Jots

. . . BY . . .

GEORGE THORNE

AS "JACK POINT."

BRISTOL: J. W. ARROWSMITH · 11 QUAY STREET ·
LONDON, SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co. LIMITED ·

Yours Very Sincerely,
Geo Thorne

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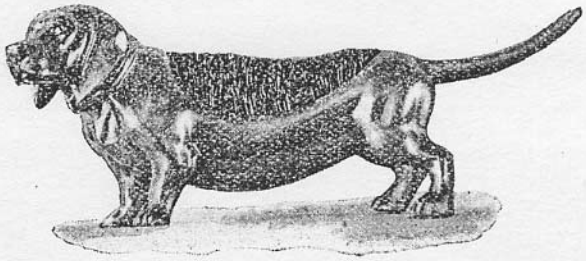
Vol. LXXVI.

DEDICATED TO

MY DEAR OLD DOG,

"WAGGLES,"



THE FAITHFUL FRIEND AND

COMPANION IN

MANY OF MY TRAVELS.

PREFACE.

HAVING dedicated this little book to my dear old dog "Waggles," I feel it would be utterly incomplete if I refrained from giving some slight account of him, although he is as well-known in every town of the United Kingdom as the proverbial Village Pump. He is a quaint knock-kneed, fat-legged, and rather heavily built Bassett-Dachshund, presented to me by my old friend, the well-known sportsman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, "Josh" Radcliffe.

Leaving Leeds one Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock, for a rather long and trying journey to Cork, hoping to arrive there about 3.30 a.m. the following morning,

Monday. Towards the end of the merry little trip I met with a very forcible realisation of the peculiarities of the Irish nation. Arriving at Mallow Junction, which is only about twenty miles from Cork, we had a five minutes interval; instead of the usual station-master (presumably on account of the lateness of the hour), the chief porter was in charge of the station to see the train through, and having partaken rather too freely of the wine of the country, was, to say the least of it, a trifle eccentric—for, to my utter astonishment, as I was proceeding to enter my compartment with my dog on a leash (having given him a run), he caught hold of the strap and thus prevented my gaining access to the carriage; the guard whistled and off went the train, without me. I was flabbergastered, so much so that it was impossible to even lose my temper. I

mildly said (in as good Irish as I could rake up, under the circumstances), "What on earth do you think you are playing at?" He suavely replied in, I think, better Irish than I had spoken (as he was a native), "Sure, sur, I had too much respect for such an illigant animal as your dog to let him run the risk of losing his life." All my things were in the compartment, and it was raining—one of those nasty, steady "drizzlers;" so "Waggs" and self made for the only hotel the place possessed, and there the burly, surly porter, in a very brusque style, said, "We don't allow dogs in here," and slammed the door in our faces. I patted "Waggs" to reassure him, as he 's very touchy and gets offended at the above sort of treatment, and said, "We shall have to make a night of it in the station," and off we trotted back, only to find it *closed:* coatless, pipeless, tobacco-

less, we two wandered along the one street Mallow boasts, and after a long and foot-sore pilgrimage at last found shelter in a nice and scrupulously clean *petite* hotel. The landlord, after first saying, "What about the dog?" (sending my temperature down to zero), wound up by lending my dear old pet his Ulster coat to sleep on.

JOTS BY GEORGE THORNE.

READERS of these few notes on my theatrical career will remember that I am now writing in Johannesburg; the date is Wednesday, April 14th, 1897, the coming Friday being Good Friday. Writing some seven thousand miles away from home, after a prolonged illness, through which I can thank Providence I have safely emerged, one cannot help thinking that a man is but as a little boat tossed about by a turbulent sea.

In commencing my career, America, India, Australia, and our other British possessions were completely out of one's reach in the ordinary way of the theatrical profession. Now your manager approaches you in the

most matter-of-fact way and says, without even the managerial smile: "Dear So-and-So, sending a company out to Timbuctoo, old fellow: you play your old parts, you know; you will be well supported: will meet you as to terms, as your expenses may be a little heavier, you know: you can be ready in a week, can't you?"—and off you go, and perhaps hardly realise the matter until you are half-way to your destination. It is certainly a change from the provincial towns at home, and, if the climate agrees with you, very often the change improves your health and enlarges your views on many questions.

The climate here just now is simply perfect—a little cold at night and morning, as befitting the autumn of the year here, and the rest of the day beautiful sunshine. In fact, if it were not for the dust and flies, Johannesburgers would have little to complain of, when the increased water-supply is given to the town and the Sanitary Board people wake up a little more: Nature has

done her share for the country, and the sooner man—her rather lax helpmate—imitates her the better; and with the mines prosperous, as they can be, under the more liberal measures expected from Government, a man can do worse than make the capital of the Transvaal Republic his home—if he resides *outside* the city.

And yet, what a queer place this Transvaal is—where they make the original owners of the country (the Kaffirs, Zulus, &c.) walk in the middle of the road, register themselves, and wear a badge strapped to their arms; while the Coolies (East Indians) can strut like peacocks on the side-walk, because they are *British subjects!* Everyone, for the matter of that (outside of the Dutch population), have to be registered, but they don't go to the extent of "ticketing" Europeans.

I witnessed some curious illustrations in connection with this registration law. On one occasion a Zarp (Dutch policeman—the name derived from the first letters of "South

African Republic," the "S" being pronounced "*Z*") stopped a tram-car, and asked the driver for his permit; he said it was at home, and without more ado the *Z*arp told him he must get off and fetch it. The man lived some distance, so the conductor had to drive, leaving no one in charge of the rear, which is against the law—so that one of the law's servants was really the cause of the law being broken!

On another occasion, a carriage and pair pulled up at one of the large drapery establishments, and two ladies got out of the vehicle and entered the shop; they had no sooner done so, than officious Mr. *Z*arp steps up to the coachman and asks to see the permit. "At home," as before, and ditto—man lived a considerable distance; the ladies emerged from the shop, and *no coachman*. A friendly doctor happened to be passing and offered to drive the ladies home, which he did. Queer laws! funny country!

We played for four months and a half in

Johannesburg, at the Standard Theatre, and during that time presented fourteen operas—the whole of the Gilbert and Sullivan series, in fact, with the exception of "Ruddigore." Our business was very good, marvellous indeed, when you come to think it is a comparatively small town, and we have to depend entirely on the European population; but the public out there *will have amusement*, and support a good article in a thoroughly wholehearted manner. Our audience, as a rule, numbered many millionaires; poor ill-fated, Barney Barnato and his nephew, Solly Joel, being constant patrons—the latter had a box engaged for the first and last nights of each opera we produced, during the whole season.

A most laughable incident took place during the first week we appeared in the "gold city." The opera was "The Mikado," and in Act I. Pish Tush brings a letter from the Mikado to Koko (the part I played), and the words run as follows:—

Pish Tush: "I am the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado."

Koko: "A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? *(They squat in council—Koko reads letter.)* Ah! here it is at last. I thought it would come sooner or later. The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless someone is beheaded within one month, the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village."

Pish: "But that will involve us in irretrievable ruin!"

Koko: "Yes, there's no help for it, *I must execute somebody at once:* the only question is—*Who shall it be?*"

Before Pooh Bah had a chance of replying, some wag in the gallery yelled out "Oom Paul" (President Kruger's nickname),

and the audience simply went into fits of laughter.

The natives I found very amusing, very like a lot of big children, always larking among themselves, and seemingly perfectly happy. Gazing at them, at their gambols, you can hardly picture them on the war-path; although every Sunday afternoon at the Mine Compounds they procure wooden wands for spears, and shorter ones for assegais, and with these harmless weapons amuse themselves by going through all sorts of mimic military manœuvres. They are a fine race of men, and walk plumb-straight, not being pitched forward or handicapped by wearing boots, the heels of which are responsible for half the English "stoopers." One giant, attached to the staff of our theatre, named Um Sequah, on my asking him one day his nationality, unhesitatingly replied "English." They positively hate the Dutch, and little wonder at it considering the way they are treated by them.

One day a cat was run over and killed; one of the "boys" ran out and picked it up, saying:

"Poor cat, you gone up there" (pointing to the sky); "but Dutchman, he go *there*" (indicating some regions below).

I don't know what he meant, do you?

My "chambermaid" was a chief of his tribe, although quite a young fellow. I've seen him in one day appear, first in his native get-up, to attend to his morning's work; then, later, dressed as a cyclist: in the afternoon, donning a frock-coat and light trousers, and in the evening sporting a dress-suit—this latter only on one occasion, that I saw, and I believe he was going to a ball, it being New Year's week. It was enough to make a cat laugh to see him in evening dress, wearing a tie the colours of which, in their variety and brilliancy, almost blinded one. Gentlemen having no further use for certain articles of wearing apparel, make them a present to the "boys," hence the above constant and

quick changes. The natives are a very saving people and never think of "breaking" a sovereign; they hide them, and when they have accumulated sufficient money to buy a cow they ask for a week's holiday, and away they go to procure another wife; the presentation of a beast, to the father, being the stipulated price of the bride. Another peculiarity of the natives is patching their pants, not because they are old and ragged, but merely for ornament's sake, as you will often see a brand-new pair of kicksies adorned with the most fantastic patches: if the trousers are light, the patches are black; if dark, white is used. The effect is most comical.

My coloured servant, John, was in the habit of saying "Good-morning, bass," on entering upon his duties for the day: he somewhat startled me one day by coming out with "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" instead of his usual English salutation.

They pick up anything and everything, and it is popularly understood that the "boys" are

really good and thoroughly honest until they understand and speak English, at which period of their existence they, in nine cases out of ten, get notice to quit.

Fancy, two miles out of Johannesburg (which is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, 1,000 miles by rail from Cape Town, and *all up hill*) and right in the centre of Africa, on ground that only twelve years ago anyone, by putting up an ordinary stick with name attached, and by applying to the Government and paying a small fee, could procure the land "pegged out" (as they called it) and become sole owner of the same, now stands a magnificent race-course, where four great meetings are annually held and pony and galloway races once a month throughout the year. Looking down from the grand stand at the merry motley throng, you can, for the moment, easily picture yourself at home in England, at one of the many turf gatherings, except that the bookies are ranged in a semi-circle seated on a high balustrade,

with their legs dangling and their clerks at their elbows behind them, standing on pedestals a trifle lower than their masters, and then the totalisator seems strange at first. It is the property of the Jockey Club, who deduct 10 per cent. for working it.

Say you buy a £1 ticket, and the horse wins, they add all the other money put on the other horses, and equally divide it, less percentage, among those lucky enough to be on the winning horse. At one meeting two of our company had a half-share each; their horse won, and, there being only a few on it, they paid out £50 per ticket, so our two fellows won £25 each. But more remarkable still was the case of a cabman who bought a ticket at the last great meeting, the Autumn Handicap, and as luck willed it, allowed him to be the *only one on the winning horse.* So he scooped the whole of the money, £413. The "sweeps," too, that are worked in the town and drawn publicly before the races, with a chosen committee watching, are simply Brob-

dignagian in dimensions, a man named Phillips having one for £120,000, and another firm, Donaldson and Doyle, one for £100,000, and many others ranging from £50,000 to £20,000, more or less, as they carefully put it; but it is seldom under, and often over, and it is extraordinary the number of *unclaimed* winning numbers there are. People evidently buy tickets and leave the place before learning the result of the drawing. The tickets are advertised for twelve months. The getters up of these sweepstakes deduct 10 per cent., and to stave off the Government also make occasional presents to the hospital. They have a Tattersall's Club: and that reminds me, they name most of their big restaurants and shops after well-known European firms. There are several Bodegas, a Frascati's, a Delmonico's, and so on.

A capitally managed concern is the Wanderers' Club, a large piece of ground given to the town and free to anyone, except when

sports and anything special is on, and then the club, who manage the grounds and keep them in order, make a charge for admission. They pay a bandmaster and enough men to form a very good brass band, but this is augmented to the number of sixty for concerts, &c., by the addition of amateurs, members of the club. Every Sunday night, if fine, they play in the grounds, and have a couple of professional ballad-singers engaged; and when wet the concert takes place in the large pavilion, the place where the bodies were taken after the terrible dynamite explosion which occurred just about the time the Jameson raid came to an end.

I visited Pretoria, the seat of the Dutch Government, and saw the Volksraad (Parliament House), a very fine building, the frontage being magnificent. In the vestibule is a masterpiece statue of "Oom Paul." We went to see his house, and one of our party, on reaching it, remarked: "Thirty pounds a year rent in England;" and it certainly is a

primitive-looking cottage, with a huge white lion on either side of the entrance door, a present from the late Barney Barnato. On the "stoop" (as they call a verandah out there) the old gentleman takes his coffee, and is, I believe, very courteous and hospitable to visitors. We were not lucky enough to see him, but took some snap-shots of the villa.

Pretoria is an unpretentious-looking place, a kind of large village. One big feature of the town is a running stream from the station to the principal square. It is most refreshing to the eye amidst so much heat, and reminds one of our own Cambridge somewhat, where springs run down both sides of the main street.

I felt I could not leave Africa without visiting poor Dr. Jim's battlefield; so a friend and myself started off one morning, taking the train to Doornscrop, and from there drove to the scene of the encounter and surrender. I was surprised at not finding a lot of hills (as

the English papers are so prone to drum it into us, that the Dutch always fight behind rocks, &c.). The only mountains I could see were in the far distance, and quite out of rifle range. The field was an ordinary field, only very large, but quite flat with the exception of a small dip or hollow, such as lads and lasses play "kiss-in-the-ring" in on Good Friday in England. In this hollow Jameson's men camped for the night, and in the morning found themselves surrounded by Boers. They tried to fight their way through, but were hemmed in on all sides, and completely outnumbered, Jameson's force being only 400 (and not 800, as erroneously stated), and the Doctor, seeing they had no earthly chance of even holding their own, procured a flag of truce in the shape of a farmer's wife's white apron (as they hadn't provided themselves with a white flag), and from the top of the farmhouse waved it vigorously, and thus prevented further and unnecessary bloodshed; and while this was going on, and only nine

miles distant, 60,000 *men* (?), mostly *supposed to be Englishmen* (save the mark!), were enjoying themselves in Johannesburg, and in receipt of £1 per day from the Reform Committee! The foregoing is the story as told me by the farmer's son where the sad affair happened. He acted as our guide, showing us the outhouse where the dead were carried, the rude canvas stretcher on which the poor fellows were conveyed thither, and their last earthly resting-place—their grave—a large mound of stones, about twenty feet long and eight feet wide. The stones are yellow, and in shape like huge new potatoes, and many pink, brown, and russet pieces of yellow rock. I picked up some bones (horses'), and took one of the many stones from the grave, and the people at the farmhouse gave me a small piece of the canvas stretcher.

It is a question whether a period of convalescence is the best time to write anything appertaining to one's self in which one perforce must play the principal part, be your

own stage manager and musical director combined, with the responsibility of proprietorship to boot. However, if I have been ill-advised by kind friends who think time may hang heavily on my hands until I am once more able to face the footlights, then, if this is so, I look to the charitable-minded public to forgive my shortcomings, and faithfully promise to make them the *amende honorable* when I exchange the dreariness of a sick-room for the more congenial atmosphere of a theatre.

* * * *

I think we are a dramatic family. Tom and Fred would have little doubt about the matter; and my sisters, Sarah and Emily, with that strength of mind which characterises all good women where the honour of the family is concerned, would emphatically remind you that we were almost born upon the stage, and, with footlights lowered, gently ushered into this troublesome world to the

accompaniment of slow music. At all events I was born in a house *next door to a theatre*, and whether this has had any influence on my career deponent knoweth not. This theatre happened to be the old Surrey, and the year I first saw the light was A.D. 1856. I trust this statement will set at rest various rumours that from time to time have reached my ears to the effect that I am still young, with some of the venial faults of youth, instead of the real Simon Pure, who can assure the reader he is of quite a different complexion, and never breaks a teacup, or—but I am forgetting that self-praise is hardly a recommendation to a theatrical manager.

"Upon the welcome Twelfth Cake Day
I made my *début* in the world, they say,"

and I have no reason to doubt them, though I can hardly remember, that I *took the cake*. I have done so since, several times; only recently, on our charming voyage out to the Cape, on the s.s. *Greek* (one of the good old

five "Gee-Gees") when, after a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which we gave on deck, Captain Armstrong and his officers presented me with a magnificent cake, and dubbed me a "Knight of the *Greek*," in recognition of my services as secretary and treasurer during the voyage. The next day the doctor photographed it, surrounded by Union Jacks. It was a very large cake. He also took a negative of the captain handing it to me.

