Hotch Potch and Kedgeree

In aid of H. E. Lady Carmichael's Bengal Women's War Fund

Sir Allan Arthur
and F. C. MACRAE.

Price Rs. 5

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.


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K.K.Venugopal

Hotch-Potch & Kedgeree

Being mainly Sir Allan Arthur's personal experiences in the "Land of Humour" in Scotland, India, and elsewhere with a few non-original but perfectly fresh Chestnuts.

Also a number of Caricatures and Sketches
by Mr. F. C. Macrae and others.

Photo. Johnston and Hoffman.

HER EXCELLENCY LADY CARMICHAEL.

Hotch-Potch & Kedgeree

All profits from sale are given to
H.E. LADY CARMICHAEL'S
BENGAL WOMEN'S WAR FUND

THACKER, SPINK & CO.,
CALCUTTA & SIMLA 1916

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PREFACE.

MANY years ago I was present at a St. Andrew's Dinner in Bombay, at which Lord Rosebery was a guest. He was an unexpected guest, as the P. & O. mail steamer arrived 12 hours before it was due, which it never does nowadays. An express message was sent on board the mail to invite His Lordship to the dinner, and, though he arrived in Bombay only a couple of hours before the dinner hour, he duly attended the Banquet. Naturally his name was not on the Toast List, but his countrymen were not to be denied and insisted on his making a speech. He rose and told his audience that, while he had been long enough in India to write a book, he feared he had not been sufficiently long in the country to find material for a speech.

It is not to be presumed that, in making this humorous remark, this eminent Scotsman claimed that a short residence in India was the sole qualification for the writing of a book, or intended to suggest that an aspirant to literary effort, in the matter of a book, need be deprived of all hope of even moderate success by a very long residence in this country, although in the case of a Scot it might rub off much of the " polish " acquired by him at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Perth or some other place in the North. In the course of four decades, which have been decreed to be my lot in India, a vast amount of flotsam and jetsam has floated beneath the bridges of rivers like the Clyde and the Hooghly, upon whose banks, with a few intervals of absence from each, four-fifths of my life have been spent. Some of this floating stuff I have endeavoured to pick up as it glided by, with the result that much material, containing, as I think, a considerable amount of humour, has been gathered together and stored up, without ever a dream of its being at any time put into print.

I would have shrunk at any time in the past from the publicity and criticism attaching to the writer of a book, but everything has been

altered by this awful war. As I am barred by the age limit, to my infinite regret, from joining the glorious throng of young Britishers, who are rolling up in their tens of thousands from all quarters of the Empire to be present at the certain and final overthrow of foul Germany, and to whom I take off my hat in profound admiration, and as a lame leg (to descend to the particular) prevents me from even becoming a Volunteer in the Calcutta Scottish or the Light Horse, it has occurred to me to do my little " bit " by arranging in book form and giving away for the benefit of those affected by the war a selection from my flotsam and jetsam, which I have been jealously guarding for my own hoarding.

When they see the delightful words " giving away," some of the Scots of Calcutta will be thinking that they are going to be given the fine chance of getting a book for nothing, but, unless they steal it, they won't get " Hotch Potch " and Mr. Macrae's Sketches for nothing. What they are going to get for nothing is what is *in* the book, but they have got to pay for the book itself. To some it may perhaps appear an old-fashioned publication, but others may find it as pleasing an investment as a National, Kinnison or Kanknarrah Jute Mill Ordinary at a price that is not fabulous, and no objection will be made to the rich men of the East ordering more copies than they want, which Her Excellency will be pleased to take charge of for despatch to the trenches.

If the book benefits the War Fund, for which it is published, to any material extent, I shall get my reward in having less of that feeling, which must come sooner or later to all old " dead beats," an expression applied in Australia to old fellows who are no good to any one, and so I offer my humble wares for what they will fetch to Her Excellency Lady Carmichael, who has been pleased to accept them, for the benefit of Her Excellency's Bengal Women's War Fund, which, as most people in India know, is a fund for the purpose of ameliorating the lot of our magnificent fighting men, British and Indian, who are serving their King and Country in Eastern Lands, more particularly in Mesopotamia and Persia.

I feel I have taken a great liberty in mentioning by name many of the actors in " Hotch Potch," and if any of my readers, on coming across his or her name or face or that of a friend in its pages, should take offence thereat, I would make them my most humble apologies, and would

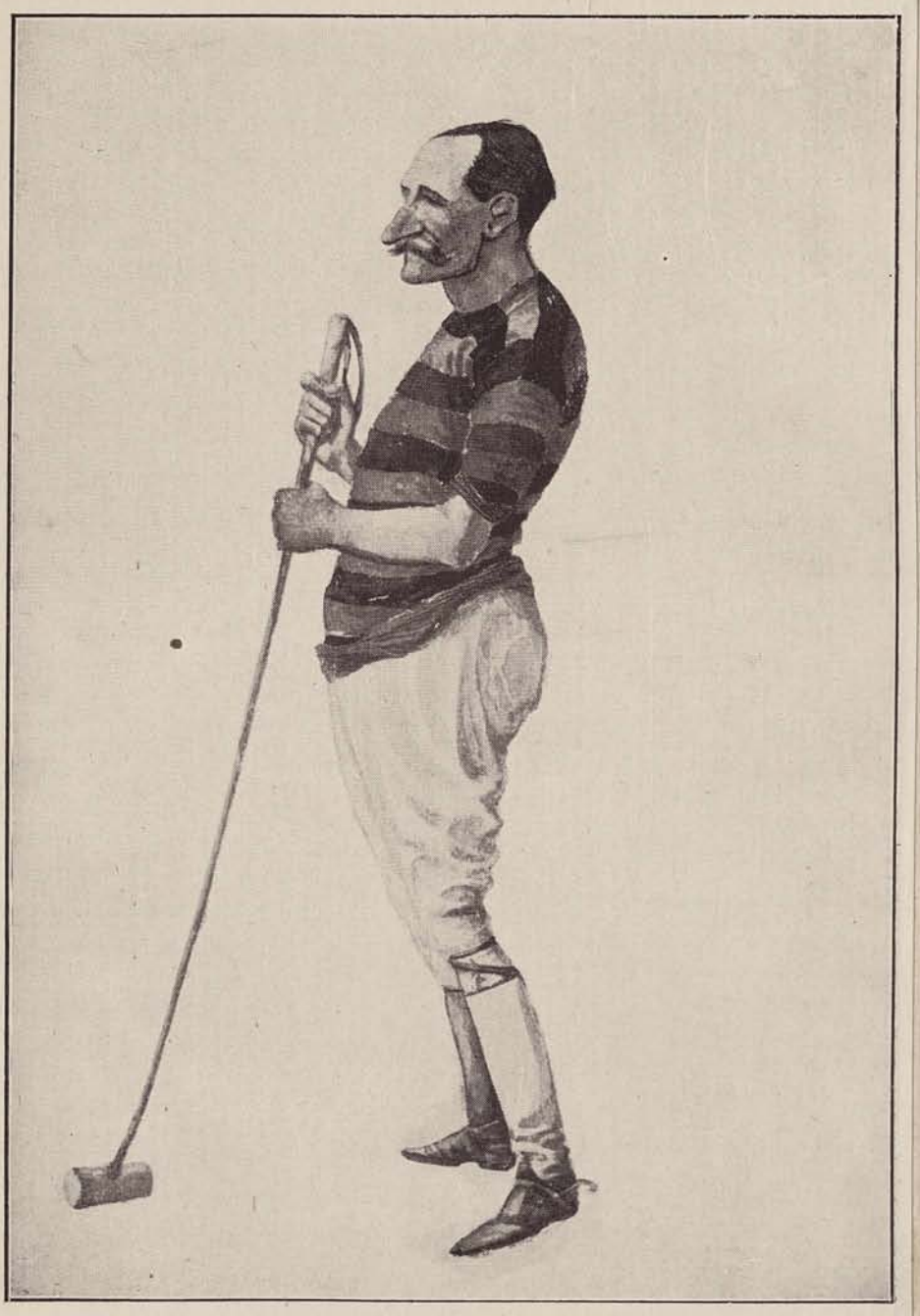
plead that stories, such as are collected in this volume, are much more entertaining if the real actors are named.

Robert Burns sang :—

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oorsels as ithers see us."

All who walk through the pages of "Hotch Potch"—even the "Bashfu' Bride" of my first Scottish story, who, though apparently highly approving of me, only suffered me to sit in her compartment for fear of "Some one waur" coming in at Motherwell—are seen by me only through glasses of the greatest good humour, and, if any to whom I have offered my apologies are still unappeased, I would still plead with them that there is no one more chaffed in the book than the author, and, if a laugh is occasionally raised against him and his co-actors and co-actresses, let us remember that we are being made the sport of the public in a noble cause.

God Save the King.



THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTORY.

HOW I CAME TO INDIA.

In consultation with my advisers it has been decided that we shall have our " Kedgeree " before our " Hotch Potch ", and it might be well to explain at the outset how I came to India.

I played Rugby football for Scotland in the year that I left for India, but very nearly lost my place owing to a doubt up to the last moment as to whether I could get through to Edinburgh or not to play in the trial match between the East and West of Scotland. I was then in the office of a large East Indian Firm in Glasgow and had to catch the one o'clock train in order to play in the match. Our Senior on coming to office that day sent down word that he wanted the " boy " (I was then the " boy " on duty) to have his dinner in town, as he would probably be kept late in office. I went all round the office but not one of the other boys could take my place. I was dreadfully sick of the late hours I had been having, with no hope of promotion and only nominal pay, so I determined to go to Edinburgh and chance the consequences. So when ten minutes to one o'clock came, I said to the old porter, William Gardiner, who could do just as much for our Senior as I could, that he was to tell our Senior, if he asked for me, that I had gone out and would be back again, so I went to Edinburgh, played in the trial match, dined comfortably and got into the International. I got back to Glasgow about ten o'clock and went straight to office, and asked William if our Senior had asked for me. William said, " Naw. He has never come out of his room syne you left. You've been an awful lang time in coming back. A have na' had ma tea and am tired o' waitin." So I told William to go and have his tea, and I sat down in front of the fire and fell asleep. About 11-30 our Senior came downstairs, woke me up, apologized to me for keeping me so late and drove me home in a

hansom, and was so pleased with my devotion to duty that he asked me if I would like to go to India, and sent me there on the first vacancy occurring a few months afterwards.

Before leaving for India I told him of the incident, at which he was good enough to laugh, but, as I was being sent to Bombay to take the place of an Assistant who had died of cholera in a few hours, I have never been able quite to make up my mind whether it was honesty of purpose or fear of cholera, that induced me to make confession of my transgression.

It might not be uninteresting if I described a small adventure we had on the voyage out. I went to Madras first to escort a sister of mine, who was going there to be married. At Galle, where the P. & O. steamers called in those days instead of Colombo, a few of the Madras and Calcutta passengers, including my sister and myself, went off in a catamaran after dinner to say good-bye to the passengers, who had changed into the China steamer. On the way back, and as we got quite close to the ladder of our steamer, our catamaran capsized and we all fell into the water. Naturally I looked after my sister, and strangely enough the danger we incurred was not from the billows around or the sharks below, but from the young fellows above, who clambered over the rails, and dived or jumped into the water in their dress clothes to try and save some one. One young fellow very nearly jumped on my head, and as in addition to the seven or eight people originally ship-wrecked there were about a dozen would-be rescuers in the water, there was a good deal of congestion at the foot of the ladder before we were all hauled on board. None of us got anything worse than a ducking.

PART I.

"KEDGEREE."

INDIA

"THE BOAR."

Air—My love is like a Red Red Rose.

THE Boar, the mighty Boar's my theme
Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream
My hope throughout the day.
Youth's daring spirit, Manhood's fire
Firm hand and eagle eye,
Do they require who dare aspire
To see the Wild Boar die.

Chorus: Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,
Fill high the cup with me.
Here's luck to all who fear no fall,
And the next Grey Boar we see.

We envy not the rich their wealth,
Nor Kings their crown'd career,
For the saddle is our Crown of health,
And our Sceptre is the Spear.
We rival too the Warrior's pride
Deep stained in purple gore,
For our field of fame is the Jungleside,
And our foe the Jungle Boar.

When age hath weaken'd Manhood's pride
And every nerve unbraced,
Those scenes of joy will still be ours
On mem'ry's tablets traced.
For with the friends, whom death hath spared
When youth's wild course is run,
We will tell of the chases we have shared,
And the tushes we have won.

Unknown.

PART I.

The Stories in this part are grouped under the following Headings :

1. Viceroys and High Personages.
2. Miscellaneous.
3. Royal Calcutta Turf Club Stories.
4. Clerical Stories.
5. Peoples' Ages.
6. Shooting and Pigsticking.
7. Gwalior Stories.
8. Some Letters from Indians, etc.
9. Chummery Stories.

GROUP I.

Viceroys and High Personages.

VICEROYS AND HIGH PERSONAGES.

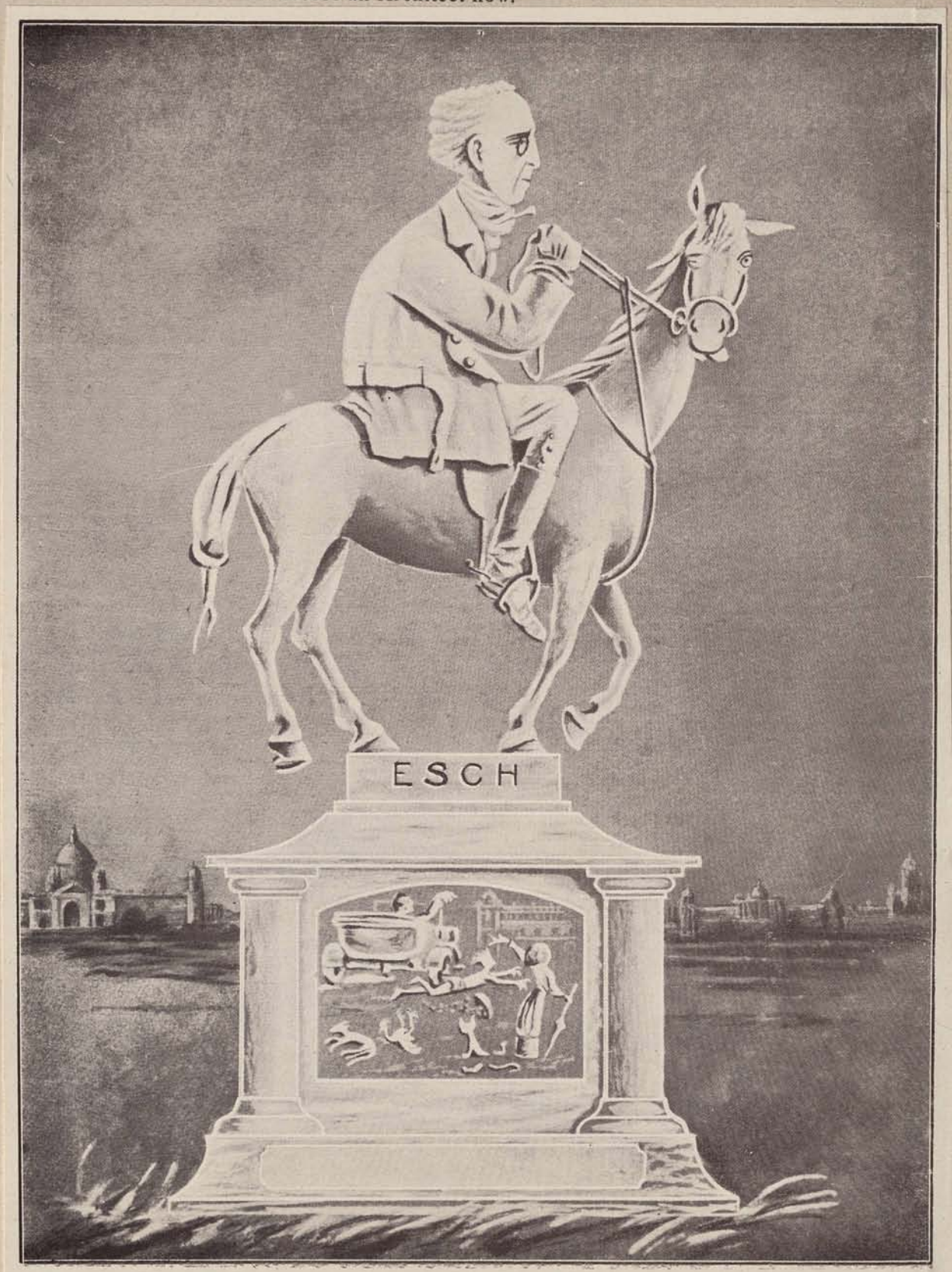
THE B. I.

As the greater part of my business life has been spent in Calcutta, and as Calcutta is a very busy place, it is perhaps appropriate that my first tale should be commercial. The British India Steam Navigation Company is a very aggressive Company, even though it is controlled by our former eminent townsman, Lord Inchcape, and a shipping gentleman, hailing from Japan or China or some other place, where he was being much troubled by the activities of the B. I., came to Calcutta to straighten out matters. He was a believer in doing things privately, and at the Races one day went up to a gentleman there, and said that he understood that his name was Carmichael, which was admitted. The stranger went on to expatiate on the follies of excessive competition and of people cutting one another's throats, and advocated the great advantages that were to be gained from combination. The listener entirely assented to all that was advanced, and went so far as to say that he did not wish to cut anyone's throat, and, as he did not know his interviewer from Adam and was beginning to think he had to deal with a madman, stated that he certainly did not wish to have his throat cut. The stranger was so pleased with the result of his interview that he at once told a friend that he had settled everything with the B. I. The friend was surprised, and asked how he had managed it, and was told by the stranger that he had just had a very satisfactory interview with Duncan Carmichael. The friend replied: "But that wasn't Carmichael of the B. I. you were talking to: it was Lord Carmichael, The Governor."

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

THE Bengal Chamber of Commerce gave a farewell dinner to Lord Elgin, when his time as Viceroy was about to expire. Sir Montagu

" Erect to me Statues; not one, but a score,
Make of Laurel a wreath for my brow;
The city which never has had one before,
Possesses an Architect now."



A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.
"Sir" Vincent J. Esch of the Victoria Memorial.

Turner was in the chair, and in proposing Lord Elgin's health made an excellent speech, and at the end of his peroration he told Lord Elgin in most feeling terms that the Members of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce wished his Lordship every happiness on his retirement to the "Land o' the Leal." I happened to be sitting next Lord Elgin, and he whispered to me "Isn't the Chamber a little too previous in wishing me there?"

For the information of the Sassenach, I might explain that the "Land o' the Leal" is the tune played by the pipers when a Scot is being carried to his last resting place; not ordinarily when he goes on a trip to Scotland.

THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

AFTER having conceived the idea of a great Memorial to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Excellency Lord Curzon invited about a dozen of the senior officials and non-officials of Calcutta to Government House to disclose his plans to them. I had the honour of being one of them, and another was a very delightful old Indian gentleman. With his usual lucidity, and an enthusiasm and conviction that carried enthusiasm with them, His Lordship explained his proposals to those assembled, and then asked each of them to state his views. When the turn of the delightful old gentleman, to whom I have referred, came, he said:—

"After hearing what H. E. Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, G.C.S.I., had to say, and after hearing what His Honour, Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, K.C.S.I., had to say, and after hearing what the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Metropolitan of India, had to say, and after hearing what Sir Patrick Playfair, Ex-member of H. E.'s Legislative Council and Ex-President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, had to say, and after hearing what the Honourable Sir Allan Arthur, member of H. E.'s Legislative Council and President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, had to say, and after hearing what—he named all the others who spoke before him—had to say, my opinion, Your Excellency, Your Honour, my

Lord Bishop and gentlemen, is that there is a great deal to be said for His Excellency Lord Curzon's ideal proposals."

THE RAJA AND THE VICEROYS.

A RAJA, who was in England, called on Lord Morley, and in discussing matters Indian, said that Lord Curzon was a midnight oil Viceroy, but Lord Minto was a Gymkhana Viceroy. Lord Morley did not know the meaning of the word Gymkhana, though he has doubtless heard of a Zenana, and said nothing, but a few days later he met a retired Indian Civilian and asked him what Gymkhana meant. On being told, Lord Morley's reply was : " I am so relieved. I thought it had something to do with a Harem."

THE COMMISSIONER'S WIFE AND THE RAJA.

WRITING of Rajas reminds me of an excellent story of a Behar Raja, who was travelling in the only first class compartment of a train in that district. At one of the stations on the line, the wife of the Commissioner of the Division wanted to get into the train, and the Raja gallantly vacated his compartment, and went into a second class compartment. A few weeks later the Commissioner met the Raja, and thanked him for what he had done, mentioning that it was exceedingly kind of him vacating his compartment for his (the Commissioner's) wife. The Raja replied: " It is not necessary to thank me. I have been in England and know the danger of travelling with single female."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

THE hero of a good mistaken identity story was Lord William Beresford, Military Secretary to several Viceroys. He was a lover of good horses, and one morning Mr. John Ralli sent him for trial a very fine fast trotting mare, which Lord William decided to buy. The same evening he went to a " walk round " at Belvedere, and saw there a Mr. S———, who was very like Mr. John Ralli, and who was walking about with his wife on his arm. She was an exceedingly handsome woman, and as

Lord William passed, he gave Mr. S——— a little pinch and whispered "She's a ripper." Mr. S——— immediately replied, "You're a scoundrel, Sir." Lord William was greatly outraged, for he was referring to Mr. John Ralli's fast trotting mare: Mr. S——— was equally so, for he thought Lord William was referring to his wife.

MY PRESENTATION AT THE VICEREGAL COURT.

SHORTLY after Lord and Lady Minto came to Calcutta, I was invited to dinner at Government House. The guests were all drawn up in line in the Throne Room for presentation to Their Excellencies, and as Their Excellencies came down the line and were approaching me, I was surprised to hear my name called out and to see a gentleman with the waxiest of pale complexions and a girth of some fifty inches round the waistband presented as Sir Allan Arthur. When I was presented to Their Excellencies it was as the other fellow.

