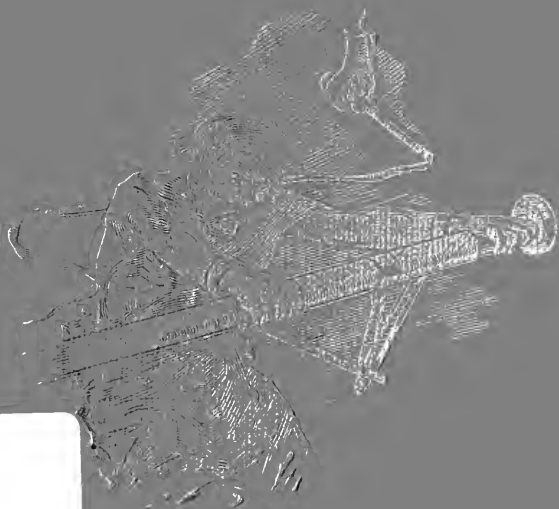


DEPARTMENTAL
DITTIES.....
RUDYARD KIPPLING



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**DEPARTMENTAL
DITTIES. * * ***



FIRST EDITION, 1886.
SECOND EDITION, 1887.
THIRD EDITION, 1888.
FOURTH EDITION, 1889.
FIFTH EDITION, 1890.

SIXTH EDITION, 1891.
SEVENTH EDITION, 1892.
EIGHTH EDITION, 1895.
NINTH EDITION, 1897.
TENTH EDITION, 1898.

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"THEY MADE A HILL OF THEIR TROJICES
HIGH AS A TALL MAN'S CHIN."

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND OTHER

VERSES. TENTH EDITION.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY DUDLEY CLEAVER



LONDON: W. THACKER & CO.,
2, CREED LANE, E.C.

CALCUTTA: THACKER, SPINK
& CO. 1898.

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Publisher's Dedication.



TO

FIELD-MARSHAL

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ROBERTS,

V.C., G.C.B., G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I.

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PRELUDE.

I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas ?

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

**DEPARTMENTAL
DITTIES. * * ***

GENERAL SUMMARY.

WE are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Someone made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist—then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favouritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.
Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
 Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
 On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
 New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning
Is to-day official sinning,
 And shall be for evermore.

ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS.

Old is the song that I sing—
Old as my unpaid bills—
Old as the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring
Men at dâk-bungalows—old as the Hills.

A HASUERUS Jenkins of the "Operatic Own,"
Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-*
Santley tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle
queer;

He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he
had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen
times a day,

He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,
His method of saluting was the joy of all be-
holders,

But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his
shoulders.

He took two months at Simla when the year
was at the spring,
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
He warbled like a *bul-bul*, but particularly at
Cornelia Agrippina who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn,
controlled a Dept.
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-birds
were kept
From April to October on a plump retaining
fee,
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian
Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins
used to play ;
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was
false as they ;
So when the winds of April turned the budding
roses brown,
Cornelia told her husband :—"Tom, you mustn't
send him down."

They haled him from his regiment which didn't
much regret him ;

They found for him an office-stool, and on that
stool they set him.

To play with maps and catalogues three idle
hours a day,

And draw his plump retaining fee — which
means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups
are brought

Ahasuerus waileth o'er the grand pianoforte ;

And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath
waxen great,

And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State.

*STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN
INK.*

This ditty is a string of lies.
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR Gubbins, C. E.,
 Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
 To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
 Is seven years junior to Me;
Each bridge that he makes either buckles or
 breaks,
 And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
 Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him
 your hand,
 Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN INK. 7

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is dear to the Powers that Be ;
For They bow and They smile in an affable
style,
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is certain as certain can be
Of a highly paid post which is claimed by a
host
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well
Commonplace Potiphar G. ?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is
Hadst thou been mated to Me ?



DELILAH.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead
and done
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

DELILAH Aberyswith was a lady—not too
young—
With a perfect taste in dresses and a badly-
bitted tongue,
With a thirst for information, and a greater
thirst for praise,
And a little house in Simla in the Prehistoric
Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in
power,
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the
hour ;
And many little secrets, of a half-official kind,
Were whispered to Delilah and she bore them
all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses
Gunne,
Whose mode of earning money was a low and
shameful one.
He wrote for divers papers which, as every-
body knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off
the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first; and,
later on, he hinted
At the "vastness of her intellect" with com-
pliment unstinted.

He went with her a-riding, and his love for
her was such
That he lent her all his horses and—she galled
them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine finan-
cial sort;
It related to Appointments, to a Man and a
Report.
'Twas almost worth the keeping, [only seven
people knew it]
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and
patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the
wine was red—
Perhaps an Aged Councillor had lost his aged
head—
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—Delilah's
whispers sweet—
The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason
to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love
and flowers;

Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several
hours;

Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped
him dance—

Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his
chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer
air was still,

The couple went a-walking in the shade of
Summer Hill,

The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green
and gold,

Ulysses pleaded softly, and that bad
Delilah told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-im-
portant news;

Next week, the Aged Councillor was shaking in
his shoes;

Next month, I met Delilah and she did not
show the least
Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a
"beast."

.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are
dead and done
Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses
Gunne.

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

This is the reason why Rustum Beg,
Rajah of Kolazai,
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,
Maketh the money to fly,
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly backward
Native State—

Lusted for a C. S. I.—so began to sanitize.

Built a Gaol and Hospital—nearly built a City
drain—

Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler
was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, Depart-
ments stranger still,

Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with
a will,

Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a
future fine

For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western
line.

14 A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Rajah Rustum held his peace ; lowered octroi
dues a half ;

Organized a State Police ; purified the Civil Staff ;
Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way ;
Cut temptations of the flesh — also cut the
Bukhshi's pay ;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
By a Hookum hinting at supervision of *dasturi* ;
Turned the state of Kolazai very nearly upside-
down ;

When the end of May was nigh waited his
achievement crown.

Then the Birthday Honours came. Sad to state
and sad to see,
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more
than *C. I. E. !*

.
Things were lively for a week in the State of
Kolazai,
Even now the people speak of that time regret-
fully.

How he disendowed the Gaol—stopped at once
the City drain ;

Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses
back again ;

Doubled taxes, cesses, all ; cleared away each
new-built *thana* ;

Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb
Zenana ;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and
honours manifold ;

Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his
people as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai ! Never more will Rustom
Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers
the "simpkin" peg.

THE STORY OF URIAH.

“Now there were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor.”

JACK Barrett went to Quetta
Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
On three-fourths his monthly screw
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
He didn't understand
The reason of his transfer
From the pleasant mountain-land:
The season was September,
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta
And there gave up the ghost:
Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If *now* his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man,
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

THE POST THAT FITTED.

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary
was engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called
"my little Carrie."

Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the
other way.

Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight
paltry dibs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty
furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of
Judge Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a
catch,

But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't
make another match.

So they recognized the business and, to feed
and clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something Something some-
where on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him
to marry—

As the artless Sleary put it:—"Just the thing
for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of
a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling
kind.

[Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could
gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste
and lots of lather."]

Frequently in public places his affliction used
to smite

Sleary with distressing vigour—always in the
Boffkins' sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned
his ring,
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all
thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened
holy joy,—
Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ,—
Wired three short words to Carrie—took his
ticket, packed his kit—
Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last,
long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carry Sleary read—and laughed
until she wept—
Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched
epilept."
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs.
Boffkin sits
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's
fits.



DUDLEY CLEAVER /97

"WHEN THEY BEHELD A HELIOGRAPH TEMPESTUOUSLY AT PLAY."

A CODE OF MORALS.

Lest you should think this story true
I merely mention I
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most
Unmitigated misstatement.

NOW Jones had left his new-wed bride to
keep his house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the
Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he
left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the
miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature
made her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the
pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed
her counsel wise—
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's
homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in
scarlet clad and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal
of the old ;
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the
ditty hangs)
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General
Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that
tittupped on the way,
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously
at play.
They thought of Border risings, and of stations
sacked and burnt—
So stopped to take the message down—and this
is what they learnt:—

“Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot”
twice. The General swore.
“Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘dear’
before ?

“ ‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gadzooks
‘My darling popsy-wop!’
“Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that
mountain top?”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded
Staff were still,
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that
message from the hill;
For clear as summer’s lightning flare, the
husband’s warning ran:—
“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs—a
most immoral man.”

[At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed
her counsel wise—
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at
large hath eyes.]
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed
his wife
Some interesting details of the General’s private
life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining
Staff were still,

And red and ever redder grew the General's
shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings
matter not):—

“I think we've tapped a private line. Hi!
Threes about there! Trot!”

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones
thereafter know

By word or act official who read off that helio.;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from
Michni to Mooltan

They know the worthy General as “that most
immoral man.”

PUBLIC WASTE.

Walpole talks of "a man and his price"—
List to a ditty queer—
The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-
Resident-Engineer
Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,
By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

BY the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written
in letters of brass
That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage
the Railways of State,
Because of the gold on his breeks, and the
subjects wherein he must pass;
Because in all matters that deal not with Rail-
ways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had laboured from
boyhood to eld
On the Lines of the East and the West,
eke of the North and South;
Many Lines had he built and surveyed—impor-
tant the posts which he held;
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb
when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies
jettier still—
Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study
and knowledge—
Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he
knew not nor drill—
Nor was his name on the list of the men who
had passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their
little tin souls,
Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no
spurs at his heels,
Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the
Government rolls
For the billet of “Railway Instructor to Little
Tin Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, “having the
honour to state,”
It would be better for all men if he were laid
on the shelf:

Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he
consented to wait
Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for
himself.

“Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law
of the Fifty and Five,
Even to Ninety and Nine”—these were the
terms of the pact:
Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their
Highnesses thrive!)
Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their
Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who
managed the Bhamo State Line,
(The which was one mile and one furlong—a
guaranteed twenty-inch gauge)
So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims
to resign,
And died, on four thousand a month, in the
ninetieth year of his age.

WHAT HAPPENED.

HURREE Chunder Mookerjee, pride of Bow
Bazar,
Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"
Waited on the Government with a claim to
wear
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked
wink,
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and
ink.
They are safer implements, but, if you insist,
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you
list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith
and
Bought the tubes of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean,
and Bland,

Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-
made sword,
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to
please,
Also gave permission to horrid men like these—
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal,
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the
Sikh,
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq—
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo
Took advantage of the act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew
them not,
They procured their swords and guns chiefly on
the spot,
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
Made them slow to disregard one another's
rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts
Said: "The good old days are back—let us go
to war!"

Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road into
Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound
flail,

Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk
jezail,

Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with
glee

As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre, quoit and
mace,

Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its
place,

While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned
and jabbered

Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade
from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who can
say?

Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute,
But the belts of all of them simply bulge with
loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black
and grubby

Sell them for their silver weight to the men of
Pubbi;

And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made
sword are

Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed
Yar

Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazar.
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question land
and sea—

Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't ask
me!

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't,
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.
There may be silver in the “blue-black”—all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

BOANERGES Blitzen, servant of the Queen,
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.
In a luckless moment he discovered men
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued therefore—“I,
With the selfsame weapon, can attain as high.”
Only he did not possess when he made the
trial,
Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L—l.

[Men who spar with Government need, to back
their blows,
Something more than ordinary journalistic
prose.]

Never young Civilian's prospects were so
bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could
write :

Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his
mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold, and black, and
firm,
In that Indian paper—made his seniors squirm,
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless
truth—

Was there ever known a more misguided
youth ?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky
game,
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame :
When the men he wrote of shook their heads
and swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion didn't come to him ;
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his
lot,
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to
win,
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin :
Then it seemed to dawn on him something wasn't
right—
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry ;
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him
by ;
Wondered where the hitch was ; called it most
unfair.

.

That was seven years ago—and he still is there.

PINK DOMINOES.

“They are fools who kiss and tell”—
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball ;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm ;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

[I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth ;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.]

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;
And I had embraced an alien waist—
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big Political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her
head,
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J. in the kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry*?



MUNICIPAL.

“Why is my District death-rate low?”

Said Binks of Hezabad.

“Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

“My own peculiar fad.

“I learnt a lesson once. It ran

“Thus,” quoth that most veracious man:—

IT was an August evening and, in snowy garments clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad ;
When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not
like at all,

A Commissariat elephant careering down the
Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind
it rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly
gone *musth*.

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well
get down,

So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for
the town.

The buggy was a new one and, praise Dykes, it
stood the strain,
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the
City Drain ;
And the next that I remember was a hurricane
of squeals,
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-
foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, dis-
traught with fear,
To the Main Drain sewage outfall while he
snorted in my ear—
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely and, in
darkness and despair,
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-
stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried to
crawl a little higher—
Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked,
some eight feet up, with mire ;

And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very
marrow froze,
While the trunk was feeling blindly for a purchase
on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was
turning grey
Before they called the drivers up and dragged
the brute away.
Then I sought the City Elders, and my words
were very plain.
They flushed that four-foot drain-head and—it
never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the
sun-for-garbage cure,
Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly
up a sewer.
I believe in well-flushed culverts.

 This is why the death-rate's small;
And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred*
yourself. That's all.

' *THE LAST DEPARTMENT.*

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?

“**N**ONE whole or clean,” we cry, “or free
from stain

Of favour.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department where nor fraud nor
fools,

Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favour, or Affection—what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease;”

When leave, long over-due, none can deny;
When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,
 Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
 No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,
 Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
 As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;
 And One who wrote on phosphates for the crops
 Is subject-matter of his own Report.

[These be the glorious ends whereto we pass—
 Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;
 And He shall see the *mallee* steals the slab
 For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.]

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
 A draught of water, or a horse's fright—
 The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
 Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For you or Me. Do those who live decline
 The step that offers, or their work resign?

Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
 Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

**OTHER
VERSES.**



MY RIVAL.

I GO to concert, party, ball—
 What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
 And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
 They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
 And she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
 My colour comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
 And sometimes to my nose.

But She is white where white should be
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish *I* had Her constant cheek :
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very *gauche* and very shy,
Her jokes aren't in my line ;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet.
They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels—
None ever walk by mine ;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,
 (She calls them "boys" and "mashers")
I trot along the Mall alone;
 My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme-card,
 And vainly I repine
From ten to two A.M. Ah me!
 Would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
 And "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know,
 She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
 "Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
 Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
 And end Her dancing days,
She can't go on for ever so
 At concerts, balls, and plays.

One ray of priceless hope I see
 Before my footsteps shine ;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one
 When I am forty-nine.

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty ;
my soul going out from afar ?
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty
and cautious *shikar* ?

Have I met you and passed you already, un-
knowing, unthinking and blind ?
Shall I meet you next session at Simla, oh
sweetest and best of your kind ?

Does the P. and O. bear you to meward, or,
clad in short frocks in the West,
Are you growing the charms that shall capture
and torture the heart in my breast ?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—
my passion as warm as the day ?
Will you bring me to book on the Mountains,
or where the thermantidotes play ?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid
the mean lesser lights I pursue,
And the charm of your presence shall lure me
from love of the gay "thirteen-two;"

When the peg and the pigskin shall please not;
when I buy me Calcutta-built clothes;
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; for-
swearing the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I
turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;
When the days of my freedom are numbered,
and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess! child, spinster, or widow—as of
old on Mars Hill when they raised
To the God that they knew not an altar—so I,
a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if
half that men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore the
verses are written to you.

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN.

[Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

NOW the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;
So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,
Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-fold—
By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?

And then, and then, We wandered to the Hills,
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,
The Items of Receipt grow surely small;
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?

Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they
please,
Or Statemen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—

Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your Pain

To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said,
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires Her Head,
And jibes and mocks the People in the Street,
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve's daughters—She
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be
Destruction Brethren, of your Bounty
grant
Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*.

PAGETT, M.P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar
therewith,—

He spoke of the heat of India as the “Asian
Solar Myth;”

Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the
East,” in November.

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to
stay till September.

March came in with the *köil*. Pagett was cool
and gay,

Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked of my
“princely pay,”

March went out with the roses. “Where is
your heat?” said he.