And now a few words about the family, and I will continue mine own episodes. Richard Samuel Thorne, my honoured father, was lessee of many theatres, including the old Pavilion, where one of the pantomimes he wrote—to wit, "Sugar and Spice, and All Things Nice"—enjoyed the longest run in London that particular season, in which the celebrated Harry Bolleno (Grimaldi *redivivus*, as he was called) appeared. My father also rented Bolton, Blackburn, Preston, Warrington and Dundee theatres, and

finally settled down in Margate. My mother (such a *good* mother) could never be persuaded to go upon the stage; but despite bringing up such a large family (ten of us), she took a very active part in the financial and general business arrangements. Thomas, my cherished brother—who is still to the fore, more power to him!—was co-lessee with David James, of the Vaudeville Theatre, London, before and after that celebrated run of "Our Boys," extending over four years, and played Talbot Champneys so many times that the critics asserted he would be incapable of playing any other part. To disprove this unkind assertion my dutiful brother produced a series of classical comedies, including "The School for Scandal," and produced them splendidly, the critics unanimously saying that "Mr. Thomas Thorne deserved well of his country." His great friend, Sir Henry Irving, presented him with a lot of silver plate, on behalf of his brother managers in London, on the occasion of his completing his tweny-first year as a metropolitan manager.

One story of Tom, and we will pass on to the next caravan.

At the Theatre Royal, Warrington, under my father's management, Barry Sullivan appeared as Othello, supported by J. C. Cowper as Iago, Tom being cast for Paulo, whose only line, "'Tis one Iago, antient to the general," he sat up all night to study. He was "letter perfect" at rehearsal, but at night came out with: "'Tis one Iago, antient to *His Majesty!*" He had no idea the famous tragedienne, Miss Marriott, was in front. Her remark was, "Who's that muff?" Three and a-half years afterwards she engaged him as principal comedian at the Standard Theatre, London, and thus commenced his brilliant career.

Fred is well known in London and Australia, also America, as an actor of repute. He has also toured the English provinces with great success; and at the

present time is acting in London, where he has finally settled down. His performance of the Welshman, Fluellen, in Shakespere's "King Henry V.," is considered one of the most unique bits of characterisation on the British, nay, the *world's* stage. He was one of the passengers, some years since, on the "Lightning Express" train, from New York to 'Frisco.

My sister Sarah is well known as the lessee of the theatres at Margate and Chatham, and prepares pupils for the stage; and if they show marked ability, they have a chance of appearing before the public at one of the above theatres, which is often of inestimable advantage to them. At the present time there are many of my sister's pupils shining lights on the London stage; and a few summers since, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who paid a visit to her Academy at Margate, specially complimented her on the success that had attended her efforts.

I could give endless anecdotes connected

with my sister Sarah's varied career, but one at Jersey I can't refrain from penning. A sombre play, "The Man in the Iron Mask," figured as *one* of the plays of the evening (it was in the days of three plays a night, and songs and dances between), and my sister, being overtaxed with study, was very uncertain of the words of her part in this piece; and when it came to the great trial scene, and the judge put an important question to her, she couldn't for the life of her remember whether she should reply "Yes" or "No," but was fully aware that upon her correct answer everything depended. A dead pause ensued, and the judge repeated the question. Driven to desperation, but apparently quite cool, she displayed great tact by deliberately pointing at the poor unfortunate actor whose head was encased in the iron cage, and exclaimed in a firm tone, "*Ask that man!*"

My sister Emily will be well known to the theatre-going public as she supported that charming young comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole,

in many towns in the provinces, and also created special parts in Mr. Toole's London theatre for some seasons.

Having done justice to some extent to the other members of the family, simply to prove —if it should ever be denied—"that we are a dramatic family, we are, we are, we are," I will proceed to do the same for myself, merely premising that my story is necessarily a true one, and, therefore, bald in humour compared to the luxuriant growth of a work of fiction.

I left London for Margate when I was two years of age, going to this, even then, "merry little place" by steamer, my father being the lessee of the famous little bandbox, as the theatre there was designated. It was always a favourite theatre with the theatrical profession. I may say with confidence that as many stars first faced the footlights in our little show as in any provincial theatre in the kingdom. That great pupil of John Ryder's, Adelaide Neilson, first made her bow there. What an early and sad end was hers! In

the springtime of her powers, and still in the full possesion of her beauty and singular grace, she passed from us. Who does not remember her Juliet? Comparisons are notoriously odious; but have we had a Juliet to compare with the delightful woman? She opened with us as Julia in "The Hunchback," and although but a small boy, I remember her instantaneous and electric success. The force with which she delivered the famous line, "Do it! nor leave the task to me," still rings in mine ears.

Season after season brought us all the great stars from town, and I had not long inhaled the pure ozone of the popular watering place before I was called upon to show my ability (or perhaps docility might be a better word for a would-be actor of the mature age of two and a half years). The great *little* Frederick Robson came to see us. He played, amongst other pieces, the burlesque of "Medea" with great success, or rather *we* played it with great success. The

great one carried me in his arms in company with another youngster, and when the cruelly classical mother is asked why she don't work, Robson blandly replies: "How can I work with this blessed *pair of kids on my hands?*" So even at this early date wheezes were cracked at my expense.

The then editor of *Punch*—and *Punch* was funny in those days: it was then a comic paper; perhaps there was more fun and less political satire than at present,—Mark Lemon, gave his interesting recitals of Falstaff: physically, he was splendidly adapted for the part, and met with great success. In the present plethora of journals, one hardly pays that attention to any paper as was deemed necessary years ago to be *au fait* with the topics of the day; but I am sure, if it were possible now to have a Mark Lemon, a John Leech, and a Frank Burnand in collaboration, it would mean *Punch redivivus*. In recent years Burnand's travesties of Ouida's novels, entitled "Under Two

Bags" and "Strapmore," were very hard to beat. Well, I am running away; "Good-bye" and "Good luck" to you, *Punch!* I like you as a paper, and I like you still more at street corners.

About this time also we had that "Nature's nobleman" and prince of good fellows, J. L. Toole, who made his appearance before a Margate audience with becoming regularity. I remember a bill that would be viewed now with some curiosity, whereon in very large letters you read, "J. L. Toole," and below this honoured name, in small type, "accompanied by Henry Irving."

With most of the notabilities who came to us I had a chance of playing, as it was not the custom to carry full companies from theatre to theatre as now prevails. Various and many were my characters—ranging from "shouts" in the crowd to principal comedy burlesque and character parts. When I attained what *I thought* was the rank of a full-fledged comedian—opinions differ about

these things—I toured for three years with my sister Sarah's company. During the tour we visited all the principal towns of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, and in the latter county, at Brighton, a rather inconvenient incident happened, in which Mr. Fred. Grove Palmer, with whom I have collaborated for some years in pantomime writing, also participated much against the grain. The piece was H. J. Byron's burlesque of "Camaralzaman." I played Bottle Impudent, a nigger of the demon and up-to-date street-minstrel type combined. When in the dressing-room after the curtain was down, busy in taking the burnt cork off my face, the gas went out. I rushed to the top of the stairs just in time to hear the exit doors slam one after the other, and, despite my frantic yells, could not obtain a hearing from the stage-door keeper. I was heard, though, by my brother in misfortune, Mr. Grove, and with the aid of matches we found the wardrobe, and making the best of the disagreeable

circumstances, spent a night in the Temple of Thespis without a rehearsal. The gasman had relegated the duty of visiting the dressing-rooms to the stage-door keeper; the latter must have had a tripe supper waiting for him, for he kept not his promise to his mate, or we should have been enjoying *our* supper and its necessary concomitants instead of reclining miserably on the garments of Richards, Rosamonds, and Hamlets innumerable. The poor chap begged for mercy in the morning; so the lessee, Mr. Nye Chart, was none the wiser. Alas! alas! not only the repentant miscreant, but Mr. Chart and also Mrs. Chart, have all joined the great majority since, and the hall-porter's son reigns supreme in his father's chair to guard your letters, parcels, etc.

A natural desire to go further afield took me to Leeds when I was eighteen years of age, John Coleman having offered me the post of first low comedian at the Theatre Royal, and to travel with him on his famous

York circuit. I played such parts as the Emperor of Bagatelle in the pantomime, "Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star," The Demon Spider in "Hop o' my Thumb," and Idle Jack in "Dick Whittington," besides the usual stock business and occasionally special productions.

John Coleman is a fine stage manager, but a most extraordinary man. I never heard anyone use such long, jaw-breaking words in my life. I fancy he must have swallowed a dictionary in early youth, and all through his after-life the words would keep bubbling up. He once addressed a lot of Yorkshire supers (men who had just come from the mills to rehearse during their dinner-hour) as follows: "Gentlemen" (he was always punctuiliously polite), "when you see me drink from this chaste, golden goblet, I wish you to give a greasy laugh of truculent defiance." I think the men retired to dine. Coleman is a fine, big fellow; and a funny story is told of a property man in his employ. Coleman

had promised to appear for someone's benefit in some common or garden piece, and as John usually confined himself to the classical drama, he had printed on the bills: "On this occasion Mr. Coleman *will descend from his pedestal* and enact the part of So-and-so." The property man on reading this went direct to his master, saying: "Look 'ere, Mr. Coleman, we ain't got a pedestal in the theatre as 'ud bear yer." Coleman was a good, kind manager, full of encouragement for beginners.

The following spring, when not quite twenty years of age, I joined C. P. Flockton in management, touring with the comedies written by James Albery: "The Two Roses" (the piece in which, it will be remembered, Irving made his first great success, under my brother Tom's management), also in "Apple Blossoms" and "Forgiven"; the after-piece being a sample of my 'prentice hand, a burlesque of "Blue Beard." During this tour I first met Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and he

witnessed my performance of "Our Mr. Jenkins" and "Shacabac" in the burlesque that followed. In the conversation that ensued he suggested that a burlesque of his, "The Gentleman in Black," would suit my style, in fact fit me like the proverbial glove. Circumstances, however, never permitted me to play the "Funereal Gentleman"; but it is rather curious that in after years I should be so intimately associated with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, many of which at the time of his interview were probably not thought of.

After leaving Flockton came the Gunns, John and Michael of that ilk, at their Gaiety Theatre in the only Dublin; Charley Spraggs, in "Blow for Blow," being my opening part. At Christmas the "Sea of Ice" was produced, and, although a most magnificent spectacular production, proved a dire frost (no pun intended).

Apropos of this piece, a laughable incident I would relate. It occurred on St. Stephen's

night, its initial performance. The ice scene was a perfect Chinese puzzle, and although each block was numbered, they were so zig-zaggy that it took three-quarters of an hour to set them in their proper places—a kind of fifteen puzzle might be a good simile. The audience bore this very good-humouredly; but on this particular night, when it came to the ice breaking up, the strings got in a tangle, and being tugged at furiously, broke, and the *ice* (?) blocks flew up in the air, and most of them descended upside down, showing the material of which they were constructed. The curtain was rung down amidst shrieks of laughter and yells of "Take off the orange boxes!" from the ever ready-witted Irish boys in the gallery—the audience at the Gaiety not taking to ice or orange boxes kindly. I forget what the weather was like. I was lucky enough to assist the management out of their difficulty, as my little fairy after-piece entitled "Cinderella" proved successful; and the newspapers coming to

our assistance with a capital suggestion to the effect that it should be written up and made into a pantomime. I made such haste that I performed my congenial task in a week, and with some success, as the merry little story of the glass slipper ran successfully through the season. I had the pleasure of playing the ugly sister, Thisbe, in the opening, and clown in the harlequinade — this latter being played entirely by actors and actresses instead of, as usual, pantomimists.

After my Irish season came engagements at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bristol. Then came one of the happiest events of my life; viz., an engagement with the great American actor, Joseph Jefferson—what an artist was Jefferson!—in "Rip Van Winkle." It was indescribable pleasure to be associated with such a finished actor; and his photograph with his autograph attached hangs in my home in London, and is one of my most cherished possessions, to remind me of those happy days.

The next memorable event in my career was an arrangement to visit Glasgow for two weeks to support Sims Reeves. I undertook the long journey from London more for the pleasure of acting with and hearing the great English tenor sing than from any pecuniary advantage; but one of those disappointments so associated with Reeves' career happened on this occasion, and I had my long journey for nothing as far as he was concerned. Fortune smiled notwithstanding, and the ever reliable national drama "Rob Roy" was produced, and the business was enormous. Out of evil (sometimes) cometh good, and to exemplify this old perverted adage, William Glover, of the Old Royal Cowcaddens, sent for me to play Nat Gosling in Dion Boucicault's racing drama "Flying Scud." The piece ran for one month; and the last two nights Glover put on his wonderful panorama of "The Lady of the Lake," specially for me to see, which, of course, was a great compliment. As I could not change

in time, I sat at the back of the dress circle, wearing a long ulster to conceal my jockey costume, and a big wide-awake. Glover sat with me to describe the beautiful pictures as they were unfolded. This most artistic piece of work perished in the fire that occurred at the theatre a few years ago; but Glover has since repainted it for Howard and Wyndham. Glover is, as is well known, a splendid painter of Scotch scenery.

"Little Em'ly" followed the "Scud," with George Fawcett Rowe as Micawber, and your humble servant as the vile skunk, Uriah Heep; and then Rowe's drama of "The Geneva Cross." The season altogether lasted six months, and was purely the outcome of my disappointment in the Sims Reeves' engagement.

A month's run of the same piece was something to talk about in those days. Often a dozen pieces in a week was what we had to study and appear in, and at Ramsgate on one occasion the Company had to tackle

sixteen plays in the week. Henry Irving, who was there taking a well-earned rest, that very week, if my memory serves, came to the theatre to see, among other things, the "Orange Girl." The extraordinary amount of work we put in on this memorable week must have reminded the great actor of his younger days in the profession; and no doubt he has played in quite this number, if not more, in the time specified. (I believe the record number is eighteen in one week.)

A funny incident happened during this run. I was stage manager and had just finished the getting up of the big scene, "The Frozen Tarn." J. S. Blythe, the villain of the piece, was walking to and fro on the stage running over his lines, when in an unguarded moment he took a step backward and disappeared through the ice; the ice being composed of nothing stronger than brown paper well painted, and, unfortunately for Blythe, the paint was wet. With the help of the stage men I rescued him, and could not help saying

despairingly, "Look at my ice!"—to which Blythe replied, "D—— your ice, look at my coat!" And certainly it was a spectacle, as he had taken nearly all the paint off my brown paper. A brand-new frock-coat was ruined. However, we provided him with a substitute, *pinned the ice together*, lowered the lights a little more than usual, and rang up the curtain.

Another unrehearsed scene happened at Ramsgate. The piece was Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and I doubled the parts of Miles Nacoppaleen and Danny Mann, as they do not meet in the play, but Miles is supposed to shoot Danny in the cave scene. The shooting was left to the property man to do, and he was to make the report with an inflated biscuit bag as we did not possess a gun guaranteed to go off. The moment for the shot came, bang went the paper bag; I, as Danny Mann, jumped in the air, shot, and fell into the *gauze* water, but in doing so knocked over the piece of painted rockwork,

exposing to view a small deal table on which Eily and I had been standing a few moments before, and supposed to represent an adamantine rock. I had the lights lowered at once, in fact nearly put out, and appeared as Miles at the back, on one of the side rocks, exclaiming, "Begorra, I hit yez that time, yer blackguard Otther!"—then perceiving Eily in the water, jumped in and rescued her, and on reaching the table (rock) the lime-light was thrown on us—our persons hiding most of the table—and the curtain descended amidst rapturous applause.

My brother Fred and self "shared" the Comedy parts under my sister Sarah's management for some time, and we used to "toss" for them. The system acted admirably; and when we were "shunted" to Ramsgate to make room for a Travelling Company, we still lived at home, at Margate, and to get there had to walk four miles each night after business; having passed the evening in a "stuffy" theatre, in tropical

weather, instead of "doing the Pier," we were glad enough to get on the high-road and enjoy the delightful fresh air and lovely moonlight nights—so much so, in fact, that on arriving we often indulged in an *al fresco* "dip," as bathing is popularly called in that part of the United Kingdom (why not *Queen*-dom for the past sixty years?), despite the lateness of the hour.