The other fellow, who was proud of his complexion and his manly figure, was highly indignant over the whole affair. I was not indignant, only a trifle vexed. For the second time in this volume I quote Robbie Burns' well-known lines:

"Oh! wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oorsels as ithers see us."

THE RAILWAY BOARD.

SIR STEPHEN FINNEY, K. C. I. E., Member of the Railway Board, tells an amusing story of a call he once made on a Simla Lady. He was just a little like Sir Henry Prinsep and was some times mistaken for him, and on the occasion of the call in question, instead of sending in his own card, he sent in by mistake two of Sir James Westland's cards. He was ushered into the Simla Lady's Drawing Room, and she said: "Oh, How do you do, Sir Henry, I thought you were Sir James Westland." Sir Stephen is not clear as to what he did say in reply, but it was to the effect that he did not know why the lady thought he was Sir James Westland and why she called him Sir Henry Prinsep, when he was neither the one nor the other!

Col. H. D. OLIVIER, R.E.,
Late Agent of the B.-B. & C. I. Ry.

THE MAD DOG.

SIR T. R. WYNNE (before he was Sir) of the Railway Board was at one time bitten by a mad dog and went to Kasauli for treatment.

After his departure the Railway Board gave a decision against a Madras Railway proposal, which was generally much desired in that Presidency. Commenting on this a Madras wag wrote to the papers that Mr. Wynne having been bitten by a mad dog had gone to Kasauli, and before going had bitten Sir Frederick Upcott and Mr. W. J. Wood, the other Members of the Board.

DELHI DURBAR.

THE BISHOP AND THE JUDGE.

A JUDGE and a Bishop used to chum together in one of the Presidency towns of India, and their respective servants were always disputing as to which of their masters was the bigger "Burra Saheb," each claiming for his own saheb the higher status. The Bishop was proceeding home while this was going on, and the Judge went on board the Mail steamer to see him off. As they said good-bye the Judge knelt on the deck and kissed the Bishop's hand. On getting back to the house the Bishop's "boy" at once said that the point was settled, as the Judge would not have gone down on his knees and kissed the Bishop's hand, if he (the Judge) had thought he was a smaller Saheb than the Bishop. The Judge's boy was equal to the occasion, and replied "My Saheb such an affectionate Saheb that he kiss anything."

DELHI DURBARITIES.

No. 1.

AT the first Delhi Durbar I heard a very trite remark escape from an American. I was staying in the Punjab Camp and drove to the Durbar with some other of Sir Charles Rivaz's guests in a huge char-a-banc drawn by six camels. We were going at a fair pace and overhauled a party on foot, who happened to be Americans. One of them turned round just as we were bearing down on them, and exclaimed "Oh H—l, just look at this."

No. 2.

One afternoon I went on to the Polo ground at the first Durbar, just after a match between Jodhpur and Patiala, two celebrated Indian teams, had begun. Pointing to the team nearest me, I asked a Tommy who was helping to keep the ground, "Is this Jodhpur." "No" he replied. "This is Polo."

No. 3.

During the second Delhi Durbar I walked from my Camp to the Polo ground, and when I got to the gate I heard a Tommy say "Here comes the King." A cavalcade was coming along the road and I waited to see His Majesty arrive. When the cortège arrived, it was seen that it was not the King, and the Tommy said "It's only 'Ardinge."

Jack Symon's Dance.

GROUP II.

Miscellaneous.

Young Coal
boy dancer

SIR MAUD ALLAN.

In January 1914 I was travelling with a male friend of mine up-country, and we had to stay a day in Delhi at Maiden's Hotel, which was very full. Miss Maud Allan was expected there that day. My friend and I had to share one room, and at night when we were leaving, the joint bill was handed to me. It was headed by the Babu at the Hotel "Sir Maud Allan and party." I got a good deal chaffed about this, and not long afterwards received an invitation from Mrs. Lamond Walker and Miss Prophit to a Gymkhana in Calcutta. Miss Prophit wrote across the invitation "Bring Maud." The invitation was duly accepted by Sir Maud and Lady Allan. A widow friend of mine was stopping in Calcutta at the time and I drove her out to the Gymkhana at Ballygunge, and, with her permission, after explaining the joke to her, I took her up to Miss Prophit and told her that I had taken her at her word and had brought Miss Maud Allan. Miss Prophit made much of the supposed Miss Allan, and introduced her to Lady Jenkins and others as Miss Maud Allan, but this was too much for Lady Jenkins, who knew my widow friend well, and simply shrieked. This, of course, gave the joke away.

THE GOLF CLUB BILL.

A one-time Deputy Secretary of the Bank of Bengal, who was a very careful man as regards money matters, got his bill in with vouchers attached from the Calcutta Golf Club one day, and among the items he was charged for was "one whisky and soda." He wrote to the Secretary saying there was a mistake, as he never drank a whisky and soda. The Secretary replied that he thought there was no mistake, and that perhaps the Deputy Secretary had stood a friend a whisky and soda, to which the Deputy Secretary replied "I never stand a friend a whisky and soda."

THE TEA PLANTER.

In my old firm we had a most worthy planter, whose duty was to report confidentially on the managers and assistants of the tea gardens. He wrote in appreciative terms of one young fellow, and in the course of his remarks said that Mr. So-and-So had a great deal of common sense, and was possessed in a phenomenal degree of what he could not better describe than by that grand old Scotch word " Nous."

I once made a voyage with the planter, and found him a very silent man. On the first day of the voyage we were pacing up and down the deck together, passing and repassing a lady and gentleman, who appeared to be getting on very well together. I remarked that I supposed they were a man and his wife. The planter said " No, I think it's more likely to be a man and another man's wife." I do not think he made another remark to me until we changed at Port Said into the Brindisi steamer, and, as we were again having a silent walk, he remarked " I wonder if yon engineer chap has kissed the moon-faced woman yet," a couple whom he had evidently been watching on the other ship.

THE CALCUTTA SCOTTISH.

A distinguished officer of this Crack Corps appeared on parade one morning with his chin-strap too loose, and the diplomatic Adjutant requested all the Officers to see that their men's chin-straps were correct. At the next parade it was seen that the same Officer's chin-strap had again no official connection with his chin, and this time the Adjutant asked the Officer in question to see that his men's chin-straps were properly adjusted. Addressing his men, the Officer said that the Adjutant had asked him to see that their chin-straps were correct : that he knew that his was not, but that that was the fault of his bearer, who had neglected to carry out his orders.

THE CALCUTTA SCOTTISH AGAIN.

One of the Scottish told me that, when on guard at the Fort, he had a talk with a Babu, who told him that, while he understood English all right, he could not understand the " Jungle Bhat " of the

Scottish. He was specially thinking of an order he had just heard given "Gang awa ooper, Jock, and bring doon the whaile Bally Sub Chiz."

A STORY NOT FOR LADIES.

THIS story is less proper than any story in my book, and, though

passed by the Censor, should also be passed by ladies. It is for men only, and it is very up to date, as it is about the Calcutta Scottish on the last night of General Strange's recent most successful Assault-at-Arms. In the battle round the Fort, which Colonel Harnett of the E. B. Ry. made for the Tournament, and which I understand is a facsimile of the fort guarding the Khojak Tunnel, the Calcutta Scottish were making an attack with those lightning rushes, which are the glory of the British Army. Any one, who knows anything about Military matters, must know that the men of an Infantry Regiment cannot make lightning rushes without throwing themselves down very violently and jumping up again many times. A well-known Calcutta lady, who was observing this particular manœuvre of the Scottish with great interest, was overheard to say to her neighbour "Just look at the Scottish taking cover and uncover at one and the same moment."

LONDON CANTONMENT.

IN my old Bombay days there was an old General of the Bombay Army there, who had never been in England. In the eighteen seventies,

when he was nearing seventy, he planned a trip to the old country, and, as he wished to be comfortable there, wrote a letter by the mail before he sailed to the Cantonment Magistrate of London asking him to reserve a room for him in the Dâk Bungalow. He did not stop long in London as he could not get " Curry and Rice " to any meal.

AN AWFU' PREDICAMENT.

I DO not quite know whether to put this story in " Hotch Potch " or in "Kedgeree," but, as it was told me in Calcutta, " Kedgeree" has it. The time for my annual trip home is getting near, and owing to the Submarine danger I have been debating whether to go or not to go. I thought I would consult a lady confidante of mine on the point and with the Wisdom of the Sphinx she replied that, if she were in a like situation, she would feel rather like the drunk man at one of the Glasgow Railway Stations, who, when holding on to a lamp-post, said to himself: " I'm in an awfu' predicament. If I let go, I'll fa' doon, and, if I dinna let go, I'll miss ma train."

PASSPORTS.

THE advice thus given me by my Female Sphinx and the arrival of a Bagpipe Waistcoat from Gieves have decided me to risk the voyage to England. The only other thing required to complete my outfit is a passport through France, and as a passport through France is no use without a picture, I left my office one forenoon to have the necessary picture taken by Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd, but with my usual luck just as I left my office and was driving along Clive Street, I heard a newspaper boy shout out something that attracted my attention, and as

it occurred to me that he was offering something good, I stopped my office gharry, hailed the boy, and for eight annas bought a picture of myself, which was not by Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd.

If I had to choose my photographers, I think I should rather be taken by Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd than by the unknown artists, but I daresay the picture in the margin, which is the one that bumped up against me in Clive Street, will pass me through France, provided I wear the necktie, the collar and the white "Slip."

POONA.

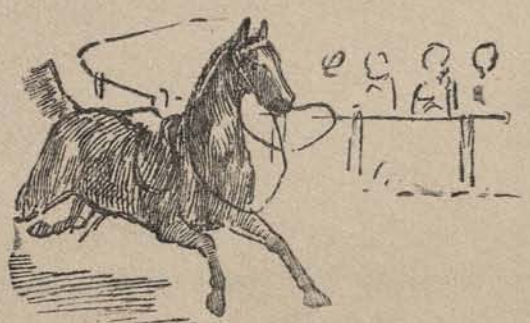
In my young days business in Bombay practically ceased during the monsoon months, as, there being no Docks, ships and steamers simply didn't load or unload, and telegrams ceased from troubling. As a result one could conveniently spend a couple of months during the rains in Poona, where we hunted, stuck pig, raced, sometimes fished, played polo and racquets and rowed on a most delightful river. In those days rupees went further than they do now.

A well-known hostess there, who, poor lady, was very plain looking, gave a dinner party, to which she invited a gallant Major. After she had paired off all her other guests, she said to him: "I am afraid you must face me, Major." The gallant fellow put his hand on his heart and said: "Madam, the British soldier can face any thing."

GROUP III.

Royal Calcutta Turf Club Stories.

Mr. Keyser, *ex*-handicapper to the Jockey Club.



The First Race. Mr. Starter's Pony has a walk over.

("Reproduced by permission of the *Empress.*")

Dr. CECIL ELMES.

Dr. Elmes is Surgeon to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club and was a great athlete in his younger days. He was very prominent in the Scottish Rugby Football world, his career just falling short of International honours, due to an accident which eventually laid him up for three years. He got his Blue at Edinburgh University, was Light-weight Boxing Champion for two years, and also held the Championship open to East of Scotland for one year.

MOUNT, PLEASE.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARMICHAEL is a very regular attender at the Calcutta races, and I believe that, if we began racing at six o'clock in the morning, as the Turf Club did in the old days, H. E. would be there before the first race. Shortly after his arrival in Calcutta, H. E. arrived one day in time for the first race instead of the second as had been arranged. As there were no Stewards to receive him at the gate of the Paddock, H. E. and his A. D. C. went straight to the ring, and the A. D. C. went up to the Secretary to speak to him. It is just about as wise to rouse a sleeping tiger as it is to address Mr. Hutchison when he is meditating giving the jockeys their " Mount, Please." That was the moment selected by the A. D. C. to inform the secretary that the Governor had come, and, as he was not arrayed in scarlet and gold, there was nothing to tell that he was anything but an ordinary person, and the answer he received was " Dam the governor. Mount, please ".

It is fortunate that we have in Bengal a governor who delights in any " touch of nature that makes the whole world kin " and as H. E. told this story in the presence of Mr. Hutchison, when we were sitting at lunch in the stewards' room one recent Saturday, and just after H. E. had asked me how my book was getting on, it may be taken that this is a story told by Command.

A GOLDEN SOVEREIGN.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan came to Calcutta in the cold weather of 1907-8, when the Lady Minto fête was on, and was very much in evidence when there, distributing presents to all and sundry. He went to the races and was received by the senior steward, Sir A. A. Apcar, K.C.S.I., who showed him round, and on parting from His Majesty was presented, it is said, with a sovereign, which caused some amusement as Sir A. A. was one of the richest men in Asia. This is not a true story,

as I know, for it was I who started the silly ball arolling. I saw the Ameer give A. A. something, and jokingly said to the man next me that it was no doubt a sovereign. Within a few minutes the story was all round the paddock. Just like Calcutta!

THE STEWARD AND THE DECEASED.

A CASE of mistaken identity occurred in the Calcutta Turf Club paddock one race day, when my old friend J. G. Dickson, one of the stewards, went up to a portly foreign gentleman and said to him," Hello, Bonsard, how are you?" and then he reflected. "But I thought you were dead, Bonsard." Bonsard was dead. He was a well-known chef in Calcutta, and later the proprietor of a hotel, and used to say that, while he could only dine a dozen people, he could feed 300. The gentleman Mr. Dickson mistook for Bonsard was a well-known Bombay man.

LADY OWNER No. 1.

IT is not an easy matter for the stewards of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club to deal with horses owned by ladies. When "Dolly Dimple" first appeared on the Calcutta course, she was owned by a lady, but she was not a lady's horse, because, as she was going out of the Paddock for her very first race, she dashed in a most unladylike manner into the stewards' luncheon room uninvited, when some of them were having tea, and upset the lot. The result of Dolly taking tea with the stewards was that she won her race, the tote paying the pleasing dividend of something like Rs. 1,800.

Another horse, which shall be nameless, belonging to the same owner, was one day manifestly interfered with, and, as Senior Steward, I was asked to get an explanation. The explanation was perfectly satisfactory, so far as the owner was concerned, as she admitted that in her opinion the horse had been outrageously pulled, and she told me that she had told her jockey that he was a young monkey, warned him that, if he ever did such a thing again, she would hand him up to the stewards, and that meantime she had reported him to the chief justice.

LADY OWNER No. 2.

ANOTHER lady owner of a race horse was the sister superior of the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor at the corner of Camac Street and Lower Circular Road, but she was only in possession of the race horse for a very short time. Her old horse, that drew the office jaun, died one day and she prayed that some good soul would give the home another horse. Her prayer, as she thought, was answered very promptly, as, on looking out of her bed-room window very early the next morning, she saw a very beautiful horse grazing in her compound. A little later this heaven-sent horse was about to be put into the shafts of the office jaun, but before this actually happened it was discovered that the animal, which appeared to have been sent by providence, was a twenty thousand-rupee race horse belonging to Mr. Galstaun, which had got out of his stall during the night. History relates, and I believe quite truly, that Mr. Galstaun took back his racehorse and gave the sister superior another horse more suitable for office jaun purposes. I once asked one of the sisters who came to me for a subscription for the Little Sisters, if this was a true story, and she told me with a delightful smile " partly true, partly false," which I think is sufficient to permit me to include this story in my book.

MR. GALSTAUN.

THE well-known owner, Mr. J. C. Galstaun, had a red-letter day on the 4th March, 1916, when he won all the five flat races on the card, his jockey wing riding all five winners. A lady, who had been at the Races, went afterwards to the Saturday Club and told some people there that one horse had won no less than five races ; and that she could not remember its name, but it began with a " G."

A STEWARD'S LUNCH.

THE stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club gave a luncheon party to the viceroy at the Tollygunge Steeplechases on the 1st of January one year, to which Col. P. K. Beaver and Mr. Willie Holmes were invited. They

did not particularly wish to go, as they did not know where they would be obliged to sit. Mr. Willie Holmes was deputed to refuse the invitation, and in his silvery voice told the secretary, Mr. Jimmie Hutchison, that, as he and P. K. had never called on the Viceroy, they could not well go to the tiffin, to which Jimmie replied "Man, Holmes, that need na' prevent you and P. K. coming. The stewards were na' thinking of putting you at the Viceroy's table." Mr. Holmes then said that Col. Beaver and he had never expected that honour, and Jimmie replied "Well, that's all right, we'll just put you with the officials". Mr. Willie Holmes explained that they had not expected that honour either, upon which Jimmie said, "Man, you and P. K. are awfu' particular; we'll give ye a table to yourselves".

THE ASTROLOGER.

ONE of our well-known racing ladies was not having a very successful time in her small betting operations a few years ago, and to try to recoup her losses she brought to the races one day in her motor car an Indian astrologer, who professed to have either an acquired or an uncanny faculty for spotting winners. She paid his entrance fee, but the people at the gate would not let the man in as he did not wear trousers but a dhotie. She then took him to the rubbing down sheds just behind the paddock, and he told her the winners of the first and second races, but she had not quite sufficient belief in him to back his fancies. She went to consult him about the third race, but he told her that, unless he could get into the paddock and see the foreheads of the jockeys, he could not tell her the winner. She said to him that in that case, as he was not allowed to go into the paddock, he was of no use whatever to her and had better go home, not this time in her motor car but in a 3rd class ticca gharry. Thereupon he asked her to let him think for a little. He turned his back on her and looked at something in his hand, and on glancing over his shoulder our well-known racing lady found that this Indian astrologer, who claimed to be a champion tipster, was consulting the *Statesman's* "teeps."

"HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A ROOSHIAN."

A DISPUTE took place this year between two Calcutta jockeys in regard to the nationality of Mr. "Jimmy" Hutchison. One of the jockeys went to headquarters to have the point settled, very politely requesting permission to ask a question, and, on receiving it, enquired of Mr. Hutchison if he was an Irishman.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE.

GROUP IV.

Clerical Stories.

A GOOD PADRE.

My friend Padre Scott, with whom I have spent many a delightful day's golfing, was always fresh and entertaining. I went to his Church—St. Andrew's, in Dalhousie Square—one Sunday night, not having been there for some time. At the door I was ostentatiously welcomed by Mr. James Luke, who shook hands with me and wished to lead me to a front seat, which I declined. A few days later I met the padre and told him that I would not go to his Church again, if I could not do so without being formally received by James Luke and treated as if I was a repentant sinner. "I'll settle him," was the Padre's reply, and on my next seeing him he told me that he had settled Luke. I asked him how he had done it, and he said "Well, I just said 'Luke, what have you been doing to my friend Sir Allan Arthur.' Luke said he had done nothing. So I told him 'Well, don't do it again'."

A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE.

On another occasion I was travelling in a train with padre Scott, and he said to me "You will be sorry to hear that your old friend Duncan Brown is dead." I should explain that Duncan Brown was a loafer, and latterly a beggar of the most persuasive description, whom I had known both in Bombay and Calcutta—in fact, I am inclined to think that he followed me from Bombay. I will say this for him that he never came to me until he was on his last legs, but many are the ten-rupee notes that I have given him. This being the position, I explained to the padre that I could not honestly say that I was so very sorry to hear the sad news, as Duncan had cost me a great deal of money. The padre replied, "Well, he is going to cost you some more, for his last words were that Sir Allan would be sure to pay for his funeral expenses and a head stone." I demurred, and said that a Scotch pauper's burial should be paid for by the Scotch Church, but the padre said there was no fund. I replied that there ought to be, with which he entirely agreed and said

"Here's a piece of paper. You had better give a starting subscription."

THE LAZY PUNKAHWALLAH.

I MIGHT mention an anecdote of Dr. C——, which relates to an exceedingly hot Sunday night in the Barrackpore Church in an exceedingly warm hot weather. Dr. C—— had finished the Service, and walked up to the altar during the singing of the last hymn to pronounce the Benediction. The punkah was not being pulled over his head as it ought to have been, and he went out to where the punkahwallah was seated to see what had happened. He found the punkahwallah sound asleep, and gave him a rousing smack on the side of the head. I met Dr. C—— at a dinner party the following evening and mentioned the incident. Dr. C—— said "How can you say that of me, Sir Allan. All that I did was to raise my finger to him and say 'You naughty man'."

PILSENER BEER.

WRITING of Barrackpore reminds me of a padre there, not the hero of the previous anecdote, who, during a discussion which arose about Pilsener Beer, remarked that Pilsener was all very well for chota hazri, but he preferred "Beer" for breakfast.

TWO CALCUTTA BEAU BRUMMELS.

Two well-known Calcutta men, Donnie Dickson and W. M. Beresford, secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club at a later period, who were particularly dressy Calcutta young men, once took refuge from the rain in the Barrackpore Church on a wet Sunday morning. They were dressed in flannels, and remained through the service. At the end of it the parson went up and shook hands with both of them, remarking that it greatly pleased him to have mill hands coming to his Church, and that they would always be welcome.

SUNDAY DINNER.

SOME years ago, when I was sitting in my room at 4 Outram Street one evening shortly before dinner, I was told that a lady wanted to see me, and on my going to the drawing-room I found it was a Scottish lady, a Miss H—, who was globe-trotting at that time. She was accompanied by a lady friend, and told me that she had come to consult me on rather a delicate matter. She and her friend had been asked to dine by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Woodburn, on the following Sunday, and she wanted to know what she should reply.