“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!” said
Pagett, M.P.



PAGETT WAS DEAR TO MOSQUITOES,
SANDFLIES FOUND HIM A TREAT.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and
prickly-heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found
him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I
grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal
way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went
down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one
by one.

Imprimis—ten days' "liver"—due to his drink-
ing beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it
severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*
Bursat—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to
depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin" or "bloated,"
or "overpaid,"
But seemed to think it a wonder that anyone
ever stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill
with fear,
Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that
life was dear.
He babbled of "eastern exile," and mentioned
his home with tears;
But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon
seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the
Court at noon,
[I've mentioned Pagett was portly] Pagett went
off in a swoon.
That was an end to the business; Pagett, the
perjured, fled
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but
the mirth died out on my lips
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write
of their "Eastern trips,"
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly
misgovern the land,
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another
one into my hand.

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tara Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall ;

Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bed-room—
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—
Though I said:—"To give my head room
"You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
Though I told the grave M.D.
That the treatment really needed
Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens
 Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
 Wheel and thunder back again ;
And when all was peace and order
 Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
 Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,
 When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice dictating
 An interminable sum,
Changing to a tangled story—
 “ What she said you said I said—”
Till the Moon arose in glory,
 And I found her in my head ;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
 And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
 Back the moonlight from the skies ;

So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge, black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place ;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar ;
And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid,
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

EYES of grey—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right ;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern Sky !
Stars that sweep, and wheel, and fly.
Hear the Lovers' Litany:—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
 Split and parched with heat of June.
 Flying hoof and tightened rein,
 Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,
 Frame we now the old reply
 Of the Lovers' Litany:—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
 Silvered with the moonlight hoar ;
 Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
 Dies and echoes round Benmore.

“ Mabel,” “ Officers,” “ Good-bye,”
 Glamour, wine, and witchery—
 On my soul's sincerity,
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Maidens, of your charity,
 Pity my most luckless state.
 Four times Cupid's debtor I—
 Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany :—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

“Saint Prazed’s ever was the Church for peace.”

IF down here I chance to die,
Solemnly I beg you take
All that is left of “I”
To the Hills for old sake’s sake.
Pack me very thoroughly
In the ice that used to slake
Pegs I drank when I was dry—
This observe for old sake’s sake.

To the railway station hie,
There a single ticket take
For Umballa—goods-train—I
Shall not mind delay or shake.
I shall rest contentedly
Spite of clamour coolies make;
Thus in state and dignity
Send me up for old sake’s sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four."
Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more
As they used to do of yore.
I shall need a "special" break—
Thing I never took before—
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make
No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back-seat take,
In a tonga I might spin,—
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.
Recollect a Padre must
Mourn the dear departed one—
Throw the ashes and the dust.

Don't go down at once. I trust
You will find excuse to "snake
Three days' casual on the bust,"—
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

[*Foot-service to the Hills.*]

IN the name of the Empress of India, make
way,

O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
The woods are astir at the close of the day—

We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland
Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the
hill—

The bags on his back and a cloth round his
chin,

And, tucked in his waistbelt, the Post Office
bill;—

“Despatched on this date, as received by the
rail,

“*Per* runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry "halt"? What are tempests to him?

The service admits not a "but" or an "if."

While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,

From level to upland, from upland to crest,

From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,

Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown chest.

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—

Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hill-side, a dot on the road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below—

There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—

The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.

For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:—

“In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!”



DIVIDED DESTINIES.

IT was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon
a pine,
And much I wondered how he lived, and where
the beast might dine,
And many many other things, till, o'er my
morning smoke,
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that
Bandar spoke.

He said:—"Oh man of many clothes! Sad
crawler on the Hills!

"Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor
Ranken's monthly bills!

"I take no heed to trousers or the coats that
you call dress;

"Nor am I plagued with little cards for little
drinks at Mess.

“I steal the bunnia’s grain at morn, at noon
and eventide,

“(For he is fat and I am spare) I roam the
mountain side,

“I follow no man’s carriage, and no, never in
my life

“Have I flirted at Peliti’s with another *Bandar’s*
wife.

“Oh man of futile fopperies — unnecessary
wraps;

“I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-
wheeled traps.

“I buy me not twelve-button gloves, ‘short-
sixes’ eke, or rings,

“Nor do I waste at Hamilton’s my wealth on
‘pretty things.’

“I quarrel with my wife at home, we never
fight abroad;

“But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her
only lord. , , ,

“I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts
depress my soul ;

“And I pity and despise you !” Here he
pouched my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy and his face was very
red,

And ever and anon he scratched with energy
his head.

His manners were not always nice, but how my
spirit cried

To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the moun-
tain side !

So I answered :—“Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrut-
able Decree,

“Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me
a wretched Me.

“Go ! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home
amid the pine ;

“Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change
his lot with thine.”

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

ARGUMENT.—The Indian Government being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to enquire into it; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to piano-forte accompaniment:—*

“How sweet is the shepherd’s sweet life!
From the dawn to the even he strays—
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

(adagio dim.) Fillèd with praise!”

(largendo con sp.) Now this is the position,
Go make an inquisition
Into their real condition
As swiftly as ye may.

(p) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
 The richest of vermilion
 Ere two well-led cotillions
 Have danced themselves away.

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Himalayas* :—

What is the state of the Nation? What is its
 occupation?

Hi! get along, get along, get along—lend us
 the information!

(*dim.*) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture a
 first-class Babu,

Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(*ff*) What is the state of the Nation,
 &c., &c.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in Particular, to stringed
 and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—

The earth is iron and the skies are brass—

And faint with fervour of the flaming air

The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—

The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
And belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—

Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the Gods shall
bring
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-
bank?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings
Waving high,
Where the tall corn springs
O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,
 If they ripen we are fed.
 Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators, attired after the manner of Dionysus, leading a pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves, symbolical of India under medical treatment. They sing :—

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the
 proof of our manifold toil!

In their hosts they assembled and told it—the
 tale of the sons of the soil.

We have said of the Sickness—“Where is it?”
 —and of Death—“It is far from our
 ken,”—

We have paid a particular visit to the affluent
 children of men.

We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—
 we have stooped to the bield and the byre;
 And the King may the forces of Hell curb for
 the People have all they desire!

Castanets and step-dance :

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and
the *thag*,

And the *nat* and the *brinjaree*,

And the *bunniã* and the *ryot* are as happy and
as quiet

And as plump as they can be!

Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted
hut,

And the bounding *bazugar*,

By the favour of the King, are as fat as any-
thing,

They are—they are—they are!

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with white
satin wings and electroplated harp :—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace
reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unani-
mously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as
 others in natural advantages, which, after
 all, was only to be expected,
 Proud and glad are we to congratulate you
 upon the work you have thus ably effected.
 (*Cres.*) How be-ewtiful upon the mountains!

HIRED BAND, *brasses only, full chorus* :—

God bless the Squire
 And all his rich relations
 Who teach us poor people
 We eat our proper rations—
 We eat our proper rations,
 In spite of inundations,
 Malarial exhalations,
 And casual starvations,
 We have, we have, they say we have—
 We *have* our proper rations!

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny!
 If he does he tells a lie—

We are all as willing as Barkis—
We all of us loves the Markiss—
We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—
With food until we die! (*da capo*).

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALLIZED FACTS.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the rule of the State
Men with a pair of shears,
Men with an Estimate—
Strachey with Muir for leaven,
Lytton with locks that fell,
Ripon fooling with Heaven,
And Temple riding like H—ll!
And the bigots took in hand
Cess and the falling of rain,
And the measure of sifted sand
The dealer puts in the grain—
Imports by land and sea,
To uttermost decimal worth,
And registration—free—
In the houses of death and of birth:

And fashioned with pens and paper,
And fashioned in black and white,
With Life for a flickering taper
And Death for a blazing light—
With the Armed and the Civil Power,
That his strength might endure for a span,
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,
They gathered as unto rule,
They bade him starve the priest
And send his children to school.
Railways and roads they wrought,
For the needs of the soil within ;
A time to squabble in court,
A time to bear and to grin.
And gave him peace in his ways,
Jails—and Police to fight,
Justice at length of days,
And Right—and Might in the Right.
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,
On his kine he borrows yet,

At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop.

