

N. 1557 of 1889

Sam 58

5.

# Mussoorie Portraits.

IN RHYME

TAKEN DURING THE SEASON

BY

“MAY”

- K

ON THE MALL  
AT THE GYMKHANA  
AT THE BANDSTAND  
AT THE EXHIBITION  
AND ELSEWHERE

Beacon Press:— Mussoorie.

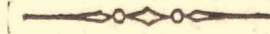
## PREFACE

Most books are written for an OBJECT, with an aim or to supply a WANT.

This book is without an object, utterly without an aim, and certainly not wanted. The scraps of which it is composed, first owed their origin to see myself in print and they have already appeared in "The Beacon" a local newspaper. An irresistible craving induces me to gather them together and inflict them at one fell swoop on the suffering public. As a result I hereby render up my scalp to the tomahawks of such reviewers as may dip into this little book, set before them—get their teeth on edge—and consequently feel blood-thirsty.

"MAY"

# Mussoorie Portraits.



## I.

A handsome man he can't be called,  
He's red-faced, rather short, and bald,  
There's nothing special 'bout his eyes  
They 're not so lovely as his ties,  
His hands ne'er from his pockets out  
He saunters leisurely about.

A true born Briton out and out.  
Of that there can be little doubt,  
No half-caste did you ever see  
Drops h's with such ease as he,  
Nor does he only let them slide  
But adds an extra few beside.

No BOOK-WORM is he from his looks  
And yet he WORMS into the BOOKS,  
To see if any one is lax  
In stating what's their servant's tax,  
And if the Library aught you owe  
He pretty sharp will let you know !

Reform's the order of his day !  
With zeal he hath begun his sway,  
No smith could readier be I wot,  
To strike the iron while its hot  
Than is the hero of my lay  
To set things straight without delay.

He has a wife, three daughters fair,  
One little boy, his son and heir,  
A nice snug house round Camel's Back  
What more then can my hero lack ;  
Nothing so far as I can say  
In private he's not known to—MAY

II.

I think she's pretty so must you,  
For certainly she's fair,  
Her skin is of a lily hue,  
And almost gold her hair.

---

Her cheeks have just the faintest blush,  
Her eyes, blue as the sky,  
Glance at you most bewitchingly,  
As quickly she goes by.

---

For dandy men wont stand,  
When one would have them stop,  
They run by with the pretty girls,  
Fat, ugly, once they drop.

---

But to my theme again—she's tall,  
And full of gracefulness,  
And every one I am sure must own,  
She's perfect in her dress.

---

Two rows of pearly teeth she has,  
Within two coral lips,  
Her hands are long and white, and thin,  
With pointed finger tips.

---

But now this portrait I will end,  
Or some good soul may say,  
"Just see how partial if he likes,  
Can be that horrid—

MAY.

---

III.

She rides out every evening,  
This lady small and slim,  
A white veil fastened round her hat,  
Her habit short and trim.

---

Like ripe red cherries are her lips,  
Like down, her powdered nose,  
Her cheeks perhaps would better look,  
Were they more like the rose.

Her eyes are very sharp and bright,  
And one sees at a glance  
A little sprite of merriment  
And mischief, in them dance.

---

Her tongue is long, (like all the sex)  
For half an hour or more  
I've heard it run unceasingly,  
E'en talking to a bore

---

She's nice, yes, very nice indeed,  
And has a winning way  
But who she is, and where she lives  
Are quite unknown to—**MAV**

---

IV.

A little man not over fair,  
With such a scanty crop of hair,  
That all the centre of his pate  
Is bald and shiny as a plate ;

---

The inside of his head, let's trust  
Is better furnished than the crust,  
Tho' from his preaching I've a doubt  
The inside's just the same as out.

---

Nature to him has been unkind  
For I'm quite certain you wou't find  
A single man in all the place  
With such a very ugly face.

---

But nature compensation makes  
For what to us, seem her mistakes,  
So doubtless to an ugly face  
Belongs a double share of grace.

---

But from my theme I'll not digress  
Or else my portrait you'll ne'er guess  
Which would be very sad for me  
Who always faithful try to be.

His eyes are round and black as sloes,  
And rather broad and flat's his nose,  
While speaking seems so ill at ease,  
He must be weak about the knees.

---

Space fails me or I more could say  
Perhaps another day I.—

“MAY”



V.