I said that, as I supposed she would go, all that she had to do was to write and say that she had much pleasure in accepting, but she told me that she never dined out on Sunday. I then suggested that she should write and say that she regretted that she could not accept the invitation, and she replied that she could not decline without giving some reason. I said: "Then you had better give the reason, viz., that you never dine out on Sundays." "But," she said, "that would be placing ourselves on a higher moral plane than the Lieutenant-Governor." I then suggested that she might write and say that they were engaged at the hotel, to which she replied, "But that would not be true." Thereupon I said that as there were so many difficulties in the way of their declining, and as Sir John Woodburn was a delightful man and a great respecter of the Sunday, I thought they ought to go. She replied that they would like to go, but that they could not break through their rule of not dining out on a Sunday. Miss H.'s friend here intervened with what I thought was a very sensible remark, which was "Don't you think, as there does not seem to be much harm in it, that we might break through the rule for just this once." Thereupon Miss H. turned to me and said "What do you think your brother Mr. John would do in the circumstances?" I replied that my brother, if he was living in a Calcutta hotel and had been asked to dinner on a Sunday by a man like Sir John Woodburn, would think twice before he refused. Miss H. thanked me for my advice, and withdrew, saying she would consider the matter.

I am afraid my brother John is responsible for Miss H. breaking through her rule of never dining out on a Sunday, as I heard afterwards that they had gone to the dinner. I met them a few days later and asked them how they had enjoyed it. They had enjoyed it very much and had

met a lady friend of mine there who had been most kind to them and told them tiger stories, but Miss H.'s friend said that they had been rather shocked by an extremely low-bodied dress that this friend of mine wore. On my telling this lady friend of mine what they had said, she told me she did not believe a word of it, as both Miss H. and her friend greatly admired her dress, took a note of her dressmaker's address, and so enjoyed themselves that it was nearly midnight before they rose to say goodnight to Sir John and Lady Woodburn, and this on a Sunday !

CARDROSS.

JUST as my book is going to press, a chance call from my old friend, Dr. Graham, the founder of that magnificent institution the St. Andrew's Homes of Kalimpong, provides me with rather a nice story for my " Clerical " series. He stayed to our office tiffin, and told me that he had come down to Calcutta to marry the daughter of an old friend of his, the parish minister of Cardross, to a tea-planter, and that he not only performed the marriage ceremony but had proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom at the wedding breakfast. I asked him what he said and just then a young man in my office came into the room and sat down to lunch.

Dr. Graham then proceeded to tell me what he had said in his speech. He said that in the olden time King Robert the Bruce went to Cardross to hunt the Wild Boar, that other Kings of Scotland had done the same thing, and later the nobles of Scotland. He then went on to say that the young men of the present day appeared to go to Cardross in quest of other game.

On hearing this, the young man in my office simply rocked with laughter, and, on Dr. Graham asking him what amused him so, he said " The girl I have just got engaged to lives in Cardross."

GROUP V.

Peoples' Ages.

THE OLD MAHOGANY TREES.

In Mr. John Anderson's house at Ballygunge, *viz.*, The Park chummery, there were some magnificent old mahogany trees, some of which are known to have been imported in 1790 and some about 40 years later from the West Indies. Mr. John has been so long in India that he is looked on by some people as a very old man. He had a lady to tea one afternoon and was talking to her of the mahoganies, and pointing to the oldest clump, he said: "That clump of mahoganies was imported in the year 1790". The lady in the most innocent way said: "Did you import them, Mr. Anderson?"

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Mr. John is not the only Anglo-Indian who has been supposed to be older than he is. I was once introduced to a hospital nurse at Moffat, who commented on my extraordinary youthful appearance. I was puzzled and said that I did not think I looked so very young, but she insisted and gave as her reason that the village barber had told her that my title was conferred on me for distinguished service to the British Government during the Indian Mutiny.

I never believe barbers, especially the Indian species, since the viceregal tonsorial artist at Barrackpore, when soliciting my custom, insisted on oath that he regularly shaved Lord Elgin.

THE AGE OF MAN.

The hospital nurse above mentioned was not nearly so accurate in guessing my age as a Calcutta lady whom I met at the extra meeting on 6th February last, and who, after remarking how delightful it was to see such old race-goers as Sir John Hewett, Mr. C. B. Gregson and some others back in the paddock, complimented me on looking so

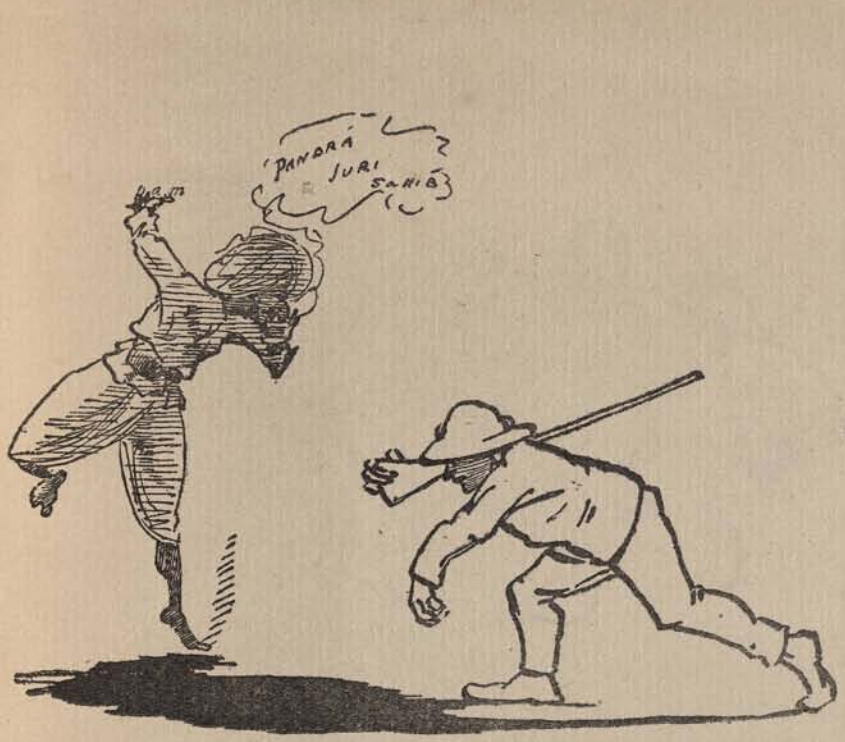
well, and told me that there were two perfect marvels in India, one Mr. Montague Massey, who is supposed to have arrived in India about the year of the mutiny, and the other myself.

THE AGE OF WOMAN.

On one occasion when I had the honour of lunching under the big banyan tree at Barrackpore with Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Curzon, the conversation turned on ages. Lord Curzon asked me my age and Sir Clinton Dawkins his age. I was sitting next the wife of the American consul, who, when the subject changed, said that she thought it very curious that we Britishers should talk about one another's ages. In America they never talked about ages: almost no one knew her age, her husband did not know her age, only her mother knew it. Later she talked of the American Civil War, and I remarked that I thought she could not possibly remember it. She replied "I am not going to tell you my age."

A DILEMMA.

Before leaving the subject of ages, and as I am puzzled about my own antiquity, I should like for a moment to make a synopsis of what appears in this book about my age. The "Bashfu' Bride" tells me in Scottish story No. 1, that she would like fine to be the darling of an "auld man," meaning me. The football reporter of the "*Scottish Field*," as will be found later on in the book, wrote that I was a "grand old man" in 1883. The hospital nurse at Moffat said I was a knight in 1857, and the lady on the Calcutta race-course told me only this year that I was a sort of twin brother to Mr. Montague Massey. I think the wife of the American consul at Lord Curzon's luncheon party was right when she said that the one reliable authority in regard to one's age is one's mother.



GROUP VI.

Shooting and Pigsticking.

A PLEASANT EXCURSION

KHABAR 6 TIGERS!
FOUR GUNS and
AN ENGLISH CAKE

RETURN OF THE GREAT SHIKAR PARTY AND SPOIL

PIGSTICKING.

JOHN and Tom Anderson, Albert Rawlinson and I used to go out pigsticking a good deal one hot weather, and one day at Rajbari, John and Tom went after one pig, and Rawly and I after another. Their's turned out to be a sow, but ours was a good boar, and, as he got near some jungle, I speared him, but there was no Rawly to help me, and the pig got into the jungle. John came riding up, and I asked him if he had seen Rawly. John shrieking with laughter said: "Yes, I found him off his horse half a mile back taking off his spurs as he said his horse was going too fast, and I said to him 'Man, how could your horse be going too fast when you couldn't catch the pig.'"

RAMPAGING AFTER SWINE.

MANY years ago Mr. John went out pigsticking on a Sunday and unfortunately broke his collar bone. The comment of his senior partner, who did not approve of Sunday amusement, was "Serves the man right for rampaging after the swine on the Lord's day."

A TIP FOR PIGSTICKERS.

WHEN out with the Tent Club on one occasion two of the members and I, when waiting under a clump of trees for pig to break, saw Mr. Tom Anderson behave in a very extraordinary manner. He was galloping backwards and forwards about a third of a mile away as if he was after a pig, but he was on a perfectly flat "maidan" and we could see no pig. The wind was blowing from us to him, and we saw him suddenly gallop towards us, and when within about 70 yards he shouted to us to look out

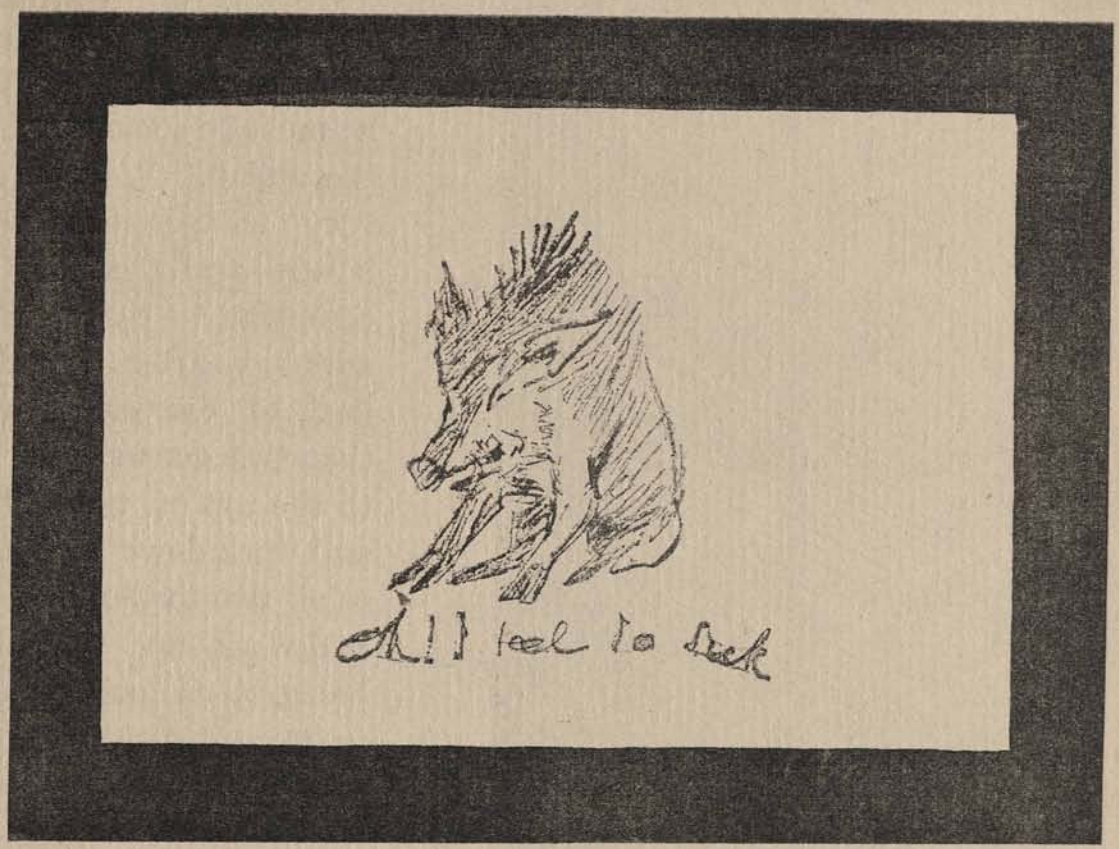
for hornets. He then rode away at right angles to us, and turned down wind, shortly afterwards coming to a stop. The explanation of this was that he had been badly bitten by hornets, which laid him up for some days, and as other hornets follow the scent of a sting, they pursued him as long as he went upwind. As soon as he went down wind, the hornets stopped as they could not scent him. This is not a bad thing for a pigsticker or any one else attacked by hornets to remember.

"I'M COMING, I'M COMING."

OUT with the Tent Club on one occasion near Sara Ghât, I remember an amusing incident of which Joe Bankier was the hero. He and Tougal McLeod were together and a fine boar broke out of a patch of jungle and, without having been ridden, charged the Tougal, cutting his horse just behind the girths, and then went for Joe who had his back to the pig. As Joe galloped away with the pig close behind him, he gave a prod backwards and drew blood. The pig then rushed past some other members of the Tent Club, including myself, and had not a ghost of a chance as there were so many spears about. He was speared several times, and was going along at little more than a walk, when Joe came galloping up and shouted, "Get out of the way you fellows, and let me kill my own pig." So we all made way for him, and Joe charged down on his own pig, and, just as he got there, his horse planted, and Joe was shot over his horse's head bang on to the top of the pig. Just at this moment W. L. Alston, the honorary secretary of the Tent Club, who had seen none of this fun, came galloping up and wanted to know what the deuce Mr. Bankier was doing there—in fact he ordered him off the pig, as it was dangerous. Mr. Bankier was so surprised at being reproved by the secretary that he abandoned his victorious position, and slipped off the back of the pig, which sat up for a brief second, gave Joe a reproachful glance and then expired.

This is not to be wondered at as Mr. Bankier is not a Lilliputian, as the caricature on a later page shows. He told me the last time I was at home that he paid 25% more for his clothes than the ordinary man in London owing to the extra cloth required. The pig could not have been aware

of this, as a struggle of a yard or two further would have saved him from the ignominy of destruction by the descending avalanche instead of by the regulation spear.



THE TENT CLUB.

THE E. B. S. Ry. were always very kind in reserving carriages for the Tent Club. One night George Walker and I were lying in one of these carriages at Damukdia, and a baboo, coming along the train, looked at a ticket on the door and called out to a friend "This compartment is reserved for Mr. Tent Club and party."

MY FIRST TIGER SHOOT.

ON one of my first tiger shooting expeditions on the Bombay side in the native state of Janjira with Cecil Gray, Louis Rivett-Carnac, and Reggie Gilbert we had an experience which has often made me laugh. Carnac

wounded a tiger which bolted into a thickly wooded somewhat narrow nullah which ran up and down a hill. All round the nullah there was fairly open ground which no one saw the tiger cross, so we knew that he must be somewhere in the nullah. We were all very inexperienced shikarries, and the plan of campaign that was adopted after a great deal of discussion was that two guns should go to the top of the nullah and work down and the other two to the bottom and work up, the idea being that one of the parties must come across the tiger. We drew lots for the positions and it fell to Carnac and myself to work up the nullah and Cecil and Reggie to work down. Carnac and I proceeded to carry out our part of the bargain and got about 100 yards into the jungle when a little quail got up with such a mighty whirr that Carnac started as if he were shot and emitted such a funny noise that I made up my mind that he was not the man to follow up a wounded

AN INCIDENT WITH THE BOMBAY HOUNDS.

Cecil Gray and Col. Olivier.

tiger with, and he apparently thought the same of me, as, when I suggested that we might wait at the bottom of the nullah till the other two drove the tiger down to us, he promptly agreed and pointed out that there was also the risk of our shooting them.

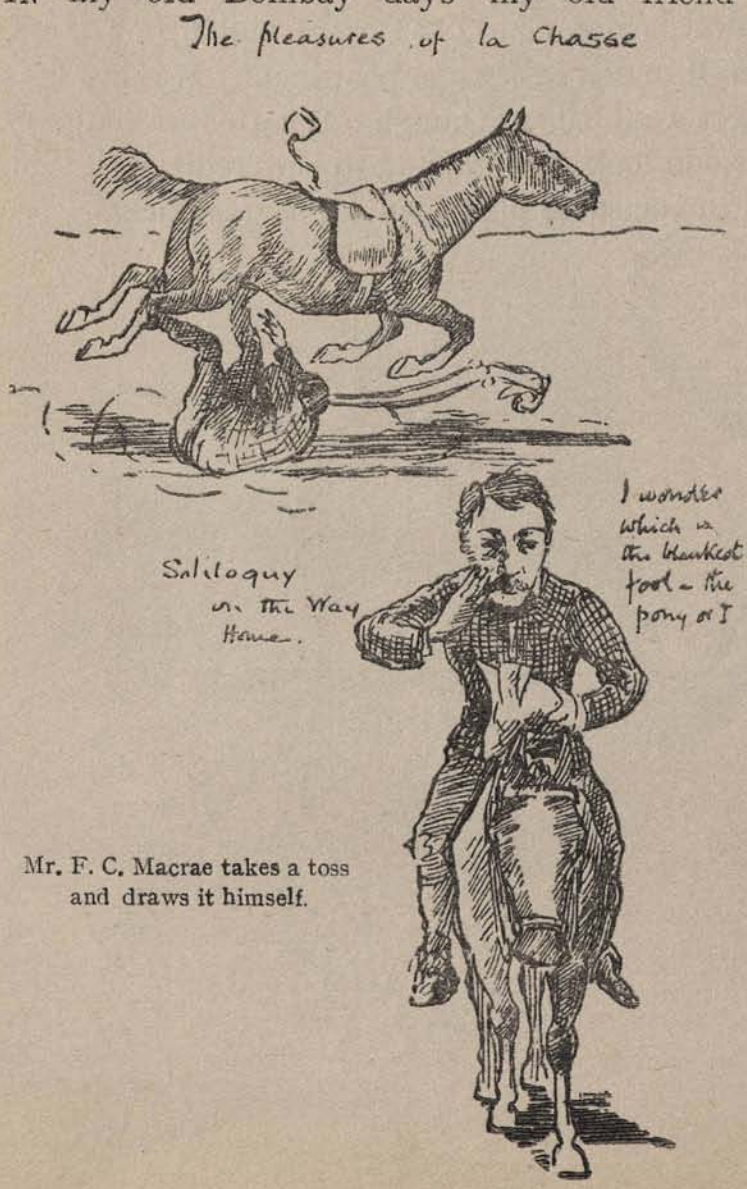
So Carnac mounted a rock on one side of the nullah and I a rock on the other side, and we awaited developments. We certainly thought we would see the tiger pass us, or, if not, Reggie and Cecil would. But we waited for hours without seeing either the tiger or Reggie and Cecil. So after some time I went over to Carnac's rock, and said that I thought one of us ought to go up the hill and see what was happening, and it was arranged that he would remain where he was on the chance of a shot, and that I would go up the hill. I accordingly ascended the hill, not, of course, in the jungle (as though I had no fear of the tiger, I did not quite like the idea of so many rifles being about) but in the open on the outside, and when I got to the top of the nullah, what do you think I found these two other cowards doing? They were high up on trees, waiting for Carnac and myself to drive the tiger past them. It is needless to say that we did not get that tiger, though after this preliminary skirmishing we had a real good look for him, and to our credit, be it said, in subsequent expeditions to the same place, we got several tigers.

INDIAN WHIST.

WHEN on a hot-weather shooting expedition with the Central India Horse party, I had an amusing experience of whist playing. In the absence of "khubber" it is somewhat difficult to get through the long, long Indian day, and Major Colin Campbell suggested to me that he and I might have a rubber with two of the native officers. He and I were partners, the native officers being partners. It was Colin's turn to lead, and he led a small heart, whereupon the man on my left said to his partner "maro, bhai," meaning "strike, brother." Second-in-hand at once played the ace of hearts, and, of course, took the trick. The next trick was taken by me, and I played a small spade, and, before the player on my left could play to the lead, the player on my right said to him "ane do, bhai," which means "let it come, brother." It is needless to say that Colin and I did not win the rubber.

TIT FOR TAT.

IN my old Bombay days my old friend Farquhar Macrae and I went out for a day's snipe shooting, and in the course of the day a few pellets from Macrae's gun struck an old woman in the face. The villagers made no end of a row over this and after a great deal of trouble the matter was settled by giving the old woman ten rupees, greatly to Macrae's annoyance, for he said he had never seen her. He is a most excellent caricaturist and in those days used to make no end of caricatures of me, never by any chance making me less bad looking than I am, while he portrayed him-



Mr. F. C. Macrae takes a toss and draws it himself.

self a perfect Adonis. Though I can stand anything now-a-days, this used to rile me in my young days, and by way of paying Macrae out once and for all, I should like to add to this story that the old woman was the only thing he hit all day.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It has been suggested to me that I should put some shikar stories in my "Reminiscences," and I think the following story and the one after it about a bison will meet this suggestion.

The most gruesome and saddest sight I have ever seen when out after tiger was in Rewah, where I shot in 1883 with Capt. Hughes Buller of the Central India Horse, Col. Craster, R. A., and G. Kitson, now Gen. Sir Gerald Kitson, when our bag was 18 tigers.

We killed a tiger one forenoon, and got back to our camp about 3-30 to find that another tiger had killed a man about twelve miles off. It was late, but we decided to make a push for it and rode the distance in a little over an hour. We found that the head man of the district had collected beaters, and we had a honk which began about five o'clock, in the bed of a river. The tiger did not break till it was almost dark, and he then gave Kitson a very difficult shot to which he spoke, so we knew he was wounded. He bolted down the river and got into a thick patch of jungle.

It was too late to follow him up that night, but we returned next morning, and the shikarees told us they thought he hadn't moved. We made all the beaters and villagers about get up on a high cliff, where the tiger could not get at them. Colonel C. and Kitson took up positions down the river on an elephant in case he should break that way, and Hughes-Buller and I got on to our staunchest elephant "Nursing Gudge," two of the Central India horsemen, who acted as shikarees, getting on to a third elephant. We had collected a herd of tame buffaloes, which are good at scenting out a tiger, and drove them before us, but they showed no signs of a tiger being about, and for about two hours the buffaloes and the elephants trod down the grass and cover in nearly

every part of the jungle. We saw nothing of the tiger and came to the conclusion that he had sneaked off during the night. We were just about to get off the elephants, when Hughes-Buller and I heard a terrific roar behind us and saw the tiger charge out of some oleander bushes and catch an old man, who had stupidly come down from the cliff to drink, by the waist and throw him over his head as a dog does a rat.

