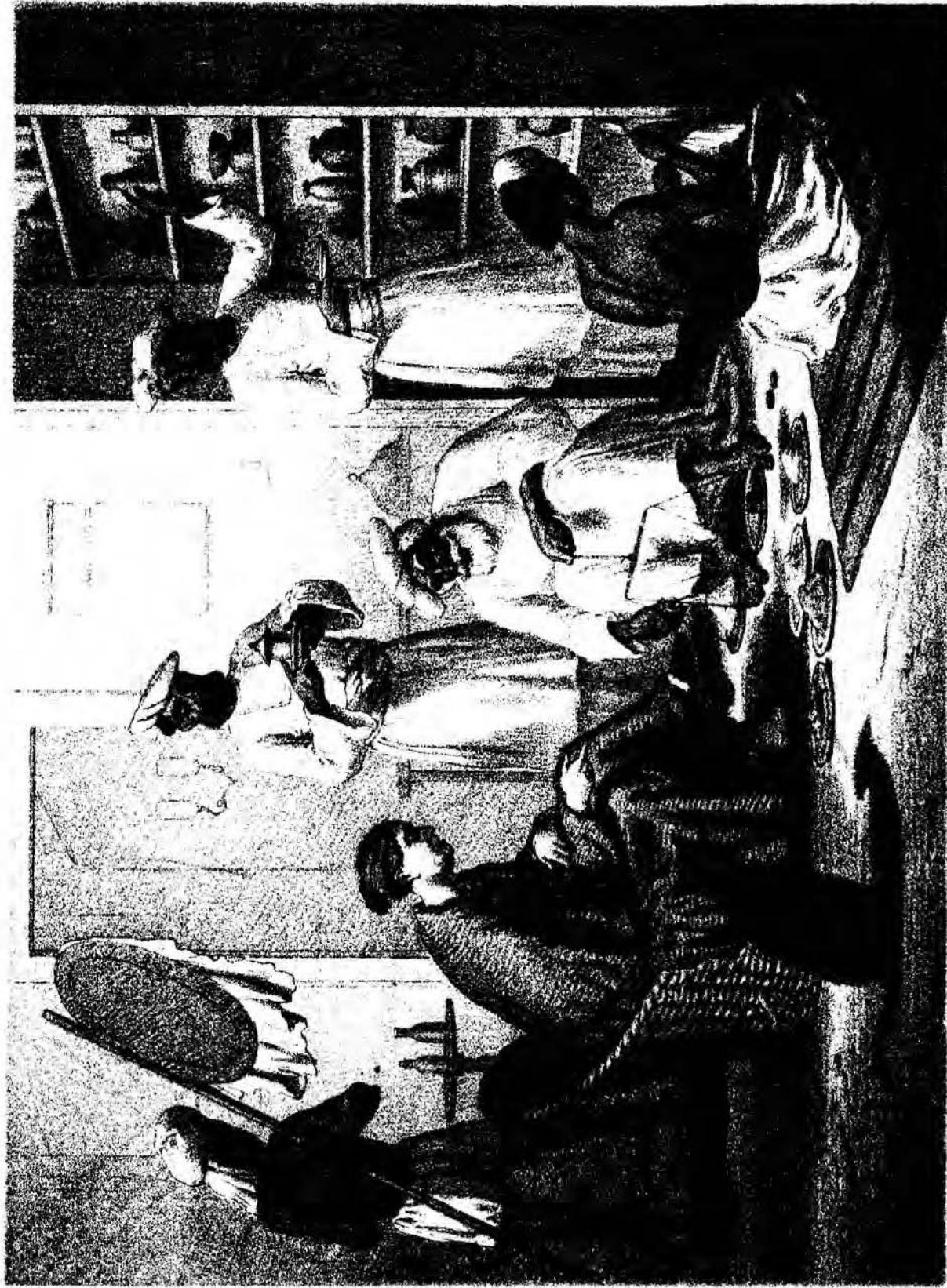
In private life "Our Judge" is musical; he operates upon the violoncello, and a great adept at the fiddle and the bow is "Our Judge." What our musical *soirées* would be without him is a problem that remains to be solved, for the violoncello, accompanied by its rightful owner, is invariably to be found at every party—a regular standing dish! Turmeric himself gives ornamental tea-parties for the furtherance of harmony on a large, and enjoyment on a small scale; for who could be such a heathen as even to whisper during the perpetration of a piece of Mozart's some five and forty pages in length, even if silence was not enforced by the fair Mrs. Turmeric, whose

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admonition, conveyed in terrible frowns, combined with telegraphic signals of a manual nature, is wonderfully efficacious as an antidote to loquacity.

Mrs. Turmeric play ?—Not she; she has as much idea of a piano as of the sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, or any other kind of musical instrument. Turmeric, Mrs. Capsicum, Cheeny, and Pullow form the standing quartette, and great are the practisings which periodically occur; and if Pullow was only a little less asthmatic, and Mrs. Capsicum would not pound so much, or Turmeric plunge down to such awful depths with his bass at inappropriate periods, the effect would be transcendently sweet. As it is, Pullow swears that Turmeric never keeps time, Cheeny, as he lights his parting cheroot, vows that Mother Capsy puts him out with her confounded "one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four," that she counts out aloud; and Turmeric gets all abroad with his quavers, at Cheeny interpolating unjustifiable variations on his violin, and gets so confused that he begins alluding to Regulation 54 of 99 on the spot; while, as for Mrs. Capsicum, she tells me, in strict confidence, that that odious Major Pullow never will let her finish a bar, but poo-poops off most unpremeditatedly, as if he couldn't help it.

But it all tends to promote sociability, which Turmeric loves in his quiet way. He is hospitable to a degree; his house, never without its visitors, is a perfect travellers' home, and, moreover, his table, which is often spread, is by no means a *terra incog.* to subalterns, to whom he gives a friendly welcome. Altogether, "Our Judge" is decidedly popular, and his departure from Kabob would be much felt by every one at "Our Station."



Capt. G. F. Adkins del. T. F. Fisher lith.

Published by John H. Day, 307 Broadway, New York

John H. Day, Lithographer & Printer

OUR JUDGE'S WIFE

OUR JUDGE'S WIFE.

BUT you really must call upon Mrs. Turmeric!—she is the *Burra Beebee*, the great lady of Kabob; and I am inclined to think she is not entirely unconscious of the dignity of her state in life; for when Lord Tamarind, on his eastern travels, passed through Kabob, and handed Mrs. Chutney in to dinner, great was the indignation in the Turmeric bosom. I would recommend your not alluding to the peerage, or you will infallibly be inflicted with a detailed narrative of the entire proceeding. Mrs. Turmeric is a victim to grief. The world, it would appear, wages a continual warfare with her, and all belonging to her,—the greatest grievance being on the state of the Civil Service; and she bewails loudly at the cruelty of her husband not being a Commissioner, and avers that it was a most unjustifiable act of aggression that he was superseded, when he ought to be one of the *Suddur*, or, at any rate, the Resident of Horsepore, or Governor-General's Agent at Salaāmabad;—and, between ourselves, I suspect she imagines he ought to be Governor-General himself.

A regular perambulating civil-service compendium is Mrs. Turmeric! Just hear how she Jeremiahs at the slowness of promotion. "Only think," says she, "Hulwer Sone has got into the *Suddur*; he has been popped over the heads of eleven of his seniors;—Johnny Kullum goes home—Mr. Kydy has got the Judgeship of Seeipore,—and Charley Dufter is to be Collector of Croquetabad. Only think, Pitty Patty, quite a boy, not thirteen years in the service, is to be Commissioner in Hulwer Sone's place,—and Mr. Lafarfer is appointed Civil Auditor—what will the Shelgums say to this job?—Shelgum, who didn't go home last year, expecting to get into the *Suddur*; and Mrs. S. just come out from England with all her finery, going to cut such a dash at Atushpore, will have all her silks and satins and feathers destroyed at that wretched Junglabad (and serve her right,—what business had she to go to court!); and all this because Pitty Patty must be provided for; and only think, the Bonus scheme will be knocked on the head; for that odious Curren Row, and Pusund Ney, and others, will not subscribe; and there's Johnny Walah offers to go if we will only pay up 15,000 rupees and land him in Bond-street; and there never was such a good step as that. And then the annuity business,—they want Turmeric to pay Heaven knows how many thousand rupees, because those foolish young boys at college will marry so soon, get such large families, and then die off, leaving us to support the awful arrears to the fund, which cannot exist under such pressure from without."