When quite a lad, at Margate, I was officiating in the front of the old theatre, showing people into their seats, selling programmes, etc. One of the pieces on this particular night was Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, "Black Eyed Susan," recently revived by the Messrs. Gatti, with such signal success, at the Adelphi Theatre. Our company was not up to the usual standard either in quality or quantity, and when the gentleman who was to have played Jacob Twig (a comical lawyer's clerk) failed to put in an appearance, a rush was made to the front and my services requisitioned. I flew round to the stage (the

piece had already started), put on a "white choker," smeared some red on my nose (the audience didn't recognise a comedian in those days unless he had red on his nose), and doffed what is known as a "Muller-cut-down" hat (a tall silk hat cut half down and the top part put over the lower half—the ingenious contrivance, some years ago, of a murderer named Muller, to escape detection), and rushed in just in time to take up my cue. A crotchety old gentleman in the Dress Circle, who had been grumbling all the time I was in front, on seeing me come on the stage, went to the money-box and demanded his money back, saying he'd seen a good many things in his life, but he'd never witnessed such a disgraceful performance before—the company was bad enough in all conscience, "*and now they've put the bill boy on!*"

Well, good-bye, dear old Margate—scene of my boyhood—bless every inch of you: your yellow sands and snow-white cliffs; and bless

the Northern Sea and undiscovered North Pole, from which quarter you derive your grand invigorating air!

It is usually understood that the feelings of a soldier when under orders for India are far from pleasant: my idea when receiving orders from my theatrical commander-in-chief, to proceed there at once, was that I should very much like to see the country, but of course I was not to be under military discipline. We sailed at the end of '76 in the good P. and O. s.s. *Poonah*, the ship which conveyed the first English cricket team to Australia, and on another occasion the great and only Blondin (the hero of Niagara), who, like the good and brave fellow he was, and simply for the amusement of his fellow-passengers, walked on his rope from mast to mast, whilst they were steaming through the Indian Ocean. The altitude I forget, but I distinctly remember being told that he had no base imitators. Only a few days ago, I read of the grand old fellow's death (March, 1897).

We played in Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," during a season of six months. It may seem improbable, but is nevertheless true, that I played one hundred and four different characters in this season of six months. What say ye to this, my young Knights of the "sock and buskin"? Of course my old Kentish training stood me in good stead. No one regrets the present famine in India more than I do. I visited Madras shortly after the last famine, and some of the sights were very pitiable, the poor half-starved natives waiting on the beach for their rice to be served out to them —it was simply horrible to see the state they were in. I am more than glad to see the generous way the public are subscribing to alleviate their misery.

We played many times before the Viceroy and his family (Lord Lytton held this distinguished post at the time); but the biggest "jinks" of all occurred when we played at the palace of His Serene Highness the

Rajah of Tanjore. What think ye of this, you stop-at-home members of a glorious profession?—acting before a real Indian Rajah! The Rajah could only devote two nights to us, and the occasion for the unusual festivity was the wedding of his well-beloved sons, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen years. They had the sympathies of all the married men in the company. The particular palace (Rajahs have lots of 'em) where we played was resplendent with beautiful illuminations; in fact, the Rajah "dumped" down the coin like a real Corinthian, and it "totted" up to £30,000 before he cried "Hold, enough." Of course the Rajah did not marry two of his offspring every day, or he might have had to interview the Official Receiver, if there is one. My version of "Beauty and Beast" and "Bluebeard" were the two extravaganzas presented. The Rajah appreciated "*Bluebeard*" very much. There were upwards of three hundred Europeans present in the front seats, and I don't know

how many native princes and dignitaries and "pals" of the Rajah—anyhow, it was a most brilliant spectacle, and the band of the Viceroy completed the charm of the dazzling picture.

It will be remembered that I have already made mention of Boucicault's racing drama, "Flying Scud." I had conceived such a good opinion of the piece while playing in it at Glasgow, that upon my return from India my sister Sarah and I purchased the London and Provincial rights of the play. I think our judgment was borne out by results, when I say that I played in the drama over 1,000 times. My part of the old jockey and trainer, Nat Gosling, fitted me very well and I fairly revelled in it. We played it for four provincial tours, and at Astley's Theatre, London, for a season of seven months. The piece certainly furnished one of the most unique pictures ever put upon the stage in the celebrated "Derby Scene." Anyone who has seen Frith's great picture on the same

subject, can form some idea of the way we produced the great carnival. As many people as could comfortably move about went on at Astley's; it was estimated they numbered four hundred, consisting of all the queer people that make up a racecourse crowd, and at this theatre the scene lasted one hour. Those who congregated represented gipsies, flower girls, card-sharpers, jugglers, boxers, acrobats, *real* bookmakers and *real* jockeys (who, when in London or when I was playing in a town in the provinces during a race meeting, dearly loved to appear in this scene), nigger minstrels and also the usual comic vocalists; quite a lot of turns—in short, all the usual accessories of a modern racecourse. At Astley's, I also had a "Cricketers' box" in the auditorium, with a brass plate attached, and many of the prominent wielders of the "willow" and "trundlers" of the leather used to pop in, when in town, and come round and smoke a cigar and have a glass of wine during the

race scene. Endless anecdotes are connected with the piece. At Hanley, Stafford, an old man yelled out in the pit, when I rode on the stage mounted on the winning horse, and fell on its neck exhausted, "Well done, but you're almost past it, *old man!*" I was at this time about five-and-twenty. I believe that I rode over two hundred horses in this piece alone, but I tired of their vagaries and eventually travelled my own horse and groom. Prior to this I had to train a strange horse at every town we played in, and as a rule was very successful with them, but still it was rather a nuisance. My method was to have the gas lit as at night, and send all the employés in front; and when the horse appeared, they would cheer and applaud, while the band discoursed the most horrible discords. Strange misadventures would happen despite all my care. I had borrowed a hunter at Northampton, and knocked up a stable for him at the back of the stage; on the Wednesday of this week there was to be a

meeting of hounds and Mr. Hunter horse had to attend. We got him *into* the theatre easily enough; but he had evidently taken a fancy to the drama and declined to leave at any price. The stage was some distance above the level of the street, so we had what is called a "raking piece" (thick boards cleated) for him to descend, but the old soldier wouldn't budge; so we tried another dodge, placing planks over the orchestra to get him out that way. We got him on the boards, and then our hunter made a false step and flopped into the orchestra on his back, and appeared below with the double bass peeping through his hind-legs. Luckily, he only received a scratch, while the double-bass was only slightly damaged, so we stabled him there for the night, and in the morning coaxed him through the front entrance. His owner never knew of the circumstance and sent him back in time to win the great race "hands down."

At Portsmouth, under old Rutley's manage-

ment, I had a turn also. The stage was old and rotten. I had just mounted and rode on it, when it gave way; luckily, the trap was up to within a yard of the stage, so we didn't go down far. My motley crowd vanished, and the curtain came down on an empty stage, with the exception of what could be seen of the quadruped and myself. Luckily, the horse seemed too astonished to move, and the trap being gently raised, we were saved, the damages only consisting of horse slightly scratched, rider not hurt. At the Manchester Royal another fiery untamed would not ascend the cleated board from the street to the stage, and as he was wanted in a few minutes, the situation grew awkward; but a friend, who kept the hotel next the theatre, drove up in the nick of time and lent his more docile animal. I was acting in a front scene ("The exterior of Scud's stable") at the time, so you may judge of my surprise when I opened the top half-door of the loose box, to find I had to act the

scene with an unrehearsed animal. The owner was very proud of the way his steed behaved, and rechristened it "Flying Scud," and had its photo taken as a memento.

I had some trouble with "Old Hobson" at Leeds. He was known to be as rich as Crœsus, but as near as "Daniel Dance." Well, the old chap had to supply the horse, by the terms of our contract, and he sent in an old broken-kneed cab-horse, and had its legs painted for the occasion. Of course, I had to procure another one at my own expense; it would have ruined the piece to produce the old crock as a Derby winner.

Many amusing stories are told of Hobson; the following, I consider, one of the best: "T'old Amphi," as the theatre was then called, was infested with rats, and Hobson arranged with a noted "catcher" to clear them off the building. The man set to work, and was soon moving away with a couple of sacks full of the vermin, when Hobson shouted: "Here, young fellow, my lad,

where beest goin' with yon rats? I reckon they're worth 2d. a-piece." The "catcher" explained that they were usually his perquisites. Joseph mumbled that he "know'd nout about perquisites,—that the rats were his property, and if anybody wanted them they'd have to pay 2d. a-piece for them."

"Oh! well," said the expert, "if they're your property, you'd better keep them!" and without more ado he released his squeaking prisoners, who scampered over the office and quickly proceeded to return to their subterranean homes, leaving Hobson dancing on his desk.

Before leaving the "Scud," I must not forget to mention that one of the great attractions at the Royal, Glasgow, was the appearance of "Old Malabar," then nearly eighty years of age. His reception was something enormous. For two or three minutes (a long time in a theatre) he stood perfectly still, breathless and dazed. To his dying day the fine old fellow never forgot it.

I often met him afterwards, performing his juggling feats on Glasgow Green, and he always coupled his reception at the Royal and his appearance before George IV., when he balanced the donkey on his chin, as the two proudest moments of his life. He was the originator of the time-worn expression, "Up goes the donkey!" He was a perfect giant in stature, and performed almost to the end; he being, I think, upwards of eighty-two years of age when he died.

In alluding to the "Cricketers' box," it recalls a fact that I am rather proud of—that is, of being with Horatio Saker and Jack Bradbury, one of the pioneers of theatrical cricket. This was long before the Thespians' Club was thought of. We had matches at the Eton, and Middlesex (Primrose Hill), and Kennington Oval grounds. At my first match, at the latter ground, poor Fred Grace insisted on conducting me to the wickets, making me feel so nervous I could scarcely hold the bat. Poor Fred!—*damp*

sheets, and no more! and nothing was done to the people who supplied them. The celebrated Lefroy turned up at one of our matches, posing as an Australian dramatic author; anyhow, he went through our "bags" in the pavilion: he afterwards had a ghastly end, being hung for the murder of Mr. Gold in the Brighton train.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, Mrs. Scott Siddons asked me to accompany her to America. Our repertoire consisted of Shakspeare and classical comedies. I opened at Toronto as Jacques, the Mock Duke, in Tobin's comedy, "The Honeymoon"; also as Touchstone in "As You Like It," from which character I afterwards modelled Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard"; Dogberry, Clown, in "Twelfth Night"; Peter and the Apothecary, "Romeo and Juliet"; First Witch, "Macbeth"; Crabtree and Moses, "School for Scandal," &c., &c. We visited Montreal, Ottawa, London (by-the-by, what a curious

George Thorne as "Jack Point."

little place, with its miniature River Thames, London Bridge, Fleet Street, and various other names well known in our great Metropolis), and then Hamilton. From there I went, eager with expectation, to get my first glimpse of the great Niagara Falls. This calls to mind the story of the astute Yankee who observed he didn't see anything wonderful in the water running down, but if it ran *up* it would be something to gas about; also the other Yank who summed it up in one short remark, "What a lot of wet!"

It was autumn, often called the Indian summer, and the foliage for about three weeks is truly grand, the shumac, a beautiful plant, of a rich scarlet hue, being in full bloom, and every variety of lovely autumn tint—a perfect blaze of colour. A few months later we had another peep at this grand spectacle, in the depth of winter, and were well rewarded for our journey. Mrs. Siddons, two others and myself, sleighed over from Buffalo and witnessed the great Ice Bridge,

huge icicles and fairy ice castles,—a totally different picture from what I saw on my first visit, more magnificent if anything—in fact, tremendous in its simple grandeur. Snow and ice (imitation) make a most effective stage picture,—very hard to beat, in fact: but the hand of Nature gives the scenic artist and property man a long start just about here, at the time we viewed it; yes, even a hovel can look picturesque when Jack Frost touches it up.

The tour lasted five months, and during that time all the important cities were visited with the exception of New York. I had some awfully hard work on this tour—not so much with our extensive repertoire, as with working what are called the "one night stands." For five weeks at a stretch we caught what might be called the same train every morning at the small hours—in fact, for discomfort, it paralyses description. The hotels were dreadfully bad, the food not fit to eat, and at one place the only hotel had

been burned down two days before our visit. However, they had rigged up a bar, a restaurant, and a billiard-room under canvas, and in this shanty we had to wait for our train until 2.30 a.m. after a hard night's work at the theatre.

Strange to say, in these rubbishing towns the theatres as a rule were really elegant, bearing out the old story that in the building of an American city, the first edifices to be erected are a theatre, a church, a town hall, and a lock-up. One pleasure amongst our troubles—we had skating galore, and I always had attached to my wraps a pair of "Acmes."

We spent Christmas Day at Fort Wayne, arriving at eight a.m.; and having to appear both in the afternoon and evening, this, of course, quite upset any idea of having a good old-fashioned Christmas dinner. Mrs. Siddons (who was always the kindest and most considerate of women) invited us to a special supper at a restaurant; and although done out of our dinner, we took our revenge

out of this later meal, and did full justice to the roast beef and plum pudding, both of which Mrs. Siddons had so thoughtfully ordered. She recited a special little address, in rhyme, which she had written for the occasion, bringing in all our names; and after several songs, recitations, and plenty of music, we wound up with "God Save the Queen" and "Auld Lang Syne." Then came a difficulty—no vehicles to take the ladies home, it being the very small hours of the morning. However, I spotted a market waggon next door to our restaurant; the man had gone in presumably to have his morning "stoup," and, without asking his permission, I took forcible possession of the cart, and drove the ladies to their various destinations. I then returned the trap, and was much amused at the amazement of the owner, whom I easily squared with another "stoup."

After this banishment, we reached Boston, civilisation and something decent to eat; in

fact, our first meal there was the first square meal for weeks. The poet Longfellow did us the honour of coming to see "As You Like It," and we returned the compliment by visiting his house at Cambridge; and shortly afterwards this memorable tour terminated, and I was at liberty to return to old England's shores. We had been knocking round a good deal: but I had never seen New York, and it struck me as very much like going to France and not visiting Paris; so I captured one of the magnificent river boats from Providence, and landed at the 'Merican metropolis on Washington's birthday. The city was gaily decorated with flags and flowers, the Old Guard and various regimental bands were parading the streets, and everybody and everything was *en fête*. At last I had "struck oil" after my weary wanderings. I visited Central Park and attended the ceremony connected with the installation of Cleopatra's Needle, the sister needle to the one on the Thames

Embankment. I also went over to Brooklyn on my first day, and at the end of this eventful day I was in a pitiable state of collapse, and got into my couch with difficulty.

After exhausting the sweets of New York without meeting any one in particular, I booked my passage home, and then of course I immediately ran against my old friend, the late James Scanlan. After the usual greetings, he informed me that he was stage managing "Billee Taylor" for Mr. D'Oyly Carte; and further, if I was not very homesick, I must instantly repair to Miss Helen Lenoir (at that time Mr. Carte's clever manageress in America, now Mrs. Carte), who would be prepared to make me a lucrative offer to play in the same aforementioned comic opera.

I there and then trotted up Broadway with Jimmy Scanlan, as my guide, etc., to the Standard Theatre. Saw Miss Lenoir, and made my first engagement with Mr. D'Oyly

Carte to play Captain Flapper in the opera composed by Stephens and Solomon, and so commenced business relations with the firm that I have been practically with ever since.

In pleasant contrast to my last engagement, this was a jolly tour, visiting only the principal cities, and lasting six months. Scanlan was stage manager, and good old genial Alfred Cellier was our musical director. Charles Groves played the other comedy part, Sir Mincing Lane. This trio and myself always put up at the same hotels. At Baltimore we stayed at Barnum's Hotel, and curious old chaps the waiters were in their evening dress,—quite Dickensonian characters in their way. Hearing a good deal of the gambling houses in the city, we thought we should like to see one, and so interviewed one of the antique serving gentlemen. "Oh yes," he would direct us with pleasure, and, with a courtesy worthy of a better cause, guided us up the street to a house

distinguished by a red lamp swung over the door. Groves knocked, and a pigeon-trap hole was opened for the janitor to reconnoitre. The appearance of Groves satisfied the negro guardian; but, deceived by my youthful appearance, he placed his arm across the door, saying, "Excuse me, no *minors* are allowed here." I was dumbfounded. Groves rudely fell on the stairs in a fit of laughter, and gasped out, "Good heavens! that's my *father!*"—alluding to me, of course.

Most people acknowledge that the 'Merican man from the States is "all there," and mostly as cute as they make 'em; but occasionally their cards are trumped by the steady-going Britisher. This was done by Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte on one notable occasion, and he deserved all the kudos he got for his smartness. This incident happened before the alteration of the copyright law in the States, that was necessary for the protection of English rights.

Upon the production of "The Mikado" in

London, American managers were naturally very anxious to secure the rights of the opera for the land of the Stars and Stripes, and consequently Mr. Carte settled with one American gentleman. The person in question had the run of the Savoy Theatre while the terms were being discussed and the contract prepared. When the time for signing arrived, the Yankee raised some objections to the terms, although they were identical with those agreed upon, and coolly remarked to Mr. Carte "that he (the gentleman) was not obliged to pay anything unless he chose, as there was no copyright on the other side of the 'Big Drink' to protect the opera." He was politely asked to leave the premises, and Mr. Carte set about organising a company for the States as quickly as possible, in order to defeat this astute gentleman's plans.