We did our best to get quickly to the spot, but our elephant had to go down a frightfully precipitous place. During the process we were more in than out of the howdah, and when in this position, saw the poor old man trying to drag himself towards us, and it was piteous to hear him moaning for help. On getting on to the level, our elephant had to make his way through some thick brushwood and old trunks of trees, and putting his head against these he forced them down with all his weight with a tremendous crash. He was no sooner clear of these than out came the tiger at us with a fiendish roar, looking more like a rocket, all legs and arms, than anything I ever saw. " Nursing Gudge " stood beautifully, and we rolled the tiger over almost under his trunk, quite close to the old man. " Nursing Gudge " gave the tiger a frightful kick with his forefoot, sending him spinning, and I well remember Hughes-Buller, when he fired, muttering through his teeth " Take that, you brute." We saw to the old man at once, put him on a pad taken from one of the elephants, and took him into camp, where everything was done for him, but his age was against him and he died in about eight hours. It was a frightful damper to our sport, but every precaution possible had been taken to keep the villagers out of danger's way, and it turned out that the old man in common with many of the others thought the tiger had gone away.

MY FIRST BISON.

WITH this story of a bison I am introducing the delightful series of sketches of a bison shooting expedition which follow and which are always a delight to me and will probably prove so to my readers. They are the work of a Bombay army officer, whose present whereabouts I have failed to discover. I have therefore been unable to get his permission to publish them, but, as they have been stored away in my scrap book for about 35 years, I feel sure that the artist, if he ever sees this book, is not likely to make any objection to their being made use of in the cause of a noble charity.

While I was stalking in the Satpura Range in the eighties, a bison gave me the best piece of sport I ever had in my life. It was at the beginning of June and it was mighty hot. I was on my shooting ground one morning by six o'clock, and about eight saw a grand old chap, as black as a coal, with a very fine head, going quietly along a ridge about half a mile above me. We stalked him, and when I got to the point where I thought he would be, I crawled up a ridge, popped my head over, and there he was within seventy yards of me, standing among some trees, lazily flicking the flies off with his tail and ears. I got my shot about nine o'clock, and as his shoulder was covered by a tree, I had to take him in the neck. I rolled him over, but he picked himself up, galloped past me, and I missed him with my left barrel. He wheeled round and faced me when I fired, and a more magnificent animal I never saw. I thought to myself " he's coming " but he changed his mind and dashed away, I after him, but I soon lost him among the trees. My men recommended me to sit down for an hour or so, to let him lie up if he wanted to, but lying up is the last thing that lordly bull appeared to mean to do, and a little later we began the longest stern chase I have ever had. There was lots of blood to guide us at first, but it soon gave out, and my men had to track him by his footprints. They did this beautifully like bloodhounds, over soft ground, over hard ground, through dry grass, along dry river beds, sometimes fast, sometimes very slow according as his tracks were distinct or otherwise. I may mention that where they saw a track I could see nothing. When we came to thick jungle, the men went up trees to see if he was lying down ahead, but there was no sign of him. It was on, on, on, and my rifle was getting very heavy,

"HE'S COMING."

but just about sun-down the track went through some rather likely looking high grass, and, as the wind was blowing across it from our direction, I went round to the other side of the grass in case the bison should break. One of my men stupidly whistled, and up jumped the beast within 100 yards of me, and I never saw him. It was truly a hard day's labour lost.

It was no use going further that night, as it was almost dark, so we laid branches on his track and went off to camp. He had brought us round a range of hills, but by going through a valley I had only about 7 miles to go, and after such a day it seemed about a hundred.

By 6 o'clock next morning we were on the track again, and, as on the previous day, it was a treat to see the way my men took the track along. At one time the wounded bison's tracks got mixed up with the fresh tracks of a herd, and, though this puzzled the trackers, they stuck beautifully to the fellow we wanted. This sounds like a fairy tale, but it wasn't, as about one o'clock one of my men saw a black object in the grass some way off, and my binoculars showed me it was my bison lying down. I crawled up to within about 60 yards of him, when he quietly rose, with thousands of flies buzzing round him, and I saw him gasping and evidently in pain. I took a long steady aim behind the shoulder, but my cartridge missed fire, and off he went again but not nearly so quickly as before, I following and pumping lead into him. I lost sight of him as he disappeared into a nullah, and, when we got to the edge of the nullah, he was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly my men dived into the nullah, one of my beauties with my second rifle, and I heard a rush behind me. This was the bison, who had been guarding his track, coming straight for me, and he was so close that I had not time to cock and fire, but I jumped out of his way, and nothing happened—except that he staggered into the nullah. I always thought that he was blinded, as he passed within a few feet of me, and took no notice of me. I kept firing at him, dodging behind trees in case he should charge, and soon rolled him over, and that " mountain of beef " was mine.

He measured 17·1½ hands from the top of his shoulder to his frog, and as near as I could judge from the map, he led me a dance of about 18 miles from the place where I had my first shot the previous morning to where he fell.

I may mention that he is the fellow who is responsible for this book, as I did something to my knee in jumping out of his way, and, if we had not come across one another, the leg mentioned in my preface would not be lame to-day, and I should be an active volunteer instead of the writer of a book.

TO FIND THE MISSING WORD.

My companion on that occasion was Mr. Leslie Crawford, late Sheriff of Bombay, who was not quite so fortunate with one of his bison as I was with mine, although on a subsequent day he had the good luck to get three bears in as many seconds. He shot a very fine bison, which lay apparently dead in front of him, and he was so certain of this that he sat down on a rock, lit his pipe, and proceeded to watch his shikari cut the bison's throat. While puffing at his pipe with natural satisfaction, he was astonished to see the dead bison, when the shikari began to draw the knife across its throat, suddenly jump up, send the shikari flying, and, as Mr. Crawford's rifle was not handy, disappear into space—a piece of real bad luck.

An *ex*-Sheriff of Bombay.

Mr. Macrae, the drawer of the picture, was not within a thousand miles when the incident happened, but somehow or other has managed to portray the *ex*-Sheriff not only apparently looking for something he has lost but also apparently saying to himself "Well, I'll be——", language which, while no doubt entirely appropriate to the occasion, cannot be given a place in my book.

GROUP VII.

Gwalior Stories.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF THE MIGHTY.

I WAS one of the guests of that prince of hosts, the Maharaja Scindia, on the occasion of his entertaining their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales at Gwalior during the Christmas week a few years ago. Most of the maharaja's guests went to the little church at Morar on Christmas morning, the prince and princess being there. The Bishop of Nagpore took the service, and coming to a verse in the lessons of the day, he read it with particular emphasis. The verse was " It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes." There was almost a titter through the church, and those who looked for no honours took it as a warning to those who were expecting some title as the result of the prince's visit to India.

A ROYAL SALUTE.

WHEN I was at the head of an eminent Calcutta firm, our senior one day telegraphed to me from Simla that he proposed to arrive in Calcutta on Christmas day. As we rather like our few Christmas holidays in Calcutta, I wired him suggesting that, as he was up-country, he should take the opportunity of seeing a certain paper mill at Gwalior, one of the firm's concerns, to which he replied that he thought the suggestion a good one, and instructed me to meet him at Agra on Christmas night and accompany him to Gwalior. We somehow missed one another at Agra, and I proceeded alone to Gwalior, where I was met about 9 A.M. by my old friend Colonel Crofts. On the arrival of the train a salute was being fired from the Fort of Gwalior, and on my asking Crofts who the salute was for, he replied " That's for your old man, who was expected by this train, but turned up last night." He drove me off to the guest house where our senior was staying, and where I got a pleasant welcome, but after we shook hands there was an awkward pause, and by way of saying something I remarked, as the salute was still going on, " That salute is for you, sir." Our senior said that he did not think so, to which I replied

"Isn't it delightful" the major says "one feels so independent." I cannot say that I share this feeling of independence.

"Well, Colonel Crofts told me so." I then went off to have my tub, and Colonel Crofts said to me "Why in the name of thunder did you say to your boss that I told you the salute was intended for him?" When we got back to the breakfast room our senior asked Colonel Crofts to thank the maharaja for the honour that had been done him. After breakfast we called on the maharaja and the resident, and our senior was profuse in his thanks, and was not informed that the salute had not been for him. Colonel Crofts had put the matter right, so far as it could be put right, by telephone.

The salute was being fired for some ceremonial at the palace and not for our senior at all.

AN OLD FRIEND.

THE first time I met Colonel Aylmer Crofts I had a very amusing interview. He was the medical officer to the young Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, and had a good deal to do with bringing him up, and, when I visited Gwalior many years ago, Crofts seemed to have charge of everything. As I knew of him from various people, I called on him one day at his house, Ballyhooley, sending in my card with only my name—no address on it. I had to wait a little time and several people, who looked like tradesmen, came out of his room. When I was ushered into his presence, he came up to me and said "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" I replied that I did not think he could do anything for me. "Then, sir, to what do I owe this honour?" I told him that I understood that he was the maharaja's representative and that I called on him as such. He then said "Then, sir, what can the maharaja do for you?" I said that I thought the maharaja could do nothing for me, to which he replied "Then, sir, what have you come to Gwalior for? Do you mean to say you want nothing out of me?" I told him "absolutely nothing," and then he said "Well, sir, you are the first man that has ever come to Gwalior, who wanted nothing." I told him that that was not exactly the case, as what I wanted was to make his acquaintance, and I mentioned several mutual friends. When he had grasped that I was not a bagman seeking for orders, he held out his hand to me, and with that beautiful smile that belonged only to Crofts,

he shouted out "Be gad, have a peg," and after that we were fast friends.

IRISH CLANNISHNESS.

COLONEL CROFTS had a brother also in the I.M.S., who was more Irish than himself, and who wanted a very senior appointment,—I think principal medical officer in the Punjab. He went to Simla to see what he could do for himself, and was granted an interview by Lord Lansdowne. He said to Lord Lansdowne, "Your Excellency is an Irishman, Bobs there is an Irishman, and I'm an Irishman, and it will be a deuced funny thing if we don't do something for one another. I've come to ask Your Excellency to make me P. M. O. of the Punjab."

SCOTCH DIPLOMACY.

COLONEL SIR DAVID BARR had a different way of approaching viceroyalty. He was resident at Rewah or Gwalior, and wanted some big appointment that was then going. He consequently telegraphed to the foreign secretary at Simla: "Request His Excellency to refer to Psalm CXXXII, verse 1." On the Viceroy turning up the Psalm, he found the words "Lord, remember David."

THE AGRA FORT.

AN outbreak of cholera took place among the "tommies" in the Agra Fort a few years ago, and so bad was it that a staff, principally natives, were told off to take the men, as they died, to the dead house, to which the coffins were sent. These natives came across a "tommy" lying on the main road of the Fort, and took him off to the dead house. He, however, was not suffering from cholera, but was only very drunk. By morning he had slept it off, and on waking up found himself in this horrible place. He banged at the door and made no end of a noise, and to pacify him the natives in charge at the door said to him through the door "Beito, saheb, beito. Bockus tyar nay hai." ("Wait, sir, wait. The coffin is not ready.")

GROUP VIII.

Letters from Indians, etc.

AN EXCELLENT LETTER.

THE best letter I have ever received from an Indian was the following:—"A density of population in a family" will appeal to the fathers of big families, and the remarks on being short of money to many others.

DARJEELING, *the 1st January*, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very esteemed favor of the 28th December to hand. I am extremely thankful to you for having responded to my letter, and also to H. H. the Maharajah of Cooch Behar for his good opinion of my humble self.

Let me entreat you to hear me patiently for a few moments and forgive me if my earnestness makes me forget, even for a moment, the bounds of decorum.

It appears from your letter that you are thinking of getting me a *salaried* appointment in your office. While thanking you for your kind feelings towards me, permit me to tell you that, when knowing my determination to stand on my own legs, His Highness was kind enough to send me to you, it was never his intention (nor mine) that I should slave it any longer at the desk on a fixed salary. For the matter of that I am already A-1 in a big Government office, but I have grown quite tired of my billet, which makes me lose my identity and self-respect at times, apart from the eternally automatic work I have to perform. You are no doubt aware that service in any office is like riding a rocking horse, where one's utmost exertion never carries him a foot forward.

In sending me to you the maharajah was pleased to observe that if you—the Prince of Merchants—but wished it, you could easily make a man of me by employing me as a *Broker* or *Commission Agent* for goods required by your own firm. Many a man before me has been raised to competency, nay affluence, under your kind auspices and patronage. Since then I have been living on hope, and peopling the future with expectations.

A density of population in a family implies a severer struggle for existence. The long and short of the matter is this. I wish to keep a roof over my head and see those dependant on me comfortable before it pleases God to call me away. This I cannot do under present conditions. To be harassed about money is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up one's health. Fortunately for me I have run up no bills yet, nor got into debt. Sir, I have nailed my colours to the mast and I am prepared to sink or swim under your flag. It is a case of do or die with me, and something within me tells me that in having brought me in contact with you, the biggest man in the mercantile world, fortune does not mean to jilt me as the jade has been doing any time these three years.

I do not mind telling you that I have nearly Rs. 10,000 to the fore, besides my life assurance policy to the tune of Rs. 6,000. All this I am ready and willing to place in your hands, not only as security for honest and faithful execution of your orders, but as indemnity against any loss that may occur to you through my stupidity or inadvertence. Only do for God's sake give me a chance and take me under your protection, and D. V. you will not have cause to regret your choice and kindness.

To-day is a New Year's day, and I have worked myself up to believe you to be my saviour and good angel, and, if the prayers of one mortal are of any avail in this world, you have assuredly those of your ever grateful and obedient.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

ON getting engaged to be married, a friend of mine received the following letter from a tehsildar in Rewah, dated 15th August, 1885:

By your letter of 8th instant I, perceiving news of your being married, have been so much glad with this pleasure that my mind have been full blown like lotus flower, hoping that this marriage will come for ever.

And in the presence of God asking a boon that the Supreme Being may compassionately born soon a male child. At that time twice pleasure

WE FEED.

by obtaining in the presence of the Almighty Creator, thanks shall be paid and be pleased to delivery my silent salutation to Madam Saheb, and hoping that you will favourably inform me from your welfare notice constantly.

NOTE.—A male child was born of this marriage, who bowled for Cambridge and England.

AN ORGAN OF NINE TUNES.

THE tehsildar was a great letter writer, as the following letter to me will show :—

SAHAWUL, *3rd August*, 1885.

A long time ago I did not found any news about your healthful : my heart is going sorry, but I was very glad to received yours of 24th ulto., which given me entire satisfaction. I was very fond of your visit, and hope that if your honour ever come to Rewah with Capt. Hughes Buller, then I shall be able to see you through sport. Of course, I expect you will do me the pleasure of calling on me. This year Capt. Hughes Buller with Major Hammond were arrived for hunting into this district. They killed 24 tigers and one panther, of which I hope Captain Hughes Buller must distinctly informed you. From two years I wish that I shall be attend there to play the ball (meaning polo), through which I would get your visit, but I does not get any such chance. Would you be pleased to send me an organ of nine tunes.

I shall be highly glad that your honour will remember me ever and ever. I am all right and hoping that God may keep you in sound health, etc., etc.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR "COMME IL FAUT."

SOME years ago I was Chairman of the Committee of a Calcutta Mercantile Association, on which Committee there were several Bengali gentlemen. A proposal had been made to the Committee and was circulated for their remarks. I noted that I considered it an eminently desirable proposal and should be adopted. One of the Bengali gentlemen noted : " I agree with the Chairman. This is quite ' Pomme de terre.' " Presumably he meant " Comme il faut."

THE BREEDING OF GONDOLAS.

AT a meeting of the municipal corporation of one of the large Indian cities, which had arranged to lay out some ornamental gardens with a large lake in the centre, a proposal was made that a number of gondolas should be imported from Venice to give the lake a more picturesque appearance. One of the Indian commissioners, who was of an economical turn of mind, moved an amendment to the effect that the corporation should import only one pair of gondolas, a male and a female, and should breed from them.

MY G—D, HOW ANNOYING.

A TELEGRAM was one day a year or two ago received by a Calcutta firm who had their office in my office building. The telegram was as follows :—

> " Please grant ten days' leave. Sett Lala Chand run away with my wife. I go to recover. My G—d how annoying."

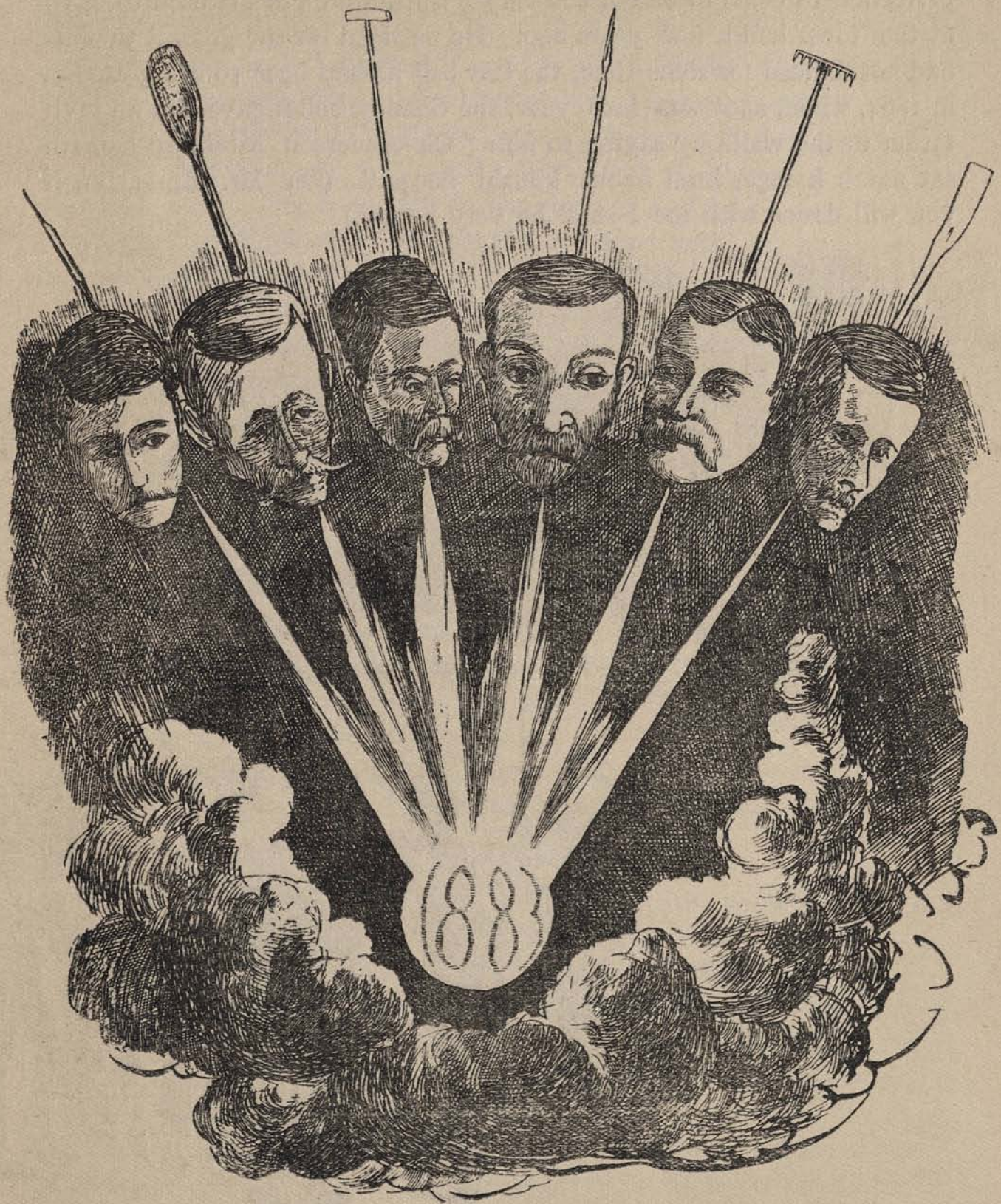
I sent this to " Punch," but they didn't put it in.

PURDAH LADIES.

IT is not our Aryan brother alone who makes us laugh by his droll sayings. Only this summer a lady in Simla, in talking of Hindoo ladies, referred to their purdah machine and looked amazed at the stupidity of a waggish young subaltern when he asked her in his most guileless manner if she had ever driven in one. In like manner an elector at a political meeting at home, when the compulsion bill was being discussed, said that he entirely objected to it as it was the forerunner of conscription and meant nothing more nor less than the introduction of the thin end of a white elephant. Even the Railway Board can be droll, for in their standing orders for the reporting of accidents caused by trains running into cattle it is laid down that the term " *Cattle* " does not include sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, vultures, alligators, etc.

GROUP IX

Chummery Stories.



THE GOA BALL.

MRS. ARCHY BIRKMYRE one day gave Mr. John Anderson a pressing invitation to come to one of the very beautiful dances she used to give at the town hall a few years ago. He declined on the ground that he had not danced for some time, the last ball he had been to being at Goa in 1864, when, as it was leap year, the Goanese belles gave him an invitation to the waltz by saying to him "Oh Anderson sahib, ap hamara sat natch karega, hum bahut khushi hoega." (Oh Mr. Anderson, if you will dance with me I shall be very happy.)

A HORSE DEAL.

ONE of our chummery at 4, Outram Street, was always known as "P," and he had the greatest difficulty in making up his mind in small matters, being the most difficult man to sell a horse to or buy a horse from. Dr. Spooner Hart used to say of him that he would never get a satisfactory horse until he got to heaven. He once had it in his mind to part with a favourite horse and after weeks of hesitation sold him to W. K. Eddis. He then gave it out that he wanted to buy another horse, and, as Eddis was not entirely satisfied with his purchase, he conceived the idea of selling "P's" horse back to him. So Eddis cut "P's" favourite horse's tail, hogged his mane, and sent him by one of Milton's syces to the big tree on the maidan for "P's" inspection. The whole of horse-riding Calcutta was there to see the fun. "P" got Tougal McLeod to ride the horse first and said that he liked the look of him very much and, when he saw he was quite quiet, he got on him himself and had a long ride on the maidan. He rode back to the big tree delighted with his new horse and, as he appeared, the horse-riding public gradually disappeared but, unfortunately for the success of Eddis's idea, "P's" partner, Chota Hamilton, who had not been told of the joke, rode up and asked "P" what he was doing on his old favourite horse. Meantime Eddis had disappeared along with the rest of the public, otherwise I believe that if "P" had met him that morning he would have murdered him.