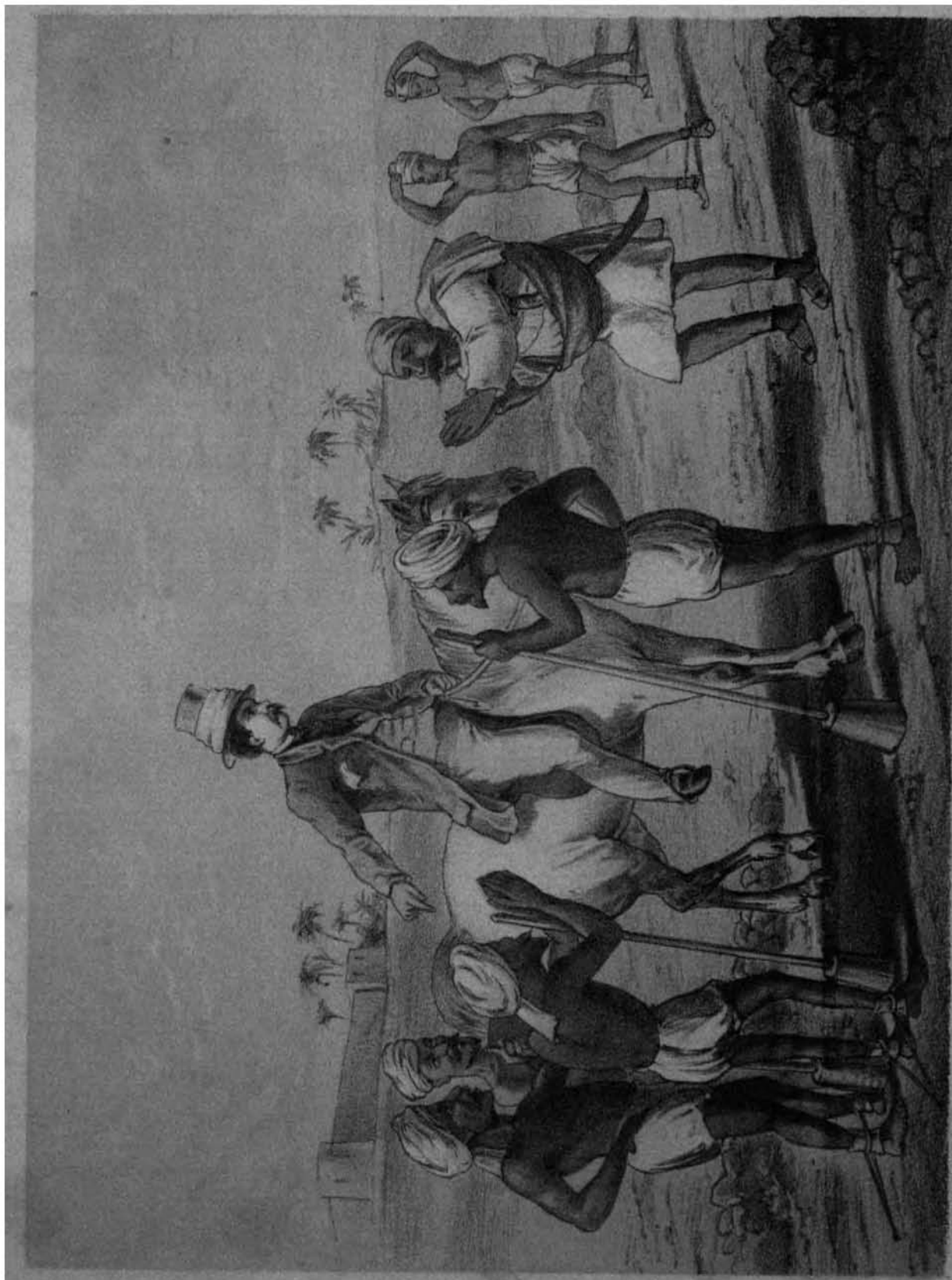
Such are Mrs. Turmeric's official griefs. She has some also of a domestic nature. "Now this is really too bad," she says, "you see Mrs. McGhee, the Chutneys, Dr. Goley, and ourselves, form a Mutton Club, and we kill a sheep in turn; and it is quite shocking to see the scraggy stuff they send,—just like half-starved kid; and then

CURRY AND RICE.

they take my beautiful sheep, that have been three years on grain; and what's more, when they do give a party, it is sure to be on 'Mrs. Turmeric's killing day.' I really must speak to Mrs. Chutney; I don't believe she gives a particle of grain all the year round; and as for Mrs. McGhee, she wants to palm off her nasty grass-fed sheep as the best flock in the club."

But, with all her afflictions, the portly frame of "Our Judge's Wife" appears to thrive. It is currently reported that old Turmeric's generous hospitality goes sadly against her grain, and that her abilities as a household financier and domestic manager are exquisitely unique, personally supervising with a detective's skill the operations of the kitchen, and not scorning to assist in the manipulation of puddings, pastry, and the like. She is judicious in her selection of a ham, and has a keen eye for a turkey; and from her frequent allusions to a continental wine-merchant, we are led to infer that the champagne is not a decoction of gooseberries. Mirrich, who knows everything, positively asseverates that the liquids are purchased from that villain Stickerdoss; that they have been fished out of the Ganges, and subsequently bought at auction. This I suspect must be an erroneous impression; for if you send your slave to appropriate clandestinely the Judge's private bottle, you'll find it to be of a peculiarly good vintage. Garlic, who was at the coffee-shop this morning (and a shockingly libellous fellow he is, no one can possibly believe him), takes his affidavit that he often sees Mrs. Turmeric wolloping the turkeys, and cheying the fowls, to make them lay eggs; he declares he has seen her in her verandah larruping the goatman with her slipper, because there appeared a deficit in the milk-pail; and Chabook, her coachman, came howling out of the compound-gate the other day with a cuff on his head, for having suggested the propriety of dispensing a little more grain to the horses. Between ourselves, old Capsicum declares that Mrs. Turmeric's sheep are as lean as her husband, and a good deal more tough.

But Mrs. Turmeric is a good old soul, and she would be positively miserable without a grievance, and if all things went absolutely smooth; but if she would let off the steam without the addition of the whistle, the explosive matter would escape without its being so generally known throughout the length and breadth of "Our Station."



Capt G F. Anderson del. J. M. Cullock lith.

Published by John B. Day, 3 Sonny Street, Strand.

John F. Day Lithographer & Printer

OUR MAGISTRATE.

LORD CORIANDER positively arrived this morning, and Chutney, "Our Magistrate," has secured him. He was bound for Our Judge's hospitable mansion, but Chutney, who patronizes the peerage, and who studied the genealogical tree of the Coriander family down to its very roots, on hearing that Kabob was about to be smiled upon by a sprig of aristocracy, lay in wait for his arrival, at a discreet distance from the station, and brought him in, in triumph. Chutney delights in welcoming within his portals the great ones of the land; he has ensnared several mighty men of renown. A governor was once entrapped in his snare, to his unlimited satisfaction; while, last year, he skilfully made capture of a bishop, but for whose appropriation popular rumour avows that he betokened symptoms of repentance. He has secured Lord Coriander, however, who is making the grand tour for the improvement of his individual mind, and the better enlightening of the great House at home on Indian matters; and I rather suspect his lordship will be let in for a dose of law, as administered by the functionaries of our Eastern empire. Settlements—revenues—land-tax—decrees—jails—crops—remissions—duties—salt—police,—coupled with thannahs—cutcherries—ryotwarry—beegahs—zameendars—chowkees—tuhseels—zillahs—kydees—omlahs—sherishtadars—and many other *dars*,—will be fully set before him, to float tumultuously in his bewildered brain at the midnight hour, to the disorderment of his dreams.