That very clever comedian, the late David Fisher, was to play Koko. I was engaged in the meantime to play the same character in

the English provinces. I studied, rehearsed, and played the part (a very long one) in six days, and opened at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. The next town was Liverpool, and on the Wednesday night of the first week in this town, Mr. Carte came to me to ask if I could leave for America in a hurry. I replied, "Yes." He asked, "How soon?" I answered, "To-morrow, if you wish." Mr. Carte said it would probably be the Saturday following, but he had to see Fisher first (who did not really want to go), and arrange with him to change over with me. Mr. Carte enjoined secrecy about the matter, and said: "When you leave, not a soul must see you away, and you will be entered on the passenger list under a fictitious name." I gave the necessary promise. On the succeeding Friday night I received the following telegram: "Meet company Lime Street 6 a.m. to-morrow, special train; proceed to Angel Hotel for breakfast, from there to s.s. *Aurania* by special tender at 8 a.m."

When we arrived on board, we were informed the passenger tender would not leave shore until 3 p.m., and that we could fill in the time as we pleased; but that the moment the tender was sighted, we must proceed to our cabins, lock ourselves in, and not reappear until the great ocean liner had started. So we left England, like a band of conspirators, in strict *incognito*, the primary object being that we should announce ourselves on the other side, and not be announced before we had started by a variety of cablegrams that would put the copyright pirates on their guard and give them the start in the production of the piece.

The precautions taken to hide our identity had to be repeated at Queenstown; but it was not a hardship, as we arrived there at eight o'clock in the morning: now entered into the conspiracy, we took as much interest in the game as Mr. Carte himself, and cheerfully bolted our cabin doors until we were again on the broad ocean. Our passenger

list would be a curiosity to us now, as we travelled under false names, as before mentioned—for instance, Mr. Carte rejoiced under the breezy *sobriquet* of "Harry Chapman"; Miss Kate Forster under the *nom-de-plume* of "Miss T. Caddy"; Fred Billington as "Mr. E. Clarke;" Courtice Pounds as "Felix Donn;" and my humble self, "Mr. Fred Hurley," if you please. I well remember Billington and myself rehearsing the new names, so that we should not make mistakes in the presence of other people. Of course we signed our wine-cards the first day in the wrong names, and the steward was very much surprised the following day—being beyond the evil effect of a stray cable—to find other names on his pasteboards.

Now being at liberty to do as we chose, we indulged in all the usual amusements to be got out of a life on board ship, and the rest of the passengers woke up to the fact that they had a real live opera company on board, who had shipped under false pretences.

We arrived at New York the following Sunday morning, and learned from the pilot, who brought the papers abroad, that no one knew that we had started until we were halfway across. From the papers we gleaned the information that the pirates were to give their initial performance of the opera on the Wednesday after our arrival, so Mr. Carte immediately arranged with poor old John Stetson—at whose theatre, the Fifth Avenue, Broadway, we had arranged to appear—that we should open the same night.

Wednesday morning came, and with it the announcement that our rivals had postponed their opening until the next day. We stuck to our date, and the famous Japanese Opera was a great success. Our opponents were said to have gone into the gallery to witness our performance and, anyhow, they postponed opening again till the following Monday. We thus obtained the advantage of five performances, including a *matinée*

before they gave the public a chance of drawing comparisons. Suffice to say we ran for ten months and ousted our rivals out of New York to try their fortunes on the "Road," which is the equivalent for our Provinces.

The newspapers said some very quaint things about us. One portion of an article ran, I remember, to this effect: "The principal comedian, George Thorne, is as funny as a section of gas pipe, while Messrs. Byrom Brown and Fred Billington are two solemn imbeciles."

New York became Japanese mad, and the emporium where the goods could be procured increased their sales by £1,000 per week. Everyone went in for a Japanese room, advertised from $5 upwards, and ladies gave At Homes and afternoon teas, disporting themselves in the costumes of the Three Little Maids from School!

Sir Arthur Sullivan joined us during the run of "The Mikado," and stayed six weeks,

He conducted the opera on the fiftieth night, on which occasion he did me the honour of orchestrating my *Dumb Verse* in the "Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," which was introduced in the recent revival of the opera at the Savoy. He also chartered a special steamer and took the whole company up the river Hudson to West Point, the American military training station; and a very charming outing it proved, the river scenery being beautiful.

A funny incident happened to Sir Arthur on his way back from California, where he had been to visit some relations. A large crowd collected at one of the stations, having heard that Sullivan was on board the train (thinking it was the celebrated pugilist, John L.), and were much disappointed when it pulled up to find a small man wearing an eyeglass, who looked anything but a prize-fighter. However, the news got about that the gentleman was the Sullivan who wrote "Pinafore," and so Sir Arthur was the great

attraction again. "Pinafore" was so popular in the States that over one hundred companies played it simultaneously, and eventually if anyone whistled an air from it they were immediately threatened with lynching.

During this somewhat lengthy season in New York, I received the greatest kindness and hospitality, having been made a member of no less than a dozen clubs, including the Lotus, and Lambs—the former being worked on the Savage Club lines, and the latter on those of the Green Room—both Bohemian. The Yacht Club, the Athletic, the Racquet, and the Mohican are all admirable in their way. When the Americans take to you, they cannot do enough for you. That grand old fellow, Lester Wallack, took the chair when I was the guest of the evening at the Lambs. Most of the representative members of the American stage were present, and it was one of the kindliest events connected with my life, and I shall always treasure the remembrance of it. I also took part in "The

Lambs' Annual 'Washing.'" This means a special train to one of the seaside resorts. Manhattan Beach was selected. All the watering-places in that part consist of a few gigantic hotels; the number of your bathing box corresponding with the number of your bedroom. The club manage to arrange to visit one of these places the day before they are open to the public for the season, so that they have the benefit of the staff of the hotel, and also have the run of the place practically to themselves.

The "washing," I soon discovered, meant a swim in the broad Atlantic. On the magnificent sands all the fun of the fair was provided, including our old and welcome friend "Punch and Judy." I can only give an adequate idea of the thorough let-yourself-go-edness of the occasion, when I compare the sight to a right joyous band of children revelling in the sea at Ramsgate or Margate.

On the day before sailing home, at the end

of this memorable "Mikado" season, John Stetson came to the Carlton Hotel, where I was staying, and said: "Before you go, Thorne, I feel I ought to make you some sort of a present: come downstairs." I followed, and when we arrived at the door, he, pointing to the edge of the "side walk" in front of us, enthusiastically exclaimed: "There you are, my boy, isn't it magnificent? It 's for you." *It was a donkey!* I couldn't help quoting our divine Wil-i-um. "John," said I, "when shall we three meet again?"—and jumping on the long-eared gentleman's back, rode him into the Broadway entrance of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, up to the office, saying to the clerk: "Book a *stall* for my friend, and Mr. Stetson will pay for it."

John Stetson pronounced the names of our operas in a very quaint fashion; for instance, he called "The Mikado" *Mickeydoo*, "Ruddigore" *Ru-digger-ree*, and "The Gondoliers" *Gone-dollars*. Strange to say,

this last-named opera did not prove the success in the States that its undoubted merits warranted, and it was generally understood that the astute John knew exactly what he was about when he re-christened it.

When John "ran" a large variety theatre in Boston some years since, he would sit on the stage at his table with a large screen around it, and the ominous words, "**KEEP OFF**," painted in big bold letters on it. Woe be to him who intruded on the great manager's privacy! During the performance at night, if he didn't like the particular turn that was going on, he would blow a whistle, and the poor male or female artists who were singing suddenly found themselves "closed in;" that is, shut out from the audience by a drop-scene being lowered. They were then called to the office, paid a full fortnight's salary, and told to "get out and never enter the theatre again."

After the "Ruddigore" season, I accepted an engagement with Edward E. Rice to

play Le Blanc in the burlesque of "Evangeline," Faupaugh's $20,000 prize beauty, Louise Montague, enacting the title *rôle*. One of Rice's advertisements was a printed list of all the comedians who had played Le Blanc since the burlesque was first produced, now over twenty years, and is still in the front ranks, going well and strong. This list contained the names of all the principal comedians in America, besides many English and Australian; in fact, you were not a recognised comedian in America unless you had appeared as Le Blanc; so I qualified and took my degree. The New York Horticultural Society paid me a very nice compliment on the occasion of my first appearance in this character at the Grand Opera House, Twenty-third Street. After one of my songs, four men came tramping down the Parquette gangway, carrying a gigantic basket of beautiful flowers, which they deposited on the stage at the edge of the orchestra. A card was attached bearing

my name. At the end of my song I went to pick it up, but found I couldn't lift it. The audience screamed at my frantic fruitless failure. At last, by a supernatural effort, I managed to *drag* the basket off, and when we dissected it, found the bottom of it lined with *bricks* and *weights*. This was a joke concocted by my friend, grand old John Thorpe (formerly of Stratford-on-Avon), one of the Chiefs of the H.S., and the gentleman who had the entire arrangements and charge of the Floral Department at the World's Fair, Chicago.

To be a judge, and a good judge too, is at once a most dignified and lucrative position, and one much sought after by members of the legal profession. I have had to play the part of Judge in "Trial by Jury" on very many occasions; so, naturally, I have a great respect and reverence for the learned body. Having the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the late Judge Ford, of New York, he gave me an opportunity of improving my

knowledge of the way American justice was dealt out. I took great delight, when I knew him well enough, in making fun of the American Law Courts,—innocent kind of chaff, of course; so he said one day:

"Look here, Thorne, you keep rubbing it in as to how we do business in this country; will you come and see for yourself?"

Of course I was delighted at the offer, and the following morning, Sunday, called at the Hoffman House where the judge put up, partook of coffee and a roll, jumped into his carriage and drove down to the Tombs, where, upon alighting, we took our seats on the bench exactly as the clock struck nine, and, looking around, I perceived that a door on our right was guarded by a couple of policemen belonging to the "Broadway Squad," fine big fellows, looking like descendants of "Gog and Magog," and first-cousins to the famous "Dublin babies." Far into the distance, through the open door, could be seen a crowd of blear-eyed, broken-

headed, washed-out-looking prisoners, waiting their turn, formed up in Indian file, to be turned on and off as the case might be. Being Sunday morning, most of the cases were "drunk and disorderly," the majority of the culprits being "coons," and they very much amused me by shouting to each other in true Ethiopian fashion. Many of them had some lame excuse to make to the judge; but his quiet "One dollar" (this being the fine for drunkenness) settled everything. Judging by the number of prisoners, I thought we were in for a day of it; but Ford, with his eternal "One dollar," polished the cases off with the rapidity of a judicial "Sweeny Todd." A case rather more complicated came on, and my sympathy was with the prisoner. Towards the end of the hearing the judge turned to me as in consultation, and whispered: "What would you do?" Being sorry for the man, I said: "Let him off!" He turned sharply to the prisoner, and said: "Three months!" Busi-

ness over, Judge Ford escorted me over the building, showing me the condemned cell, which was occupied, I regret to say, and then we adjourned to the hotel for breakfast. I was playing in "The Mikado" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre at the time of my visit to the Tombs; but I must admit, on looking through the papers next morning, I was surprised to read the reports of my visit: "Koko on the bench," "Koko in the Tombs," &c., &c. Truly the American reporter rises early in the morning!

In 1875 I played Mrs. Crusoe in Charles Rice's pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. Rice was quite a character, a born manager, a scenic artist and property man. He was also an excellent actor, and an author of no mean ability. He was a curious fellow if anyone put him out. A scenic artist of his refused to paint a big rock that Rice wanted for the centre of the stage, because it would hide a very beautiful set scene of his; so Rice

painted it himself, and painted it *jet black*. On another occasion, one of his company, having annoyed him, he paid him his salary at the end of the week in farthings. He also wrote a very characteristic hand—so much so, that when I took my contract to Somerset House to be stamped, the clerk who attended to me asked my permission to show it round to the other clerks, and it created quite a sensation among them. As Mrs. Crusoe, I had to take a header from the pierhead, and as it was rather a height to jump from, and they had only a straw mattress, I explained that it was risky. Mr. Rice immediately turned to his stage manager, saying: "Mr. Anderson, provide Mr. Thorne with the best feather-bed London can supply." The grand old gentleman was always very proud of his great and unmistakable likeness to the late Charles Dickens.

The room I dressed in at Covent Garden was the most comfortable, I think, I ever set foot in. It was the room used by that

greatest of tenors, Signor Mario. *Apropos* of Mario, he is said to have been such a great smoker that he would hand his cigar to his valet when going on the stage, and the moment he had a "wait," resume it again. This reminds me that Charles Mathews was also an inveterate smoker, scarcely ever having a cigar out of his mouth, and used to say he had smoked so much that he could not tell a good cigar from a bad one. Mathews had a very quaint valet. Speaking of him, he'd glibly and characteristically describe him: "Invaluable man!—can't read or write; leave your letters about!" This valet, when they were going out, would ask: "Take your *scratch* book with you, sir?"—as is well known, Mathews was very clever with his pencil. And in the winter, this same "gentleman's gentleman" would enquire: "Will you wear your *oyster* coat, sir?"

I was in Bristol last year during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Cardiff, and some friends of mine, town councillors, invited me

over to witness the festivities, and a very imposing sight I found it. H.R.H. was presented with the Freedom of the City in the large hall of the Exhibition, beautifully decorated for the occasion—but there, gallant little Wales did the thing in tip-top style all over the town. The Prince was accompanied by our own Princess, who looked very sweet and quite as young as her daughters, who were also present; and when the band and choirs treated us to some national music, the effect was most impressive.

Now came the question of getting back to Bristol. I had allowed myself ample time to catch the train, under ordinary circumstances; but the crowd was so enormous in the streets (and of course all traffic stopped, so there was no hailing a hansom), that it was with the utmost difficulty that I got even in sight of the station. At this point the crowd was thicker than ever, and I was on the *wrong side of the road*, the same road being lined on either side by

volunteers and policemen. I could see there was nothing for it but to make a dash across the road; this I did, and right into the arms of a volunteer officer, who said: "I'm surprised you should set the populace so bad an example!" I whispered that if I didn't catch the next train to Bristol, I couldn't appear at the Prince's Theatre there that night. Like the good fellow he undoubtedly was, he at once turned to the crowd where we were standing, and shouted: "Room for a special messenger for the Prince's train!" and the words acted like magic. The crowd opened out, and left me free to enter the station and travel back to the City of Hills, Tobacco, and Chocolate.

Bristol has many pleasant remembrances for me. I was one of the company who appeared in the first pantomime produced by the brothers Chute after their father's death; viz., "Sinbad the Sailor," and which inaugurated the lavish and gorgeous Christmas spectacles to which the city is annually

treated. Later, I appeared as Idle Jack in "Dick Whittington," another very successful production; and later still, I went into partnership with the late George Macready Chute, touring the principal cities of Great Britain, with my old love "Flying Scud." I tried to find poor George's grave just lately at Port Elizabeth; but after wandering through various churchyards and making no end of enquiries, I met a friend who informed me he didn't die there, but at Williamstown, I think he said; anyhow, it was a town we did not touch on our tour—it was a town in which his brother practised as a doctor. Poor old George! R.I.P.