THE OLD MAN.

SOME good stories are told of the "old man" who lived in the Park chummery. He was a very good looking fellow, but very swarthy, like many another good Scotsman. When he went to a fancy ball it was in the kit of one of the viceroy's body-guard, and he looked without any colouring a viceroy's body-guardsman to the life. On one occasion he went to Tautz's in Oxford Street to get fitted for a pair of riding breeches and, when he had taken his trousers off, the fitter said "I think you must come from India, Sir." On the "old man" asking why, the fitter said: "Because you have a knee the same colour as the Maharaja of Cooch Behar's." This is very much the same idea as occurred to a

boatman on Loch Katrine, with whom the "old man" went fishing. It was a very hot day and the "old man" determined to have a swim and, as he dived off the edge of the boat, the boat man said: "Weel, that's the blackest white man a've iver seen."

"DEAR SOUL."

ONE of the Park chummery, commonly known as "Dear Soul," found that his watch had stopped one morning during, I think, his last visit to Calcutta. He took it to the West End Watch Co. in Dalhousie Square and told one of the girls there that his watch had stopped. She opened it, put the magnifying glass to her eye, and then wound it up. It started off perfectly and she said to "Dear Soul": "What were you doing last night, you wicked old man?"

A WEE BEASTIE.

IN my old Bombay days one of my chums, who was very Scotch, got bitten by a scorpion which had crawled into his riding breeches during the night. He was a pretty sick man for a couple of days, but on the third day his spirits revived and he essayed the joke that he would have been all right "if the wee beastie hadna got into his breeches before him."

A LONG-DRAWN-OUT PRACTICAL JOKE EXTENDING OVER SOME MONTHS.

MUCH more successful in actual results than the joke played on "P" was a practical joke that Chota Hamilton and I played on our then chums in 4, Outram Street—Col. Mike Rowlandson, G. R. Johnston, and W. K. Eddis, who, by the way, was considered a very smart solicitor. The joke was conceived in entire innocence but, as it developed in a very amusing manner, it was carried on with a certain amount of craftiness and went far beyond what was ever intended.

We had a neighbour in an adjoining house called Dr. G., a foreign gentleman, who used to go about his verandah and bed-room quite

insufficiently clad, in full view of any one sitting in our verandah, and, as this was more than we could stand, we sent him a "Chick" with a card on which was written "With the compliments of the No. 4 Outram Street chummery, for Dr. G.'s bedroom window." The member of the chummery who sent the card was Eddis. The doctor took no notice of the card, nor did he put up the "Chick" on his bedroom window. Just at that time Col. Rowlandson and Johnston had a couple of dogs which used to annoy Hamilton and myself by their continual yelping and barking, particularly when their masters threw sticks into our tank for the dogs to retrieve. So I conceived the happy idea, which I imparted to Hamilton, of sending a fictitious letter from Dr. G. to the chummery in the hope that the nuisance of the barking dogs might be abated. I accordingly got a letter written in my office, and it was delivered one night when we were sitting at dinner, and was as follows :—

> "Dr. G. presents compliments to the gentlemen at the house No. 4 Outram Street, and in return for the kind presentation they have made to him he asks of them the acceptance of a small packet of patent sedative to be administered only one time to the dogs who live at No. 4 Outram Street.
>
> "The tall gentleman with a black moustache has one dog which makes very much noise and is nuisance to the neighbours when swimming in the pond. By administering the little dose the dogs will not make so much noise as they have been in the custom of doing this long time. 30th July, 1889."

The tall gentleman referred to was G. R. Johnston. Eddis undertook to send a reply to this communication, and the following was his reply :—

> "In reply to Dr. G.'s letter of 30th ultimo, the residents of No. 4 Outram Street present their compliments to him, and beg to assure him that they highly appreciate his delicate perception of dog behaviour. When they have the good fortune to make Dr. G. understand and observe the habits of ordinary decency usual among civilized men, they will be glad to turn their attention to the manners of their dogs when bathing. 2nd August, 1889."

Eddis had sent this letter during the day to Col. Rowlandson, who forwarded it to me, asking me if I did not think it a bit too strong, and, while it was with me, I got a reply written in my office. When we were sitting at dinner Eddis produced the above letter and asked if we thought it ought to be sent. Rowlandson rather demurred, but it was finally agreed that it should be sent, and Hamilton suggested that his bearer, who was a big, strong fellow, should take it over to Dr. G. The bearer had been instructed beforehand to go out for an hour, without, of course, delivering the letter to Dr. G., and came back with the reply that had been written in my office. He got back before we had finished dinner, and the reply was read out by Eddis. It was as follows :—

> " With respect of the manners, those of the dogs are bad enough, but the gentlemen should attend theirs first. The yellow moustached resident who plays the horn does annoy me very much. He is one execrable musician. One little dose of patent sedative administered to him would do much good to the neighbours. 2nd August, 1889."

The yellow moustached gentleman was myself, and I admit that, whenever I saw the doctor going about his rooms scantily clad, I used to take down my coaching horn and blow it at him. This reference to me was made rather with the idea of putting Eddis & Co. off the scent in case they should begin to think that the thing was a hoax, which I certainly thought they would. As a matter of fact they never dreamt that the letters were not genuine, and they began to show great antipathy to Dr. G. When the last quoted letter came, Eddis said " Well, he is a pretty clever fellow, that, but I will give him a snorter in a few days."

As it took Eddis some days to compose his snorter, and as the Doctor still went about in airy attire, Eddis used to shout over to him " Shut your window, you dirty brute." Meantime Rowlandson and Johnston's dogs became noisier than ever, and one morning worried a cat on the lawn, so as Eddis's snorter was hanging fire I had the following letter written in my office :—

> " After the disgusting and cruel scene on the grass of 4 Outram Street, Dr. G. feels bound to present his compliments once again to the residents and ask them once for all to stop

A CHUMMERY DINNER! WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

Mr. J. C. R. Johnston of Messrs. Grindlay & Co. was the impresario of Billy Johnson's Ball. His brother, George, may be seen at the piano.

the nuisance to the neighbourhood of barking dogs. His patent sedative is very nice and he can supply some more.

" The worst brute is the dog of the stout gentleman, who lives in the lowmost flat. He makes very much noise about 12 noon. He is dam brute. —9th September 1889."

The reference to the stout gentleman on the lowmost flat greatly annoyed Col. Rowlandson, who rather prided himself on his figure, and he said to Eddis that, if he did not hurry up with his " snorter," he would write it himself. Eddis said that it was just about ready, and explained that it had been delayed, as, before writing his letter, he wanted to know what the " patent sedative " was composed of. He told us that he had sent it to the Chemical Analyzer to the Government of India, who reported that it was French chalk. Hamilton and I, who knew this, very nearly had fits, when Eddis told us this in his most serious manner. The next evening he brought the snorter home, so that we might discuss it at dinner, and he told us it had been approved by his partner Mr. R. L. Upton, who was solicitor to the Government of India, and was written by his chief assistant Willie Bayley.

The letter was as follows :—

" After the disgusting scenes of many days in the bedroom and verandah of Dr. G. and as gentle hints seem thrown away on him, the residents of No. 4 Outram Street feel bound at last to indicate to him, in the plainest language, his extraordinary habits to which they object and which, even among the wildest savages, are not known.

They object :

" (1). To his walking about his bedroom with so little on (which to Dr. G. is evidently more or less a detail) and in full view of his neighbours. Even savages do not deliberately expose themselves in this way in public.

" (2). To exposing himself in his verandah and dressing room insufficiently clad. If he does not value decency at the price of five chicks for five windows, the residents will be delighted to supply four more (Dr. G. has one already), if he will undertake to put them up.

"(3). To his making grimaces (faces is the colloquial English word) when by 'good music on the horn' administered by the yellow moustached gentleman, Dr. G.'s attention is drawn to the fact that he is neither a pleasing nor a decent sight. Until Dr. G. can control his savage and indecent instincts and can behave like other men his affinity to the brute creation should make him more kindly disposed than his note of the 9th instant indicates to the fine pack of dogs possessed by the gentlemen, stout and thin, moustached and unmoustached, at No. 4 Outram Street, Calcutta. 10th September 1889."

After a great deal of discussion, during which Hamilton and I took the line that it was much too strong a letter but finally gave way, it was decided to send the letter. This letter was despatched to Dr. G. but it never reached him, for it was given, as before, to Hamilton's bearer for non-delivery.

On the 12th September Eddis had asked Sir James Mackay (now Lord Inchcape), Whitney and some others of his friends to dinner, in order that he might read the snorter to them, as he was telling every one how he was scoring off the doctor. He accordingly read his letter, and just after he had finished doing so, in marched my bearer with a letter from the doctor, concocted, as before, in my office, which was as follows :—

"Dr. G. for the last time presents compliments to the persons in No. 4 Outram Street, and desires now to cease this correspondence, all the more especially as it is incredibly informed to him that the recent insolent communications have been concocted by a limb of the law, now resident in No. 4 Outram Street. I think the one with the face of the Honorable Justice Norris is the legal resident, and is the same who called me dirty brute and is low brute himself to take advantage of a foreign gentleman, who in his great love of the fresh air of heaven commits no nuisance to the persons of No. 4 Outram Street, when walking in his verandah at the early hour of 6 A.M. in the morning.

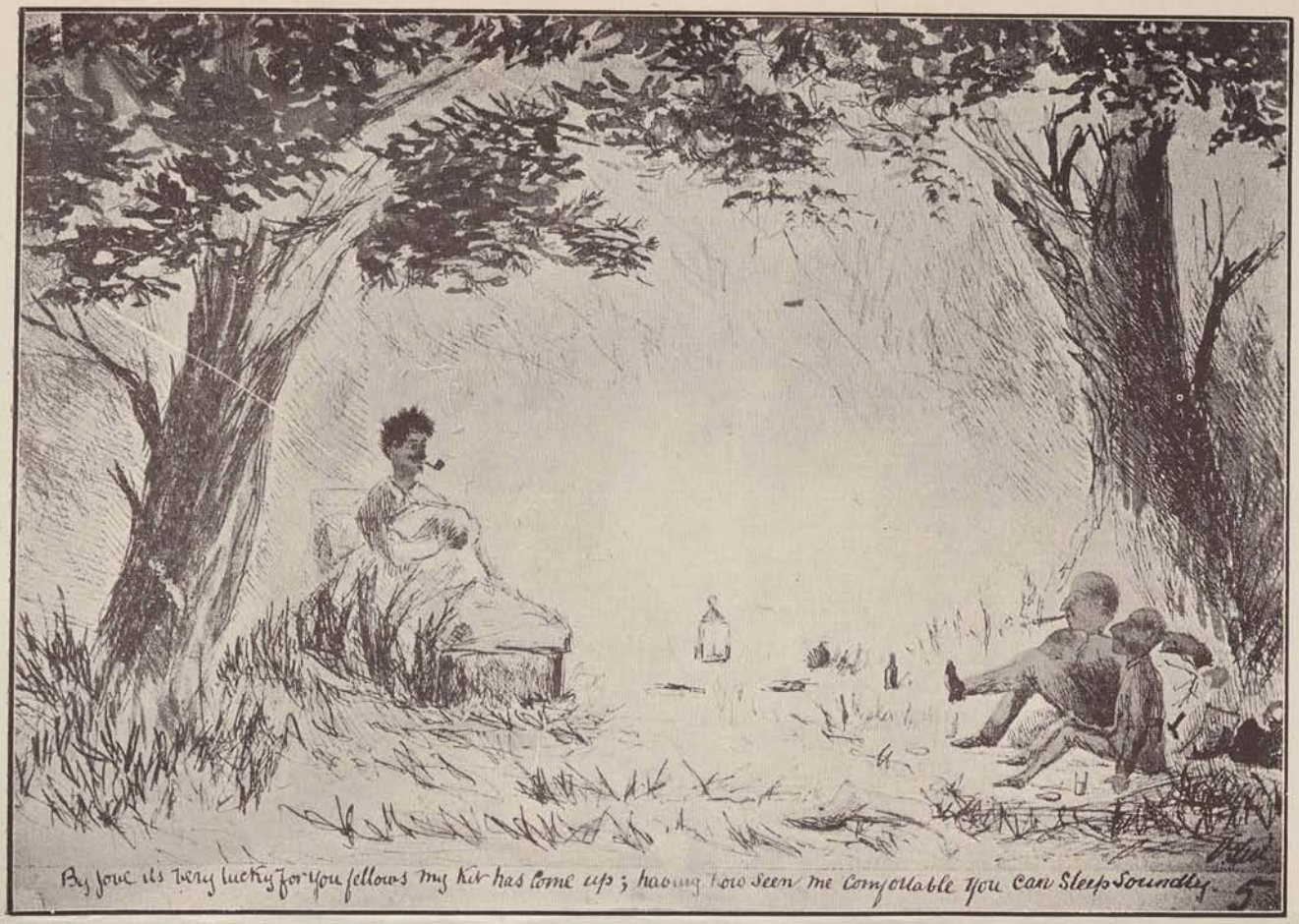
"Dr. G. returns the obnoxious communications he has received and orders his durwan to administrate beating to any

4 Outram Street bearer coming near the house with obscene lawyer's letters. 12th September 1889."

" *P. S.*—Dr. G. would like much to have an interview with the legal resident here alone, or at 4 Outram Street, if accompanied by three of my compatriots, just for a few moments."

Eddis was going off home the Sunday following the receipt of this letter, which contained all the letters written in my office. I drafted it with the object that he should see it was a fictitious letter, and in the expectation that he would do so. After he had read it, his comment on it was " Well, what more can we do to teach a low brute the ordinary decencies of civilized life ? He is very observant. Fancy his spotting me as the one who had shouted over to him that he was a dirty brute." I intended to make a clean breast of the whole thing that evening, but I could not for the life of me summon up courage to tell Eddis that the whole correspondence was a hoax.

But he, Rowlandson and Johnston had to be informed of the matter, so Hamilton and I decided that we would bring it to a head on the Sunday, the day Eddis was going away. While we were sitting at breakfast that Sunday between 12 and 1, three of Dr. G.'s cards were brought in. These had been printed in Hamilton's office the day before. One was " for Mr. Eddis," one " for Col. Rowlandson " and one " for Mr. Johnston." Hamilton immediately suggested that we should have the doctor in, and he was supported by Col. Rowlandson, who added that we would give him a peg and have the row patched up. Eddis, however, said that he declined to meet the man, and that, if we had him in, he would go off to his own room. Johnston said that he wondered why there were no cards for Hamilton and Arthur, and then exclaimed " The doctor is not there at all. My name is written in Arthur's hand-writing." I admitted that that was so ; that the doctor was not there at all, and that the whole thing from beginning to end was a hoax. Rowlandson and Johnston were immensely amused, but Eddis put his finger round his nose and said " You don't get me to believe that," but a little later on in the afternoon he was persuaded that it was a hoax, and as he drove away to catch the Bombay mail, he said to me " If I live a hundred years I won't forgive you for this." It was a long time before Col. Rowlandson and Johnston could realize that the only thing that passed between the



"By Jove, it's very lucky for you fellows my kit has come up ; having now seen me comfortable you can sleep soundly."

chummery and the doctor was the chick that was sent to him in the first instance, and what made the thing more amusing still was that Dr. G. was a most accomplished English writer and scholar.

"FANNY."

WHEN living in the Old Park chummery I used to walk about the Ballygunge lanes a great deal, accompanied by a Scotch terrier. One morning as we passed an Indian gentleman's house, a great big lolloping nondescript sort of greyhound came careering out of the gate, and ran rings round my dog. He was shortly followed by his owner, who, though his dog was a gentleman dog, called "Fanny, Fanny, Fanny." When "Fanny" came up, I asked the babu what kind of a dog he was. He replied: "That, Sir, is a silly d—v—l of a dog."

PART II.

HOTCH POTCH

SCOTLAND.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang,
Ere a' my glee be past.
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes
And Scotland's hills for me.
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

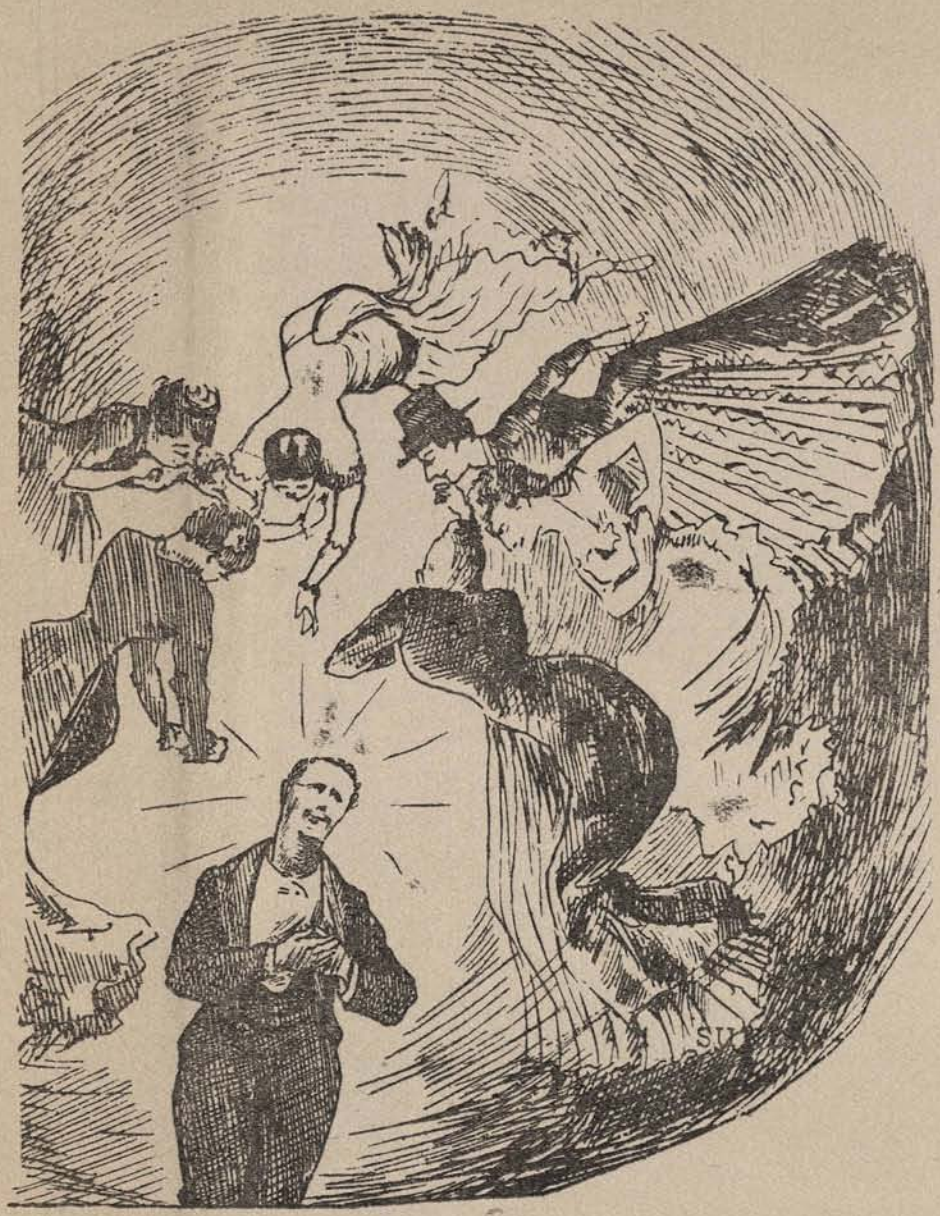
The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells.
And weel I lo' the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea.
Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales
And Scotland's hills for me.
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

PART II.

The stories in this part are grouped under the following headings :—

1. Some Delightful Ladies I have met.
2. Odds and Ends.
3. Fishing Stories.
4. Shooting Stories.



GROUP I.

Some Delightful Ladies I have met.

WE SLUMBER BUT HAVE VISIONS OF JANWARS.

THE STORY OF THE BASHFU' BRIDE.

I HAD occasion in the summer of 1908 to travel from Glasgow to Moffat, changing at Carstairs, by the 9-5 P.M. train from the Central Station, Glasgow. I arrived rather late and was hurriedly put into a third class compartment, which was occupied only by a young man and a young woman. On looking about me I found there was a good deal of rice and confetti strewed about the compartment, and at once recognized that that was no place for me. I went along the corridor of the train in quest of another seat, but I found every compartment was fully occupied. I accordingly returned to my compartment, took up my great coat and golf clubs, and told the young couple that I regretted I could not find another seat, but that I would go into the corridor, as I feared that I greatly intruded.