Lord Coriander is a captain in the Guards, but his aristocratical superiority cancels this defect in Chutney's eye, for Chutney, let me tell you, looks not with a favouring eye on the brother service. The military are his aversion, being an inferior caste—inferior in emoluments, and in the classified scale of precedence; and Chutney is gifted with the excellence of being cast in a nobler mould. "Those people from the barracks" is his appellation for the military, upon whom the glances of his scorn-beaming eye fall witheringly. But Chutney is a zealous, indefatigable magistrate as ever imprisoned a nigger, and the district is ably watched over and cared for under his guidance.

There, at this early hour, you see him listening to the complaint of a

"Wrinkled *Kydy*, grim and thin,"

and directing the operation of metalling the roads: and, between ourselves, it is marvellous how excellent are the highways in the immediate vicinity of the domestic habitations that grace the civil lines. Somehow or other, we always do manage to observe gangs of prisoners sedulously employed in bettering the condition of what, to our untutored eye, appears to be immaculate in its perfection; we acknowledge that it must be a cheering termination to the niggers—I mean to the Oriental gentlemen—whose duties attract them to Kabob, and who contribute to the repair of the district

roads, to find, after an unmerciful jolting over unmended ways, they should be gratified by an easy run at the close of their sufferings.

Only just take a ride with Chutney, and you will be carried off to survey the creations of his skill in the building line, and to record your opinion as to the merits of the architectural fancies which he has developed in pure virgin mud—stately structures for the reception of treasure, or the milder tenements of the rural police! Upon bricks and mortar, too, you will be required to pass judgment, and declare your sentiments with regard to an elaborate and important bridge which he has just opened, consisting of no less than five elliptic arches, spanning a tremendous water-course, fully eighteen inches in depth, and seven feet in width,—which, between ourselves, old Soorkee, the head mason, designed and built, but which Chutney claims and exhibits as a startling effort of his constructive genius! It really is a fact, that Chutney positively did once design and erect a bridge, at a happy period when the river bed was dry; but the rains set in, and the floods came, and the water, which it was contemplated and designed to get across, most unaccommodatingly declined to pass quietly through the pre-arranged channel, but, with villanous determination, carried away bricks, mortar and all, and lodged them in an adjoining nullah, to the utter dismay of the collector, and the inconvenience of the swiftly-speeding postman, who, unconscious of the sudden change in the arrangements,

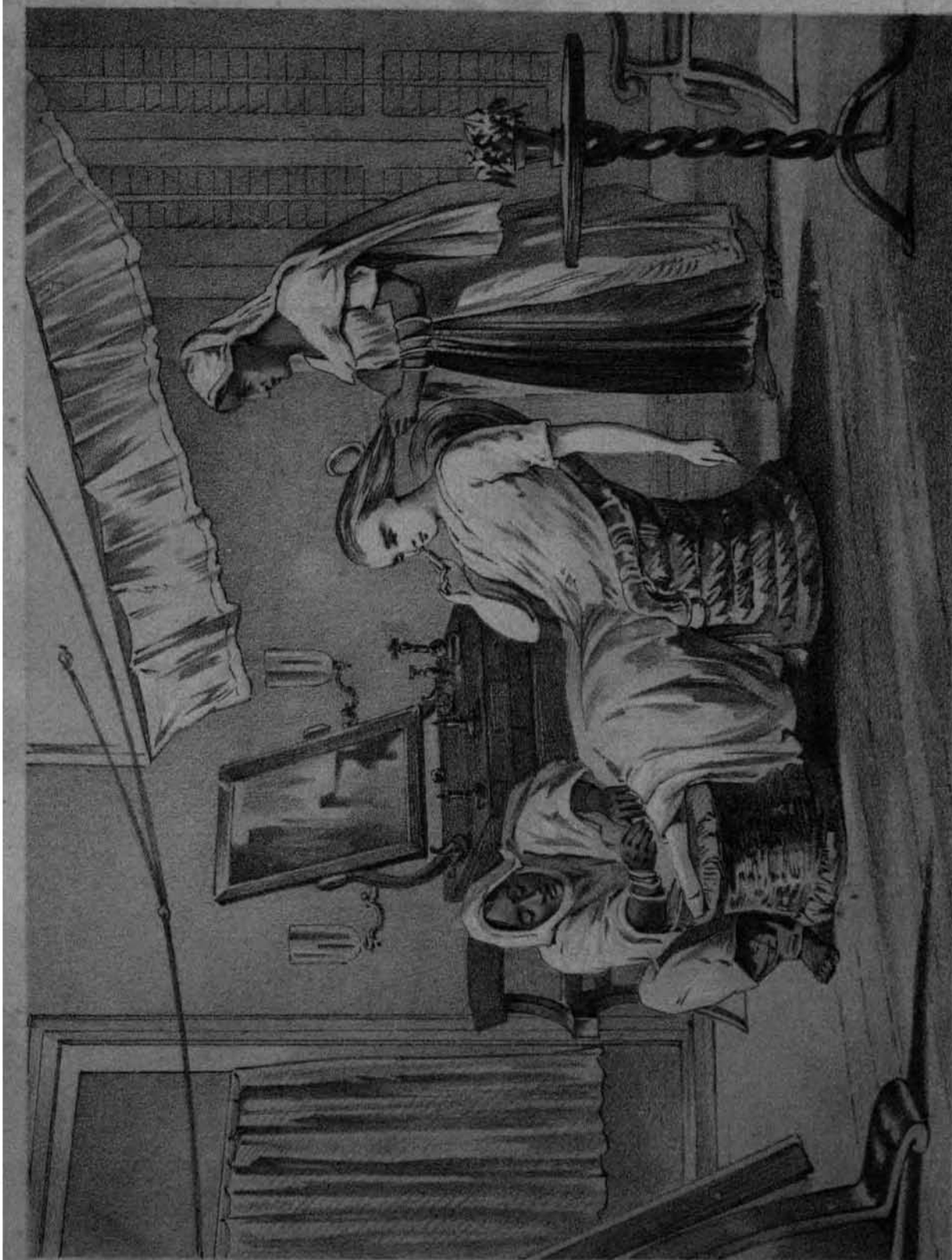
“With heedless footsteps ran,”

and plunged, bag and all, into the boisterous wave.

In social life Chutney entertains extensively; and uncommonly pleasant parties he gives, which the extra-intelligent declare are given for the general patronizing effect which they are designed to produce, and for a more effectual exhibition of the silver plate; whilst plausible rumour affirms that Chutney is a victim to his fond wife's love of gaiety and all the other social virtues, and that to her must be imputed all the merits and the multiplicity of the entertainments.

But let Scandal have her fling. If Chutney is himself dull and heavy, his Moselle is sparkling and light; if his aspirations are for the noble and the great, his table displays evidence of the excellent and the good; if he has a leaning to the powerful and the wealthy, his dishes display a leaning to what is savoury and rich; and, if the silver plate is to be gazed upon and admired, it is set before one with delicacies that can be dwelt upon and applauded. And what if he will talk “shop?”—why, there is his agreeable, fun-loving wife, and the fascinating Carry Cinnamon, to counteract the baneful effect! And what if he has not the soul of song, and is about as musical as a hyæna?—his piano is first-rate, and his fair visitors will rouse its brilliant tones, and you yourself may indulge in unlimited sol-fas for the general enlivenment.