On the occasion of my benefit, the "Whittington" year, I somewhat startled the "B.P." by announcing that I should appear, after the pantomine, as King Richard III. in the last act of that tragedy. I kept my word, and that excellent actor, E. M. Robson, played Richmond. We had Macready's scenery and plenty of supers

(employed in the pantomine) for the two armies, and a capital dramatic company. We took a lot of pains in rehearsing, and I am glad to say the event passed off with *eclat;* those who came to laugh, thinking we were going to make a burlesque of it, settling down and listening with rapt attention. We all adjourned to the saloon in the front of the theatre after the performance, Robson getting there just before me, and as I entered he exclaimed in somewhat surprised and disappointed tones, "Hello! I thought I'd just *killed you.*"

We opened Her Majesty's Opera House at Blackpool a few years since, with the "Yeomen of the Guard," and put in a week at Christmas the year following, giving a sacred and secular concert on Christmas night, which proved a great success. During our visit we wanted to have a seasonable supper and music to follow, and to this end I approached the Superintendent of Police, who said: "The Court isn't open to-morrow,

sir, but come with me and see Alderman Fish." We called on the kindly old gentleman, who met us very courteously, with "Yes, we're not open to-morrow, but I'll open *specially* for you: be there at ten o'clock, sharp, in the morning." As the clock struck the hour mentioned, the next day, I entered the Court, and in a few minutes was in the witness box, kissing the Holy Book and stating my case. I asked for an extension until one a.m., whereupon the Superintendent promptly remarked: "Mr. Thorne is too modest, your Worship; his company do not finish business until late. I think if he asks for the license until two, it would meet the requirements of the case." The application was granted, I getting one hour more than I had asked for. There were only myself, the magistrate, the Superintendent and a policeman present—no public, they thinking it was an "off day:" it therefore broke my record, it being the first occasion I had ever appeared before an *empty house.*

We were going to Southport the week following, and Mr. Carte wished to give the company a supper and ball to follow, at the Scarisbrick Hotel, and he instructed a solicitor to apply for a special license for the occasion. This he did and was *refused;* so Mr. Carte, with his usual indomitable pluck, and not meaning to be "done on the post," engaged beds for the whole of the company at the hotel, and the affair came off in great style despite the Justices. What a difference in the two towns and within sight of one another; but there, what can you expect from a town that *turns the whole of the gas off at twelve o'clock at night?*

It was during one of our visits to Blackpool that the world-renowned People's Caterer, the late William Holland, who not only lifted the Winter Gardens out of the mire and brought the shares up to a mouth-watering percentage, but by so doing, gave an impetus to the business of the whole town —the "little shrimp village," as he loved to

call it,—told us, among many amusing stories of his "ups and downs" (and he had many), one that I designated his "duck story;" and as we read and hear so many "dog" and "fishing" stories, perhaps this one may serve to vary the monotony. Holland was at his wits' end what to do for an attraction, when chancing to see some ducks, it struck him that if he could only make them dance, it might prove a novelty. So he built a circular stage, the top being made of iron plates, covered with cocoa-nut matting and fenced in all round. Under the iron plates he placed a stove, and when the stage was sufficiently hot, without being dangerously or cruelly so, the public were admitted and came in goodly numbers, being attracted, I presume, by the unusual placard: "THIS WAY TO THE DANCING DUCKS." Holland then made a short speech and introduced his ducks, placed them in the arena, and the heat very soon made them dance and behave in a generally lively fashion.

The crowds were delighted and mystified, and soon the "Dancing Ducks" became the talk of the place. Holland made a goodly sum over them, which enabled him to enter upon another of those colossal speculations with which his name will be for ever identified.

A friend of mine at Leicester, named Jack Cooper, took a house that a mutual friend had been compelled to relinquish in consequence of heavy monetary losses, and we attended the sale of furniture and effects; and with a view to realising as much money as possible for our old friend, we arranged to run the prices up a bit, if we thought the goods were being disposed of too cheaply. Jack wanted to buy several things for his own use, and pointed them out to me in the catalogue; so, of course, I took a great delight in bidding against him every time for these particular articles, until, I should think, he regretted asking me to accompany him to the sale. When the sale was over he said

"You're a pretty fellow; you bid against me every time!" I replied: "I couldn't make *any distinctions* in an affair of this sort; the poor fellow wanted money, and he (Jack) might as well supply a portion of it as well as the rest of the buyers." During the sale a piano was brought in. I immediately sat down, with the auctioneer's permission (who was glad of a rest, he told me afterwards), and sang a comic song, which seemed to tickle the audience immensely; and I found the instrument, which was a very decent one, knocked down to myself at the finish. Jack's wife took a fancy to it, and so I let them have it. Then a hip-bath was placed on the table. I was in it in a minute, to show off its dimensions. It was purchased by a lady who, when it was "knocked down" to her, exclaimed: "*Of course the contents go with it?*" The end of my bidding and running up prices was that I found myself the possessor of a lot of miscellaneous articles that were no earthly use to me, except some

books—very good ones—which I speedily despatched to my home.

Poor Cooper did not live long to enjoy his new home; but he certainly was a great cure while he lived, and one of the jolliest and best-natured fellows I ever met. I think he fairly surpassed himself on the occasion of the production, at the Opera House, Leicester, of the great Drury Lane drama, "A Life of Pleasure." At the end of one of the acts, a question arises as to who will lead the Relief Guard, and the old Colonel, who has been wounded in one arm, shouts: "I will, if you'll assist me on my horse!" The men cheer, the Colonel is helped to mount, and the Commander hands him a revolver, saying: "Take that to help you on your way." At this point, to everyone's astonishment, up jumps Jack in the stalls, and throws his own revolver on the stage, exclaiming: "And take that also, and 'God speed' to you!" The exciting situation had carried poor old Jack clean out of himself.

It will surprise many of my readers when I inform them that I have appeared in *grand* opera. It was in the musical city of Leeds, and the part was Florenstein, in "The Bohemian Girl," supporting Henry Haigh, Madame Haigh-Dyer, and the veteran Buffo-comedian, Oliver Summers. I possessed, what was termed at that period, "a sweet tenor voice;" the loss of it was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me, as a *singing voice*, for the parts I have played for so many years in comic opera, would have been useless.

While staying at the Langham Hotel, Johannesburg, an amusing episode occurred connected with *false teeth*. One of the guests had ordered a set from a well-known dentist, but evidently suffering from absent-mindedness, failed to foot the account. The dentist made repeated calls for his money, without success; but he was received with the most profound courtesy and always asked to partake of a drink and cigar, etc. At length

he called one Sunday, and after the customary refreshment he casually asked: "How are the teeth going along?" "Splendidly," the "Jeremy Diddler" replied, "except there is the slightest suspicion of a grip on the right." "My dear fellow," said the dentist, "why didn't you mention it before. Put it right in a second; just whip them out."

The impecunious one handed over the "dominoes," and the dentist, putting them in his pocket, and taking up his hat and cane, somewhat staggered his late client by uttering the following:

"Good.afternoon, old chap: you know my office, call down any time during the week; pay your bill, and you can have your teeth."

The foregoing calls to mind another story connected with teeth, which occurred in Scotland, the hero of which ranked as a past-master of the "Never-known-to-spend-a-penny Brigade." He had just returned from America, and speaking of dentists, said: "Nothing to touch American dentistry! Look at these" (opening his mouth), "they 're all in on the new system—friends of mine—awfully nice people—wouldn't take a penny—*there 's twenty sovereigns' worth of gold in my mouth.*" One of our party quietly observed: "Well, take one out and stand a bottle."

PERFORMANCE

BEFORE THE QUEEN

AT BALMORAL.

Performance before the Queen at Balmoral.

THIS being the great Diamond Jubilee year, I don't think I can do better than wind up the first part of "Jots" with a sort of Jubilee Procession of my own. I will therefore try to tell how surprised we all were, during one of our numerous visits to Aberdeen, at being informed one morning that we were commanded to appear before the Queen. I wrote an account of our visit for *The Era*, and it appeared in the columns of that well-known and old-established theatrical and musical organ on Saturday, September 12th, 1891, and ran as follows:

PROGRAMME.

The Celebrated Japanese Opera, in Two Acts, entitled

THE MIKADO,

OR, THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

Written by W. S. GILBERT. Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The Mikado of Japan	Mr. THOMAS REDMOND.
Nanki-Poo (his Son, disguised as a wandering Minstrel, and in love with Yum-Yum)	Mr. RICHARD CLARKE.
Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)	Mr. GEORGE THORNE.
Pooh Bah (Lord High Everything Else)	Mr. FRED BILLINGTON.
Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord)	Mr. J. J. FITZGIBBON.
Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Peep-Bo (Three Sisters, wards of Ko-Ko)	Miss ROSE HERVEY, Miss HAIDEE CROFTON, Miss ALICE PENNINGTON.
Katisha (an elderly Lady in love with Nanki-Poo)	Miss KATE FORSTER.

Chorus of School Girls, Nobles, Guards and Coolies.

ACT I. - - - Court of Ko-Ko's Official Residence.
ACT II. - - - - - - - - Ko-Ko's Garden.

"The members of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte's principal Repertoire Company were singularly honoured on Friday last by receiving the Royal Command of Her Majesty to present W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan's Japanese Opera at Balmoral, the more striking the honour, perhaps, as it was the first professional performance (operatic or otherwise) that has ever been given in that

Castle. Mr. E. H. Beresford (Mr. Carte's representative and business manager) and Mr. John Cavanah (Mr. W. H. McFarland's manager) were summoned to Balmoral on the previous Wednesday, and speedily arranged all the preliminaries for what eventually turned out a highly successful affair.

"The Company left Aberdeen at 12.20 p.m., and arrived at Ballater at 2.30, and at once proceeded in coaches, wagonettes, &c., to Her Majesty's beautiful Highland home—a perfect day and a perfect drive—all drinking in the grandeur of the magnificent Dee-side scenery.

"On arrival at the Castle, a short rehearsal took place, to arrange the 'groupings.' This was watched with interest by the Princess Louise, Lady Churchill, and several of the household, the novelty of a real live opera company rehearsing *in propria persona* evidently attracting them.

"The Company next proceeded to the

Queen's dining-room, and there received Her Majesty's permission to roam anywhere and everywhere in the Royal grounds—a courtesy they quickly availed themselves of,—a joyous ramble of several hours being the result. During this lovely walk they visited the Queen's cottage, sweetly situated, and overlooking the flower garden. What a garden! Not a modern conventional set of flower-beds, but wild, all wild and old-fashioned, in keeping with the wildly grand surroundings. Next a peep at the monument erected to the memory of poor Princess Alice, charmingly situated on a mound overlooking the Dee. Then the Duke of Albany's statue, and John Brown's; and anon, a halt at the graves of the poor old "doggies"—Noble, a collie; and Tcheu, a Chinese dog: the former a faithful companion of the Queen for fifteen years.

"Punctually at 9.30 p.m. Her Majesty entered the handsome ball-room, specially fitted as a bijou theatre. The stage arrange-

ments were in the able hands of James Scanlan. Her Majesty sat in the centre of the front row of chairs, with, on her right, the Princess Louise; and on her left, the Princess Beatrice. Among those present were the Princess Leiningen, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lady Churchill, Lord Bridport, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Biggs, Dr. Reid, Dr. Profeit, &c., and a number of tenantry of the Royal estate.

"Surely, Gilbert's polished wit and Sullivan's melodious strains were never more heartily enjoyed, and, seemingly, by no one more than Her Majesty herself, who entered *con amore* into the humour of the libretto and quaintness of the plot.

"To Mr. George Thorne fell the honour of the first encore, the song, 'I've got 'em on the list,' evidently proving very acceptable, especially the verse in which, by dumb show, several parliamentary and other notabilities are happily hit off. Encores are, as a rule, not frequent on these occasions; but Her

Majesty was pleased to accord the same honour to 'The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring,' and 'Tit Willow,' that the 'Little List' received, while many other numbers came in for great applause.

"At the finish the entire Company sang P. W. Halton's arrangement of The National Anthem; and then Her Majesty retired to her private apartment, and a little later Sir Henry Ponsonby was instructed to summon the following members of the Company into the Royal presence: Mr. E. H. Beresford, Mr. George Thorne, Mr. Fred Billington, Mr. Richard Clarke, Miss Rose Hervey, and Miss Kate Forster. To these ladies and gentlemen, the Queen expressed the high gratification both their singing and acting had afforded her that evening; enquired the strength of the Company, and on being told forty-eight by Mr. Beresford, expressed her astonishment that so large a company could possibly appear in so small a space.

"With a gracious 'Good-night' Her Majesty retired, leaving the group (who certainly looked like a deputation from Japan, with Beresford as interpreter) to hie them to their rooms and disrobe.

"Subsequently, all were entertained at supper in the large dining hall, Sir Henry Ponsonby taking the head of the table.

"At 1.30 the Company re-entered their coaches, and the night being a lovely starlight one, a most enjoyable return journey was accomplished, the 'special' steaming into Aberdeen at 4.25 a.m.

"Later the same day, Sir H. Ponsonby sent the following telegram to Mr. Beresford:—'The Queen hopes that all your Company got home safely last night.' To this thoughtful enquiry Mr. Beresford replied:—'Please convey thanks to Her Majesty for gracious and kindly enquiry. We arrived quite safely at 4.30.'"

FROM A COAL MINE TO A BALLOON.

FROM A COAL MINE . . . . TO A BALLOON.

I DARESAY it has hardly fallen to the lot of many to go down a coal mine one day and the next jump up in a balloon, but such was my lot, on the occasion of a week's holiday I was spending at the time-honored and ancient city of York; I travelled from there to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and through the instrumentality of my brother-in-law, Mr. R. Dickson, I was enabled to descend the Whitly Colliery.

We had, of course, to put on the conventional tarpaulins, and very soon afterwards found ourselves more than half a mile below

the earth's surface. It certainly was a novel experience, undergoing, as we did, an unexpected shower bath and also what they call "Drifts"—not exactly snow-drifts, as the color down below is somewhat different to the summit of the Alps (the "*Shute*" is not in it in comparison)—you start from the top of a short hill and slide down amongst a lot of slush, and you are very lucky if you keep your candle alight. The highest and dirtiest we slid down we christened "Rorke's Drift," as the sad disaster occurred there, and also to us, about the same date.

An adequate description of a coal mine "Jack" is putting your head under a kitchen tap and turning it on at full pressure. After dodging the poor blind ponies—they having been born in the mine and never seen daylight, it was remarkable they could give such a good imitation of an express train (miniature) as they did—perhaps it is their mission to imitate steam engines, which are as blind as themselves; anyhow, I never was more

delighted than when I reached God's beautiful sunshine once more.

The foregoing reminds me of a very practical story connected with Lord ——, a great owner of coal mines. His son, one day, said, "Father, I should much like to go down one of your mines." "Why, my dear boy?" "Oh! simply to say I've been down a coal mine, dad." The father rejoined, "Well, my boy, you *say* you've been down one, but take my advice, and *don't go!*" And he didn't.

In pleasant contrast to the above, I had the pleasure, the next day, of travelling to the regions of the sky, with a lump of the grimy, but very necessary coal, which I had placed in my pocket the previous day, from the bowels of the earth, and in company with the veteran aeronaut Coxwell travelled to Stamford Bridge from the York Gala field. We travelled at an altitude of one mile and a half, and through the clouds, the gigantic York Minster appeared as but a

cardboard model of a church often seen at Charity Bazaars, in which you put a penny in the slot and have the doubtful pleasure of hearing a chime of rather cracky bells. We took up a little wine with us (there were eight of us, including the Lord Mayor, Matthews), and Coxwell had another opportunity of turning on his one and only joke. His health having been proposed, he replied, "I thank you, gentlemen. We are all friends, and *I trust we shall never fall out.*"

A GLANCE AT THE GORGEOUS EAST.

A Glance at the . . . . . Gorgeous East.

THE JOURNEY.

MY two last railway journeys in England were miserable failures; viz., Worcester to London, and from thence to Southampton —the former train arriving forty minutes late, and the latter conveying the idea it was never going to arrive at all. I spent what little time I had in London with my dear mother, and after the "sweet sorrow" of parting, rattled away by a p.m. train in company with Mr. and Mrs. Fuell, whom I luckily met just before starting and who

were going the same voyage as myself; consequently the misery of travelling on the South-Western Railway was greatly alleviated. It is pleasing to relate that we *did eventually arrive at Southampton*, and in ample time for the "land-sharks" which infest the place, and with whom we had a terrific battle —they attacking us with their usual zeal, and we keeping our ground firmly and exclaiming loudly, "We don't want beds," feeling at the same time inclined to chant Macdermott's war-song, "We don't want to fight, but *by jingo* if we do." Each shark persisted in asserting *his* hotel and *his* beds were superior to any others in the town. The pleasing difference of opinion, at the very top of their voices, lasted until we had walked quite a quarter of a mile from the station, at which juncture we found ourselves masters of the situation, the gills of the sharks feebly opening and closing until, one by one, they fell back exhausted, and with flying colours we secured comfortable beds

at the "Oxford Hotel," the house of a non-sharkist. "Mine host," a retired P. and O. steward, told us many strange stories, and gave us much useful information concerning the country we were about to visit.

The next morning was a busy one indeed. Up at seven, seeing luggage on board, paying no end of dock dues, and purchasing several small articles which, as usual, had been forgotten until the last minute. Our ship, the *Poonah* left the docks at 10 a.m., and anchored some distance up the Southampton waters. We followed at 11.30 in a tender, relatives, friends, &c., being permitted to accompany us. Many availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the last of those near and dear to them. The excitement of introductions passed the time until we sighted our ship, gracefully sitting on the water and looking a perfect picture. Going over her, seeing our cabins, and so on, amused us until tiffin (luncheon) time,

which takes place each day at one o'clock. At 2.30 the tender containing the mails steamed alongside, and during the next quarter of an hour very touching scenes took place, the parting of friends and relations—under most circumstances *painful*, but sad indeed on these occasions. Your most dear relations, your kindest friends leaving you, not, like myself, for a few months, but in many cases for a *lifetime*. Bitter tears were shed, and many handkerchiefs appeared during our last moments; but when the signal for departure came, it was pleasing to hear the cheers and shouts of "God-speed!" "*Bon voyage!*" &c., &c., that rang through the air as we steamed away from "Merrie England," on the 20th of September, 1877.