She's fifty if she is a day,  
And fattest of the fat,  
With feathers blue or red she decks  
Her very vulgar hat ;

---

Her hair is drawn up at the back  
And scratched up from the sides,  
A gold chain round her neck is thrown  
And on her broad chest rides.

---

Long ear-drops hang from either ear,  
Jet beads shine o'er her back ;  
Her weight's so great that as I pass  
I hear her jhampan crack

---

But when I watch her as she walks  
I fancy I must be  
A gazing at a ship in sail  
Upon the open sea,

---

Or else upon a prize-show cow,  
Adorned with ribbons gay ;  
But here I will come to an end  
Or say too much I—

“MAY”

VI.

"Fine feathers make fine birds" we're told  
And surely brown and black and gold  
Make up a brilliant plumage.

---

These are the hues a fair one wore,  
Whom I saw standing at the door  
Of the Mussoorie Library.

---

A sailor hat bedecked her crown  
Her jacket was of nutmeg brown.  
Collar and gloves were A. I.

---

A nice serge dress, a veil of white  
Completed well this costume bright.  
And left me filled with wonder.

---

VII.

AT THE BAND :—A GROUP.

Dear Gyps according to your most polite demand  
I send a group of portraits, taken at the band  
The subject's hard ! but now I've this confest  
I'll hurry on and try to do my best.

---

A group of four, quite foremost you will see  
Paterfamilias with his daughters three  
Dressed exquisitely and brought out to show  
How very well they are brought up, you know.

---

A bill Collector, tho' a Magistrate  
Whose ways are never crooked, always straight  
He is a pleader's and a tradesman's scout  
A shopkeeper's and a tailor's tout !

---

Among the ladies there was one quite crack  
In pretty costume, colours blue and black,  
So dark her eyebrows and so black her hair  
You could but notice them in one so fair

A rather gushing one in green, a perky one in white  
A fair haired girl in grey, accompanied by a fright!  
A very nice girl most tastefully dressed in black  
A rather "screwy" woman on a "screwy" hack.

---

Two ladies? with the gentlemen stood drinking at the bar  
But I'll be charitable and not say who they are:  
As for the men they must be very *dry*  
They think of nought but swigging at the CRI.

---

All these were there and more, but space will not permit  
On this occasion any more to sit,  
But if you'd like to have a group another day  
You've but to write and order one from—

MAY.

---

VIII.

Pray let us hope this lady's full  
Of courage, lest some frisky bull  
Should fancy her red jacket!  
Just as it's tickled me to think  
I must sketch her in pen and ink  
E'en though it make a racket.

---

She must be extra fond of red,  
For even on her graceful head,  
She mounts a scarlet bonnet,  
Which also proves she must be brave,  
Or else to Fashion quite a slave,  
Or she would never don it.

---

You'd know her also by her waist,  
Wasp-like and rather tightly laced,  
For this I really must say.  
Her face is pale, her hair is black,  
Her eyes are nice, but lustre lack,  
See for yourselves don't trust—

MAY.



So tall and gaunt, yet playful  
I think I see her stand,  
The lady of my sonnet  
With eyeglass, in her hand,  
Which, with its lengthened handle,  
Looks like, a witch's wand.

---

She stares at poor and humble,  
And lowly ones and all,  
As if to say, "my gracious !  
You *are* uncommon small !"  
Perchance, these very people,  
Her betters, after all !

---

The time, is not so distant,  
When she had felt the sting  
Of want, and narrow pinching,  
A bitter crushing thing !  
Now fortune's sun to ripeness,  
Her fruit of pride, doth bring.

---

She often dons the semblance,  
Of simple, youthful style,  
A soiled white muslin jupon,  
A trained seductive smile,  
Some youthful "sub," to conquer,  
Some boyish bear to wile.

---

With boa long, and snaky,  
Around her neck so lean,  
She laughs, and bridles gaily,  
Like any peerless Queen ;  
Ugloves a coarse large member,  
To shew new jewel's sheen.

---

She grumbles at the weather,  
As though she'd "run amuck,  
And loud proclaims her sorrow,  
And long deplores her luck !  
To lose her greatest treasure,  
A favorite—*lame duck*

X.

My heart is sad, and almost broke,  
It is so very tender,  
And all my sympathy's bespoke  
For that poor sweet-meat vendor.

---

"Plague take the man" ! I think I hear,  
"He couldn't well be vaguer !"  
So quick I tell you, he sits near  
The shop of Madame Jâger.