THE MARE'S NEST.

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
Was good beyond all earthly need ;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
The little fact a secret, and,
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,
Jane Austen did not understand
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good she made him worse ;
(Some women are like this, I think)
He taught her parrot how to curse,
Her Assam monkey how to drink.

He vexed her righteous soul until
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her—now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain
To open it. Jane Austen read:—
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.
"Can't understand why she is kept
"At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire,
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more
Sent off that letter, wrote another
To her solicitor—and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error and, I trust, his own,
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And travelled wifeward—not alone.
For Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two—
With many kisses. Austen Jane
Rode Lilly all the season through,
And never opened wires again.
She races now with Belial. This
Is very sad, but so it is.



DUBLIN CLEVER/97

"TO EAT THE BREAD OF INFAMY AND TAKE THE WAGE OF SHAME."

*THE BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING-
HOUSE.*

That night, when through the mooring-chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgerree,
The tale the Hughli told the shoal
The lean shoal told to me.

'TWAS Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississip to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked,
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead,
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
 Of shame and lust and fraud,
 They backed their toughest statements with
 The Brimstone of the Lord,
 And crackling oaths went to and fro
 Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
 Who carried on his hairy chest
 The maid Ultruda's charm—
 The little silver crucifix
 That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
 And Pamba the Malay,
 And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
 And Luz from Vigo Bay,
 And Honest Jack who sold them slops
 And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
 A lean Bostonian he—

Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
 Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
 At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,
 Collinga knew her fame,
 From Tarnau in Galicia
 To Jaun Bazar she came,
 To eat the bread of infamy
 And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—
 Rich spoil of war was hers,
 In hose and gown and ring and chain,
 From twenty mariners,
 And, by Port Law, that week, men called
 Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt—what landsmen know—
 That neither gifts nor gain
 Can hold a winking Light o' Love
 Or Fancy's flight restrain,

When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
 On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
 From Howrah to the Bay,
 And he may die before the dawn
 Who liquored out the day,
 In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
 And laughter shook the chest beneath
 The maid Ultruda's charm—
 The little silver crucifix
 That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker
 "You was his girl, I know.
 "I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
 "Und round the Skaw we go,
 "South, down the Cattedgat, by Hjelm,
 "To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate

All ill betide the man.

“You speak to Salem Hardieker”—

She spoke as woman can.

A scream—a sob—“He called me—names!”

And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,

A shriek upon the stairs,

A dance of shadows on the wall,

A knife-thrust unawares—

And Hans came down, as cattle drop,

Across the broken chairs.

* * * *

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands

The weary head fell low:—

“I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight

“For Besser in Saro;

“Und there Ultruda comes to me

“At Easter, und I go

“South, down the Cattegat—What's here?

“There—are—no—lights—to—guide!”

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,
And Anne of Austria cried
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

POSSIBILITIES.

AY, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—
A fortnight fully to be missed,
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
Our mundane revel on the height,
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
With lighted rooms and braying band;
And he shall hear and understand
“*Dream Faces*” better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee
 Across Sanjaolie after rain,
 His soul may climb the hill again
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,
 The strong man's yearning to his kind
 Shall shake at most the window-blind,
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,
 His Light o' Love another's flame,
 His dearest pony galloped lame,
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
 Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
 Among us when "*God save the Queen*"
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,
 And, when at four the lights expire,
 The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath.

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER.

A GREAT and glorious thing it is
To learn, for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear:—"All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in "villainous saltpetre!"
And after—ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,
 No formulæ the text-books know,
 Will turn the bullet from your coat,
 Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.
 Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who can—
 The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
 Will pay for all the school expenses
 Of any Kurrum Valley scamp
 Who knows no word or moods and tenses,
 But, being blessed with perfect sight,
 Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hill-sides teem,
 The troop-ships bring us one by one,
 At vast expense of time and steam,
 To slay Afridis where they run.
 The "captives of our bow and spear"
 Are cheap alas! as we are dear.

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women
of India.)

HOW shall she know the worship we would
do her?

The walls are high and she is very far.

How shall the women's message reach unto her
Above the tumult of the packed bazar?

Free wind of March, against the lattice
blowing,

Bear thou our thanks lest she depart
unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,

Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city

To whatsoever fair place she hath her home in,

Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.

Out of our shadow pass and seek her
singing—

“I have no gifts but Love alone for
bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after years;
For we have seen the light and it were
grievous
To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebb'd with none to staunch the
failing,
By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,
When Love in Ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;
By all the grey owl watched, the pale
moon viewed,
In past grim years declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favour in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred
not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;

By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven
above her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled
his sword;
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be
nought.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee
speed,
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of
kings,
Who have been helpen by her in their need.
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and
the wheat
Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no
rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,
Of those in darkness by her hand set free,
Then very softly to her presence move,
And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and
love!"



THE BETROTHED.

“You must choose between me and your cigar.”

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and
Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o’er
a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I
am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a
space ;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on
Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving
lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the
truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a
Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe
and brown—
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o'
the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—grey and dour and
old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for
love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been the
dark of the Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to
keep in your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' it's
charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a
while—
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought
with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a
string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true
and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a
rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time
of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere
my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in
return,
With only a *Suttce s* passion—to do their duty
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are
spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants
instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the
Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send
me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food
for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best Vanilla, with tea
will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who
read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
twelvemonth clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of
seven year;

And the gloom of my bacehlor days is flecked
with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and
Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-
o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey or
leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I
follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should
abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good
cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I hold to my first-
sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no
Maggie for Spouse!

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

ONE moment bid the horses wait,
Since tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and strait
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—
A headless, harmless armoury
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait
Through Time and to Eternity!
Ah Heaven! we would conquer Fate
With more than Godlike constancy!
I cut the date upon a tree—
Here stands the clumsy figures still:—
“10-7-85, A.D.”
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,
And until Death fidelity?
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?
Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?
No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see
To-night what names your programme fill—
We drift asunder merrily,
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state
Has clean departed; and we see
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
That bound light bonds on you and me.
Amen! Here ends the comedy
Where it began in all good will
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS.

Too late, alas! the song
To remedy the wrong;—
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for
their fate
But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas!
too late!

“WHAT have *we* ever done to bear this
grudge?”

Was there no room save only in Benmore
For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,
That you usurp our smoothest dancing floor?
Must *babus* do their work on polished teak?
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?
Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;
And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.

To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles—

That beamed upon us through the deodars—
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights—

Nay! by the witchery of flying feet—

Nay! by the glamour of fordone delights—

By all things merry, musical, and meet—

By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes—

By wailing waltz — by reckless gallop's
strain—

By dim verandahs and by soft replies,

Give us our ravished ball-room back again

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you!

The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your
brain,

And murmurs of past merriment pursue

Your 'wilder'd clerks that they indite in
vain;

And when you count your poor Provincial mil-
lions,

The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillons
Danced out in tumult long before you
came.

Yea! "*Sec Saw*" shall upset your estimates,
"*Dream-faces*" shall your heavy heads
bemuse.

Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandahs, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment—
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish
naught.

And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.

Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be spoken,
Cast out your swarthy, sacrilegious train,
And give—ere dancing cease and hearts be
broken—
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

“AS THE BELL CLINKS.”

AS I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision
of a comely

Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched
with fervour from afar ;

And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid
would greet me kindly.

That was all—the rest was settled by the clink-
ing tonga-bar.

Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga
coupling-bar.

For my misty meditation, at the second chang-
ing station,

Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tune-
less jar

Of a Wagner *obbligato*, *scherzo*, double-hand
staccato,

Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking
tonga-bar—

Played with human speech, I fancied, by the
jigging, jolting bar.

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but
'twere surely wild unreason

“Such a tiny hope to freeze on as was offered
by my Star,

“When she whispered, something sadly:—‘I—
we feel your going badly!’”

“*And you let the chance escape you?*” rapped the
rattling tonga-bar.

“*What a chance and what an idiot!*” clicked the
vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—Oh heart of putty! Had I gone
by Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and rutty, I had 'scaped
that fatal car,

But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched
the milestones slide by.