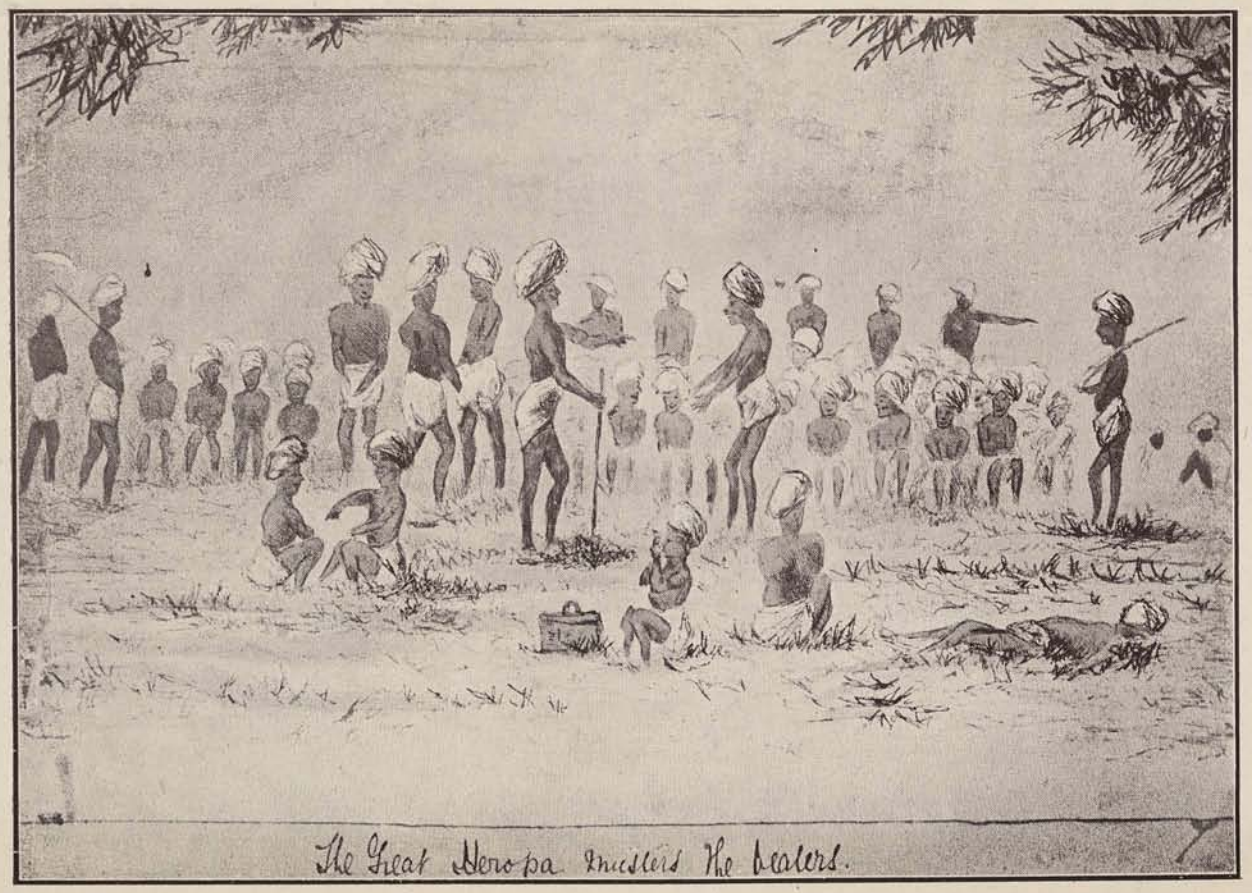
The young woman at once remarked, "That depends on how far you are gawn." I replied that I was only going as far as Carstairs, and was cordially invited by both to make myself comfortable. When I got seated in my corner, the young man handed me over a paper, either "Tit Bits" or "Answers," and indicating a paragraph asked me, "What is your opeenion about that, Mister?" The paragraph was to the effect that a man is master in his own house only on one occasion, *viz.*, when his wife is away. When my opinion was asked, I replied it depended on the wife. The young woman then said "I suppose you have had a lot of expeerience of wives," to which I had to reply that I greatly regretted I had not, as I was not a married man.

She thereupon looked me up and down, apparently approvingly, as she said, " De ye ken, I would like fine to be an auld man's darling." I remarked that I was afraid she and I had met just a wee bit too late, upon which the young man jumped up and said " Nane o' that, Mister." I asked " Nane o' what ? " and he replied, " Nane o' your gas. You had better gang awa' along the corridor and find the seat that you were pretending to be so anxious to get a while since." The young lady thereupon said, " Dinna say that, Andrew. He's awfu' nice, forbye we might get waur in at Motherwell." I thought it was about time to propitiate the young man, and so asked him if he would smoke one of my cigars, provided the lady did not object. She said that as a rule she did not like Andrew to smoke and was no' going to allow it as a general rule, but on this occasion she would not object, as it was a sort o' a kind o' a pipe of peace. She then took out a bag of almonds and raisins, a quantity of which she insisted on my taking, and when we reached Motherwell, an old man with a Shepherd tartan plaid round his throat joined us.

I do think I did the young couple a good turn, as on reaching Carstairs I explained the situation to the old man, telling him that this was no place for auld folks like him and me, and we left the compartment together. As the train steamed off, I looked in at the window and said to the young couple " All joy be wi' you," and the Bashfu' Bride replied " Eh, you're an awfu' yin."

A TOPHOLE BREAKFAST.

I LEFT Euston one night for Fort William, where I was staying at a shooting lodge called Stroncrigan, and on reaching Crianlarich about 9 the next morning, went to the refreshment room to get some breakfast. I was shown into a private room by a young highland girl and given a most excellent breakfast, and on my asking her how much there was to pay, she said " Nothing, my Lord." I asked her who she supposed I was, and she replied " Aren't you Lord Breadalbane," and on my telling her that I was not, she said, " Well, you've ate his lordship's breakfast." Lord Breadalbane was a Director of the West Highland Railway.



THE GREAT HEROPA MUSTERS THE BEATERS.

THE AUTHOR

THE FIRST LADY ARTHUR.

I SPENT over two months in 1908 at a shooting in Inverness-shire called Braeroy, which was a very difficult place to get at, the road up Glenroy being dangerous for motors, and almost so for carriages. We went up in waggonettes, and I was deputed to take charge of the first one containing the maids and the cook, Mrs. Shaw, with strict injunctions to make every one walk up the bad hills, except Mrs. Shaw. Malcolm Cross, my host, followed in another waggonette with the butler and other male servants. As we started from the station, Mrs. Shaw and I sat side by side in our waggonette, and at the end of the week the "Scottish Field" announced under the heading of fashionable intelligence that Sir Allan and Lady Arthur left Roy Bridge station for Braeroy Lodge on the forenoon of the 11th of August.

THE SECOND LADY ARTHUR.

A NIECE of mine, who was in Calcutta a few years ago, was asked by Mrs. Copleston, the wife of the Bishop, how Lady Arthur was. My niece was rather nonplussed, and said her mother was not Lady Arthur. Mrs. Copleston, who has the reputation of being somewhat absent-minded, said she was asking for my niece's aunt, Sir Allan's wife, and on being told that he was not married, she replied, "Oh, my dear, I have often met his wife."

My niece asked me if this was true, and, if I had not denied it, she and others of the Calcutta public, who dearly love a scandal, would probably have believed, just as they believed that silly story of the Ameer giving Sir A. A. Apcar a sovereign, that there was something in it. If there was, my lady must have been eminently respectable, otherwise Mrs. Copleston would not have known her.

As it is probably generally known that the two supposed Lady Arthurs have now no official connection with me, it may be popularly believed that I am looking out for a third, but I think it well to announce that I am taking on no fresh responsibilities during the period of the war. This is not my own joke, but that of Mr. James Allan Horne, the unmarried Burra-Saheb of Messrs. Jardine, Skinner & Co., about himself.

There may be something doing after the war, and for the inspection of " Delightful Ladies I have met " and also of those who have not met me, my portrait will be found on page 90, but I regret that, having no picture of him, I cannot give the same assistance to candidates for the hand of my friend, Mr. Horne.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1910 I was walking across the bridge leading away from the Glasgow Necropolis, near the old Cathedral, when I met two very respectable looking Scotch women, one of whom bowed to me. I took my hat off, and she immediately stopped and shook hands with me saying, " A'm awfu' pleased that ye've recognized me." I told her that I was not absolutely sure that I did, whereupon she said, " Don't ye remember me, a'm Margaret Duncan. A met ye at Mrs. Patterson's party in Duke Street last winter." I said that I thought there was some mistake as I had been in India the previous winter, and, so far as I could remember, did not know Mrs. Patterson of Duke Street. She stared with astonishment, and after looking me up and down said, " Are you no Detective Thomson." I told her that I was not, and then she said, " Weel a'm feared a've made a mistake, " and then after a little pause " A'm awfu' ashamed at accostin' a strange gentleman, but ye're the split pea o' the detective."

I assured her that I was not the detective, and then her companion chimed in, " A thocht you was the detective too." Again I assured them I was not, and after shaking hands with both I took off my hat, and as I turned away I heard the companion say, " Oh Maggie, Thomson disna lift his hat like thon."

A GOOD LAUNDRESS.

AT Moffat I had a great friend, Mrs. M., who was the best washer-woman there, and who had a most delightful Scotch tongue. She got some of my shirts to wash in a hurry one day, and, when she had begun them, a boy employed by a retired Madras civilian came along and brought a lot of clothes to be washed for his master, who also wanted them in a hurry. The good woman was loyal to me, and said to the

boy "Get awa, Andrew, I am washing Sir Allan's sarks, and I jalouse I'll work for nae ither man the day."

PROFESSOR PEPPER'S GHOST.

MRS. M. used to have some small girls, whom she sent with her washings, and whom one of my nieces called "The Budget's coolies." There was a show of Professor Pepper's Ghost at Moffat on one occasion, and Mrs. M. put her head out of her window and called to my nieces, "I canna send yer claes the day, aw ma coolies is fleeing awa' tae Pepper and it's a fair farce."

Mr. HARRY GARTH, Mr. W. A. BONNAUD, and Col. SARTORIOUS.

GROUP II.

Odds and Ends.

WEE BOBBY GOURLAY.

My brother-in-law used to tell a story of his caddy at Prestwick. He took one of his brothers to play there, and asked the caddy if he had ever seen a worse player than that gentleman. The caddy replied, "Aye, yin, wee Bobby Gourlay o' the Bank o' Scotland." This was Mr. Robert Gourlay who corresponded in Scotland to the Governor of the Bank of England. The caddies at Prestwick always talked of the professionals as Mr. Braid, Mr. Vardon, and so on, while the gentlemen players were Whigham, Vincent, Neilson, etc.

A LESSON AT GOLF.

Johnnie Hunter, the Professional at Prestwick and son of the better known Charlie Hunter, was often amusing. When home from India on one occasion, I had a round with him in order that I might get some tips, for which I paid him the usual half crown. He gave me a stroke a hole, and we had a most interesting match, but, when we got to the eighth hole, it occurred to me that I was not getting value for my half crown, and I suggested that he might give me a few hints by which my play would be improved. His reply was, "Jist watch me. I am playing pairfect golf," and so he was, as on that occasion he did the first nine holes in 32, which I believe was a record at that time.

He was a good deal fancied for the Open Championship, which took place at Prestwick about that time, partly because he knew the links so well. He made a very poor show however, and one of his fanciers asked him the reason for his breakdown. He said, "Weel, I washed my heed this morning, and I had ham to breakfast, and ye must na do onnything unusual when ye want to do something big."

OZONE.

On leaving Kirnan in 1908 I met an old friend on the "Columba," who told me that on the voyage up to Ardrishaig, he heard the mother

of a family of the "Wee Macgregor" type say to her husband, "John, blaw wee Johnnie's nose, and let him snuff the ozone."

WEE MACGREGOR.

In coming back from the Bankiers at Dunlossit, Islay, in the summer of 1914, I came across another specimen of "Wee Macgregor" in the "Columba." After leaving East Tarbert I had lunch, and as it was a very wet afternoon I went to the saloon to have a nap, lying down on a sofa near a typical Glasgow family composed of four grown-ups, "Wee Macgregor" in the full war paint of the Clan, and a younger brother. I was just dropping off to sleep, being made drowsy by a desultory conversation going on among the grown-ups, when I heard "Wee Macgregor" say "Feyther." The father took no notice, and "Wee Macgregor" repeated "Feyther," which he immediately followed by saying "Keekibo." I was just dropping off again when the next thing I heard was "Mither," followed by "Keekibo." There was peace for some time, when "Uncle James" was called and got "Keekibo" for his answer. The next victim was Aunt Jessie. She also got a "Keekibo," and finally Wee Willie got his "Keekibo." I thought that was all and that now I would get to sleep, but the whole thing began again and was repeated to the finish.

THE DRUNK MAN AND THE SWELL.

On one occasion in Glasgow I was travelling in a tramcar in my dress clothes to dine with my brother. There was a drunken man in the car, and he annoyed a number of ladies who were in the car by addressing them and talking to them in the most familiar fashion. When they had all got out and only the drunken man and I were left in the car, I asked the conductor why he allowed a man in that condition to travel in the car and annoy the other passengers. A little while after, the drunken man in the greatest good humour came and sat beside me, and, putting his arm round my neck, said: "I say, Swell, the next time you are going out to dinner in these parts you had better take a hansom cab."

AN IMPROMPTU SERMON.

ONE summer when home from India I took a place in the West Highlands and saw a great deal of the Parish Minister there. He was a most delightful man, but did not take a great deal of trouble over his sermons. One day we went to his church, and he preached a very ordinary sermon. The next Sunday he went into the pulpit, and began telling us that, as he was sitting at his study window the previous evening (which, by the way, had been a glorious evening), and watching in its crimson glory the sun setting over the hills on the other side of Loch Linnhe, the following thoughts had come into his mind—and the old gentleman preached exactly the same sermon, word for word, as he had given us on the previous Sunday.

POOR OLD DONALD.

ANOTHER day was Communion Sunday, and we went to the first table. As usual he " fenced " the table, as it is called, and he gave us his views as to what sort of people should be admitted to the Communion, and told us that, while he knew he might be blamed by some, he had very broad views on the subject. He told us : " Dear friends, it might happen that there would be sitting among you the Angel Gabriel, and it might happen that old Donald—old Donald who was drunk at the public house last night—might come to the door and, with tears in his eyes, say that he wanted to take the Communion. Well, what would I do ? Well, I would say to the Angel Gabriel, ' Gabriel, this is not the time for you, you must make room for old Donald,' and I would give Donald a place, and I would give Donald the Communion."

THE LORD'S BOOTS.

WHEN stopping with one of my sisters, in the summer of 1908, I wanted my boots rather in a hurry one morning, and my sister asked a small boy, son of her coachman, who was acting as boot cleaner, where Sir Allan's boots were. The youth, who stood rather in awe of me, replied, " The Lord's boots are in his bedroom."

"PEEBLES FOR PLEISURE."

My first story is in connection with a conversation in a third class carriage, and about the same time I had another amusing experience, also in a third class carriage. I was travelling from Moffat to Glasgow, and had in my compartment a very respectable looking old Scotchman, who began to expatiate on the beauties of Moffat, which reminded him of Peebles. He said he "should na' ha' been at Moffat at a' that day and got there by accident," as his destination that morning had been Peebles where he wanted to attend some Masonic meeting, but he had been up very late the night before in Edinburgh, and, when he got to Symington, he was fast asleep, and on waking up found himself at Beattock, and so spent the day at Moffat. He told me all this before we reached Beattock, where we had to wait for the train to the north. The north train steamed into Beattock station, and I could not see my friend anywhere, but at last spied him in the waiting room sound asleep, and just got him roused up in time to get into the train. As we neared Symington, he prepared himself to get out, but the train steamed past the station, and he exclaimed "Dang it, she's no stoppit." I told him he would get a train for Peebles at Carstairs, but he said he would go back to Edinburgh and go down the other way. I suggested that it would be rather expensive travelling so far, but he said he had his ticket from Edinburgh to Peebles and had no intention of taking another adding: "It was na' my fault: they porter folk at Symington ought to have wakened a body."

He saw from my bag that I came from India, and told me that he had a brother there and we had a long talk about India. When we got to Carstairs, he said to me, "You'd better come out and have a refresher, what my brother in India calls a wee peggie."

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL.

I remember one of the International Football dinners, held at St. James's Hall—the occasion, I think, on which some of the English players amused themselves by sticking forks into the calves of some Pipers (who had been engaged in honour of the Scotchmen), as they

marched round the table, which led to the Pipers striking work. The toast of the Rugby Football Union was drunk, coupled with the name of Mr. E. Kewley of Liverpool, who was the Hon. Secretary. Kewley got up to reply, and his first words were "On behalf of the Rugball Footby Union." He was, of course, stopped by immense cheering, and, when it subsided, he got up again and began, " Gentlemen, on behalf of the Rugball Footby Union." He then received a tremendous ovation with shouts of " Good old Kewley," " Dear old Kewley," " Bravo, Kewley," and so on. He was by this time a little angry, but made another start, saying " Gentlemen, I do not know why you should shout so when I get on my feet, nor do I know why you should shout my name as you are not drinking my health but that of the Rugball Footby Union."

A GRAND OLD MAN.

IN 1883, when I went home from India for the first time, I played a football match for the Glasgow Academicals against the Glasgow University at Gilmorehill, and after the match, was selected to play for the West of Scotland against the East of Scotland, from which two teams the Scottish International team was to be chosen. The leading Scottish sporting paper, in commenting upon the West of Scotland team, stated that they approved of it with the exception of Allan Arthur, who was home from India. They said they had seen him play at Gilmorehill the previous Saturday, and thought him the most brilliant player on the field, but that was only for about five minutes, and they thought John Kidston would have been a better selection. They finished up: " Arthur, however, is a grand old man, and may be expected to do his duty." Fancy being called a grand old man 33 years ago!

P. P. C.

A GOOD story is told in the West of Scotland about Sir Peter Coats. He was staying at a village in Scotland and made the acquaintance of a number of people. He got rather friendly with the old Minister, whom he saw a good deal of, and before leaving left his " P. P. C." card on the old man. The Minister said he thought it very kind of Sir Peter

to call on him, and so becoming of him to put on his cards the letters "P. P. C.," which he supposed meant "Pray for Peter Coats."

THE IRONMASTERS.

ANOTHER good story is told of two Ironmasters in the West of Scotland, one of whom gave a large sum to the Established Church of Scotland. The other on hearing of this expressed surprise that his friend should have given so much money to the Church, as he had never heard of his being a very religious man and he bet him a five pound note that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer.

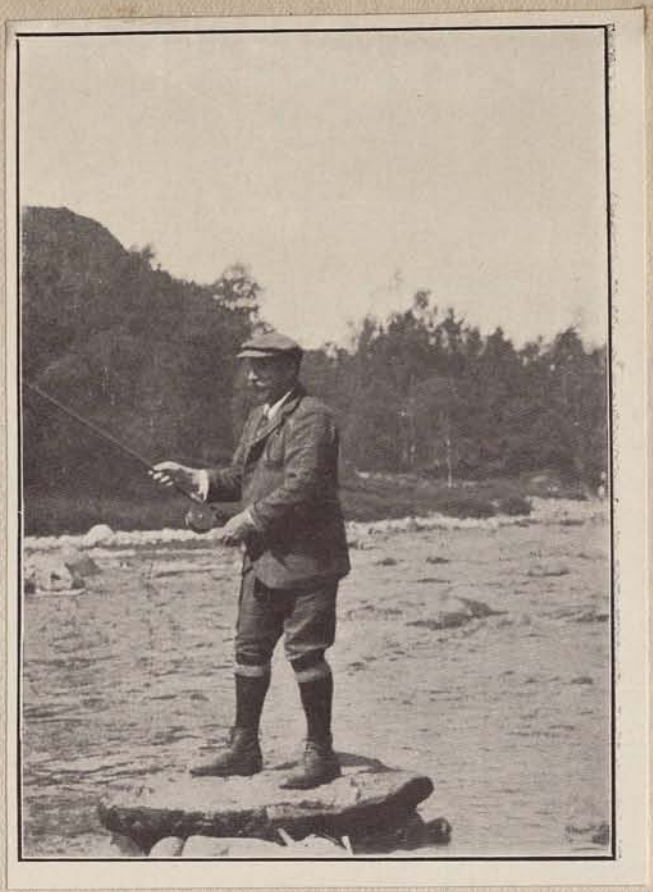
The challenge was accepted, and the Ironmaster, who gave the money to the Church, began:

"The Lord's my Shepherd I'll not want, etc." The other said: "Well, I didn't know you knew it," and handed him over the five pound note.


A FEW PROMINENT FEATURES IN THE BOMBAY HUNT.
A PAST MASTER

THE BOMBAY HOUNDS.

THE Bombay Hunt, of which there is a delightful example of Mr. Macrae's art on the opposite page, do their hunting in a country which abounds in Roman Catholic Churches, attended by the Portuguese cultivators. A belated sportsman asked a Portuguese Church-goer if he had seen the Hunt. The Church-goer, having heard the horn and seen the red coats, replied " No : but the Foo Foo Band has just passed."



Mr. Malcolm Cross on the Dee.

GROUP III.

Fishing Stories.

On the Dee at Invercauld Bridge.
The Author doing Ghillie.

" REEL HIM UP THROUGH THE RINGS."

A. R. came up to stop with me in the summer of 1900 at Auchinellan near Loch Awe, and arrived about lunch time. After lunch, as he knew little about fishing, instead of going on to Loch Awe to try for salmon, we trolled for pike on Loch Ederline. I hooked rather a good one, which I gave to R. to play and land. Afterwards I suggested to him that I might show him how to do it. He preferred to do it himself however, and after some time got the pike, which was a good one of 8 or 9 lbs., quite near the boat, and finally reeled it up until the point of the rod was within about three inches of the pike's nose. We had a great laugh at this, the ghillie remarking " That's right, Sir, reel him up through the rings."

A SALMON STORY.

FRASER, the Keeper at Kirnan, has a good story of R.'s first salmon. They were fishing in the " Stone " Pool, and Fraser described it much as follows : " Mr. R. threw his cast doon on the watter, and then drew a letter out of his pocket and read it. When he had finished that letter he threw his flies doon on the watter again and then read another letter, and he went on like this until he had read nearly a' his letters, when all of a sudden he cried ' Fraser, come here.' So I went to him and he gave me his rod and he said to me—Ye ken how Mr. R. chops his words—he says ' Fraser, what's happened. Something's happened, Fraser.' So I took his rod, and I said ' Man, ye're in a fush.' But it didna seem altogether like a fush for the strain went aff. So I gave the rod back to Mr. R. and ran doon the bank. There was the fush hooked right enough, but the line was fastened tae some briar bushes, and, as the fush came to the top, I gaffed him and he was oot in about a minnit and a half."