---

He sits there all the livelong day,  
Wrapped tight up in a *kumble* !  
No John Bull's privilege has he,  
The right to growl and grumble.

---

No ! be the weather what it may,  
Hot, cold, or dry, or showery,  
With stolid face he sits before  
His tray of *sa-o* and *rowry*.

---

"*Ek pisa ka jelabee do !*"  
This to his ears is music,  
"*Lao pisa,*" is his mild reply,  
*Likhin hum daenga nahin—tic.*

---

Yet stay ! I cannot say he's left  
Entirely without pleasure,  
He has his *hookha*, and his friend  
To *buk-buk* with at leisure.

---

Just see how tempting are his sweets  
When next you pass by that way !  
And if you care to buy a few  
You'll have to eat them not—

MAY.

---

XI.

Is he an angel O ! dear me no !  
Who could be an angel here below ?  
But he's fat and good tempered, his jolly round face  
Is pretty well known to all in the place.

Is he an angel O ! how could he be ?  
He dabbles in mutton and has a piggery  
Ov'r his nice little farm he trots briskly about  
For he has n't got wings to carry him out.

---

Is he an angel O ! then if he be  
He's one "unawares" to Mussoorie and me  
For he's always dressed nicely and looks too well fed  
To be either an angel or ghost from the dead.

---

Is he an angel O ! tradesmen say no  
For when cat'ring for suppers to them he won't go  
But orders from afar the wines for each revel  
If that's like an angel O ! give me the devil.

---

He must be an angel O ! why can't you see !  
He's angel bar the O, that's been added by me,  
If you don't quite agree o'er the sound of the A  
Settle that as you like not a jot cares.—MAY.

---

XI.

I followed them round Camel's back  
A spoony looking couple  
The girl was short and very fair  
The man was tall and supple

---

It was the witching time of eve  
When fond ones love to dally  
And vow they "never will forget"  
And "never shilly-shally

---

They little for a moment thought  
Their conduct gave a handle  
To prim old folks to shake their heads  
And say "another scandal" !

---

They sauntered on, his arm I saw  
Clasped round her waist so slender  
And on her up-turned face he gazed  
With looks devout and tender

---

And when they reached *the* seat he said  
Darling it is so quiet  
Let's sit here for a little while  
Out of the noise and riot.

She answered "yes with all my heart"  
Looking quite coolly my way  
And then I recognized Tom Jones.  
And Miss—guess her name you  
"MAY"

---

XII.

The hero of my song today shall be,  
One whom upon the Mall you very often see  
Always equipped in coat of glossiest black,  
Fitting without a wrinkle to his shapely back ;

But though his looks are fair, his deeds are ill,  
For he has ne'er been known to pay a tailor's bill !  
"Who can this shocking creature be ?" I hear you ask,  
That I shall let you guess before I end my task

But 'tis the truth I do declare and not Mussoorie gup,  
I'm careful lest for libel I should be had up.  
His pace along the Mall is very quick indeed,  
And you may often see him running at full speed

Yet on fair dame, or maiden passing by,  
He never deigns to glance with half an eye :—  
His socks are of the footless, legless, kind,  
A collar, neat and smooth, around his neck is twined ;

Yet strange to say no shirt nor tie appear,  
Nor cuffs, nor studs, nor ornamental gear ;  
His voice quite loud and rough is often heard,  
But ne'er has he been known to speak an angry word

He's never been to college or to school,  
Yet none could call him silly or a fool,  
He never lifts his hat but says "bow-wow"  
Surely you've guessed the subject of my portrait now ?

But what his name is find it out I pray  
Nero or Lion, Neptune, Nip ? 'tis quite unknown to—  
MAY.

---

XIII.

TAKEN AT THE EXHIBITION. 1888

---

I'll try and sing the *picture* show this time.  
The subject must be worthy of a rhyme,  
But ere the season's course has fully run  
Let's hope a *baby*-show will crown the fun.

---

The room was full of gentlemen and dames,  
Quizzing the pictures and may be the frames,  
Foremost among them Mrs Yellow-sacque  
And chattering to her gaily Mrs Red-and black

---

A little lady nobly did her part ;  
By prodding with her sun-shade at the works of Art.  
Surprising, by her energy a limp young man,  
And Mrs Well-bred, with her muff and fan.

---

A merry, mocking, group I next descried  
Around a picture, which can't be denied  
Was quite the funniest in all the room  
And painted with (they said) a carpet broom.