To—" *You call on Her to-morrow !*"—fugue with
cymbals by the bar—

" *You must call on Her to-morrow !*"—post-horn
gallop by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were
whirling down to Solon,

With a double lurch and roll on, best foot fore-
most, *ganz und gar*—

"She was *very* sweet," I hinted. "If a kiss
had been imprinted——?"

" *Would ha' saved a world of trouble !*" clashed
the busy tonga-bar.

" *'Been accepted or rejected !*" banged and clanged
the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the income
tax's paring

And a hasty thought of sharing—less than
many incomes are

Made me put a question private, you can guess
what I would drive at.

“*You must work the sum to prove it,*” clanked the careless tonga-bar.

“*Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*” lilted back the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—“Suppose the maid be haughty—

“[There are lovers rich—and forty] wait some wealthy Avatar?

“Answer, monitor untiring, ’twixt the ponies twain perspiring!”

“*Faint heart never won fair lady,*” creaked the straining tonga-bar.

“*Can I tell you ere you ask Her?*” pounded slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights of Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.
As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart it tingled—

Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-bar:—

“*Try your luck—you can’t do better!*” twanged the loosened tonga-bar.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is
saffron-yellow—

As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling
to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day, is
born.

Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh
the stench in the byway!

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over
earth!

And at Home they're making merry 'neath
the white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their
mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue
and staring—

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,



"AND AT HOME THEY'RE MAKING MERRY
'NEATH THE WHITE AND SCARLET BERRY—"

And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is
past all hope or caring,
To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a
brother lowly—
Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps,
your voice!
With our hymnbooks and our psalters we
appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid “good Christian men
rejoice!”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is
hot above us—
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking
wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those
who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh
the *heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien
Plain!

Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fulness of our
gain.

Grey dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots
fly together—

As the Sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in
a lifelong tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she
in ancient, tattered raiment—

India, she the grim Stepmother of our
kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's
shrine we enter,

The door is shut—we may not look
behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls
begin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and
bray.

With the fruitless years behind us and the
hopeless years before us.

Let us honour, oh my brothers, Christmas
Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labours—let us
feast with friends and neighbours,
And be merry as the custom of our
caste;

For, if “faint and forced the laughter,”
and if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas
past.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD.

T*HERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son ;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,
Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,
 A blanket over his face—
 They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
 The men of an alien race—
 They made a *samádh* in his honour,
 A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
 They swore by the salt they ate,
 That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
 Should go to his God in state;
 With fifty file of Burman
 To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
 Marched till the break of day,
 Till they came to the rebel village,
 The village of Pabengmay—
 A *jingal* covered the clearing,
 Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
 Bidding them load with ball,

Halted a dozen rifles
 Under the village wall ;
 Sent out a flanking-party
 With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
 Shouted and smote and slew,
 Turning the grinning *jingal*
 On to the howling crew.
 The Jemadar's flanking-party
 Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
 Long was the list of slain,
 Five score heads were taken
 Five score heads and twain ;
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket
 Red as his palms that day,
 Red as the blazing village—
 The village of Pabengmay.
 And the "*drip-drip-drip*" from the baskets
 Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
 High as a tall man's chin,
 Head upon head distorted,
 Set in a sightless grin,
 Anger and pain and terror
 Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
 Put the head of the Boh
 On the top of the mound of triumph
 The head of his son below,
 With the sword and the peacock-banner
 That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samádh* was perfect,
 Thus was the lesson plain
 Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
 The price of a white man slain;
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
 A hush fell over the shore,

And Bohs that were brave departed,
And Sniders squibbed no more ;
For the Burmans said
That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son ;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.*

AN OLD SONG.

SO long as 'neath the Kalka hills

The tonga-horn shall ring,

So long as down the Solon dip

The hard-held ponies swing,

So long as Tara Devi sees

The lights o' Simla town,

So long as Pleasure calls us up,

And duty drives us down,

If you love me as I love you

What pair so happy as we two?

So long as Aces take the King,

Or backers take the bet,

So long as debt leads men to wed;

Or marriage leads to debt,

So long as little luncheons, Love,

And scandal hold their vogue,

While there is sport at Annandale

Or whiskey at Jutogh,

If you love me as I love you

What knife can cut our love in two?

So long as down the rocking floor
The raving polka spins,
So long as Kitchen Lancers spur
The maddened violins,
So long as through the whirling smoke
We hear the oft-told tale:—
“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”
And *Whats hername* for sale?
If you love me as I love you
We'll play the game and win it too.

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt
Straight riders from the course,
So long as with each drink we pour
Black brewage of Remorse,
So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed,
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head,
If you love me as I love you
What can Life kill or Death undo?

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance
 Chills best and bravest blood
And drops the reckless rider down
 The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*,
So long as rumours from the North
 Make loving wives afraid,
So long as Burma takes the boy
 And typhoid kills the maid,
 If you love me as I love you
 What knife can cut our love in two?

By all that lights our daily life
 Or works our lifelong woe,
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs
 And those grim glades below,
Where heedless of the flying hoof
 And clamour overhead,
Sleep, with the grey langur for guard
 Our very scornful Dead,
 If you love me as I love you
 All Earth is servant to us two!

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,

If you love me as I love you

What pair so happy as we two?

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

1

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the
packed *serai*,
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and
pace ere he buy?
If She be pleasant to look on, what does the
Young Man say?
“Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to
me to-day!”

2

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted
Jehannum
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty
per cent. per annum.

3

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart
is vext,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in
the pain of the next.

4

The temper of chums, the love of your wife,
 and a new piano's tune—
 Which of the three will you trust at the end
 of an Indian June ?

5

Who are the rulers of Ind— to whom shall
 we bow the knee ?
 Make your peace with the women, and men
 will make you L. G.

6

Does the woodpecker flit round the young
ferash ? Does grass clothe a new-built
 wall ?
 Is she under thirty the woman who holds a
 boy in her thrall ?

7

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it
 all for thee ?
 The blackbuck is stalked through the bullock,
 and Man through jealousy.

8

Seek not for favour of women. So shall you
find it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're
lighting a weed?

9

If He play, being young and unskilful, for
shekels of silver and gold,

Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The
kid was ordained to be sold.

10

With a "weed" among men or horses verily
this is the best,

That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly
—but give him no rest.

11

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the
manners and carriage;

But the colt who is wise will abstain from the
terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

12

As the thriftless gold of the *babul* so is the
gold that we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbour's wife, or
the horse that we buy from a friend.

13

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet
simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when sell-
ing or racing that same.

14

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant
Her smile when ye meet.
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile
thus on the waves at their feet.
In public Her face is averted, with anger She
nameth thy name.
It is well. Was there ever a loser content
with the loss of the game?

15

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips
are sealed,

And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by
whom is the secret revealed.

If She have written a letter, delay not an
instant but burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her
mate shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of
the blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive
to hear.

16

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly
bid thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get
out! She has been there before.

They are pecked on the ear and the chin and
the nose who are lacking in lore.

17

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-
slide is scarred on the course.

Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth
for ever Remorse.

18

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron
shall say, or the Maid:—

“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou
nowise afraid.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of
the Fowler displayed.

19

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of
thy knees in my pain,

Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one
day or one hour—refrain.

Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou
cravest another man's chain?

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS.

BENEATH the deep verandah's shade,
 When bats begin to fly,
I sit me down and watch—alas
 Another evening die.
Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*
 She rises through the haze.
Sainted Diana! can that be
 The Moon of Other Days!

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,
 Sweet Saint of Kensington!
Say, was it ever thus at Home
 The Moon of August shone,
When arm in arm we wandered long
 Through Putney's evening haze,
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath
 The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sutlej now,
And Putney's evening haze
The dust that half a hundred kine
Before my window raise.

Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist
The seething city looms,
In place of Putney's golden gorse
The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust
And bid the pie-dog yell,
Draw from the drain its typhoid germ,
From each bazar its smell ;
Yea, suck the fever from the tank
And sap my strength therewith :
Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face
To little Kitty Smith !



THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—

'Twixt the first an' the second rub—
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
An' syne we thocht him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,

That held the Spade its Ace—

“God save the lad! Whence comes the licht

“That wimples on his face?”

An’ Jock he sniggered, an’ Jock he smiled,

An’ over the card-brim wunk:—

“I’m a’ too fresh fra’ the stirrup-peg,

“May be that I am drunk.”

“There’s whusky brewed in Galashiels,

“An’ L. L. L. forbye;

“But never liquor lit the low

“That keeks fra’ oot your eye.

“There’s a thrid o’ hair on your dress-coat
breast,

“Aboon the heart a wee?”

“Oh! that is fra’ the lang-haired Skye

“That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts,

“An’ terrier dogs are fair,

“But never yet was terrier born,

“Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair!

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
 “Below the left lappel?”

“Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
 “Whenas the stump-end fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,
 “For ye are short o’ cash.

“An’ best Havannahs couldna leave,
 “Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
 “An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—
 “Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,
 “An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

“Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!
 “But plainly we can ken
 “Ye’re fallin’, fallin’, fra’ the band
 “O’ cantie single men!”

An’ it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,
 An’ the nights were lang and mirk,
 In braw new breeks, wi’ a gowden ring,
 Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

[JUNE 21ST, 1887.]

BY the well, where the bullocks go
 Silent and blind and slow—
By the field, where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—
“My God hath given me years,
“Hath granted dominion and power:
“And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.”

And the Ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith:—“The wheat is my care,
“And the rest is the will of God.

“He sent the Mahratta spear
“As He sendeth the rain,
“And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,
“Broke the spear in twain,
“And was broken in turn. Who knows
“How our Lords make strife?
“It is good that the young wheat grows,
“For the bread is Life.”

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,
 Hissed up to the scornful dark
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,
That rose and faded, and rose anew,
 That the Land might wonder and mark.
“To-day is a day of days,” they said,
“Make merry, O People, all!”
And the Ploughman listened and bowed his
 head:—
“To-day and to-morrow God’s will,” he said,
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

“He sendeth us years that are good,
“As He sendeth the dearth.

“He giveth to each man his food,
“Or Her food to the Earth.
“Our Kings and our Queens are afar—
“On their peoples be peace—
“God bringeth the rain to the Bar,
“That our cattle increase.”

And the Ploughman settled the share
More deep in the sun-dried clod:—
“Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,
“And White Queen over the Seas—
“God raiseth them up and driveth them forth
“As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the
breeze;
‘But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,
“And the rest is the will of God.”

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.

“To-tschin-shu is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?”—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the
Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind this grim reproof beats:—
“Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming.
Who's the next?

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go—men
Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway,
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half
the Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk,
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that business-like black crimping of your
tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,
Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the
glass,

Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,
See old age at last o'erpower you,
And the Station Pack devour you,
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, jibe, and quest, I've
Still the hideously suggestive
Trot that hammers out the grim and warning
text,

And I hear it hard behind me
In what place so'er I find me:—

“Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the
next?”

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

LORD DUFFERIN TO LORD LANSDOWNE:—

SO here's your Empire. No more wine, then?
Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars* away.
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the
knife—

He keeps the Name Book, talks in English, too,
And almost thinks himself the Government.)

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're
so young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.

I wonder can I help you. Let me try.

You saw—what did you see from Bombay east?
Enough to frighten any one but me?

Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!

You shouldn't take a man from Canada

And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;
Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah!
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,
My Reputation now full-blown—Your fault—
Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is
led—

One reads so much, one hears so little here.
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome.
Or books—the refuge of the destitute.
When you . . . that brings me back to India.
See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my
turn.

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your
East,

And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike

At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
(It's chalk on granite) then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months
of drouth

Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
The specks that might have gathered on my
Name.

I took a country twice the size of France,
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.
I stand by those. You'll find that both will
pay,

I pledged my Name on both—they're yours to-
night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough for
two.

I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
Men there—*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te
knows—

You'll find it in my papers. For the North
Guns always—quietly—but always guns.

You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to
rule,

And prize their Reputations. Have you met
 A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
 And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
 He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip
 And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.
 They look for nothing from the West but
 Death

Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.
 They fight

Until the middle classes take them back,
 One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.
 Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?
 Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,
 But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
 And end by writing letters to the *Times*.
 (Shall *I* write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn
 With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)
 They have their Reputations. Look to one—
 I work with him—the smallest of them all,
 White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging
 horse

Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
 And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,

But while he dreams gives work we cannot
buy;

He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
Hates cats and knows his business: *which is
yours.*

Your business! Twice a hundred million
souls.

Your business! I could tell you what I did
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives
God knows to what new reef the man at the
wheel

Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again—that's
worse

Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and
bowed

To show the others I would stop and speak.

Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-breadth
each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname

Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet
thoul!

“How could they make him carry such a load!”

I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—

More than the mule that minute—smoke and
flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.

You're younger. You'll dream dreams before
you've done.

You've youth, that's one—good workmen—that
means two

Fair chances in your favour. Fate's the third.

I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, “Preach”?

I answer by my past or else go back

To platitudes of rule—or take you thus

In confidence and say:—“You know the trick:

“You've governed Canada. You know. *You*
know!”

And all the while commend you to Fate's hand

(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),
Commend you, then, to something more than
you—

The Other People's blunders and . . . that's all.
I'd agonize to serve you if I could.

It's incommunicable, like the cast
That drops the tackle with the gut adry.
Too much—too little—there's your salmon lost!
And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,
And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're
young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that
lives!

A country twice the size of France—the North
Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest
And better if you can. The Rains may serve,

Rupees may rise—three pence will give you
Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence—If they rise
Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or thought?
I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove
The full extent of time and thought you'll
spare

To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
How little Begums see the light—deduce
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.
It's interesting, curious and vile.

I told the Turk he was a gentleman.

I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.

The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've
reached the end.

The End! God help you, if there be a God.

(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul
In that new land where all the wires are cut,
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)

God help you! And I'd help you if I could,
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was
crude.

Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.

(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health)
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.
And, after all, the middle-classes grip
The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's
Court.

Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the
Times—

A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter—then a war;
The Strand abellow through the fog:—"Defeat!"
"Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!
I wonder now. The four years slide away
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
R—y, C—lv-n, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,
Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and
trains,

(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,

Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
 White snows that mocked me, palaces—with
 draughts,
 And W-stl-nd with the drafts he couldn't pay,
 Poor W-ls-n reading his obituary
 Before he died, and H-pe, the man with bones,
 And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh
 At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"
 Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky:—"Bát my
 lahd."

Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates
 Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,
 A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
 And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,
 (I can't remember half their names) or reined
 My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
 More trains, more troops, more dust. and then
 all's done.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget
 How will *they* bear me in their minds? The
 North

Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),
 A country twice the size of France annexed.

That stays at least. The rest may pass—may
pass—

Your heritage—and I can teach you naught.

“High trust,” “vast honour,” “interests twice
as vast,”

“Due reverence to your Council”—keep to
those.

I envy you the twenty years you’ve gained,

But not the five to follow. What’s that? One!

Two!—Surely not so late. Good-night. *Don’t*
dream.



DUDLEY CLEAVER/97

"AS WE GRIPED THE KICKING SWEEP-HEAD AND WE MADE THAT GALLEY GO."

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

OH gallant was our galley from her carven
steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of
hammered steel ;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped
for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley
could compare !

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our
masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the
hold ;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black
shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we
made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled
now and then—

If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we
fought and loved like men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we
snatched a minute's bliss,

And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the
lovers' kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us
in the dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we
heaved them to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the
galley sped

We had only time to envy, for we could not
mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-
bit gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head but the masters
of the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she
plunged and yawed and sheered,
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there any-
thing we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a
wilder never blew;
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched
the galley struggle through.
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,
Sorrow, Parting, Death?
Nay, our very babes would mock you had they
time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another
takes my place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it
stand a little space.
I am free—to watch my messmates beating out
to open main
Free of all that Life can offer — save to
handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall
of clinging steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the
scars that never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the
sun-wash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service—would that
service still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe
the years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the
rollers of the North.
When the niggers break the hatches and the
decks are gay with gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing
on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-
gun, or rocket-flare,
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will
find her servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts
of years gone by,
To the bench that broke their manhood, they
shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid,
deserted, shipped away—
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the
tale that day,
When the skies are black above them, and the
decks ablaze beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their
clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and
leave to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I
take awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse
her service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have
lived and toiled with Men!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

WHERE the sober-coloured cultivator smiles
 On his *byles*;
Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow
 Come and go;
Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,
 Hides and *ghi*;
Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints
 In his prints;
Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed
 away
 Near a Bay—
By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer
 Made impure,
By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the
 swamp
 Moist and damp;
And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,
 Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came

Meek and tame.