INQUISITIVENESS.

ONE afternoon when fishing with a ghillie called Donald McNair at Ford, my brother and I saw a Mr. and Mrs. Goddard from Nottingham, who were the only other occupants of the Ford Hotel besides my brother and myself, land near the old castle and walk up towards a farm house occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. McDiarmid, small farmers. Donald asked where the English leddy and English chentleman were going to, and when

I told him they were going to have tea with Mrs. McDiarmid his curiosity was roused to fever pitch. This puzzled him, and he speculated aloud for a long time as to how it was possible that the McDiarmids could know an English leddy and English chentleman so intimately as to ask them to tea. It was to him a thing undreamt of. He couldn't stop talking about it. He suggested that Mrs. McDiarmid was acquent with the leddy, but that did not satisfy him, and he thought it more likely that Mrs. McDiarmid was "acquent" with an "acquentance" of the leddy. But nothing could give him peace. He asked me where they came from, and, when I told him that I believed it was Nottingham, he went on to say "I remember that McDiarmid went away somewhere many years ago, and he would tell no one where he was going, but we all knew it was to England. That'll have been Nottingham." I then informed him that I believed the lady was not originally a Nottingham lady but came from Greenock. He closed the conversation by saying "Why didn't you tell me that before? McDiarmid knows all the Greenock folk." It would have saved him such a lot of speculation.

OLD WHISKY.

SOME years ago I was fishing with Jack Symons in Wales, and he, a friend of his called Harcourt, and I went off one day to the river. When lunch time came, Jack produced out of the lunch basket a flask, containing what he said was the finest Old Whisky he had ever tasted. We all had a small tumbler of this with water in it, and Jack smacked his lips over it, but on my drinking it I said that I could not taste the whisky which I thought slightly bitter, and supposed that it was its age that had mellowed it. So I had some more, Harcourt had some more, and Jack had some more, and then we all agreed that it was the finest whisky we had ever drunk.

Meantime Jack's man was munching away at his lunch, and, when he had finished, he

poured himself out his usual glass of beer, which he generally swallowed at a gulp, but on this occasion the beer refused to go down. The keeper was nearly choked, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he said " Mary's put in the wrong thing." It turned out that the keeper had got our whisky, and we his washy beer, diluted with water, which we all had pronounced to be first class whisky.

A STOLID YOUTH.

WHEN going to meet my brother to fish at Ford on Loch Awe in July 1912 I got on to the " Countess of Breadalbane" about noon one day, and, feeling very hungry, I went to the saloon and asked a lad who wore a white coat, when I could get some lunch. He replied exactly in the voice of " Willum " of " Bunty Pulls the Strings " fame, " A doant know. A am not the steward. A am the boy." After getting some lunch I asked a person with a white coat, without looking at him, how much there was to pay, and I found it was my friend the boy again, who said " A doant know. A am not the steward. A am the peeler." I said " What, the policeman !" He replied " Naw, the peeler of the potatoes."

AULD MR. GLADSTONE.

MANY years ago I had a day's fishing on Loch Leven, with my dear old friend and master, Dr. Rogerson of Merchiston. As usual on Loch Leven, we had two boatmen. Dr. Rogerson was in the stern and I was in the bow and we had a very good day, getting a fish pretty well time about, and our boatmen got very excited over this. During lunch the man in the bow had indulged freely in whisky, and became very talkative with me, and, when Dr. Rogerson was playing a good trout, he said " Wha's your freend ? " I told him it was Dr. Rogerson of Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh. The boatman said " No, it's no' : you're no' telling me the truth." A little later he repeated the same question and I got the same answer, and he made the same comment. After we finished fishing, we paid off the men, and had some tea at the hotel, and went to catch our train. At the station I found my inebriated boatman, accompanied by a somewhat large crowd, and, just as the train was

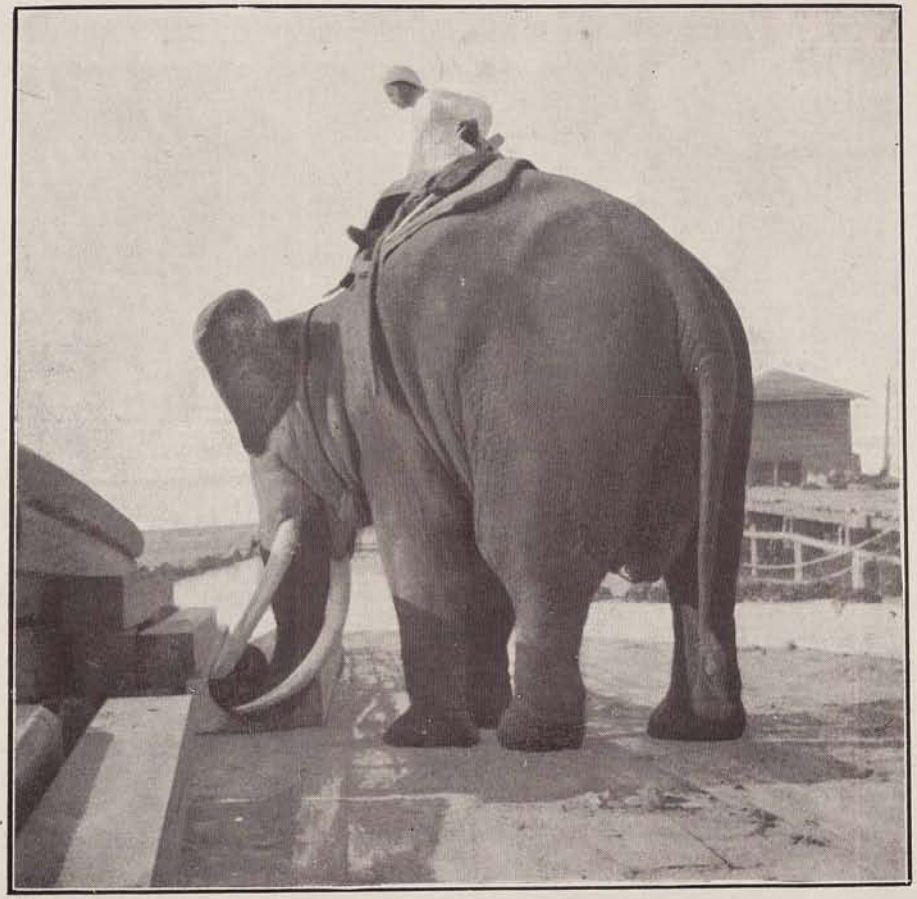
leaving, the boatman came up to me and said " Ye've been misleading me. Your freend is auld Wullie Gladstone travelling incog." As we went off the crowd gave a cheer for " auld Wullie Gladstone."

JIMMIE MacVEAN.

WHILE fishing on the Add in Argyleshire in September, 1908, I got a very nice fish one evening, after everyone else, including the keeper, had given fishing up as hopeless. I landed the fish myself, and the next day my host suggested that I should take one of the ghillies to do my gaffing. So a boy called Jimmie MacVean was apportioned to me and I duly hooked a fish in the " Irishman " pool, which I played and brought up to the bank for Jimmie to gaff. He made a dash for the fish, and instead of trying him with the point of the gaff, he used the back of it with the result that the fish dashed away. I brought him up to the bank a second time and the same thing happened again, and I am sorry to say that by this time my language was dreadful to hear. I decided to land the fish myself, and, when I got him into a nice position, I asked Jimmie for the gaff, but he made another dash for the fish and got mixed up in my line. I am afraid I gave Jimmie a kick on the part that is covered by the seat of his trousers and used more bad language. I finally gaffed the fish myself. The upshot of the matter was that for the sake of his father who was an old ghillie of mine, and because I was so ashamed of the language I had used, I gave Jimmie half a crown and told him to take the fish up to the lodge. When he got there he told the other ghillies that the gentleman was so pleased with the way he had gaffed the fish that he gave him a sovereign.

JIMMIE AGAIN.

THIS was the same youth who ghillied some years previously on Loch Leathen for my brother. My brother tried him with all sorts of subjects of conversation during the day, but could not get a remark out of him. As they approached the lodge in the evening, Jimmie volunteered the remark " The leddie shoots " (meaning Mrs. B.). My brother thereupon asked him " How does she shoot," and Jimmie replied " Better than the chentleman " (meaning Mr. B.).



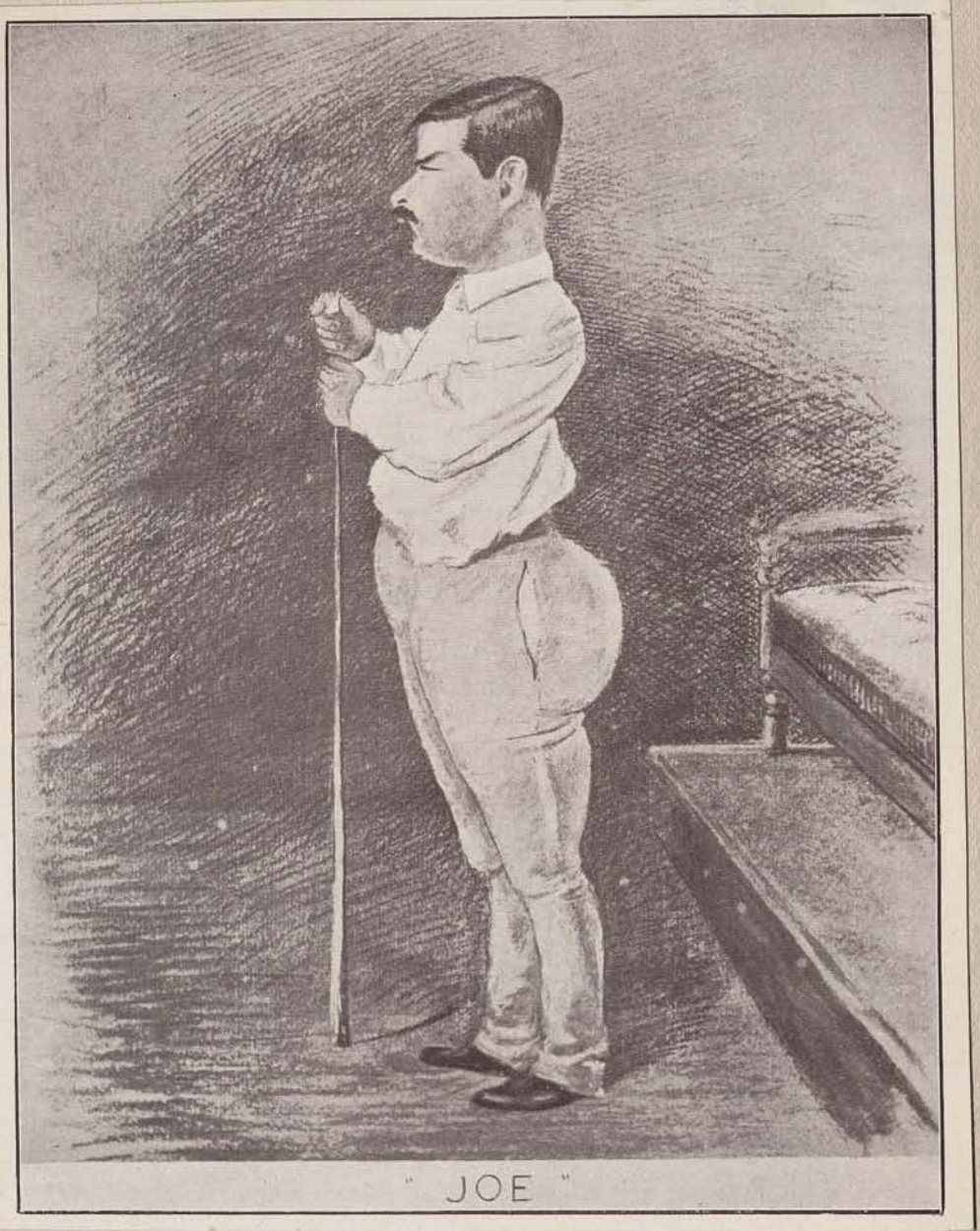
ONE OF MR. MACAULAY'S ELEPHANTS.

THE GHILLIE AND THE ELEPHANTS.

I FOUND Duncan Blair, who was one of the ghillies at Kirnan in 1912, a great old character. He questioned me one day about Mr. R. H. Macaulay, my host, whom he called " Himself." He asked, " Is it true that Himself owns a great many elephants in India ?" This referred to the elephants owned by the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, and I told him that it was so. Duncan then said, " Is it true that Himself owns as many elephants in India as a farmer in Scotland owns sheep ?" I replied " Yes." Then Duncan said, " What is the price of an elephant." I told him about £300. He replied " Wall, wall, Himself could buy the whole of Poltalloch and only sell half his elephants," and added " and Himself would make a good Laird."

Duncan seemed a lazy old man, for he told me that the pleasantest year he ever had at Kirnan was when Lady Platt had it. He had been ordered to attach himself to Lady Platt and take her to the river Add, when it got in flood, and he said, " Do you know that the river never was in flood all that year ?"

He was out fishing the " Irishman " pool one day many years before with a Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who was related to Lord Malcolm, and who told Duncan to go to the other side of the river to fetch a cast, which had got stuck on a bush. Duncan went round by the bridge on the road, probably a mile's walk, released the cast and then went back by the bridge, and, when he got back, he said that Hardy had nine fine salmon on the bank and " sea trouts forbye." He told me one day that he had seen the river flood into a corn field some years before, and that " one bould bhoy of a salmon leapt into the corn field and jumped over the stooks."

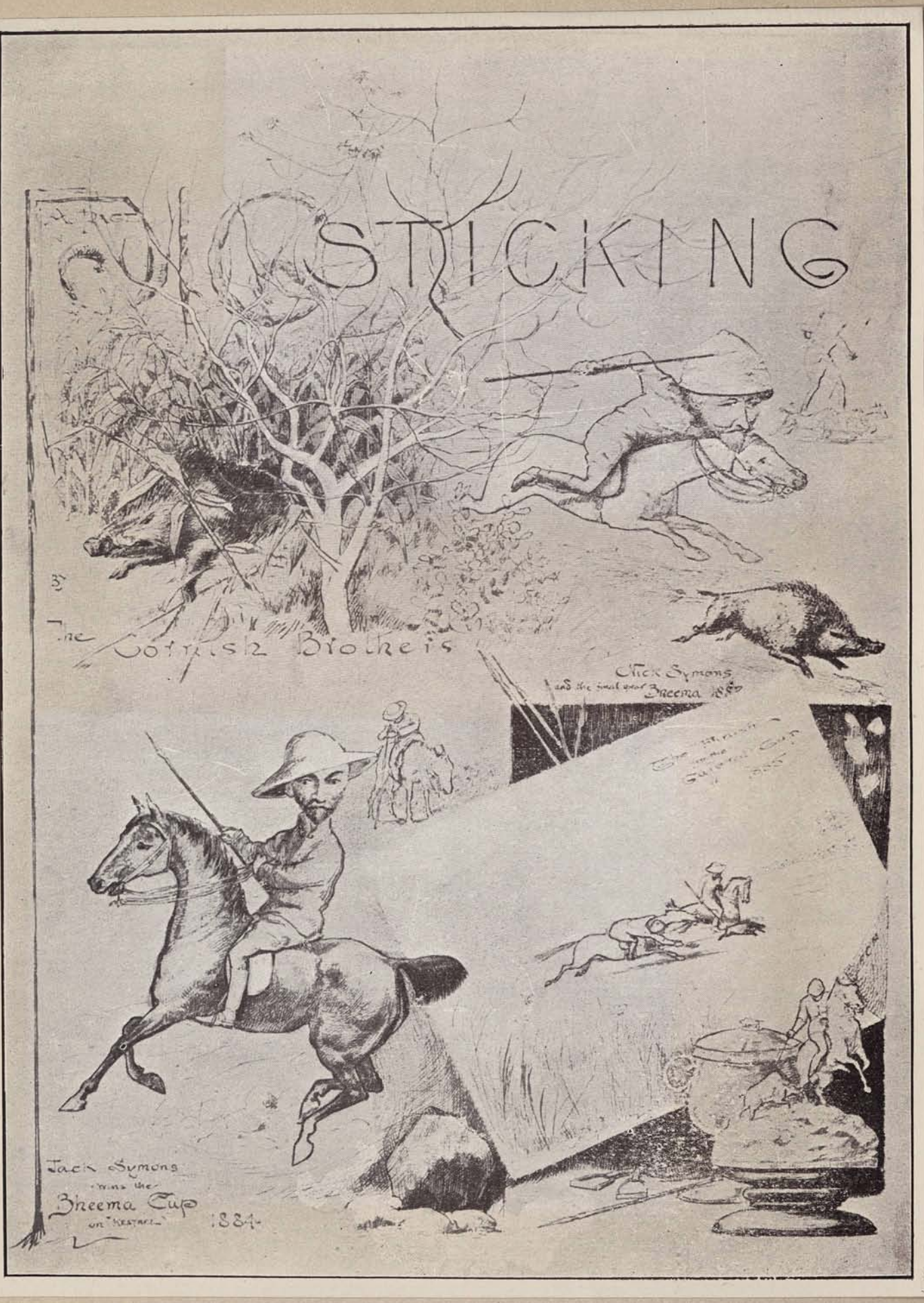


MR. JOE BANKIER.

THE BAKER.

At Dunlossit in Islay Mr. Joe Bankier had great difficulty in getting ghillies, and engaged the local baker as his fisherman. His eldest son Bertie got a good fish on one day, and, being accompanied by the baker John, asked him if he ever gaffed a fish before. John replied "hundreds." He landed Bertie's fish all right, and then volunteered the information that it was the first fish he had ever gaffed. Bertie asked him why he had told him that he had gaffed hundreds, and John replied that, if he had said anything else, the young gentleman would have been nervous.

The historic dead heat between the brothers Symons for the Guzerat Cup.


STICKING
The Gothish Brothers
Jack Symons
Jack Symons
wins the
Bheema Cup
1884

Braeroy.

GROUP IV.

Shooting Stories.

(*Kenneth.*)

At Braeroy.

A DOG STORY.

WHEN shooting with Malcolm Cross at Braeroy in 1908, I met an old keeper, called Kenneth Kennedy, who was full of anecdote and humorous conversation. My host had a number of setters and pointers sent up to Roy Bridge on the 11th August to be tried. A few days previously at Cumbernauld I had passed about nine of the dogs as good enough, and, when Kenneth, who had been trying the dogs, came to the lodge just before dinner on the 11th, I asked him how many he had passed. He said that he had accepted all that I had passed, but he would not take any of the others, as they would not answer to their names, adding "But it was most misfortunate, Sir Allan, that on the journey up in the train from Glasgow they ate up all their naimes."

WHISTLING THROUGH THEIR NOSES.

OLD Kenneth at Braeroy, who, by the way, was 73, was an adept answerer of questions. One day when out stalking with him, I asked him what he did in the off-season, and he told me that he burned the heather and killed the foxes. I enquired how much heather he had burnt last season, and he replied that at the only time he could have been burning the heather he had to go and kill the foxes. I then asked him how many foxes he had killed last season and he told me that they had not killed any at all. He then changed the subject by telling me of a stalk he had with a former shooting tenant in the corrie, in which we were sitting. There was a fine stag with three hinds before them, and, as they stalked towards them, they found some sheep between them and the deer, and lay quiet until the sheep should feed away. "They fed to the north, they fed to the south, they fed to the east, and they fed to the west, but they always came back to the same spot. They suddenly spied us and they stamped at us with their feet, and *they whustled at us through their nawses*, and the stag was up and away. We followed him and got another stalk, but this time an old cock grouse got up and the

stag was away again. We had a third stalk, and when Mr.——— put up his rifle to fire, the cartridge missed fire, and we never saw the stag again. But we would have got him if the sheep had not whustled at us through their nawses, the tam brutes."

A REAL SCATTERER.

DURING my visit to Braeroy, a Mr. T.——— arrived and brought with him a new gun, which he had got from a well-known firm of gun makers, and which he had not tried before. He had told us that this was the third gun he had got from the same firm, as the other two were not satisfactory. He had a shot or two at a paper target to see what sort of pattern the gun would make, and it made an extraordinarily bad one. In commenting on this afterwards to me, Kenneth said " I am afred, Sir Allan, that the new chentleman cannot be a very good shot. He gets one gun from his gun makers and he discards it. He gets another gun and he discards that, and now he has got the third gun, and I am afraid he is not a good shot whatever, and what is more his gun makers know it, and they have given him a real scatterer this time." But I am bound to confess that Mr. T.——— proved himself a very good shot.

A PUGNACIOUS FARMER.

ON one occasion I was grouse shooting with old Mr. Tillie at Cleughearne in Lanarkshire, and we were having a drive near a farm house. As we were sitting in our butts, waiting for the drive to begin, a collie dog came jumping out of the house, and sat right in front of the guns, barking furiously whenever any one moved. This was too much for Mr. Tillie, who put up his gun and fired at the dog, sending him home yelling, but more frightened than hurt. After the drive was over, the farmer, who was the owner of the dog, came up to the party, and said to Mr. T. " Wha shot ma dug ?" Mr. T. said he couldn't really say, but he thought it must have been that gentleman (pointing to me), as he was home from India, and, as he was in the habit of shooting tigers there, he must have mistaken the dog for a tiger and had a shot at him. On hearing this, the farmer, who was an enormous bulky man, came up to me and said " Are you the blackguard wha shot ma dug?" I naturally

temporized, as I did not wish to give Mr. Tillie away, whereupon the man whipped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and wanted to fight me. I really did not know what to do, and think I should probably have run away, had not Mr. Tillie, who saw that things were becoming serious, come between us, and explained matters to the irate farmer.

GOOD CLARET.

ONE night at Cleughearne, I remember Arthur Tillie complaining of a bottle of his father's very best claret, saying it was corked. The old gentleman appealed to me. I said that I thought it was not quite so good as the bottle of the night before, whereupon the old gentleman said "There's nothing wrong with it, and, as you don't like it, you will get no more of it." And we didn't.