---

A "study from *life*" placed just above "*Dead Game*."  
Provoked the mirth of many a lively dame,  
Two gentlemen their very best did try  
Some merit in a pair of *wooden* dogs to spy.

---

Most of the sterner sex gazed vacantly at space  
For just a minute, then fled from the place,  
While others, connoisseurs in Art, no doubt,  
Remained till darkness came and drove them out.

---

But as the pictures I went not to judge  
I did not wait to see these worthies budge  
And so e'er evening stole the light away  
The exhibition saw the very last of—

MAY.

---

XIV.

A GROUP.

The sun on Tuesday evening, tempted many to the Band  
And all was life and gaiety, the music grand !  
Some of the dresses were so charming too,  
That I will try and picture them to you.

---

The handsomest was one of lovely green,  
So rich a costume's very seldom seen.  
A grey nun's veiling, elegant and neat  
With sailor hat, and boa, was complete.

---

A large Directoire hat, and dress of brown,  
The former with wild flowers all o'er the crown  
Made quite a study, but what pleased me more  
Was she who a blue serge, and white toque wore

---

Another lady in a jacket black,  
And plain white dress, no grace did lack,  
She had with her a well-known cavalier  
A general fav'rite 'mong the dames, I hear.

---

Space fails me or I'd like to tell  
Of many others who looked very well  
And one who was a very perfect guy  
But never mind, the Beacon has her in its eye !

---

## People I have met.

### I.

Every evening I walk on the Mall,  
Such numbers of people I meet!  
In groups, or couples, or else  
Alone, in dandies quite neat.

---

And also by dozens I pass  
Folks mounted on all kinds of steeds  
And rickshaws I must not forget  
For there's quite a fair sprinkling of these.

---

Here's a short stout woman arrayed  
In a jacket of bright red plush  
And tripping along by her side  
A damsel who does nought but blush.

---

And who are these just on ahead?  
Two 'Arry's of Simpkin & Co.  
Such unmistakeable swells!  
So chic in their get-up you know!

---

And who is that German-like man?  
Full short, with hair on his face,  
I've heard, but know not if it's true  
He keeps a hotel in this place.

---

And who will tell me the name?  
Of one in a boa of grey  
She seems much *boa-ed* by the man  
Who walks along with her to-day

---

Who's this in a cardinal dress  
With a fichu of velvet and lace?  
Of beauty she has a scant share,  
But her figure is perfect in grace.



## II.

At eve upon the Mall I always take a turn,  
And so I'm quickly able to discern  
New-comers striking folk, and friends of old,  
And old foes too, if all the truth be told.

---

Foremost at present is a little fish-wife troop  
Father and mother with them forming a sweet group ;  
Two girls in grey or next to catch my eye,  
Something so curious in their walk I do espy.


---

Within a jinrickshaw there goes a dark-hâired maid  
In dress of blue, white waistcoat and black hat, array ;  
And yet another jinrickshaw doth hold  
A dame, with large blue eyes and hair of gold.

---

A young man rides by at a rapid pace,  
His speed I think is greater than his grace  
But for the present these lines I complete  
And will say more next week about the folks I meet.

---



## Observations on the Mall.

### I.

This time my observation shall  
Be of the small folks on the Mall,  
So many little ones I meet,  
And some of them are very sweet.

---

Two mites I generally espy,  
Eating sponge cakes within the Cri  
They 're always very neatly dressed  
In dark blue serge, and striped vest.

---

Two little girls, each afternoon,  
In Tam o'shanter's of maroon,  
Are to be seen round Camel's Back  
An ayah following in their track.



And then a very striking pair,  
Brother and sister, oh so fair !  
On ponies on the Mall parade  
Accompanied by an active maid.

---

Within a dooly two sweet mites,  
Looked just like tiny fairy sprites,  
And in the Library there ran  
A very naughty little man.

---

Upon his father's horse, I meet  
A boy, in height about two feet,  
And then a favoured little son  
Trots by upon a pony, dun.

---

## At the Gymkhanas.

### I.

Down to the fair Happy Valley I wended  
Last Saturday eve my solitary way,  
Sorrow and pleasure so strongly blended  
I can hardly say which of them carried the day.

---

Sorrow for 'twas the last Gym of the season  
Or pleasure because—I won't tell you why,  
Why should one always be giving a reason ?  
Well, on to the Happy Valley went I.