As we passed the Isle of Wight I thought of the many happy weeks I had spent there, and wondered if I should ever see its white cliffs again. Before dark we reached the last point of land, the Needles—those well-known and curious old rocks,—and being

fairly started in the English Channel, I will attempt to give a slight description of the

S.S. "POONAH."

Among travellers she is a great favourite, being what is termed a "lucky vessel," enjoying the best of weather on her various voyages, besides being a thoroughly comfortable ship and AA1 at Lloyd's. Perhaps the best idea I can give of her size is to state the fact that if stood on end she would be exactly the same height as St. Paul's Cathedral, London, being over 400 feet long and a pretty good width also. Her engines are marvels of machinery, and are exceedingly powerful. The saloon is elegantly fitted, having, among other things, a piano, which allows those who have a taste for music many jolly evenings. Others amuse themselves by reading, writing, playing chess, cards, &c. The quarter-deck has a large canvas awning, and is well suited for walking. The ladies frequent this spot largely,

it being the only portion of the vessel where *smoking* is not allowed. The hurricane-deck, or poop, with the chart-room and the captain's bridge at the end, is a very favourite promenade, especially by moonlight; while the forecastle affords ample scope for the passenger who *likes to feel the motion of the ship*. This latter eccentric genius stands very much in the *minority*. There is a butcher's shop, also a baker's, on board; a cow and calf, plenty of sheep, geese, ducks, pigeons, turkeys, fowls, &c., the butcher putting them out of their misery as occasion requires. There are a fine set of baths, and the *ad lib.* supply of salt water is vastly appreciated. There is a barber and hairdresser on board for the removal of all unnecessary hirsute appendages. The popular idea that sufficient exercise cannot be taken on board ship is a myth—at least on such a ship as this. There is no excuse whatever, and laziness alone causes one to neglect their usual "constitutional."

A well-stocked library supplies plenty of food for the mind, at the cheap rate of Rs. 1 (two shillings) for use of the books the entire voyage. Our postal arrangements are most complete, there being an office and also a pillar-box for our use. I have a very comfortable cabin to myself; it is on deck, and possesses considerable advantages over the lower cabins, the air being always fresh and thoroughly free to enter. It contains two berths, with net frames over them (similar to those above the seats of a first-class railway carriage) for combs, brushes, and small articles of toilet, several pegs and hooks for hanging clothes on, a looking-glass, a marble washstand, a small table with two undershelves for books, boots, &c., a rack for bottles and glasses, a swing lamp, a porthole and window about one foot and a half square, and a curtain over the door. I passed many happy hours in this little sanctum writing, reading, &c.

The meals are as follows: *Breakfast*, nine

o'clock, at which fish, chops, steaks, curry and rice, Irish and American stews, ham and eggs, &c., are served. *Tiffin*, one o'clock. This consists of various cold rations—fowls, salmon and cucumber, ham, beef, cheese and salad; potatoes only being *hot*, baked in their jackets. *Dinner*, six o'clock. This, the great meal of the day, is most enjoyable, everyone being on exceedingly good terms with everyone else, and the conversation never for a moment flagging while discussing the viands, which range in every possible variety and form from "soup" to "dessert." During the whole of the voyage there were but two dishes that did not meet with a favourable reception. One we christened the "P. and O. Mystery," and the other was supposed to be an ordinary "college" pudding, but upon the first trial was found to be very unlike those tasty little puddings studded with plums, and quickly called forth remarks as to *which* college it came from. Was it Oxford? No. Was it Cambridge? Couldn't

be. Finally it became obvious it wasn't *E(a)ton*. *Coffee* is served at 8.30 a.m. with biscuits, and 9.30 a.m. with sandwiches, &c. A bell rings half an hour before each meal, except tiffin.

We have over 100 first-class passengers on board, and expect to pick up a great many more at the various stations we call at. Among our present company are Admiral Hilliar (*en route* for China), Lady Hill, and a son of Edmond Yates (who is going up-country tea-planting). We have also three young Australians, who have been travelling for twenty months, visiting America, Canada, England, France, Italy, Venice, &c., &c., and are now returning home, taking with them their cousin (a Scotsman).

Our crew is composed principally of Lascars (coloured sailors), natives of Morocco, Algiers and Bombay; they are of all sizes and tints—some are very queer-looking characters—the boatswain is the image of the "Nabob" who appears on the label of

the celebrated sauce and pickles, a fork and fish alone being necessary to render the picture complete. One is known among us as the "Low Comedian." He is a Chinaman, and possesses an intensely funny face, with a broad grin always on it. One day this comical little fellow was drenched to the skin by the bursting of a water pipe; he still preserved his smile, and seemed to look upon the occurrence as a most humorous episode in his nautical career. There are seventy of these Lascars altogether, some blessed with really good features, and in no case a thoroughly bad or villainous-looking countenance. On Sundays these men are seen at their best: just before service they appear on parade in white dresses and smart turbans, with gaudy silk handkerchiefs tied round their waists, making them look exceedingly picturesque. After they have been examined by the captain, the "fire-bell" rings, and away they scamper to their various posts—they are changed each week—some

rush to the boats, others get the hose out, and all appear to be as expert as a Metropolitan Fire Brigade on these occasions; which is decidedly gratifying, as, being quite warm enough, we are not anxious to have a fire at sea.

Outdoor recreations consist of the games of "Muffins" and "Quoits." The former is played thus: A board five feet by three, with numbers painted in squares, is placed on the deck; then the muffins (pieces of iron the size of halfpenny buns and covered with thick canvas) are pitched, and whoever succeeds in throwing them on the highest figures wins the game. There is an O in one of the squares, and if you are unlucky enough to drop one of your muffins on it you have a certain portion of your score taken off; or if you haven't any, you are permitted to owe: it is very annoying when you have nearly won the game, to drop into that fatal square. "Quoits" is played on the same principle as the iron-quoit game;

only these are made of rope twisted into circles, and thrown from a stated distance into a bucket, the one who puts the greatest number in winning the game. I am not enchanted with either of these pastimes, but of the two prefer quoits, and make a practice of playing nearly every day, not for the love of the game, but because of the exercise it affords.

On Sunday we have service in the morning in the saloon; a Presbyterian minister, being among the passengers, officiates. He commences with the first part of the Church of England Service, and finishes with a discourse on one of the lessons or a short special lecture.

Before touching upon our route, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention the state of my own feelings respecting this voyage. I consider the novelty of it simply charming, and being in excellent health, eating with the appetite of a ploughman and sleeping as soundly as the proverbial top,

the only regret I find myself possessing is that this exceedingly pleasant journey, like all earthly joys and sorrows, must eventually come to an end. And now, as this journal is intended to *grow*, we had better at once attend to the

ROUTE.

Leaving the Needles, we found ourselves, at two o'clock on the following day (Friday) in the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay. From the nautical ditty bearing the same name and the various pictures I have seen on the subject, I was under the impression the thunder was always roaring, the lightning flashing, the billows madly leaping the height of mountains, where after wrestling violently in the air, they fell into the yawning gulf below, shattering into millions of particles. My experience of the same differed considerably, the water being particularly calm—so calm, in fact, we were able to *shave*. On asking our first officer, he pointed out the direction where the *London* sank. I thought for some

time of poor Brooke and his heroic end. In this bay I realised, for the first time in my life, one of the most striking proofs of the world's roundness—we were moving in a a perfect circle, keeping exactly the same dimensions, seeming neither to increase nor decrease, until land appeared, the first point of which was Cape Finisterre, off which the *Captain* sank; it having taken us thirty-six hours, the average passage, to cross.

We next entered the North Atlantic Ocean, passing the Burling Rocks on the Sunday. One of these rocks is a good size, and has a lighthouse on it, in which three men are stationed for three months at a time; they are then relieved and stay on land for the same period. This seems to be the rule at most beacon stations, and yet folks will write songs about envying these people! The three Towers of Mafra, the highest in the world, next appeared, with the coast of Portugal and the King's Palace about two miles to the right. Entering the South

Atlantic, we had a fine view of the rugged coast of Africa; and on Monday, September 24th, saw, in the afternoon, Trafalgar Bay, and visions of Nelson's great victory and death, of course, occupied our thoughts. Through the Spanish waters and up the Straits of Gibraltar, the huge rock looming on the one side and Ceuta Town on the other. The first stages of dusk had set in when we arrived at Gibraltar, and the sight was magnificent. We lost no time in landing, being conveyed to shore at one shilling per head.

GIBRALTAR.

The giant rock is 1,400 feet high and is completely studded with guns, none of which are visible from the exterior, but visitors are admitted to the galleries during the day: through our late arrival we missed this sight, I am sorry to say. The rock is almost perpendicular on all sides except the west, where it gracefully slopes down to a very fine bay, several miles long, on which the town is situated.

Leaving our boat, we crossed a drawbridge, which brought us to a pair of large gates; these are temporarily closed at 6 p.m., and for the night at 12.30 a.m., being re-opened at three a.m. A sentinel passed us through and we ascended some stone steps, crossed another bridge, and chartered a vehicle, a fac-simile of Cinderella's fairy carriage, the decorations being, perhaps, a trifle faded and dingy: it suited our purpose and conveyed us over a lot of uninteresting ground, though it's a mercy we were not capsized, the place being frightfully hilly and the enchanted caravan very rickety. Arriving at the post office we dismissed our "fairy carman," who grumbled infernally in Spanish at his fare, reminding me of his London brethren, who have been known at times to act in a similar manner, I believe. The postal officials treated us very civilly, despite the enormous demand for stamps, pens, ink, &c., and I could not help remarking that some of our English postmasters and attendants might,

with advantage, take a lesson from these people.

The town is very quaint-looking and seemed all bustle and excitement. The trade is principally in cotton goods and tobacco, and the bulk of the shops seem to be tobacconists and linen drapers. Behind the counter of one of the latter we saw a man, measuring calico, who was the very image of Toole—we could not help being rude enough to stop and have a good long stare at him. I purchased some very cheap, and consequently very nasty, cigars; and I bought a bottle of "Malabar" wine for one shilling—it resembled very weak port. I visited a common sort of music hall, heard one song, sang by a young lady all the way from the Whitechapel Road, I should imagine. In a dress that had seen better days, she informed us she loved her "Catarina," with which interesting piece of news we went to see a little more of the town, and after walking for some time entered another "Lyric temple,"

known as "Sam Twiggs"—very much superior to the former place, the audience being composed principally of soldiers. In this place it is customary for the "chairman" to ask any fresh arrivals if they will kindly sing, &c., and our party being entirely new, he accordingly came to us. My friends were immediately mad for me to appear; and I, rather enjoying the lark, found myself, a few minutes later, making my *début* in Gibraltar. To a most enthusiastic audience I sang the songs "Poor Su-si-an" and "The Competitive Examination," and at the finish, when I left the stage, was surrounded and informed on all sides that I should leave a great *name* behind me. I couldn't quite see how, as no one but my friends knew my name. Our own party at once dubbed me "The Gibraltar Comique," and the circumstance afforded us laughter for many days. We returned to our ship as the half-past nine gun was fired, and at ten o'clock steamed off into the Mediterranean.

Nothing but water until Wednesday, September 26th, when we passed the coast of Algiers. Early in the morning we were roused by loud shouting, and on going on deck saw a man rushing all over the place, flourishing a knife: it was one of the stewards gone mad. He was pursued by the doctor and twenty Lascars, who caught him eventually; it took four men to hold him: he receives proper attention and will be landed at Malta, if he does not improve. At seven p.m. it became fearfully rough, the vessel pitching, tossing, and rolling considerably, causing most of the passengers to become suddenly very ill. I simply astonished myself, having by this time secured my "sea legs," and not feeling a little bit queer, I, of course, wished to be in the thick of the storm, so at about 10 p.m. made my way to the forecastle, and there, chained to a mast, to prevent myself being washed overboard, I witnessed one of the grandest sights I have ever seen in my life—a storm at sea. Our ship was dashed

about as if it were merely a cockle-shell; as for myself, I was drenched to the skin, the waves coming right over me and the heavy rain nearly blinding me. My ideal picture of the Bay of Biscay was at last realised, only in different waters. I was, however, satisfied; and when it became possible to reach my cabin, I did so with a grateful heart, looking at the same time like a "drowned rat." I had to change all my things, which were wrung out and placed in the drying-room, next the engines.

The next day, Thursday, September 27th, it rained hard and was pretty rough, only two ladies appearing in the saloon at meal times, the plates and glasses having a rare game, although strapped to the tables with what are termed "fiddles:" perhaps the *fiddles*, by the way, made them *dance*. We passed some rocks and a large uninhabited island, on which one of our men-of-war struck some ten years ago, and all hands lost, there being no light whatever there;

and, as usual, I suppose, they will wait until one or two more vessels are sacrificed and then begin to "think about" erecting a lighthouse. Passing this by day saved us going out of our course about eight miles.

Friday, September 28th. The first fine day we have had since we entered the Mediterranean. Things begin to look more cheerful; the much-abused "fiddles" are removed, and admiration of the beautiful blue Med. commences. We passed the Sicily Isles and Pantellaria (three thousand feet high), the "Botany Bay" or convict settlement of Sicily; and at about 12 p.m. we saw the vessel towing *Cleopatra's Needle* on its way to England: we passed quite close, and with telescopes had a fine view of it. Flying-fish came on board early this morning; I have the wings of one—dried, pressed, and put in a book—and intend bringing them home with me. The fish themselves are excellent eating; we hope to see many more later in the voyage. It had just turned

11 p.m., when I found myself making for the shores of Malta, in a small boat. We had sighted the lights some hours earlier, but the extreme darkness prevented us from entering the harbour, which is very narrow at the mouth; consequently we had to wait until the moon appeared.

MALTA.

This island, by night, does not present the striking appearance of Gibraltar under similar circumstances, and by the time we had landed most of the inhabitants had retired for the night. A few, anxious to make a little money, such as guides, dealers in fancy goods, together with the usual stragglers and idlers, were to be seen,—the excitement of seeing the mail-boat arrive doubtless attracting the latter class of humanity.

We spent about an hour inspecting the principal buildings and the town generally. The houses, for the most part, were old-fashioned and pretty; they seemed quite familiar to me—in pictures, I suppose. I

greatly admired some of the buildings, which I considered, with a few exceptions, equal to anything I had ever seen. The following are among the finest: St. John's Church, or the "Knights' Church," built by the Knights of Malta; the Governor's Palace, with magnificent corridors, chambers, and the armoury of the Knights; the Garrison; and the Opera House. We were next conducted to Dunsford's Hotel, situated in the Strada Reale (the only level street in the place), and there discussed an excellent supper, finishing with some music, there being a piano in our room. We then took another stroll to see the rest of the "lions," and finally reached our ship between two and three a.m.

Then came a treat! I have no hesitation in saying I passed one of the most miserable nights I ever remember. They were indulging in the delightful necessity of *coaling*, and in less time than poor Charles Mathews could have exclaimed "Jack Robinson" we were completely smothered with dust of the

blackest description; and the next moment received the pleasing information we should not be able to occupy our cabins that night, but that the men hoped to complete their work by nine o'clock. I took my deck-chair and tried to make myself comfortable on the quarter-deck, but, alas! could not sleep a wink, the noise being deafening; and to improve matters, it commenced raining, and came down "cats and dogs," as the saying is. At six o'clock I woke—that is, I got up, feeling like a piece of wet rag, limp and dirty. My steward brought me a cup of coffee (I never enjoyed a cup more than on that occasion). I then had a most refreshing bath. Going on deck again, I found it a bright sunny morning, and Malta looked as though it had enjoyed a good night's rest—that is, seemed wide awake. The water also presented an animated appearance, the various passenger and fishing boats being in full swing. The shape of the latter is similar to those used by the ancient Britons;

they are painted in very gaudy colours, and are most pleasing to the eye.