Chutney, however, is thoroughly domestic in his sociability. We cannot draw him to the mess, or to balls, or to the convivialities of the cantonments. But his own house, allowing that it is the fair wife's doing, is ever open, and his mahogany is always well furnished with guests; so we look upon it that he is, unquestionably, one of the greatest promoters of sociability at “Our Station.”



John E. Day Lithographer & Printer

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OUR MAGISTRATE'S WIFE.

WHO is that skimpy little woman over there, with fawn-coloured hair and a complexion like curd soap? Why, that is Mrs. Chutney, wife of Maximilian Adolphus Fitznoodle Chutney, B.C.S., Our Magistrate and Collector. She is niece of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Jeremiah Qui-Hye, K.C.B., a parchment-faced, purple-nosed, patriarchal veteran of the old school, who, when he retired from the service to wreath his laurels at Kabob, and before he shuffled off this mortal coil, which event took place last year, imported Mrs. Chutney on connubial spec.; but she hung fire as an unprofitable investment for many a long and weary day, till she manœuvred Fitznoodle in the meshes of matrimony, and secured the "£300 a year, dead or alive," of the enamoured civilian.

She has got no family, and hates children, of course; but she cultivates pets, and the society of handsome Subs, and, with her, nothing is so charming as to have a lapful of spaniels and a train of A.D.C.'s. Little Charley Bhooker is a huge favourite; while as for Joey Choosner, he is her established satellite;—you always see a dozen of her boys, as she calls them, embroidering her carriage at the Band. To be sure, Carry Cinnamon is living with Mrs. Chutney and unprincipled people insinuate that *there* lies the attraction, and that Mrs. Chutney is only canvassing for this candidate for matrimonial election, and that the bi-weekly feeds are political. But this must be malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; for Mrs. Chutney is positively *so* engaging, so disinterested, and so winning in her ways; and then she gives such delightful dinner-parties.

Mrs. Chutney sing? I should think so,—first rate. When she was at the Presidency she took six lessons from Signora Jyfulini; and, by the way, Signora Jyfulini is daughter of Rosario Lipsalvo, who is a Portuguese, and her mother is as black as my hat; she married Jyful, the bailiff, and having a voice, comes the Italian singer. First she tried in character; but her shady face under a wreath of white roses, looking like Othello in his nightcap, failed to embellish the performance; and so she has subsequently subsided into the drawing-room singing-mistress and concert amateur.

Well, Mrs. Chutney (who, they say, has got a beautiful voice—to me like a creaking cartwheel under a heavy load,—but I am no judge) learnt an Italian song, the words of which she pronounces Anglicè. It is a song you will, of course, hear; it is a standing party song,—everybody knows it now; even Kuddoo, who doesn't recognize the "Evening Hymn" from "The Last Rose of Summer," has been heard to whistle the air as rendered by the pupil of Signora Jyfulini.

Mrs. Chutney has good eyelashes; and now is the grand opportunity for a display of the same: back goes the head—down go the eyelids—out go the lashes—the telling note swells and subsides—a shake of the head ensues, and two little syllables, "*a me*," are

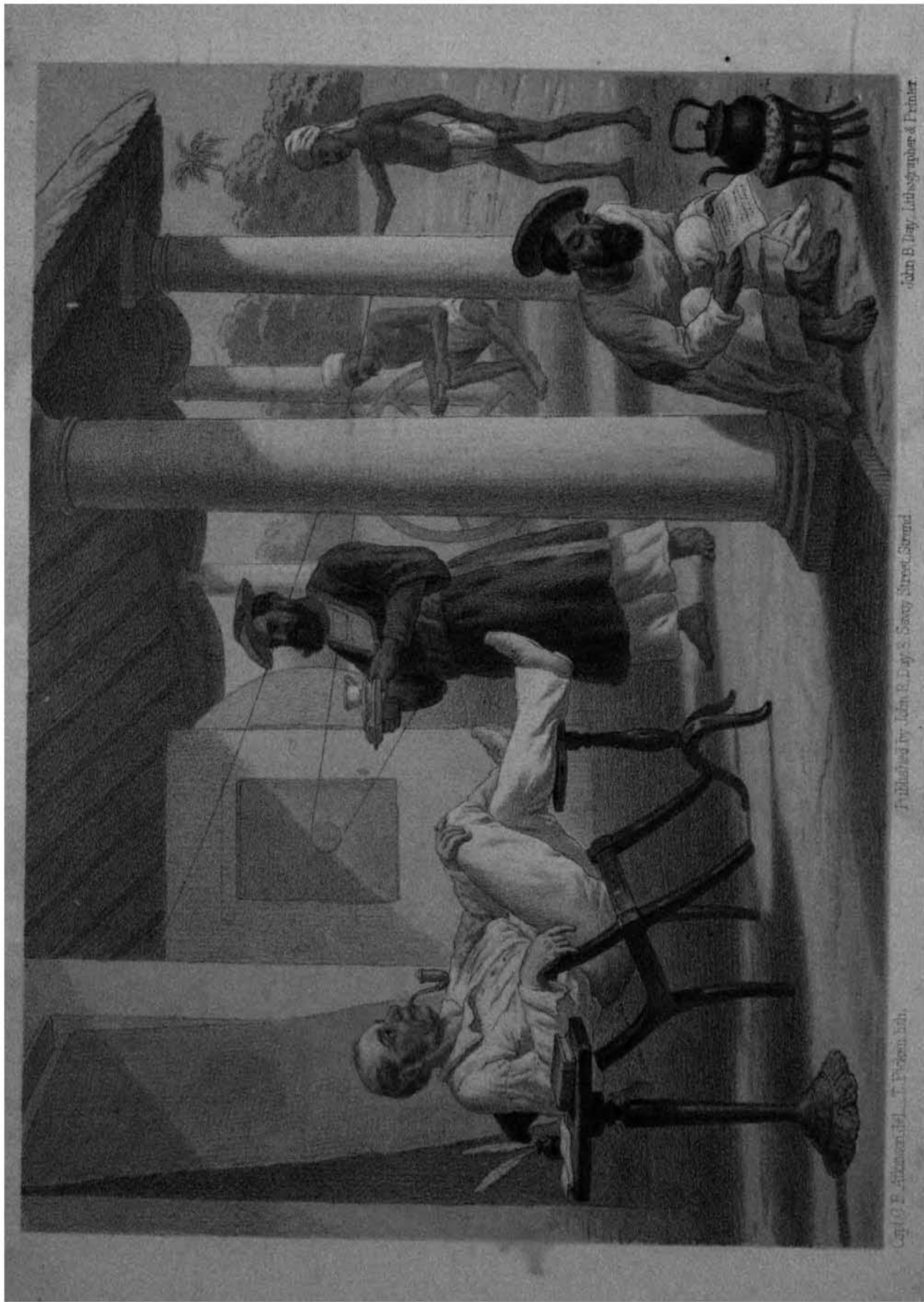
CURRY AND RICE.

daintily popped out,—and all is over. We are credibly informed that she has expressed an urgent desire to be remembered,—a request which we are all very likely to vouchsafe.

In consequence of her vocal accomplishments, Mrs. Chutney is one of the choir at Our Church, and plays the seraphine (which Mrs. Chupatty persists in calling a *seraphim*), and an asthmatic, wheezy, whining, lugubrious apparatus it is, which moans, and gasps, and squeaks for breath so very inopportunistically during the execution of our spiritual songs, that the general effect is anything but solemn. But discord is not confined to the unhappy instrument,—the fair choristers are frightfully at variance in the matter of tunes. Mrs. Chutney and her party abjure the Gregorian chants, preferring the modern tunes, which their adversaries call “operatic airs;” and so the contention waxes warm. But Mrs. Chutney’s party, being in power, has carried the day, and piercing and quavering are the leading notes that come floating from behind that red curtain into the ears of the congregation. And I must say, that, amidst their minor rivalries, the fair choristers do combine most strenuously and effectively in their efforts to “give tongue,” resulting in a volume of sound which, if not altogether productive of harmony, threatens by its impressiveness to fracture the congregational tympanum. They do say that the competition behind that red curtain is terrific, each vocalist concentrating her energies to make her individual voice singularly and audibly conspicuous, with a view to annihilate and extinguish every sound that proceeds from each and every rival thorax; whence fearful jealousies and hideous shrieks of defiant melody are engendered. Mrs. McGhee volunteered to assist in swelling the tuneful lay by lifting up her voice too in that red-curtained retreat; but as the terrible jar occasioned thereby loosened all the back teeth of the entire congregation, and as the volume of sound that escaped from the great cantatrice completely overpowered the voice of the prima donna, Mrs. Chutney, she was delicately solicited to become scarce; and so, out of spite, she sings away most lustily and out of tune in her own pew.