---

Fair ones were there in spite of the weather  
In green, in pink, in electric blue,  
So that the colours all taken together  
Formed a beautiful rainbow hue.

---

One I saw there was fair Mrs D.  
Blonde Mrs B. and fine Mrs A.  
But to go on like this will only trouble you  
So a word on the races I now will say.

---

No tug of war ! it was such a pity !  
Nor threading the needle, which would have caused fun  
The "zoological race" was quite pretty !  
And the "hurdle race" was very well run.

Lucky it was that the Band was playing,  
Without it we should have been nowhere at all,  
In fact, for the Band the people were staying  
The sports far too slow could not hold them in thrall.



II.

The world and all his wife did run  
To try and find a little fun,  
At the Gymkhana.  
Of course, I followed like a sheep,  
And now I'll tell you of the peep  
I had, at the Gymkhana.  
Poor Tommy Atkins, on his back,  
Deplored he'd tried a sorry hack  
At the Gymkhana.  
The Sports upon the whole were slow  
Without friend Fitch there is no *go* !  
At the Gymkhana,  
And Music too we sadly need,  
For now, tis very dull indeed,  
At the Gymkhana.  
However, endless *sport* there is,  
If all the funny folks you quiz,  
At the Gymkhana.  
That gentleman *o'erblest* with fat,  
Yon ancient dame in youthful hat !  
At the Gymkhana.  
And chits of school girls one, two, three  
Trying how silly they can be  
At the Gymkhana,  
And surely they were quite worn out,  
That happy pair who paced about  
At the Gymkhana.  
Fur boas almost made me sick  
And, oh dear me ! that dress of brick !  
At the Gymkhana.  
One white dress, down it had a rag  
Of brightest yellow, like a flag,  
At the Gymkhana.  
Of head-gear, I've but space to write  
That one huge scuttle, was a fright,  
At the Gymkhana.  
The men were all like rows of peas,  
Brown hats, grey coats, are all one sees  
At the Gymkhana.

### III.

The Gymkhana last Saturday evening  
Was quite the best one we've yet had  
The sun shone its brightest, the folks looked their best  
And all seemed merry and glad.

---

I was there taking notes as these verses will show,  
But my seat, a horrid nodule  
Distracted my thoughts so much that I shall  
Next time send down a camp stool.

---

But the "splendid Band of the K O S B."  
Soon made me forget my distress,  
And the sight of the jolly old pipers too  
In their beautiful Highland dress.

---

The ladies like butterflies flitted about  
In costumes so varied and gay,  
'T was hard to decide among such a throng,  
As to which was the belle of the day.

---

But one in dark green, and one in pale blue  
Were truly most fair to behold,  
And she in maroon looked equally well  
With the fair one in costume of gold.

---

A native I saw, dressed just like a sahib  
And smoking a so-so cigar,  
An M.D, or two, our friend Captain J.  
And Capt——a dashing Hussar.

---

The events went off well, the 7th caused some fun  
By one pony not stirring a leg,  
Each time he neared the refreshment room  
He wanted to stay for a peg.

---

A young soldier lad in the 4th (Cheroot stakes)  
Took so long at lighting his weed,  
That the race was won ere he lighted a match  
And got a seat on his steed.

---

And now farewell to the sports and the Band,  
The ladies so blithesome and gay,  
But if you don't think, my verses too bad  
I'll write more next Gymkhana day.

## Reflections on the Gancy Ball.

1888.

The event of the season is over,  
The rag-tag and bob-tail ball,  
The only ones left in clover  
Are those who swept out the Hall.

---

The revellers got nothing but heart-ache  
Indigestion, and bills for their dresses,  
A scathing or flattering remark  
From one of the three local presses.

---

And now just a hint to ball-goers,—  
Fair ladies *will* flirt with a groom,  
But they have the strongest objection  
To dance with “a man of the broom.”

---

And to those who acted in “Corneville”  
Pray bring up your costumes next year  
They’ll answer again for “Les Cloches” and *The* ball,  
Though they’ll be *somewhat* *passée*—I fear.

---

## The Mussoorie Season.

1888.

I.

The season 1888  
Its course has almost run,  
And to my mind has been replete  
With gaiety and fun.

---

But all I have’s a paper heap  
To mind me of the past,  
Programmes of Concerts, Plays and Sports  
And bills, not least though last.

---

Some amateurs amused at first,  
A concert followed soon  
At which a reverend gentleman  
Sang sadly out of tune.