Where his timid foot first halted, there he
stayed,

Till mere trade

Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
South and North.

Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon
Was his own.

Thus the mid-day halt of Charnock—more's the
pity!

Grew a City.

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,
So it spread—

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built
On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—
Side by side;

And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea,
Turned to flee—

Fled, with each returning Spring-tide from its
ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from the
blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from the
heat,

Beat retreat;

For the country from Peshawar to Ceylon

Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath the
palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is,

Briefly, this:—

“Because, for certain months, we boil and
stew,

“So should you.

“Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire
In our fire!”

And for answer to the argument, in vain

We explain

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot cry:—

“*All* must fry!”

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow
rich in,

From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints

In his prints;

And mature—consistent soul—his plan for steal-
ing

To Darjeeling:

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver
pile,

England's isle;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil day!—
Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors
 Heap their stores,
Though Her enterprise and energy secure
 Income sure,
Though "out-station orders punctually obeyed"
 Swell Her trade—
Still, for rule, administration, and the rest
 Simla's best.

IN SPRING TIME.

MY garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush
and the peach,

And the *köil* sings above it, in the *siris* by
the well,

From the creeper-covered trellis comes the
squirrel's chattering speech,

And the blue jay screams and flutters where
the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the
köil's note is strange ;

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of
blossom-burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands where the
winds of Springtime range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's
Spring in England now !

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er
the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the plough-share streams
the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliffside and the
jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England 'mid the
sights and sounds of Home.
But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of
rose and peach is,
Ah! *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the *siris*
bough,
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless
bell-like speech is—
Can *you* tell me aught of England or of
Spring in England now?



GIFFEN'S DEBT.

I*MPRIMIS* he was "broke." Thereafter left
His regiment and, later, took to drink ;
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,
"Went Fantee"—joined the people of the land,
Turned three parts Mussalman and one Hindu,
And lived among the Gauri villagers,
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*,

(Who never asked for payment) always drunk,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,
And all the good contractors scamped their work,
And all the bad material at hand
Was used to damp the Gauri—which was cheap,
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,
And several hundred thousand cubic tons
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,
And drowned some five and twenty villagers,
And did a lakh or two of detriment
To crops and cattle. When the flood went down
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,
Full six miles down the valley. So we said
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,
And moralized upon him for a week,
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam,
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,

Accounting for the little loss of life
(Only those five and twenty villagers)
In this wise:—On the evening of the flood,
They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then
An incarnation of the local God,
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,
And fell upon the simple villagers
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,
And smote them with the flail-like whip, and
drove
Them clamorous with terror up the hill,
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,
Their crazy cottages about their ears,
And generally cleared those villages.
Then came the water, and the local God,
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,
Went down the valley with the flying trees
And residue of homesteads, while they watched

Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous things,
And knew that they were much beloved of
Heaven

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,
They raised a temple to the local God,
And burnt all manner of unsavoury things
Upon his altar, and created priests,
And blew into a conch and banged a bell,
And told the story of the Gauri flood
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So be, the whiskified Objectionable,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,
Became the tutelary Deity
Of all the Gauri valley villages;
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

TWO MONTHS.

IN JUNE.

NO hope, no change! The clouds have shut
us in,
And through the cloud the sullen Sun
strikes down
Full on the bosom of the tortured
Town.

Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in
spite
Glares through the haze and mocks with
watery light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The light-
nings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the
aching sky,
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

TWO MONTHS.

IN SEPTEMBER.

AT dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank, and in the air
Presage of coming coolness—everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leapt the Sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his
hand,

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year
In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered:—"It is well!
"Hot Summer dies. Behold your help is near,
"For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

L'ENVOI.

[*To whom it may concern.*]

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,
The flowers decay,
The Goddess of your sacrifice
Has flown away.

What profit then to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day?

“We know the Shrine is void,” they said,
“The Goddess flown—
“Yet wreaths are on the altar laid—
“The Altar-Stone
“Is black with fumes of sacrifice,
“Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“For, it may be, if still we sing
“And tend the Shrine,
“Some Deity on wandering wing
“May there incline;
“And, finding all in order meet,
“Stay while we worship at Her feet.”



GLOSSARY.



- AFRIDIS . . . *An Afghán clan west and south of Pesháwar.*
- ALLAH. . . . *The Mahommedan name for God.*
- ANNANDALE . . . *A valley near Simla—the Simla Racecourse, Cricket, and Recreation Grounds.*
- ARYAN *A Sanskrit word signifying “noble.” A term frequently used to include all the races (Indo-Persic, Greek, Roman, Celtic, Slavonic, etc.), who speak languages belonging to the same family as Sanskrit.*
- AVATAR *An incarnation on earth of a divine Being.*
- BABU *A title such as “Mr.,” used frequently to signify a Bengali clerk.*
- BABUL. . . . *A small thorny mimosa jungle tree, blossoms profusely a bright yellow tassel-like flower, of the size and form of a bullet, of an aromatic fragrance resembling that of the wallflower.*
- BANDAR *A monkey.*
- BAZUGAR *A tumbler, one who exhibits feats of activity.*
- BEGUM *A lady, a queen.*
- BENMORE *The old Simla Assembly Rooms.*
- BHAMO *A district in Upper Burma, bordering on Yunnan.*
- BIKANEER. . . . *A state in Rájputána.*

- BOH *A captain in the Burmese native army.*
- BOILEAUGUNGE . . . *A suburb of Simla, named after General Boileau.*
- BOW BAZAR *One of the principal bazars in Calcutta.*
- BRAHMIN *A member of the priestly caste.*
- BRINJAREE *The Brinjarees of the Deccan are dealers in grain and salt, who move about in numerous parties with cattle, carrying their goods to different markets.*
- BUKHSHI *A paymaster in the Anglo-Indian army.*
- BUL-BUL *The Persian nightingale.*
- BUNNIA *A corn and seed merchant or dealer.*
- BURSAT *The rains, which set in about the middle of June—the first burst of them is known as the “chota bursat,” or small rains—after which there is generally a break before the regular monsoon sets in.*
- BURSATI *A disease to which horses are liable during the rains.*
- BYLE *A bullock.*
- CHARNOCK *Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta.*
- CHOTA BURSAT, *see* “bursat.”
- COLLINGA *One of the principal bazars in Calcutta, where, until a few years since, most of the demi-monde, many of whom hailed from Austria and the Danubian provinces, resided.*
- COOLY *A hired labourer, or burden-carrier.*
- DAH BLADE *“Dah” is a short Burmese sword.*
- DĀK *“Post,” i.e., properly, transport by relays of men and horses; and thence the mail or letter post, as well as any arrangement*

for travelling or for transmitting articles by such relays.