I am not quite sure whether the A.D.C.’s or the choir, or the bi-weekly dinner parties or the family pets, mostly enliven Mrs. Chutney’s wearied hour; but I suspect the squirrels and the Persian cats, the cockatoos and the canaries, the minahs and mon-gooses, and the pigeons and the poodles, appropriate the largest share of her devotion. As for the dogs, nursed in the lap of luxury and of their mistress, they excite the virtuous indignation of Doctor Goley, who is perpetually being summoned at indefensible moments to minister to the ailments of “Negus” or of “Puff.”

Yes, Mrs. Chutney is great fun, cruelly vain, cruelly silly, but ready to join in anything that will afford amusement. She has got an awful liver, they say, and exists only on excitement, which is somewhat limited at “Our Station.”



Carl O. F. Atkinson del. T. P. Green lith.

Published by John B. Day, 2, Savoy Street, Strand.

John B. Day, Lithographer & Printer.

OUR COLONEL.

THE Commanding Officer of the Ninety-Eleventh, and of "Our Station," is Colonel Capsicum—a jolly, generous old fellow as ever donned the scarlet, or plunged a battalion into irreconcilable and irremediable positions.

For twenty-seven years has old Capsicum been on civil employ at that out-of-the-way district Jehanumabad, and the blossoms of his early military career, now ripened into fruit, are exemplified by a happy obliviousness of everything connected with the military profession. The movements of a company might possibly be compassed by his attainments, acquired through the instrumentality of "dummies" on his dining-room table; but of battalion and brigade manœuvres, I suspect he knows about as much of them as the Grand Lama!

But these things grieve not old Capsicum; he smokes his meerschaum with none the less complacency for all the venial errors of an eccentric counter-march, and tells you his oft-repeated tale of some glorious exploit with a tiger when he was at Jehanumabad, with no thought soever of that very morning's exploit on the parade, when, by an inexplicable manœuvre and the hilarity of his charger, he was all but the victim of contiguous bayonets.

A capital old fellow is Capsicum! but his figure is not designed by nature for equestrian performances; a circumstance which militates against his efficiency and his personal security in the saddle, as may be fully illustrated by his movements thereon, which are about as eccentric as the occasional movements of his regiment; but as the temperature of Jehanumabad was more favourable to a lounge in a barouche than to such a heat-generating operation as equestrian exercise, his skill, however perfect originally, had ample opportunity to subside. Just drop in after your ride, at early breakfast, when you will find him in his verandah; take a cup of coffee with him (and you will pronounce it uncommonly good too, for he indoctrinates his slaves into the mysteries of culinary correctness), and you will hear all about Jehanumabad, and how he established never-ending canals for irrigation, and fathomless tanks for the supply of water to a parched population;—how, through the mildness of his rule and the beneficence of his sway, he turned a waste into a smiling land, and raised the revenue from the imaginary to the tangible. And then, if I mistake not, you will be told of the sports of the field, and how tigers, elephants, and bears dropped spontaneously before his unerring rifle.

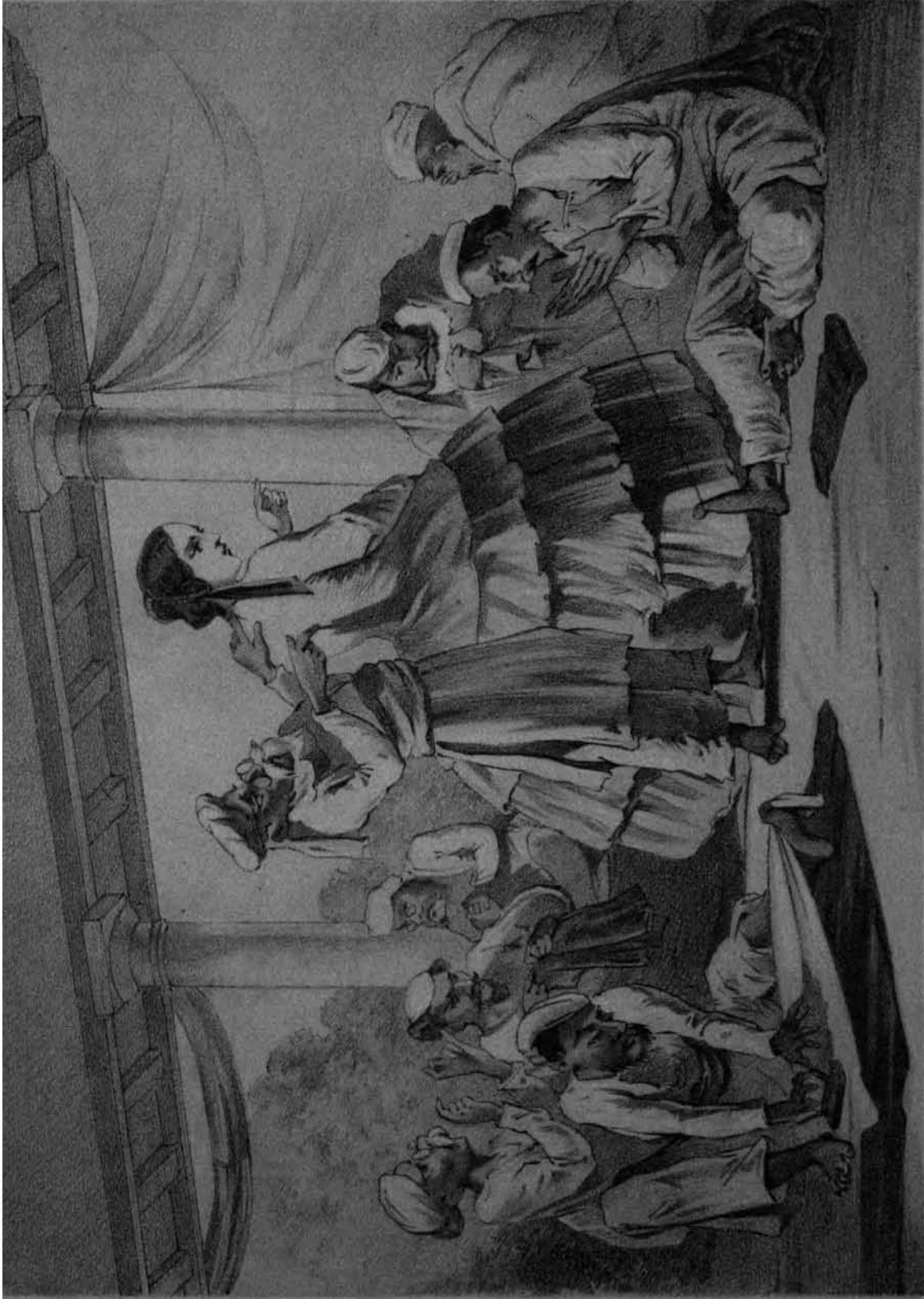
Communicative is "Our Colonel," unquestionably; but only allude to the domestic arrangements, and your succeeding hours are irretrievably engaged. His soul is set unrelentingly upon devices for the better government of his house as regards a reduction in the temperature; and wonderful works of science and of art are projected and elaborated for this laudable object. His latest conception is a patent "Thermantidote,"—what an

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English agriculturist would take to be a gigantic winnowing-machine. Your especial attention will be drawn to the original idea of having the cool air impelled into the room by a certain peculiar form of fan, which revolves, if I remember right, at the rate of a hundred and fifty thousand miles an hour or thereabouts! There, in that verandah, you see the slave grinding away at the wheel, which never ceases, day or night.