The Crofton Ferrell company  
Then took the place by storm,  
*The Don, Aladdin, Caste, East Lynne,*  
They gave in splendid form.

---

The Landour Depot too did vie,  
And did their best to please,  
And though they live almost sky-high  
They're not above rupees !

---

At Christ Church, all the season through  
Sweet melody's been made,  
And all the proceeds have been given  
The Summer Home to aid.

---

At Happy Valley Theatre,  
A most united band,  
Some little afternoon affairs  
Most cheaply put in hand.

---

And very pleasant were these plays,  
For talent great was there,  
And yet no silly show was made  
Nor any undue flare.

---

Such as the Actors in *Les Cloches*  
(That next and far famed piece)  
Sought for, and after all proved but  
Their swans were only geese !

---

The Fancy Ball was patronized  
By all Mussoorie swells ;  
In patchwork, paint, and finery,  
Appeared both beaux and belles

---

The masons' ball I'm sure was thought  
The better of the pair,  
The decorations were in taste,  
No kala juggahs there !

---

The Art Exhibit at Knockane,  
Was certainly most fair,  
In spite of several wretched daubs  
That had no business there.

The Fair to aid the Orphans' Home  
Was held mid storm and rain,  
And much I fear the efforts made  
Were almost all in vain.

---

For betting boys, and racing men,  
Gymkhanas had their day,  
And crowds of people gathered round  
For gossip and display.

---

But those who loved more serious things  
Were suited to a T,  
With skeletons and bandages,  
And hints on surgery.

---

Lectures I'm b(e)aring in my mind  
At which you might not cough,  
And if by any chance you did,  
They said, "you've come to scoff" !

---

The Herne Dale, Garden Fete was good  
And raised a goodly alm,  
And to my mind, of all th'events  
It carried off the palm.

---

The Dispensary Concert though the last  
According to its date,  
Was not the least attractive one  
And went off quite first-rate.

---

The K. O. S. B's "splendid band"  
Has been a welcome guest.  
The *Beacon* to the weekly news  
Has given quite a zest.

---

The Volunteers have had their sports  
The Schools their Concerts too  
And soon the swallows will take wing  
And bid these *climbs* adieu.

---

Scandals, Flirtations marriages,  
Of ye naught can I say,  
For if I do, I shall go on  
Almost to Christmas Day.

---

# The Mussoorie Season.

1889.

I think you will agree with me,  
The season has been somewhat dull,  
Indeed until quite latterly  
There seemed to be a perfect lull.

---

The rains were dreary, and went on  
As if they never meant to stop,  
One ceaseless wearying monotone  
Both day and night, of drip, drop, drop.

---

The first to come upon the scene  
And cause our spirits to expand,  
Were those we earlier should have seen,  
The K. O. S. B's with their Band.

---

The Sports went all the season through  
But last year's fire did greatly lack  
Chiefly because we missed one who  
Most sad to say can ne'er come back.

---

The Choral Concerts went off well,  
Nott Barnes's Entertainment too  
All the Recitals were so *swell*  
That crammed was every single pew.

---

The Ferrell Company came up late  
And were received with open arms,  
For idle folks had learnt to ha'e  
The sight of one another's charms.

---

Of course the usual Balls came off  
The Fancy Dress, the Volunteer,  
Some others too at which folks scoff  
Because at supper there was beer.

---

And there were picnics by the score,  
Also a Volunteer Review,  
Of weddings there were three or four  
And the "Will Case" made much ado.

But that which seemed *the* grand event  
Was the gigantic Moonlight Fete,  
Hundreds of people to it went,  
Entrance was one dib at the gate.

---

Each School had some kind of affair,  
Prize-giving, Concert, or Soiree.  
Of Scandal there was a full share,  
And fresh flirtations every day.

---

Sky Races were at Dehra held  
Which many from Mussoorie drew,  
Widows, grass-widows there revelled,  
Subs, Johnnies, spins. a merry crew.

---

The season advertised its end  
With bills of Auction, Raffle, Sale,  
And as our dreary path we wend  
Past gaieties we much bewail


---

"The *Beacon*" all the season through  
Has helped to keep folks spirits bright,  
Plain-wards it will be going too  
To find some fuel for its light.

---

To friends up here ere it departs,  
It wishes mirth and Christmas cheer,  
And trusts that it may glad their hearts,  
By coming back again next year.

---



---