Mr. J. C. Buckstone (son of the late J. B. Buckstone, comedian) and myself paid a second visit to Malta; but our time being limited, and the sea looking so tempting, our guide took us along the rocky shore to a spot admirably adapted for bathing purposes. Looking around, I could not help fancying I was in Fairyland,—the clear sea-water, edged with majestic rocks, like tinted virgin cork, canopied with a heavenly sky. A plunge, and I found myself swimming in the glorious Mediterranean! The water was quite warm, the day being as hot as any of ours in the height of summer; and yet the Maltese had finished bathing for the season, on account of the *cold weather* having set in!

We got back to our ship at nine o'clock, having spent a most enjoyable morning, and were quite ready for breakfast when the bell signalled us. Our quarter-deck now appeared to be converted into a market—jewellers,

fruiterers, lace-merchants (most of whose goods come from England, but are offered as *real Maltese*); their jewellery, too, is principally "Brummagem," the only difference being the price, which is here three times as much as at home. This market greatly amused me, the men being excellent salesmen, taking enormous trouble over showing their goods, and betraying no visible signs of disgust when at the finish you did not purchase anything. I joked them a good deal about Birmingham and the "Lowther Arcade," and discovered most of them were glad to let you have their various articles at your own price—hence, I paid sixpence for a set of painted bone studs that were marked three times that amount. Grapes were offered at one shilling per basket and sold at sixpence. I felt rather sorry when the bell rang and this market was broken up.

The Maltese are skilled divers, and for our amusement went through several very clever aquatic feats. It was nearly 11 o'clock when

we quitted Malta. I was anything but pleased to bid adieu to this charming place, and being thoroughly tired out, went to bed, and did not reappear until dinner.

On Wednesday, October 3rd, at six a.m., my steward informed me we had arrived at Port Said (the mouth of the Suez Canal), and looking out, I saw the shore about fifty yards from us. Engaging a boat, I soon found myself on *terra firma*, it being the third break, since starting, in my long ocean ride. From Malta to this place the weather had been glorious, getting gradually warmer and warmer until at length, as I planted my foot on the Egyptian shore, it suddenly struck me that "warm" was not the word, and that "'ot" would be more applicable. The boatmen charged us threepence each to convey us to shore; at each place we touch the fare gets cheaper, so that before the voyage terminates, I am in hopes they will *pay us* for having the honour of our company in their boats.

PORT SAID.

At a first glance this place looks very uninteresting, being perfectly flat; but on diving into the town, the spirit of novelty comes over one, and despite the objectionable stenches that greet the nasal organ at every turn, a feeling of gratefulness is predominant at being permitted to see such strange scenes. The principal street is composed of queer-shaped but picturesque-looking houses, all balcony and seeming somewhat unsafe. Shops of all sorts, and people of all colours, meet your view. The whole place is built on a desert, consequently the streets are very sandy and on windy days must be very disagreeable. Troops of camels parade the streets, laden with sand; and the inhabitants seem to think it the "correct thing" to sit in the road, and as we should yawn over the latest novel on the Ramsgate or Margate sands, so they smoke their cigarettes, pluck their fowls, play with their dogs, etc., on *their* sands—the roads!

I noticed a few splendidly bred bull-dogs, and any quantity of the worst of mongrels; donkeys were plentiful, also mules, and decidedly no lack of children, very pretty ones some of them, and each looking a twin of the other; a few were going to or had just left school, with their slates hanging at their sides like English children, others were smoking cigarettes, and the whole place conducted in that "happy-go-lucky" style that conveyed the idea the people lolled their lives away basking in the sun.

The public gardens are small, but a decided and welcome oasis in this barren place. A fountain and an empty bandstand, a few plants and plenty of toads are the principal things to be seen: I saw quite a dozen of the latter fraternity, who seem to make a favourite resort of these gardens, the constant watering of the plants attracting them, I presume. I was not sorry to get back to our ship, as the brilliant glare and burning-hot sun I found somewhat trying.

On board another market was being carried on: but although numerous articles were being offered, there only appeared to be a run on palm-leaf fans; these not only cooling one, but vastly useful in keeping the flies at a respectful distance: these insects are becoming a plaguy nuisance—they cling like old friends and make one very irritable. These salesmen are not to be compared to the Maltese, being too quarrelsome, and when they were leaving it was a most *striking* picture to see them fighting in their little boats.

Some very ugly stories are told of Port Said by night, there being a great number of gaming houses and no proper code of laws for the protection of life, etc., hence the variety of people to be found at this place—outlaws from every country in the habitable globe. I nevertheless passed an hour or so on shore at night, and played French billiards with a fellow-passenger; and not being, I presume, destined to become the hero of a murderous escapade at Port Said,

reached my ship in safety without having been accosted by a soul.

I was not sorry to leave Port Said, which we did at nine o'clock the next morning, and in a few minutes were steaming slowly up the Suez Canal, which is about one hundred English miles in length, three hundred feet wide at the surface and seventy at the bottom of the water, which is twenty-six feet deep. To realise I was in this canal, of which I had heard and read so much, took some time; to be in the midst of this great work, which our own Stephenson and many others laughed at and pronounced an impossibility! By gigantic energy and marvellous perseverance, Baron Lesseps accomplished this, one of the grandest feats of engineering ever recorded, and gained for himself and France hard-earned and well-merited laurels. The work I speedily admired; but there, unfortunately, the attraction abruptly finishes: anything more uninteresting and tedious I never beheld — sandbanks, with sand

beyond and sand mountains beyond that; in fact, with the exception of a few pilot stations and the Palace of the Viceroy—a large building which cost over £40,000, and used but *once*, when the canal was opened—nothing but sand can be seen. Anyone who has travelled the Clyde will quickly recognise a striking resemblance in the Suez Canal to the *uninteresting* portions of that charming Scottish river. By six p.m. we were half-way through the canal, and as navigation is not permitted after sunset here, we anchored for the night in the Ishmalia Lakes, or "Bitter Waters,"—very, very salt, hence the name. The spot possesses peculiar interest: the making of the canal was started at each end, the object being to reach this point and thus connect the two ends; they succeeded, and in *our* journey alone we are saved several thousands of miles, as formerly all vessels had to go round the Cape. After dinner our first dramatic performance took place:

THEATRE ROYAL, POONAH.

Responsible Manager - - - CAPTAIN ANGOVE.

Thursday, October 4th, 1877,

GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

For the BENEFIT of the

MERCHANT SAILORS' ORPHANS.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of

—— ADMIRAL HILLIAR. ——

PROGRAMME.

At 7.30.—"WHO SPEAKS FIRST!"

FRED SHEPPARD and DORA SANTON.

At 8.15.—The SCREEN SCENE from the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Sir Peter	EDWIN SHEPPARD.
Charles	J. C. FUELL.
Joseph	G. F. LEICESTER.
Lady T.	FANNY ENSON.
SONG	MILLIE SEYMOUR.

At 9.30.—"A ROUGH DIAMOND."

Sir William	F. SHEPPARD.
Captain Blenheim	DR. REA.
Lord Plato	J. C. BUCKSTONE.
Cousin Joe	GEORGE THORNE.
Margery	Mrs. ——
Lady Plato	Mrs. ——

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The house was crowded and the entertainment a *complete success*. Our "fit up" was most ingenious, being built entirely of flags, and a gentleman on board, who is taking out some patent lamps to Sydney, kindly illuminated our "Temple of Art." Besides passing a most enjoyable evening, we placed £15 in the box for the Orphans.

We were supposed to leave at five the next morning, but a heavy fog delayed us until after eight. More sandbanks, and conclusion of the canal between three and four in the afternoon. From the time of leaving Port Said the heat got worse and worse, so that I was quite content at Suez with merely looking round the landing stage, etc., deferring my visit to the town until the evening. A large, long shed (the railway station), a Café, the Bombay steamer and the Arab and Egyptian convict ship were the only things to be seen near our vessel. The convict ship was a dirty old steam-tug; not being able to find anyone who understood English

to ask permission to go over it, I took the liberty of going without. The convicts were chained in twos by the ankle; they did not seem to feel their position very keenly, but laughed immoderately at my *pantomime*, which I found had a far better effect than using my tongue.

A great number of donkeys and drivers were stationed by our ship, and the proprietor of the same turned out to be a most humorous character. Coming to the edge of our vessel, he would select one of the passengers, and then endeavour to attract attention by a series of manœuvres and shouts, such as "Hi, hi! hi, hi! Sar, sar!" or, "Hullo! hullo! hollo!"—then, catching your eye, would point at one of the donkeys, and rushing to it, yell: "Sir Rooger Tich-e-borne! Look, sar, very fine!"—then off to another, exclaiming: "Mrs. Bravo!." Like the well-known figure that accompanies a travelling waxwork exhibition and personates numberless criminals during its career, I found some

of these donkeys played many parts in a lifetime, and the delighted driver immediately rechristened "Mrs. Bravo" "Whoa Emma," that intelligent English cry, at its height of popularity at this time, and which took me nearly half-an-hour to teach this man; for a long time he would have it "*Ho* Emma," but eventually mastered the "W."

The town of Suez is over two miles from where we landed, and the "correct thing," for those who wish to see it, is to proceed thither on one of the above-mentioned donkeys; consequently after dinner I found myself riding, Arab fashion, on the back of "Whoa Emma." The gentle reader must not for a moment imagine these Arab donkeys are anything like the unsophisticated mokes that frequent the sands at our English watering places—they are much smarter in appearance, not nearly so obstinate, and run remarkably well. I had to place implicit trust in the Arab driver and donkey, it being pitch dark and I had not the faintest idea

where I was going. We eventually landed at the entrance of the town, where we found a guide awaiting our arrival as though placed there by order.

SUEZ.

Passing down queer dark streets, we presently arrived at the market-place; and this busy scene, I confess, amazed me. I can only compare it to one of the "market sets" frequently seen in pantomimes at our National Theatre during the festive 'Xmas season,—the *real thing*, of course, being much more extensive. I felt charmed, as it were, gazing on such a strange picture for the first time: the rum-looking houses and shops, with Arabian and Egyptian salesmen seated *on* their stalls; hundreds of mysterious-looking dark personages moving hither and thither, and yet withal a solemn quietude prevailing over the whole. I shall never forget the sight.

The women cover their faces with a kind of network, showing only their eyes. I con-

sider this custom very prudent of their religion to exact as far as the *old* ladies are concerned; but when a pair of beautiful black eyes peered above the covering, I must confess I had rather an inclination to tear the mask away and disclose the pretty face that undoubtedly was underneath.

The goods the men were offering for sale were somewhat like the "Heathen Chinee" —peculiar! Earthenware-looking loaves were exposed for sale in front of rows and rows of men, who did not seem to dispose of their *hard ware* very rapidly; in fact, if I found myself placed in a witness-box upon oath; I should unhesitatingly say I did not see anyone purchase these overgrown buns. I was also tickled with a mixture they were trying to sell, the principal ingredient of which appeared to be sawdust.

Various games were being played in the open air, dominoes, cards, &c., and nearly everyone seemed to be blowing the "flagrant cloud," smoking either opium or cigarettes.

An old man was amusing a select crowd by playing on a piece of wood with another piece, the one being used as a fiddle (with no attempt at strings) and the other as a bow: —the sound he extracted can be easily imagined. He was accompanying a song he was singing, the effect of which I shall not attempt to describe; it must be heard to be properly appreciated.

I saw the interior of a mosque, with the congregation praying: all were kneeling, and bending forward, they would strike the floor and mutter. They all appeared very earnest, in what they were doing, and I considered the sight most imposing.

I went to the "Suez" Hotel (the new English hotel, built in 1871), and was struck with its size and general arrangements. It has a large fancy bazaar, and altogether seemed a very comfortable building.

In a small café I heard a French family (father, three daughters and two sons) play two or three pieces of music with excellent

taste and skill. I was not a little surprised to find so talented a family in so remote a spot. They were modestly dressed, and seemed perfectly happy amongst themselves; perhaps, in their "world of music," they did not contemplate the unpretentious building where they passed their lives, which, beyond being clean, had nothing to recommend it. Contented with their lot, why should I object?

In a general shop I saw a shelf of Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce, which caused me to smile.

It was ten o'clock when I remounted my "Arab steed" and rode to the station near our *home*. I paid the "master of the horse,"—I mean donkey,—considerably over his fare; he pocketed it, and departed with the "fiery untamed," upon which Buckstone (who had been my companion to Suez) and myself found ourselves surrounded by the drivers, who wanted more money. These men are a great nuisance, and try to extort money

on all occasions, and it was only by fighting our way and flourishing a *toy* revolver that we reached our ship.

I was awakened early the next morning by a fellow-passenger asking if I felt inclined for a swim. Having heard the place swarmed with "man-eaters," I blinkingly replied, "Sharks"; and turned over to resume my sleep, when he roared out:

"Nonsense! I've just ascertained there is a lovely little spot below, quite free of them."

That was enough. In a few minutes we had started on our bathing excursion. We enjoyed our bath so much that after breakfast, at about 11 o'clock, we increased our party to four, and going round to the other side of the harbour had another dip. They signalled us from our ship to come out; and when we got back informed us there were "shovel-nosed sharks" where we had been bathing; and told us the fate of one of the stewards of the *Poonah*, who, only

the year before, was taken under and never seen again. I need scarcely mention that in future we intend to be more cautious in selecting our bathing places.

During the morning a native, skilled in the "art of legerdemain," performed some very smart tricks for our edification.

Between one and two o'clock the mail train arrived, being several hours late. Most of the passengers embarked on the Bombay boat, I'm glad to say, and we resumed our voyage.

The afternoon of Saturday, October 6th, found us in the Red Sea. Heat excessive, and different to any I have before experienced, except in a Turkish bath, which foreign luxury, by the way, admirably illustrates this voyage. Having gone through various degrees of heat, we had now reached the hottest room; and oh! how we did long for the *cold* one that usually follows!

Sunday. Heat unbearable: *103° in the shade, and not a breath of air!*

Having studied geography at school, I was, of course, aware of the existence of the Red Sea. If, perchance, anyone reads this who contemplates compiling a *new* geography, they will greatly oblige me by calling the water between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean the "*Red* HOT *Sea*"; they will then convey an idea to their students of what the place is like, which I consider quite as necessary as teaching them where it is situated, as they can then *avoid it*, if they choose.

On this memorable Sunday we managed to *exist* and no more. Nearly the whole of the stewards were ill, the barman knocked up and several of the engine drivers, while the stokers merely threw coals on the fires and rushed back to deck, the glass being 156° in their regions. The sea looked like molten lead, and seemed to reflect itself in the sky. Our ship resembled a travelling hospital: everyone sleeping on deck and wearing nothing but pyjamas (thin trousers)

and Indian-gauze jerseys, with a white sheet, which no one seemed to use except to cover their feet. Most of the males looked like panting dogs, and almost everyone had a fearfully drawn expression about the mouth. As regards myself, I was bathed in perspiration the whole of the time, and to this I attribute my good health, although I must confess at one part of the time I experienced the frightful sensation of hardly knowing what to do with myself. Imagine being shut in a box hermetically sealed, and you will then conceive my feelings at this stage. I am not far wrong in saying that if this same heat had continued *one day* longer unrelieved by a breeze, our passengers would have been very few on arriving at Aden. The captain and officers certainly did their utmost to keep us in good spirits, and held out longer than anyone else; but one by one they began to look queer, and confessed it was the hottest sojourn through the Red Sea they ever remembered, which verified the statements

of the natives at the various points we had touched: they everywhere said they had had the most scorching summer they could remember for fifty years.

Another instance of the completeness of everything in this world here forcibly presents itself. Had we plunged straight into this powerful heat, it would have meant *certain death;* but the gradual process enabled us to endure it. Towards night things began to get very serious, and thoughts of turning the vessel broadside, to air it, were entertained, when at ten o'clock, thank God, a breeze sprang up; and never was the glorious breath of heaven more heartily welcomed in this world than on that occasion: a loud, ringing cheer greeted it, and the "little stranger" speedily put new life into the ship. The same heat continued during the remainder of our stay in the Red Sea, but the breeze never left us.

Monday, October 8th,—the most melancholy since I left England; and I feel anything

but happy while recording the cause. At the commencement of this journal I spoke of three Australians and their Scotch cousin. The heat of the previous day had proved too much for the latter. Just before breakfast I had spoken to him in his cabin, and left him pretty well, as I thought—although he did not appear at the morning meal. At 11 o'clock he was seized with a fit of heat apoplexy, and being alone did not get any assistance until too late.

The news was kept from us as long as possible, but, of course, reached our ears eventually and proved a great shock to most of us. What must have been the feelings of his cousins? Deceased was a fine fellow, nearly six feet high, and only twenty-four years of age: agreeable, good-natured, and generally liked. He had just come into £800 a year. It is but just to remark that the death of this young man was, to a great extent, caused by himself—he drank too freely. For the benefit of others I may

mention that all alcoholic liquors should be avoided while traversing the Red Sea. *I* drank nothing but lime juice and water, except in the evening, when I took a small drop of brandy as a stimulant.