If you go inside the room, you will practically experience the effects by finding your hat blown off into an adjacent corner, and your hair blown indiscriminately and unpleasantly about your eyes and face! And as there is a corresponding thermantidote hurling its Boreas blasts from the opposite verandah, and a superpending punkah, which waves recklessly and defiantly above your head, you only need a current from the ground to be involved in a general hurricane—a perfect cyclone. So what with the tatties—those moistened furze screens that close up every other aperture—"Our Colonel" has unquestionably the coolest house at Kabob. And we have opportunities, many and oft, for appreciating it, as "Our Colonel" gives no end of dinner-parties; and the claret and beer submitted to the refrigerating influences of his ingenious devices are soothing and appeasable to the desiccated throats on a summer's eve.

There is the Colonel, as usual, in his verandah. His Adjutant has polished off the duties of his diurnal visit, which is effected at this early hour, and has taken his departure. Mrs. Capsicum, after her morning's drive, has vanished to the innermost recesses of her secret chamber, to court repose and sip tea after the terrific exertion. And for a time, until the heat is unpleasant, he will sit there, with elevated leg, indulging in his meerschäum, which has replaced the hookah, that pipe of other days. There his table-attendant is giving him his coffee, whilst another menial fans the fire in that locomotive grate where the kettle boils, in due preparation for the wants of coming visitors, who drop in to "have a jaw" with the Colonel, and while away an hour in listening again to his oft-told tales, and imparting to him in return the real news of "Our Station."



John B. Dwyer Lithographer, N. York

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OUR COLONEL'S WIFE

OUR COLONEL'S WIFE.

I JUST recommend you to exercise a judicious caution when you enter Mrs. Capsicum's drawing-room, if you have the slightest regard for your shins' epidermis; for, to encourage coolness, precautionary measures of a most rigid nature, as decreed by the Colonel, are set against the intrusion of light, and the venetians hermetically sealed,

"Close latticed to the brooding heat,"

admitting no hospitable ray, make it so dark that you need to be well on the alert to avoid fracturing your limbs or capsizing the Bohemian glass that is so profusely scattered about on the marble-topped tables.

Mrs. Capsicum, who rejoices in this dim obscure, is wife of our Colonel, and I have a shrewd suspicion that she is the absolute, if not the acknowledged, commandant of the gallant Blazers. Only venture on military matters, and you will be edified with a detailed narrative of all that is going on in "Our Regiment," from the number of sick in hospital, with all their maladies, to the wiggling administered to young Kirrich that identical morning on the Parade. Quite maternal, too, is Mrs. Capsicum, patronizing the young officers of "Our Regiment" to an unlimited extent, and delighting to give them a mother's advice. Now, as counsel, when coupled with champagne, is not to be rejected or despised, our boys, I must confess it, accept her invitations and advice with a becoming cheerfulness, that evinces no lack of wisdom. But Mrs. Capsicum has a quiver full of her own; and to hear her dilate upon the merits, qualifications, and virtues of each, diversified with a descriptive roll of their individual points of attraction, will be a relish at your morning's call. Her eldest boy, you will not fail to hear, is a cadet at college;—he is so very clever, and of course will carry off all the prizes, and come out as number one, at the very least. From this scion of the noble dynasty of Capsicum, down to the most recent addition to the family, every secret will be divulged, and your especial attention will be invited to the relative ages of Toony and Motee at the period when they were respectively weaned; while a chronological history of the shedding of every tooth, and the circumstance of Lucretia, the baby, having cut a third tooth last Sunday morning, will be duly impressed upon you.

A dashing dresser is Mrs. Capsicum; always revelling in gorgeous array, to the enrichment of all the cloth-merchants of Kabob. Chouse Lall, the great *Koprawallah*, is eternally at her house. I see his big bundles blocking up her door every day; and whatever you chance to need from that wealthy merchant, of course he has just sold it all to Mrs. Capsicum. Depend upon it, the old rascal is hanging about her verandah at this very moment; and there is Mrs. Capsicum amidst her Sanhedrim of tailors, who are perpetually plying the needle in her behalf; for everything is manufactured in that sunny verandah, from a baby's bib to a bonnet; and the tryings-on are infinite.

But Mrs. Capsicum revels in the millinery department, and is a shining light in the Dorcas Society. She is perpetually elaborating articles of fancy-work for the grand fair

CURRY AND RICE.

which is held annually. Take my word for it you'll be inveigled by her to contribute to swell the treasures of her stall, the slightest donation being gratefully received. On the last occasion, Captain Kulum, with generous zeal, made an offering of a cartoon, representing a hoop hanging upon a hat-peg, executed with consummate skill and an undeniable amount of finish. This realized of the current coin of the realm sixteen rupees (or one pound twelve shillings exactly). So you perceive that talent is duly appreciated at Kabob.

And I must say that the fair needlepliers of Kabob are wonderfully prolific. Hecatombs of worsted-work are generated with a degree of celerity only to be rivalled by the expertness of the performance. Bottle-covers, pincushions, doilies, rugs, and polka-jackets are legion; but all these combined sink numerically into insignificance, overshadowed, as they invariably are, by the preponderating amount of babies' socks, that come to light, the production of which in such exuberance warrants the supposition that the demand for such commodities at "Our Station" is coequal to the supply. And judging from the accumulation of infantry at the Band, coupled with the domestic occurrences that appear in the *Kabob Weekly Chronicle*, the supposition might find acceptable grounds for confirmation.

Nor is the millinery business at an end here; for Mrs. Capsicum patronizes the German Mission, and assists Mrs. Frultz, the large wife of the little Missionary, in disposing of the fancy goods which are consigned to her care from Germany for the benefit of the mission. Great boxes, with the articles appraised and ticketed by the fair hands of Mrs. Capsicum herself, are disseminated by her throughout the four quarters of cantonments.

