

white ginger, some white pepper, 2oz; of chillies, 1oz. of small mustard-seeds, and a chopped sprig of tarragon. Cover with strong white vinegar, close the jars; refill with vinegar when absorption has taken place three times in the first three weeks. Cover down closely with parchment or bladder soaked in spirit. They can be used after eight weeks, but will be at their best in six months. Cherries and mountain ash berries treated in this way make very good adjuncts to cold game and salads. Another uncommon preparation for the store cupboard forms a suitable way of utilising unripe windfalls or thinnings of fruit, apples, plums grapes, etc., After having carefully wiped the fruit, and cut it up according to desire, remove all tainted parts, line a flat-bottom pan with some salt, place a layer of fruit over it, and so on alternately till all the material is disposed of, cover thickly with salt; let it stand four days, turn out the contents, drain and dry them in the sun or on perforated baking sheets in a very slack open oven for two or three days. Stack the fruit in jars. Boil in a brass vessel enough white wine or elder vinegar to cover the fruit, and to each quart allow 1/2oz. of caster sugar 1oz. of white ginger, allspice, cloves, and long peppers respectively, six chillies, and one shallot. After it has boiled let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, dissolve in this 2drs. of alum; stir, and when quite cool pour over the fruit. Cover closely.—Cauliflower: Pick the whitest bunches, cut them into small sprays, boil them for three or four minutes in a vessel of scalding brine, drain them, dry them gently on a cloth, and sprinkle thickly with salt, which brush off when quite dry. Steep in jars with cold vinegar for two days, in a warm and sheltered place; take them out and pack them in stoneware jars, covering the vegetables with scalding vinegar. This must have been prepared as follows: To each half gallon of vinegar allow half a teacupful of caster sugar, half a dozen blades of mace, one teaspoonful of celery seed, one dozen peppercorns, a few red pepper pods, and coriander and whole mustard seeds. These must boil together for five minutes. Repeat the addition of scalding liquor once a week for three weeks; lay a saucer on the top to just weigh the cauliflowers down. Cover, tie up, and store. Beans, onions, white cabbage, tomatoes, etc., can all be pickled this month, also walnuts. Lay these in strong brine, drain and wipe them; pierce them through with a large needle, and soak them in cold water for six hours. Make a scalding mixture as above, put the walnuts in jars, and finish as in preceding recipe.—Getta.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA

AND

### PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HURKARU.

I suppose if one jumped from London to Bombay, without any of the intervening "overland route," one's astonishment on being landed from the P & O steamer, would be very much greater than it is, but first Malta, then Calcutta and Suez, and finally Aden, inoculate the travellers gradually into Eastern costumes, color, and nakedness, so that when we find ourselves upon the Apollo Bunder, it would take a good deal more than there is, to surprise us, and we listen to the mixture of Hindoostanee, Guzerati, Maharattee, and English languages quite undisturbed, while a man with a gorgeous turban on his head and hardly a stitch of anything on his body, appears to be perfectly commonplace. Thirty years ago the ramparts had not been demolished, and there was still a moat round the "Fort," which was crossed by drawbridges; there was no Watson's hotel indeed if I remember rightly, there was only one hotel inside the "Fort" called the English hotel, chiefly frequented by skippers of merchant vessels and the like. Pallonjee's hotel at Byculla was about the only place for those to go who had neither friends nor letters, but such was Anglo-Indian hospitality, that the most formal letter of introduction was quite sufficient to throw open the doors of a bungalow where you were really made at home until you found suitable quarters of your own.

My letter to James Ackroyd was merely an ordinary introduction, but I was transferred as quickly as a mail phaeton with a pair of smart Arab horses could carry me to a bungalow on Malabar Hill and a room assigned to me. Ackroyd came from the county of Lancashire; he told me he was born near Clowbent (wherever that may be) but he was an educated man and had little left of his North county accent, except on occasions of excitement which were only seldom, as Ackroyd was considered a cool hand, whom it was difficult to throw off his balance.

The High Court at Bombay was not an interesting place to one outside of the legal fraternity, it was hot of course, and the punkahs being wafted in every direction, one over the Lord Chief Justice, one over the table at which the Barristers sat, and one over the Jurors in their box, had, it must be confessed, a decidedly somniferous effect. Nevertheless it was undoubtedly very reprehensible on the part of Ackroyd while seated in the jury box not only to fall asleep but to call attention to the fact by loudly snoring. The judge, Sir Michael Jelly, the pink of

courtesy had Ackroyd roused, and remarked mildly, but firmly, "you must not go to sleep in the jury box." What possessed Ackroyd I cannot tell, but instead of accepting the rebuke in good part, as he should have done, he abruptly retorted, "very sorry my lord, it is a habit I have at this time in the afternoon." A frown came over the usually placid countenance of Sir Michael Jelly, who bending over to the clerk remarked, "fine that juryman ten rupees." The fine was at once paid, but Ackroyd vowed by all the gods in heaven, that it should be the dear-fine old Jelly had ever inflicted. The assizes closed about the end of April, which enabled the judges and lawyers to escape the hot month of May by running up to Mahabaleshwar, a hill station about three hundred miles off. The Poona train left at one in the afternoon on Saturday, after which there was no other until Monday. Sir Michael Jelly knowing that there was only a trivial case to be tried on Saturday morning, made all his arrangements for leaving that day, and had given orders that his bungalow should be closed, as he would drive straight to the station from the Court House. When he took his seat on the bench that morning at 10 o'clock, he bowed and smiled both to the bar and the jury, never noticing the malicious twinkle in Ackroyd's eye, as he returned the salute. The case for trial was a simple one of larceny by a man named Sorabchand of his employer the great furniture dealer and carriage builder, Jaffer Sullman. There was an embroidered cushion in the room, where Sorabchand was working, and when Sorabchand left, the cushion left also, but more than this the cushion was discovered shortly afterwards in a second hand store, the owner of which—not desiring to be prosecuted for receiving stolen goods—at once admitted he had purchased from Sorabchand, the said cushion, for the sum of five rupees eight annas and two pice. There was practically no defense, and Sir Michael had summed up by eleven o'clock, when all the jury, with one exception, were ready with their verdict. That exception of course was my friend Ackroyd, who had quickly formed his plan of revenge, for fining him the previous day. The rest of the jury turned with amazement upon Ackroyd, when the latter quietly informed them, that there were one or two points he should like to discuss before giving in his adhesion to the verdict of guilty, and the court was evidently surprised, when the foreman intimated that the jury desired to retire. On being locked up, the eleven jurors who were composed, as was always the case in the trial of a,