THE EYE OF A FLY.

THE next year I shot with the same host at Drumboe in the north of Ireland, and was greatly entertained by his Irish servants. One of them, Harry by name, and I went off in a car one day by ourselves with a setter, and I made such excellent shooting that Harry exclaimed "By gum, Sir Allan, you could hit the eye of a fly."

Another character was Tom the coachman, but he got into disgrace when I was there. He was drunk one night we went out to dinner and he very nearly landed us in a ditch. As this was not the first time this had happened, our host sacked him. One of the sons of the house met him in the village a few days afterwards and asked him if he had got another place, and was told he hadn't. The son then asked if he was looking out for one. Tom said "No, the master's not looking out for a man."

A RED LETTER DAY.

THE highland stalker is as a rule the most pleasant of companions and polite of men. The most polite stalker I ever met was Allan Mac—, with whom I spent six most delightful weeks. He never addressed me except in the third person, and when lunch time came each day, he used

to ask me "Will Sir Allan take Sir Allan's lunch now." I was fortunate enough to get either three or four stags, I forget which, before lunch one day, and he was so pleased with the forenoon's sport that he permitted himself the only familiarity that I ever knew him to indulge in by adding to the usual lunch formula "I think Allan is a good name," and so did I that day.

AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

FRASER, the keeper at Kirnan, in directing me one day in 1912 to an impromptu butt, told me to go to the "big stane where you shot the grouse cock the first year you were here;" that was in 1900. One day I remarked to him on the fact of Mr. Courtney Wright falling down flat in the heather or in a peat bog while walking which I observed him do on two occasions. Fraser replied "It's maist extrodinar, Mr. Wright gaes doon as regular as an eight-day clock."

AN AMUSING SHOOT.

I HAD some very pleasant days' grouse driving with a well-known M. P. in Scotland in 1908. If he had been a soldier he would have been a great general, for his dispositions were admirable, and the arrangements he made for the grouse drives were excellent, although there was always something happening to interfere with their entire success.

For the first drive the guns were all to be placed behind a wall, and when we got to the wall, he most unselfishly took the first place, which was also the worst, and told us to go along the wall to our different places, and, above all, not to speak a word or show ourselves over the wall, as the birds were so wild that if scared we would not get a shot. We were creeping to our places in accordance with his instructions, when all of a sudden we heard a tremendous shouting behind us, and on our looking back, there was our host standing on the top of the wall, waving his coat and shouting for all he was worth, at a small boy who appeared on the horizon with a white flag a little before the guns had got into their places. As the birds were so wild, this led to most of them going over the beaters' heads instead of ours, and when the drive was over a violent altercation took place between our host and his keeper Donald.

We had a second drive, and then formed line across the moor, shooting up to a farm house where we were to lunch. We had about ten brace of grouse, which were all laid along the wall of the farm house, and, as we were hanging about waiting for the ladies to come up, one of the dead grouse got up and went marching up the hill. Our host, of course, was very angry and went for Donald, telling him that the next time such a disgraceful thing happened he would get notice. Donald said that he was not going to wait for notice the next time, and that he would take his notice there and then. Later on in the day, however, harmony was restored, and we had a most delightful afternoon, and what I did like about the M. P. was his delightful enthusiasm.

PART III.

CORNSTALKS.

AUSTRALIA.

Where the golden wattle breathes a sweet perfume,
And the flaring waratah—that lordly bloom—
Is grand to see!
Where browsing flocks and mighty herds acclaim
Pursuits of pastoral and peaceful aim,
It's good to be!
But, startled sore by fateful war's alarms,
Brave sons now buckle on their arms
To aid the fight!
And then again the Southern Cross will beam
On peaceful Austral shore—and surely seem
To cheer the Right!

UNKNOWN.

Is the clime of the old land younger,
Where the young dreamers longer are nursed?
With the old insatiable hunger,
With the old unquenchable thirst,
Are you longing, as in the old years
We have longed so often in vain,
Fellow toilers still, fellow soldiers,
Though the seas have sundered us twain.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

AT COFF'S HARBOUR, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE HORSE MARINES.

WHEN going to Australia in 1906, I travelled with a Major Haag of one of the Hussar regiments, who was going out to take up a staff appointment. He chaffed two Australian girls most unmercifully, one particular joke being about the "Horse Marines," which the girls could not apparently understand in the least. When we got to Melbourne, the passengers had to parade on the upper deck for plague inspection. Major Haag, who had to report himself on arrival, came up to the inspection with his military breaches, gaiters, boots and spurs on and up above a pyjama jacket. As he walked along the deck his heels slipped from under him and he sat down on the deck, with a crash with his heels in the air. One of his Australian girl friends remarked "I now know what a Horse Marine is."

"THEM BIKES."

WHEN motoring south of Sydney in New South Wales one day, we met an old woman driving in a sulky, who, as we approached, held up her whip, and we of course stopped. She jumped out of her trap and led her old horse past the motor, saying as she passed, "Thank you, gentlemen, I'm that scared o' them bikes."

THE PREVARICATING BARRISTER.

WE had a breakdown when motoring south of Sydney, and, when two of our party went on, Arthur Kelynack, a Sydney barrister, and I remained with the motor. He was subjected to a great flow of questions from passers-by, but was not to be drawn by any of them. One man said to him "Broken down?" He replied "Lor, no, we are only admiring the scenery." "Been long here?" "No, just arrived." "Stopping long here?" "No, starting when I have finished my cigarette." Two ladies came out of a wood on horseback, and, being nervous of a motor apparently, sent a boy to ask "Which way are you going?" Kelynack

sent back word " Neither way." The next man who came along was a miner, who said " Short o' oil, mate ?" Kelynack's reply was " No, mate, we dropped our matches about a mile back ; send them along if you find them." I am sorry I did not take a note of many other things that were said and replied to.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

On another occasion we were motoring from Coff's Harbour north of Sydney on a Sunday afternoon, and, as we got to the foot of a hill, a dogcart came round the corner, containing a Salvation Army girl, and another beautifully dressed very lady-like girl, who, when they saw our motor, screamed for all they were worth. They each got on to a step of the dogcart and would neither get up or down, so one of our party, J. V. deCoque, got out of the motor, and, when the ladies descended, led their pony past the motor. The pony took no notice of it, and deCoque read them a lecture on the silliness of their conduct. The Salvation Army girl calmed down at once, but not so the other. DeCoque finally told her that there was nothing to be frightened about, and that motors were not such dreadful things after all. The beautifully dressed lady-like girl said with falling tears " That may be so, but they're d——d things any way."

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

We had another breakdown on the same tour, and it was getting fairly late. An old dairy farmer took compassion on us, took us to his house and gave us an excellent tea, among other things providing us with some excellent biscuits, made by Arnott's. Our host on the trip was Jack Arnott, a partner in the biscuit firm, and the farmer was told of this. He mentioned that they were fine biscuits, and were well advertised. Kelynack looked rather like a fat boy, very young looking and very well fed. I mentioned that he was one of Arnott's walking advertisements, and that we had a placard on the car " Fed on Arnott's biscuits," which we hung round Kelynack's neck when we passed through the big towns. The farmer's name was Arnold, and he was so pleased with the idea that he asked for the loan of Kelynack, and said

that on next market day he would put another placard on him "Fed on Arnold's milk and butter."

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

WHEN in Tasmania I lived at the Tasmanian Club in Hobart, and one Sunday night dined alone with the secretary. Shortly after we began dinner, an old gentleman came in. The secretary introduced him to me as Judge McIntyre. He evidently knew I came from India, as he at once began talking of India, and said that the finest view he ever had in his life was of Mount Everest from the top of a lonely Himalayan mountain. I asked him if he remembered a man coming up to him on that mountain, telling him he was on his way to Thibet, and suggesting that he should go down the hill to a farm and see a yak. He said that he remembered the incident perfectly, and on my telling him that I was the man he met there, he was delighted and wanted me to go and stop with him as long as I was in Tasmania. He ate up his dinner very quickly, and on the secretary asking him where he was going, he said he was going straight home to tell his wife that he had met an old friend, that he would give her twelve guesses, and that if she guessed right he would give her the handsomest present she had ever received in her life.

WULLIE NICOL.

WHEN motoring in New South Wales we had yet another breakdown, which necessitated our sending to Sydney for a spare part, and delayed us for three days. These we spent at Coopernook, where there is a delightful inn, looked after by an old P. & O. stewardess, who regaled us with delicious oysters cooked in all sorts of different ways at every meal.

I went to the village barber's to have my hair cut, and noticed nothing very particular about him, although he gave me a bit of a stare. When the operation was nearing an end, he said "I ken ye fine. You're Allan Arthur, son of the provost of Partick. I'm Wullie Nicol, and I was the barber there. Come and have a drink." It was rather wonderful his recognizing me, as I do not suppose he had seen me for 35 years, for my people left Partick when I was quite young.

When he heard that I had a handle to my name, he introduced me to his cronies as a member of the British aristocracy, and brought most of the inhabitants to give me a cheer when I drove off in our car.

AUSTRALIAN POLITICIANS.

ONE day I met Sir George Reid, formerly a Premier of the Commonwealth, and had lunch with him at the Union Club, Sydney. Not being in office he was not active in the political world of Australia at that time, and was rather amusing over the attitude he adopted at such times, particularly in regard to any difficulty he might have to surmount. He told me that if he could not brush it aside, he tried to get round it : if he could not get round it, he tried to get over it : if he could not get over it, he tried to get under it, and, if he could do none of these things, he thought it time to lie down and rest a bit.

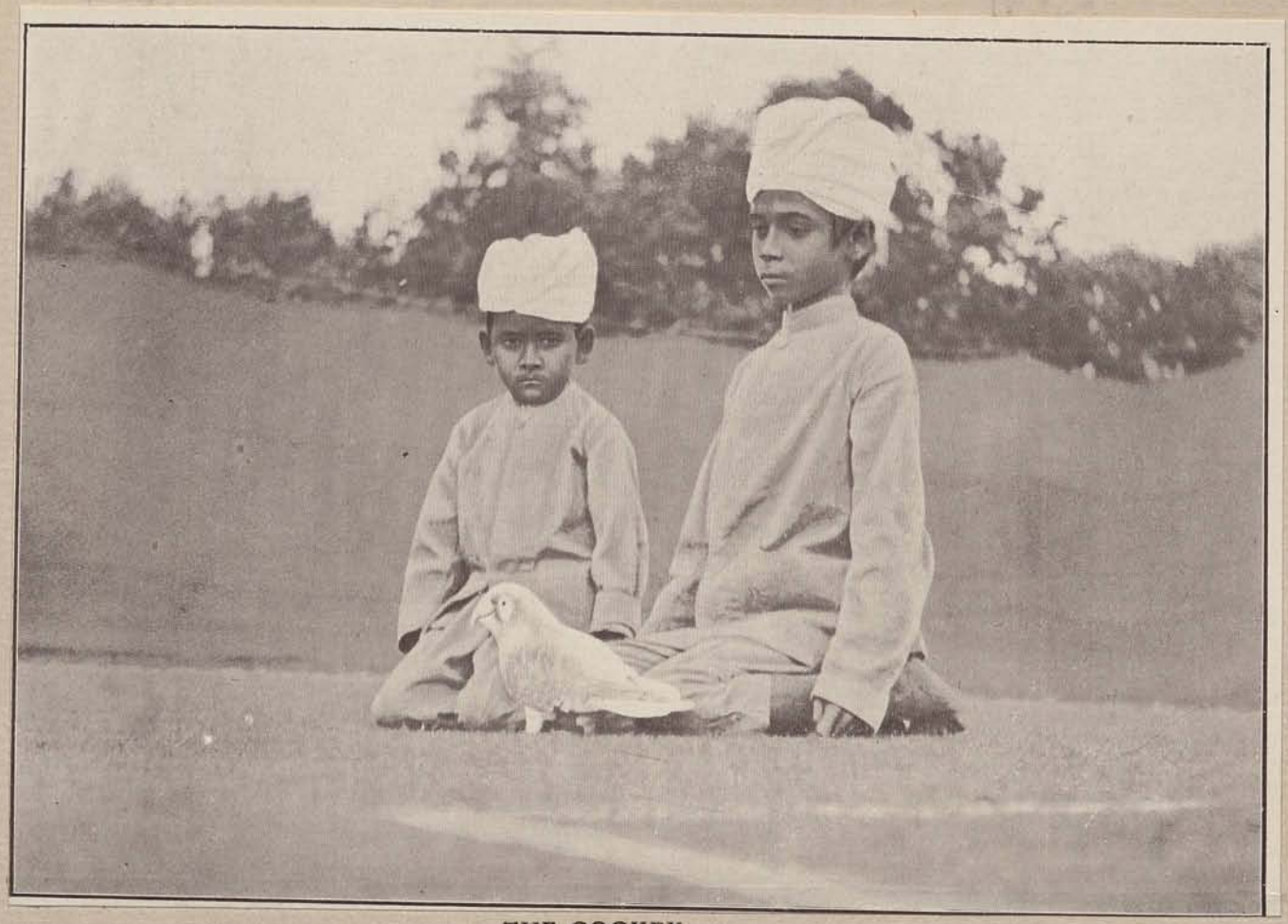
I was also introduced to another politician, whose name I did not catch, and who had a reputation for being very smart in repartee. He was once asked by a member of the labour party, who made a great point of representing the labour party, what his opinion was of mixed bathing. His answer, as quick as lightning, was that, from what he had seen of the labour party, he approved of any kind of bathing.

PART IV.

THE TALE OF A BIRD.

"The daintiest last to make
the end more sweet." (Richard ii., i, 3).

COL. GERALD MARTIN.



THE COCKEY.

THE DEAREST BIRD THAT EVER LIVED.

THIS was my Corella cockatoo, who was a little fellow almost pure white, with a sort of a blue leather shield round his eyes, more like a pigeon than a cockatoo, as he had no crest, until he got excited when in addition to his crest he showed a few pink feathers round his neck and chest. As he moved freely among our guests, he was the salvation of many a dull dinner party and the life and soul of a merry one. He was the merriest of the merry, except when I was sad. Then he was sad. He knew my every mood, and for his few short years was my constant companion. He was better than a dog, which is said to be a delightful friend to his master, because he never criticizes, but " Cocky " did more than that : he kept me in order. Sometimes I wanted to be quiet : he wanted to be noisy. I remonstrated and scolded him. He stopped the argument by shouting " Shut up, you d-v-l."

He was given me in Australia by a Sidney barrister whose daughters declined to live with him any longer, as in their mother's voice he was calling all day long " Editha dear," " Maud dear " and " Hilda dear." What was worse he imitated their mangle. This was too much for them ; they gave him away, fortunately to me.

He came up to Calcutta as a first class passenger in the Currie Line in charge of my friend Lamotte, who told me he thought he had one day lost him. One forenoon he was strutting about the deck, when all of a sudden he flew into the air, shrieked " Good-bye " to his fellow passengers and flew towards Australia. The passengers went down to lunch, and speculated on what would become of him. One man, not a teetotaler, said " He'll be all right. He'll fetch up in Queensland where he comes from. But he wont get nothing to drink." When the passengers came up on deck they had forgotten all about him, and were surprised later in the afternoon to hear a voice up aloft saying " Hello, there," and they found " Cocky " had returned. He evidently thought these flying trips were all right for the human aviator, but were too risky for a bird, for he tried no more of them, and was safely delivered to me in Calcutta.

He was not long in Calcutta before he took his likes and dislikes. He hated Sir George Sutherland, who one day at Barrackpore accidentally trod on him, and as "Cocky" connected good-bye with departure, Sir G. could not come into a room without "Cocky" repeating "good-bye, good-bye, good-bye" over and over again, until Sir G. had to leave the room. On the other hand he adored all the Calcutta ladies, and they all loved him. He was a great pal of Mr. J. G. Dickson, and never saw him but he purred "Old Cock," then sighed and again purred "Old Cock."

He was always deceiving my dogs, especially a Scotch terrier. He used to call "Mac, Mac, Mac. Come 'ere old Mac" in my voice, and when Mac came, he said "Jao, soor." "Cocky" acquired his Hindustani at Kalimpong where, when I was at home, he spent the hot weather, but I do not for a moment suggest that he was taught the vulgar expression used to Mac at the Homes. It is more likely that he picked it up from some weary traveller between Siliguri and the Teesta Bridge, which is a part of the journey, that would try the temper of a saint. A fox terrier called "Chips" was treated differently. He barked and "Cocky" asked him "What's the matter?" He was equally successful in deceiving Mrs. Highet's ayah, when Mr. and Mrs. Highet used to spend week-ends with me at Barrackpore. In Mrs. Highet's silvery voice, he used to call "ayah," two or three times when Mrs. Highet was having a nap, and as the faithful ayah went and woke her mistress to find out what was wanted, there was a certain amount of sultriness about the house on those hot weather afternoons. "Cocky" tried the game on one afternoon when Mrs. Highet was awake, and the ayah was forgiven.

He was at his best one night at the Park chummery, when we had the honour of having Lord Kitchener to dinner. At dinner parties "Cocky" used to climb up the table cloth after dinner, stalk round the table, and stop in front of the guest he liked the look of best. On this occasion his selection was Lord K., and after inspecting His Excellency very carefully, he peered up into his face, and said, "How are you, Old Cock." He and the C.-in-C. were immediately fast friends, and when the latter drove away, "Cocky" perched on my arm shouted "Good-bye, Old Cock. Good-bye, Old Cock. Good-bye old fellow," to the great

delight of the English coachman on the box. I am afraid my "Cocky" was no respecter of persons. After this dinner my chum Dean tried to teach him to say "Kitchener," but, as he was always a familiar bird, he insisted on leaving out the last three letters, and the attempt was abandoned as disrespectful.

His accustomed perch at the park was a curtain overlooking the billard table, and, when he heard or saw two balls go down with a click, he shouted "Fluke." He was on very intimate terms with the crows at Barrackpore, and I have seen him of an early morning on the lawn dancing a fandango to an admiring circle of them. He could sing and whistle the two first lines of the hymn, "For all the Saints," which the Sutherlands called "Cocky's" hymn. He picked it up unknown to me by very often hearing me hum it, and I heard him sing it for the first time to the crows. When in his best form he gave them his whole repertoire, and, when he got tired of them, he charged the lot with his head down, dispersing them, and generally came in to see what I was doing.

But poor "Cocky," who by rights should have far outlived me, was not long for this world, and I was immensely the poorer by the loss of my little friend. An epidemic broke out among the birds at Barrackpore, and he sickened. I brought him into Calcutta and found a good Samaritan to look after him in Mr. A. R. Johnston, the horse importer, who tended him like a child. I used to go and see him every morning, and one Thursday he took notice of me for the first time since he had been taken ill, and, as I was leaving, whispered "Good-bye, Old Cock." Within half-an-hour he was dead, and I have always thought that he knew what was coming, as there was a sob in his voice when he said that last good-bye.

When my old bearer heard of his death, he cried like a child, and insisted that "Cocky" was not a "janwar"* but an "adme,"† and if I were a believer in the transmigration of souls, I would think so too.

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* An animal. † A man.

CONCLUSION.

My " Magnum Opus " being concluded, it only remains for me to thank those kind people who have decorated its pages. Pride of place must be given to my frontispiece, which is a delightful picture of Her Excellency Lady Carmichael, the life and soul of the splendid benevolent organization, for the benefit of which this modest volume has been compiled. In the letterpress I have several times referred to myself as the writer of a book, but I am bound to confess that I feel myself to be more of a showman than an author—a showman who has in effect engaged a company of people of humour and of talent to help him to extract from the pockets of an already generous audience a few more of their surplus rupees. The people of talent are knights of the pencil and the pen, and I feel sure that, before my readers and I say " Good-bye, Old Cock " to one another, they would have me express our mutual gratitude to those who have illustrated my pages, not only to those who have permitted themselves to be illustrated, but to the artists themselves, who have charmed us with their delightful drawings, such as Mr. F. C. Macrae with his many sketches and caricatures, the drawers of the bison sketches and the Calcutta statues, and Mr. A. S. Barrow with his clever interpretation of " How we beat the Favourite."

Some of Mr. Macrae's sketches are to be found in the Bombay Gymkhana album, but the great majority of them have been taken from two old Letts's Diaries of 1882 and 1883, books in which the members of our old Bombay chummery recorded for the information of the butler whether they were dining in or out. Mr. Macrae does little if any drawing nowadays, but in the good old days he used to take up his pencil or pen from day to day, and record the incidents of our daily life, and these are the sketches that are reproduced, and which, like my stories, were done " without ever a dream of their being at any time put into print." Such is the art of the true artist that, no matter how quickly a picture is done, his work remains a joy for ever.

The two old Letts's Diaries have fallen to pieces. They are all tattered and torn, and have been so often re-bound that they cannot be re-bound again, and as the white ant, the fish insect, and the moth, which appear to be able to defy Father Time and Mother Care, have begun their Hunnish ravages on them, many excellent drawings have already been well-nigh destroyed. If "Hotch-Potch and Kedgeree" has done nothing else, it has come out just in time to save from oblivion much valuable and delightful material that would be of interest to any Anglo-Indian, and personally I feel a deep debt of gratitude to my life-long friend, Farquhar Macrae, as well as to our other artists, for the invaluable assistance they have rendered me by their drawings in the production of my first attempt at a book.

I would not like to omit offering my most warm acknowledgments and thanks to some who have taken a very kindly interest in my book, among them Mr. Everard Digby, the Editor of "Indian Ink," and Mr. Fraser Blair of the *Statesman* in its preparation and Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co. and The Calcutta Phototype Co., and their respective staffs in its publication.

To the ladies, who have been kind enough to act as my branch offices, I am more than grateful, and though it is quite unusual that they should be asked to occupy the place relegated to them in this book, I like to think with my fellow-writer, William Shakespeare, that it is often more than pleasant to place "the daintiest last to make the end most sweet."

TO EACH OF MY READERS

"GOODBYE, OLD COCK."