At 4.30 p.m. (sunset) the funeral took place. The ship was stopped, the "Union Jack" flying half-mast high. The captain read the burial service over the coffin, which was covered with a large Ensign flag, and at the words "We therefore commit his body to the ground," two quarter-masters tilted the coffin; a fearful splash, and the poor fellow had gone to his last resting-place. The scene was most solemn and impressive. What struck me as being very remarkable was the fact that the whole affair had taken place *within a space of six hours.*

We saw a good deal of the African coast and twelve enormous rocks known as the "Twelve Apostles," and on the morning of Wednesday, October 10th, passed between two huge rocks—"Babel Mandeb" (the

"Gate of Tears"), but more popularly called by travellers "The Gates of Hell."

We were heartily glad to bid adieu to the Red Sea and welcome the approaching shores of Aden. We anchored about three-quarters of a mile off, but were met by a powerful fleet of canoes, manned by wild-looking urchins with yellow mop heads. These little fellows could swim like fish, and were plying for sixpences to dive after. They sing the following words in unison (after the fashion of "Jack-in-the-water" boys) to a most monotonous tune:

"Heave for a dive,
Heave for a dive,
Hooror! Hooror! *Hoo*ror!"

When a sixpence is thrown, they flop out of their boats, duck under the water, soon overtaking the coin, which they bring to the surface between their teeth. During this performance, their canoes (invariably *upside down*) float away in one direction and their

paddles in another; they soon recover them and set to work to bail them out.

I was soon in a boat, being pulled to shore by four very ugly natives, who, it is needless to state, asked double their legitimate fare.

ADEN.

The greater portion of Aden is an extinct volcano and presents rather a favourable appearance from the water. On landing, the only place near is the Post Office. Having deposited my letters, I enquired how far the town was. Five miles. I had not time to visit it although our dinner was put off for an hour, neither did I see the only real sight Aden possesses—the Tanks. It only raining about once every three years at this place, it is necessary to secure as much water as possible on those occasions—hence the object of these gigantic tanks, which are situated on a hill above the town, the water being conveyed below by donkeys. I went to a large hotel about a quarter of a mile distant,

and found they not only sold liquors, &c., but pretty well everything else—physic, Rimmel's perfumes, drapery—and also had a printing office on the premises. The proprietor is a Parsee (a Gueber or "fire-worshipper"), and although retailing any quantity of cigars, to offer him one would be a great insult. The wild-looking natives dye their hair all sorts of colours, yellow and magenta being the most conspicuous. They sell chiefly ostrich feathers, asking fabulous sums for them, but gladly accepting a third of the money. Fat-tailed sheep are very plentiful. I also saw several camels and a young gazelle.

On returning to the *Poonah*, I found the dreadful business of coaling still going on, though nearly finished. It may seem surprising that we have to coal so often, but when I mention our engines consume 35 tons a day, it will be easily understood.

We steamed into the Arabian Gulf the same night, and from thence into the Sea of

same name; and to-day, Monday, October 15th, find ourselves in the Indian Ocean, having seen but two vessels since we left Aden, and no land. In this ocean we gave our second dramatic performance, playing the comedy:

"THE SERIOUS FAMILY."

Captain Maguire - -	G. F. LEICESTER.
Charles Torrens - -	J. C. FUELL.
Frank Vincent - -	J. C. BUCKSTONE.
Aminadab Sleek - -	GEORGE THORNE.
Lady Creamly - -	Mrs. BICKERSTAFF.
Mrs. Charles Torrens -	Miss M. SEYMOUR.
Emma Torrens - -	Miss KATIE WARDEN.
Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine	Miss FANNY ENSON.

During the action of the piece the ship gave a lurch or two, which rendered the family anything but *serious*, otherwise it was quite as great a success as the former entertainment.

To-day, Tuesday, I have been disturbed while writing, by the cry: "Man overboard!" I rushed on deck, and found the greatest excitement prevailing,—a Lascar had jumped

overboard. Buoys had been thrown to him, but he swam in the opposite direction, and there was every reason to believe the poor fellow was crazed, as he had attempted to stab a shipmate at Southampton, before leaving. The vessel was stopped, and in a few minutes two boats were lowered, but after searching for some time they had to give it up as a hopeless case, and leave the poor man to his fate. He was a pretty good age, and had but one eye. Being a Mahomedan, I've no doubt, so far as his religion is concerned, he thought he was acting perfectly right in drowning himself. Occurrences of this sort greatly mar the pleasure of this delightful voyage.

On Wednesday, October 17th, we had a fancy dress ball. Can anyone on land imagine such a thing at sea? I confess I was perfectly astonished and puzzled to see the numerous and varied costumes. Jack Fuell and myself hit on an idea that caused some amusement. He personated an "Ayah"

(native nurse), and I played the interesting infant. I was a noisy baby, I'm told; and a *heavy* one I must have been, for my nurse managed to let me fall several times: finally, I carried my nurse amidst much laughter. I next "donned the motley," appearing as a French clown, and by the last dance, "Sir Roger de Coverly," was over I was ready to "turn in."

For the next evening we got up a Promenade Concert (we had several during the voyage), songs, recitations, readings, and a couple of glees forming the programme. The concert terminated at ten o'clock, and then we had dancing for about an hour—this privilege being granted as many of the passengers (those bound for Australia, China, &c.) were leaving the following day at Galle. On a voyage of this description, constantly thrown into one another's society, characters and dispositions quickly and perfectly display themselves; it was therefore anything but a cheerful business saying "Good-bye" to my

newly-formed friends, whom, in all human probability, I should never meet again. By the young Australians I sent a photograph and any quantity of love to my brother Fred and his wife, who were at this time in Melbourne.

On Friday, October 19th, we sighted land at six o'clock in the morning, and soon beheld the Hay Cock, a large hill on the Ceylon coast, followed quickly by a sight seldom seen, the sacred mountain, Adam's Peak (7,420 feet above the level of the sea), the summit of which is usually enveloped in clouds. As we approached closer, the island of Ceylon became extremely picturesque and beautiful; rugged pieces of rock in the foreground, cocoanut and palm trees on the extreme edge of the land, backed by mountains of massive verdant hills.

At nine o'clock we arrived at Point de Galle and weighed anchor. Swarms of ludicrous-looking canoes (sixteen inches wide, and on one side only, an enormous

out-rigger) were in readiness to convey us to shore—although clumsy in appearance, riding in them was anything but unpleasant.

POINT DE GALLE (ISLAND OF CEYLON).

The first thing I did on landing was to purchase a palm-leaf and bamboo umbrella for R.1, the native having asked *three*. We then chartered a bandy (a conveyance peculiar to Ceylon—a sort of four-wheeled dog-cart, with a roof) and drove off to the Cinnamon Gardens, about four or five miles distant. We were soon lost in wonder and admiration of the tropical scenery—driving along a natural road, with cocoanut, palm, and bamboo trees on either side, relieved occasionally by a few quaint-looking huts, with the natives employed in their several duties. Dogs, cats, poultry, and monkeys were very plentiful, and the little blacks and browns, playing their native games, proved highly diverting.

Arriving at the gardens, an intelligent guide preceded us and explained the various trees, plants, &c. I saw and tasted of the following: cinnamon, liquorice, nutmeg, castor-oil, sugar cane, coffee, strychnine, cocoanut, and I finished by washing my hands with soap from a soap-tree. We were also introduced to the sensitive plant, which grows plentifully on this island, and the famous water-tree, which is certainly a wonderful affair—it usually grows in deserts and is called the "Traveller's Tree": a boy climbed it and, when at the top, stabbed it with a knife, causing the "pure and limpid" to plentifully flow. I was rather disappointed at not seeing any *Ceylon wax*.

We next entered a sort of hotel connected with the place, where they opened the green cocoanuts we had gathered (or rather had thrown down by the natives, the trees being very tall) and emptied the milk into tumblers; but I did not care very much for it. While imbibing this potent liquor, three Nautch

Girls danced before us to a tom-tum—they executed a war-dance, and greatly astonished me, at the finish, by throwing a flip-flap, after the fashion of acrobats.

The natives were a perfect nuisance, constantly bothering us to buy their goods. An old cripple followed us everywhere, informing us he was "*varee pore*," until it became, to say the least, monotonous, while at every turn he insisted on kissing our boots. Another of the hangers-on was a boy who carried a stick of charcoal, one end of which was smouldering: for the use of this, to light your cigar or pipe, he asked the modest sum of one Anna (threepence). Shade of Bryant and May, think not of it! threepence for a light! while you supply three boxes of braided vesuvians for the same money. Before leaving the hotel they showed us a cobra (the most poisonous of snakes) which they had captured in the gardens, the day previous.

We returned by a different road, equally

charming, through rice plantations, and at a most primitive-looking turnpike-house they exacted a toll of 1s. 6d. Getting out of our trap and walking for some time up a very steep hill, we at length reached a bungalow (house-hotel) situated at the top, and the magnificent view the place commanded of the surrounding country, fully repaid us for our toilsome journey thither. Ceylon, among other places, claims to be the Garden of Eden, and from this elevated point it seems a perfectly just claim: richer country or more varied and beautiful tints I have never seen. I found it no difficult matter to imagine I was really in Adam and Eve's Garden of Paradise. At the bungalow they charged R.1 (two shillings) for a bottle of Bass's bitter beer.

Re-entering our bandy, we found we had to wade through a lot of water which covered a portion of the road—it was in this state through an eight-days' rain. We next got to a spot where the road divided a river and

our driver informed us swarms of alligators came from it to sleep for the night, returning to the water at daybreak. "I no 'fraid," he continued, "but they sometimes eat man." We saw several snakes and lizards, and two guanos, very like small alligators, but perfectly harmless.

A native lad ran by the side of our trap, throwing "Catherine-wheels," *à la* London "mud-larks" after cabs. I threw him a copper but was astonished at having it returned to me; I afterwards found English money was not currrent in Ceylon. We got back to the "Oriental Hotel" at three p.m., having had a most interesting drive of ten miles, which cost us, a party of four, R. 5—2/6 each. We next walked through the town, which is not large but very straggling. The houses are one-story high, but pretty large, with a veranda the entire width of the front; notwithstanding the burning sun, the houses are kept wonderfully cool by means of a rushwork screen, which, while

preventing the entrance of the sun, does not exclude the air. The town is considered very healthy, except during the rainy season, when it is most objectionable. The principal buildings are, a new English church, the barracks, an old Dutch church, a mosque, the "Oriental and Universal Hotel," and a lighthouse. I walked round the old Dutch fort, one mile in circumference, and looking over at one point into the sea I saw a bright blue fish, as large as a decent sized salmon; it looked so pretty swimming in the clear water, with the sun shining upon it. A serpent charmer, with a large monkey, went through some antics with a couple of snakes.

Shortly after six I returned to our ship to dinner, it having been put off until seven. In the evening I again went on shore and saw some hundreds of dragon fire-flies—a grand sight! beautiful bright-green lights floating through the air. I played a game or two at billiards at the "Oriental," saw

some "Nautch" girls dance, said good-bye to all friends leaving us, and reached home at 11 o'clock.

We were delayed some time at Galle unshipping and shipping cargo, coaling, etc.; we also lost time through some heavy machinery freeing itself from the clutches of the crane and falling into the water. The captain had to pay the sum of £20 to some divers to recover it. Ceylon men are world-famed for their staying powers under water; without the aid of any apparatus whatever, they fixed ropes to the sunken cargo—hauling it back to the ship was the work of a very little time. At 1.30 p.m. on Sunday we started, but fate seemed dead against our leaving; we had not been steaming an hour when our engines broke down, placing us in a most dangerous position. Luckily there was no wind: had it been blowing towards the shore, I don't know what would have become of our ship; we should have been safe enough by putting off in the small boats. We

signalled the *Tanjore*, the China vessel which was just behind us, to come alongside and tow us out, as we were drifting to shore at the rate of two feet in ten minutes, which is considered a great deal for a big ship. The *Tanjore* took our strongest wire rope and tried to turn us, but not getting a fair run and the strain being tremendous, it snapped; they next tried a hemp cable, but with no better success. At last a breeze sprang up, *from* the shore, which enabled us to sail a little distance out, where we anchored. Just before dinner, all being in working order, we made another start, the accident having delayed us nearly five hours.

On Friday, October 24th,

MADRAS

made its appearance. I was agreeably surprised with the place, expecting, from all I had heard, to find it a most miserable-looking spot.

The next day (Thursday) the decks teemed

with natives offering Indian curios, puzzles, fans, fancy slippers, boots and boxes.

A troupe of jugglers and conjurors accomplished some startling feats, and with but little paraphernalia; their slight-of-hand tricks were executed in a most perfect manner. These men come from a village a few miles out of Madras, which for the last hundred years has been inhabited exclusively by "magic men," who are trained in the art of legerdemain from infancy. They carry a comic little figure which they designate the god "Ramo Sammie," and I truly believe they are under the impression that this ridiculous-looking doll assists them in all they do.

The famine is quite at an end at this place, I'm pleased to say. The interior of the country is still suffering, but it is now the work of, a very little time and we shall see the finish of this terrible business. Thousands of frightful-looking objects are along the shore waiting for their share of rice, &c.,

and the harbour is full of ships laden with food for them.

We departed at 4.20 p.m., and having disposed of more passengers, the remainder of the journey promises to be rather dull. Soon after starting I had a very jolly surprise, however. One of the new arrivals came to me, saying: "Mr. Thorne, I believe? You have a letter of introduction to me, I think; my name is Parbury." He proved an awfully nice fellow, and my greatest friend during my stay in India.

Friday, October 26th, Bay of Bengal, and the next day the pilot to conduct us up the sacred river Hoogly came on board. We picked him up from the station situated at the mouth of the Ganges.

The Hoogly is a very wide and dangerous river, there being numerous sand banks which are constantly shifting, besides some most treacherous currents. To pilot this river a man formerly had to pass seven years as a leadsman only. The system is now

altered, and when anyone can prove themselves competent by examination, they are permitted to enter upon their duties at once. The Indian scenery at the very wide part of the river appears very English: the trees and foliage seem the same as at home, and the occasional huts that rise here and there resemble our small farm-houses; but as the river becomes narrower the trees become unmistakably Oriental, while it is obvious the huts are built of rushes and reeds.

The river is one hundred miles long, and swarms with crocodiles and alligators, many of which we saw on the banks. No buildings of importance appear for some time, except the palace of a Rajah and several factories; for the minute, as it is getting dusk, you might fancy yourself in the outskirts of Manchester. Navigation being stopped at sunset, we anchored at about that time, and had the tantalising knowledge that we were within nine miles of Calcutta and yet would have to pass another night on board.

As evening set in we found it extremely hot, damp and foggy, besides being considerably bothered by insects of various descriptions, principally winged, including millions of little green flies, perfectly harmless, but falling wholesale into our plates and glasses at dinner. Large grasshoppers, too, came uninvited to dine with us. Altogether, I passed a most miserable evening, thinking if this was the sort of thing I was to put up with for the next six months, I should have a very cheerful time of it. Flying bugs were my greatest horror; these wretched insects leave a most objectionable stench wherever they fly, while to kill one in a room renders it unhabitable for at least a week. As light attracts insects, I avoided having the lamp in my cabin lit, so that the tormentors should have no attraction but myself. I was very glad when bedtime came, and by the light of the moon I could see the walls of my cabin were pretty freely covered with the little green flies, who had

retired for the night. I speedily followed their example, but did not get to sleep for some time, thinking of mosquitos, &c. In the morning I awoke and did not see the marks of any bites.

Going on deck, I found we had nearly reached Calcutta. Great buildings appeared on either side, while the natives were as thick as bees, though hardly as busy. What I thought at first most striking was the great quantity of shipping-vessels from all parts, forming such a collection of the finest and largest ships that few ports can equal, and none surpass.

A great number of people came to meet us, including Mr. Anderson, my manager. A native startled me by handing me a note addressed in my own name. I found it was from a friend who had gone on to Australia, recommending this boy to me for a servant. I noticed by the date of the letter it was some months since it had been written, yet it was handed to me perfectly clean. I

engaged the boy, whose name was Metou —I, later, used to call him "Meat-hooks,"— and drove to Mr. Anderson's house, next the Corinthian Theatre, and was delighted at finding several letters and newspapers from home there.

Having arrived safely at my destination, I will conclude by giving my most hearty thanks to Captain Angove and the officers of the *Poonah* for the many kindnesses I experienced at their hands during our most delightful voyage.

THE END.

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