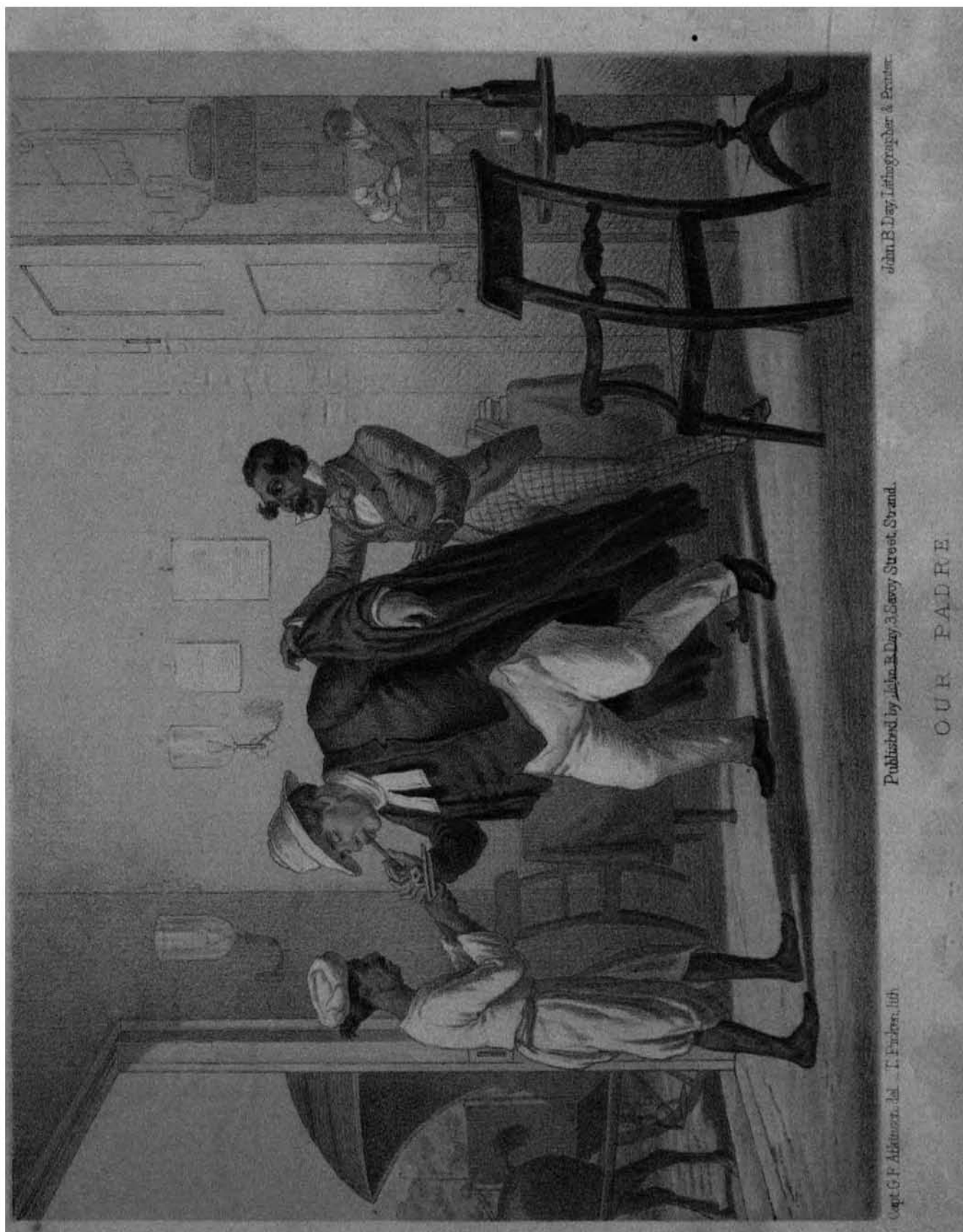
Mrs. Capsicum participates with the Colonel in the good old Indian notions of hospitality, which they had but little opportunity of evidencing at Jehanumabad; and so they make up for lost time, by frequently welcoming at their festive board the community of Kabob, both small and great. And delightful little parties they give, I assure you; not wholesale entertainments, when large batches of the community are "knocked over" at a single discharge, suggesting a feeling of business being effected, and the mob rapidly disposed of, when the dishes are cold and the liquids hot; but quiet parties, limited in number of guests, and where the beer and the claret roll icily down the throat, and the conversation, under such influences, is cheerful and brisk.

Then the Capsicums are in their glory! The gallant Colonel cracks his jokes with an extra gush of humour, while Mrs. Capsicum makes glad the fleeting hours, presiding at the piano, and instituting an extempore *deux temps*, or polka, for those who are addicted to the dance; for, even at Jehanumabad, where, save the village gong, no music

"Its valleys and rocks ever heard,"

and amid the rearing of her domestic brood, she did not forsake her piano, which added materially to her own immediate comfort then, and augments now the happiness of the musicians of Kabob, who have enlisted her as a performer in the Great Harmonic Meetings which periodically occur.

The Capsicums, thus affording, as they do, a never-failing source of generous, open-hearted sociability, have not unnaturally acquired for themselves the good opinion and the good wishes of the residents at "Our Station."



John B. Day Lithographer & Printer.

Published by John B. Day, 3 Sassy Street, Strand.

OUR PADRE.

Capt G. F. Alderson, del. T. Fisher, lith.

OUR PADRE.

OUR Spiritual Pastor and Master at Kabob is the Rev. Josiah Ginger, unctuous in appearance, redolent of fat, and with a face beaming like the sun on a gravel-walk!

A worthy divine of the *Ancien Régime* is "Our Padre," as the pastors of our flocks are denominated throughout the East; his views are of the broad and popular kind, he looks upon it that the pastimes and pleasures of this mundane sphere can be participated in by the Clergy without any invested longitude of visage or sanctimoniousness of gait. He cannot discover that holiness must be exhibited by a concomitant exhibition of the whites of one's eyes; that purity of life is necessarily expressed by a white neck-tie, or practical piety by a rigidity of limb. He considers that the duties of the pastor may well be enlivened by the sports of the field; and that creeds and confectionery, doctrines and devilled kidneys, spirituality and sociability, may consistently run hand in hand, while hams and hermetically-sealed delicacies are not entirely irreconcilable with heavenly-mindedness. And we must confess it, that the combinations are effected with striking and satisfactory results, as we find that the salad of the Saturday, as manufactured by "Our Padre" at mess, in no way clashes with the sermon of the Sunday; that the sick in hospital are visited and attended zealously and lovingly, though he does drive a dog-cart, patronize the Sky races, and burn the midnight oil over a pool at billiards or at a rubber of whist.

Mrs. Ginger is in England, looking after a domestic flock of little Gingers, since which time Ginger has become a member of our mess, to the manifest improvement in the cookery; for the concoction of savoury stews, and the ministration of devilled toast on improved principles, have been instituted and established by him with unqualified applause.

To be sure, we do hear it affirmed that "Our Padre" is a little too precipitate in his movements from church, and that his exit from the pulpit, disrobing, and departure from the sacred edifice is accomplished before some of the more devout have recovered from their genuflexions; and that he "polishes off" the service, as it is heathenly expressed, in a manner that suggests hot coffee waiting at the mess.

Then we have allusions, but decidedly of a less objective nature, upon the brevity of the discourses; and certainly Ginger, in his delivery, does not hang fire. He disengages himself of his sentiments with an *aplomb* signally attractive, and which keeps the soldiery awake; for to be borne away from one's couch at the least suffocating hour of the early morning, and then to be deposited under the soporific influence of a punkah, exposed to the drowsy drawlings of a parson who attenuates his words to the fullest limit of his breath, is apt indeed to restore one to the land of Nod!

Now, Ginger, we must confess it, doesn't give his congregation a chance; he tells his tale with telling brevity and unction. And what though scandal does declare that he possesses a series of sermons which are gone through in rotation with as rigid a regularity as the movements of the planetary bodies! What of that? A good thing can't be told

too often; and if the matter is pronounced to be of a mild texture, Ginger can, when he likes, preach "tellingly," and touch the hearts of his hearers, I can assure you, as on the occurrence of a recent fatal catastrophe at Kabob, the sermon delivered on the occasion, and which was obviously original, set off some of the "weaker vessels" into explosive sobs, accompanied with hysteria, whilst the main body of the congregation went boo-hooing out of church.

So close to the sacred pile, let us step in and explore its architectural beauties. That sable janitor, who holds the living at the gate, will unfold its pea-green portals. His functions are to protect the sacred edifice from spoliation and wrong. The duties of this other venerable Oriental consist in preparing

"The taper's glimmering light"

for the evening service, and furnishing fire for—"Our Padre's" cheroot.