- DĀK-BUNGALOW . . . *A rest house for the accommodation of travellers.*
- DARJEELING . . . *A famous Sanitarium in the Eastern Himalaya. The summer seat of the Bengal Government.*
- DEODARS . . . *The "Cedrus deodarus" of the Himalaya.*
- DIBS . . . *A slang term for money—rupees.*
- DŌM . . . *The name of a very low caste representing some old aboriginal race spread all over India. In many places they perform such offices as carrying dead bodies, removing carrion, etc.*
- DUFTAR . . . *Book, Journal, Record—sometimes used instead of "duftar khana" for "the office."*
- DUSTOORIE . . . *That commission or percentage on the money passing in any cash transaction which, with or without acknowledgment or permission, sticks to the fingers of the agent of payment.*
- DYKES . . . *A firm of coach builders in Calcutta.*
- FERASH (*farās*), *a species of date tree.*
- FULTAH . . . *A village in Bengal, situated on the Húghlí; also an anchorage for vessels.*
- GARDEN REACH . . . *The reach or bend forming the entrance to the Port of Calcutta—so called, no doubt, on account of the fine garden residences which at one time lined the banks of the river at this part.*
- GHĀT . . . *A mountain pass, a landing place, or a ferry.*

- GHI *Boiled or clarified butter.*
- HAFIZ *A guardian, governor, preserver.*
- HAMILTON . . . *Hamilton & Co., a well-known firm of jewellers.*
- HOKUM *An order, command.*
- HOWRAH *A large town on the Húghlí, opposite Calcutta.*
- HÚGHLÍ (or Hooghly). *One of the principal rivers of Hindustan on which Calcutta is situated.*
- HURNAI *A pass leading from Baluchistán to Afghánistán.*
- JAIN *The non-Brahminical sect so called—believed now to represent the earliest heretics of Buddhism, at present chiefly found in the Bombay presidency. The Jains are generally merchants, and some have been men of immense wealth.*
- JAKKO *A mountain peak in the Punjab—one of the highest of the Himalaya on which Simla is situated.*
- JAT *A tribe among Rājput̄s.*
- JAUN BAZAR . . . *One of the principal bazars in Calcutta.*
- JEHANNUM. . . . *Hades, hell.*
- JEMADAR *The second native officer in a company of Sepoys.*
- JEZAIL *A heavy Afghan rifle, fired with a forked rest.*
- JINGAL *A small piece of Burmese artillery mounted on a carriage, managed by two men.*
- JUNGLE *Forest, or other wild growth.*
- JUTOGH *A military station in the Punjab, at the entrance of Simla.*

- KAFIR *An unbeliever in the Moslem faith.*
- KAKAHUTTI . . . *A village in the Punjab, on the road to Simla from the plains.*
- KALEKA *A villa in the Punjab, at the foot of the Himalaya, on the road from Umballa to Simla.*
- KEDGEREE. . . . *A village and police station near the mouth of the Húghlí; also an anchorage for vessels.*
- KHITMUTGARS . . *Table servants—a Mahommedan who will also perform the duties of a valet.*
- KHUD *A precipitous hill side, a deep valley.*
- KHYRAGHAUT . . *A halting station near Simla.*
- KHYBEREE (Khaibari), *An Afghan tribe inhabiting the Khaibar pass, in Afghánistán.*
- KÖIL *The Indian nightingale.*
- KULLAH *A term used generally by Burmese for a western foreigner, a stranger.*
- KURRUM *A mountain pass into Afghánistán from the Punjab.*
- LAKH *One hundred thousand rupees.*
- LANGUR *The great white-bearded ape, much patronised by Hindus, and identified with the monkey-god, Huniman.*
- MAG *Natives of Arakan.*
- MAHRATTA *The name of a famous Hindu race. The British won India from the two Hindu confederacies, the Maráthás and the Sikhs.*
- MALLIE *A gardener.*
- MASHOBRA *A village and hill in the Punjab, near Simla.*
- MICHNI *A fort in the Punjab.*
- MLECH *One without caste.*

- MOOLTAN . . . *A district in the Punjab.*
- MARRI (Murree), *A Hill Station and Sanitarium in the Punjab.*
- MUSTH. . . . *In a state of periodical excitement.*
- NAT *A term applied to all spiritual beings, angels, elves, demons, or what not, including the gods of the Hindus.*
- OCTROI. . . . *A municipal tax.*
- PADRE *A priest, clergyman, or minister of the Christian religion.*
- PEG *A term used for a brandy (or other spirit) and soda.*
- PELITI *A well-known confectioner.*
- PICE *The smallest copper coin—12 pice = 1 anna, 16 annas = 1 rupee.*
- PUKKA *Ripe, mature, cooked; and hence substantial, permanent, with many specific applications. One of the most common uses in which the word has become specific is that of brick and mortar in contradistinction to one of inferior material, as of mud, matting, or timber.*
- PUNJABI *A native of the Punjab.*
- PUNKAH *A large swinging fan suspended from the ceiling and pulled by a cooly.*
- QUETTA *A town and cantonment in Baluchistán under British administration.*
- RAJAH *A native chief.*
- RAMA *One of the Puranic Deities. The hero of the Sanskrit epic, the Ramáyana.*

- RANKEN Ranken & Co., a well-known firm of tailors.
- 'RICKSHAW A contraction of "Jinny rickshaw," a two-wheeled conveyance drawn by a cooly—imported from Shanghai.
- RUPAIYAT of Omar Kal'vin, a play on Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, signifying (The Poem) connected with rupees of Omar Kal'vin (a late financial member of the Viceroy's Council).
- RYOT A tenant of the soil: an individual occupying land as a farmer or cultivator—a native agriculturist.
- SAHIB A lord, master, companion, gentleman, commonly used to denote a European.
- SAMÁDH A cenotaph.
- SAT-BHAI (*lit.* the seven brothers), a species of thrush, so called from the birds being gregarious, and usually seven of them are found together.
- SHRAI A place for the accommodation of travellers, a khan, a caravansary.
- SHAITANPORE A fictitious name for a place. Shaitan signifies the Evil One—pore, a common termination, signifies a city.
- SAERISTADAR The head ministerial officer of a court, whose duty it is to receive complaints and see that they are in proper form and duly stamped, and generally to attend to routine business.
- SHIKAR Sport, hunting, chase, prey, game, plunder, perquisites.
- SHROFF A money changer, a banker.
- SIKH A "disciple," the distinctive name of the disciples of Nānak Shāh, who in the sixteenth century established that sect, which

- eventually rose to warlike predominance in the Punjab, and from which sprung Ranjāt Singh, the founder of the brief kingdom of Lahore.*
- “SIMPKIN” . . . A Hindustani corruption of the word “champagne.”
- SIRIS The tree *Acacia*, a timber tree of moderate size, best known in the Upper Provinces.
- SIVA A Hindu god, the Destroyer and Reproducer, the third person in the Hindu triad.
- SOLON A cantonment and hill sanitarium in the Punjab, near Simla.
- SUBADAR The chief native officer of a company of Sepoys.
- SUNDERBUNDS. . . The well-known name of the tract of intersecting creeks and channels, swampy islands and jungles which constitute that part of the Ganges Delta nearest the sea.
- SUTLEJ One the principal rivers of India.
- SUTTEE The rite of widow-burning; i.e., the burning the living widow along with the corpse of her husband, as formerly practised by people of certain castes among the Hindus, and eminently by the Rājput̄s.
- TAMARISKS . . . A graceful, feather-like shrub; is covered with numberless little spikes of small pink flowers when in blossom.
- TATIA THE BHIL . A well-known dacoit of the Central Provinces.
- TARA DEVI . . . One of the Himalaya mountain peaks, near Simla.
- THAG A highway robber, garotter.
- THANA. . . . A police station.
- THAKUR A chief (among Rājput̄s).

- THERMANTIDOTE (heat-antidote), *A sort of winnowing machine fitted to a window aperture, and incased in wet tatties so as to drive a current of cooled air into a house during hot dry weather (tatties are screens or mats made of the roots of a fragrant grass).*
- TONGA *A two-wheeled car drawn by two ponies curricie fashion, used for travelling in the hills.*
- TONK *A state and city in Rájputána.*
- “TRICHI” *A contraction of Trichinopoly, a place on the S.E. coast of Hindustan, noted for its cigars—hence “Trichi” denotes a Trichinopoly cigar.*
- TULWAR *A sabre, used by the Sikhs.*
- UMBALLA *A city and cantonment of the Umballa district, Punjab. Formerly the nearest station on the railway to Simla.*
- WAHABIS *A fanatical Mahommedan sect in South Arcot.*
- WALER *Horses imported from New South Wales are called “Walers.”*
- YABU *A class of small hardy horse which comes from the highland country of Kandahar and Cabul.*
- YUSUFZAIES *Pathán tribe in Afghánistán.*
- ZENANA *The apartments of a house in which the women of the family are secluded.*

LONDON
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

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