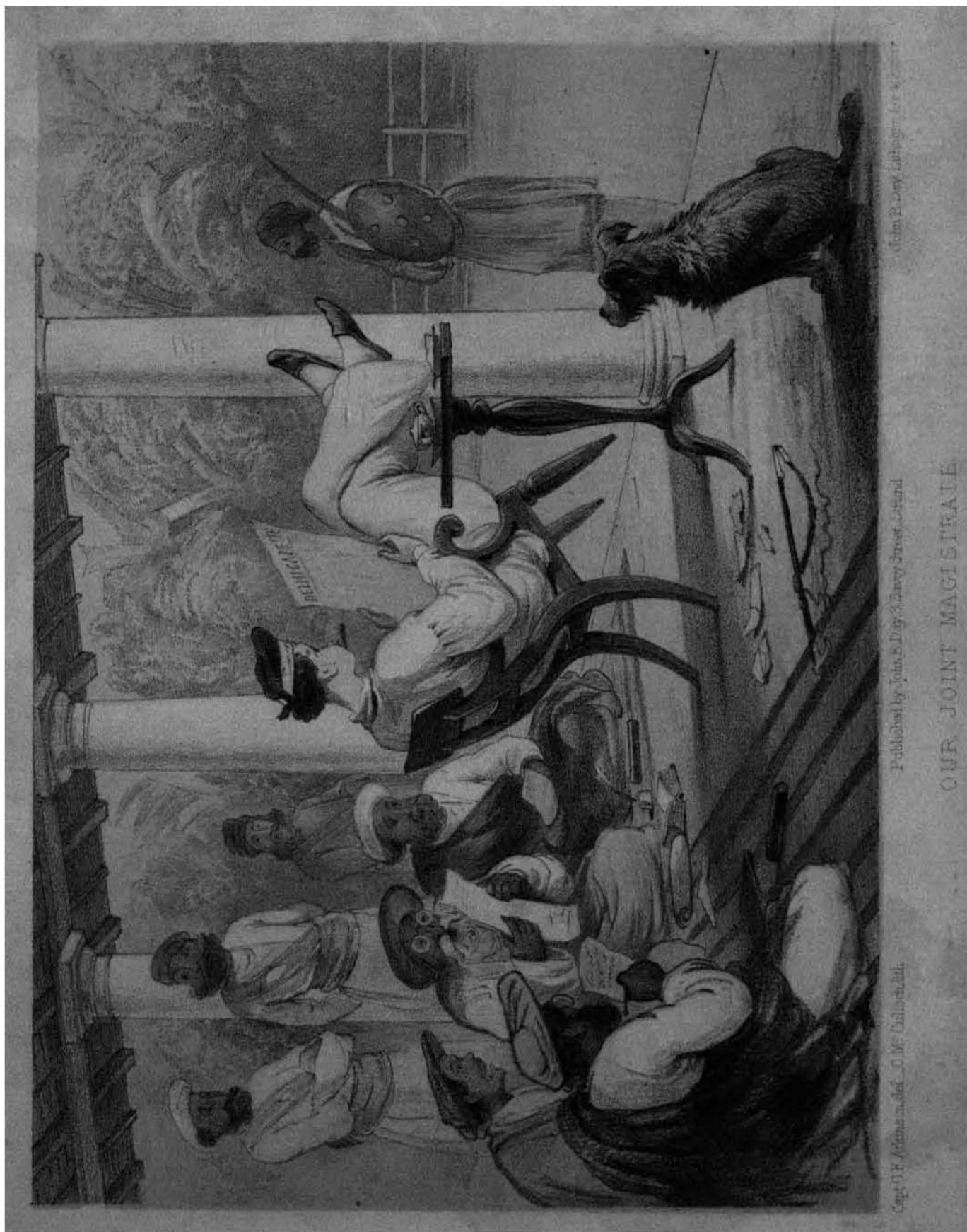
This, then, is the steeple; but "the soft, sweet chimes of the Sabbath bells, that so peacefully float from afar!" peal only in the lively imagination. The calling to prayers at Kabob is effected by a less elaborate process: a heathen, "simple and unadorned," scales recklessly the lofty walls, through the instrumentality of an infirm ladder, and then and there bangs spasmodically and intermittently on a discordant gong, until "Our Padre" is attired in his vestments, when the lamplighter, with preconceived views, rushes frantically forth, and shouts "No more, no more." Mark the interior economy of the structure: that timber receptacle, which does double duty—not of "a bed by night, a chest-of-drawers by day," but of pulpit as well as of reading-desk—those communion-rails, that table now bereft of its cover, that font. Observe the purity of the ecclesiastical style of architecture selected, obviously the early Indian or Carpenteresque, one of the periods of the "Disappointed Gothic."

But there goes Ginger; that is his bungalow into which you see he has just driven, and all that multitude of "the sick, the maimed, the lame, the halt, and the blind," that are thronging in at his gate are the afflicted ones of Kabob, and of the surrounding villages, who come in for the food which is distributed to them weekly from the Compassionate Fund, which Ginger established, and of which he is almoner. Did you ever set eyes on such a mass of infirmity, decrepitude, and human disorganization? There is a genuine leper; and there you may see a real, living picture of those crowds of impotent folk who thronged the highways of Judæa some eighteen centuries ago, and who waited expectantly by Bethesda's pool for an anticipated cure.

Come in and see Ginger; he will give you a hearty welcome and some excellent bitter beer. His sanctum will recall your college days,—gowns, guns, and hunting-whips promiscuously combine: here a MS. sermon lies complacently by a cookery-book and a *Bell's Life*; while there a packet of letters and a prospectus of the Sky races, with the hospital report and a receipt for milk-punch.

But Ginger is engaged. I find a poor gunner died this morning, and he is off to bury him.

Thus, you see, with the sick and afflicted thronging at his gate, and the dead awaiting interment, "Our Padre," amid the flash of light and cheerful pleasures, has many a sterner duty to perform, from which he never flinches; and if he participates in the sports and amusements of the gay and the healthy, he can and does share in the sorrows of the bereaved, sympathize with the afflicted, and cheer the couch of the sick. Ask the soldiers in the barracks, they are the best judges. But you need not go so far, for the fact is well recognized at "Our Station."



Capt. J. H. Wilson painted. J. M. Callender del.

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OUR JOINT MAGISTRATE

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OUR JOINT MAGISTRATE AND COLLECTOR.

HULDEY is the man—an incipient lawgiver and judge. He has just passed through the probation of an Assistant; and with accumulated powers for the punishment of wickedness and vice, and the adjudication of minor cases, he has now been promoted to assist our Magistrate, and so rejoices in the associative designation of "Joint."

In the social circle Huldey is very grand. He is a bit of a dandy, curls his hair, cherishes the rudiments of a moustache, and nourishes oleagiously the sprouts of an early whisker. Being sportingly inclined, he possesses a stud of horses, and cultivates dogs rakish in cut and hairy in pretensions. At daybreak every morning is Huldey to be seen at the race-course, disguised in top-boots and coat of an amazing cut, training his Arab. The Sky races are to take place shortly, and Huldey and Godower, the sporting Ensign, are great promoters of the meeting; they have established a confederacy, and are very dark in their proceedings. Then Huldey rattles off across the fields, to give the dogs a little exercise, and canters home leisurely as the sun begins to wax warm.

He lives in that bungalow near the Cutcherry, where you'll find him soon: his sporting habiliments are discarded; the shirt-sleeves of comfort, the slippers of ease, together with the flowing draperies of coolness, usurp the place of boots and leather inexpressibles; the jockey cap yields to the more genial Glengarry; and so our friend, seated in his verandah, holds his morning court. He is supposed to listen to the daily reports, to hear complaints, and perform official business at this early hour. Of course he is most attentive; the Gazette in his hand, with an account of the Gronepore races, is merely a toy; while the sable officials, reading away for the very life, utterly regardless of stops, monotonously and nasally race over the documents, swinging their shawled oodies backwards and forwards. Huldey hears all about it, but he does not overlook how that Phizgig with 10 stone has beaten Screwdriver carrying 8 stone 4 lbs.; and then he lights his cheroot and sips his tea, which, with a slice of buttered toast, his table attendant has brought and placed alongside of him, while his favourite dog Forceps, something between a pariah and a buggy-rug, sits by expectantly. Thus public and domestic matters progress congenially.

By-and-bye, cased in a suit of flannel, "Our Joint" goes forth, and in that attire perhaps drops in and pays some lady a morning visit on his way to Court. Then, if you come across him, and draw him out in the magisterial line, you will ascertain confidentially, that in his private opinion he considers the Judge an awful ass, and a perfect ignoramus in point of law (between ourselves, Turmeric has reversed nearly all his decisions); and great is his grievance at the latest reversal, for most unquestionably was he justified in sentencing the prisoner, a domestic servant, to three years' hard