



**THE APPARENT FUTURE OF MONTREAL.
CANADIAN CABLEGRAM TO ENGLAND.**

"STANLEY—TENNANT—STANLEY, THE EMINENT EXPLORER, IS REPORTED TO HAVE ARRIVED AT THE OUTFRINKS OF MONTREAL, AND IS EXPECTED TO REACH THE CITY HALL IN A FEW DAYS."

Baboo." From a musical point of view it is perhaps not much of a song, and probably those who have not spent some time in India, would fail to understand the humor, consisting, to a certain extent, in the curious jumble, or mixture of English and Hindoostanee words, yet it is a song which recalls more memories to me than any other. After leaving India, I made the acquaintance of an army man I met by chance at an English watering place, simply by repeating the words of one of the lines as he hummed the tune, for he turned upon me like one, who having never heard his own language for years, suddenly catches the familiar sounds. "So you have been in India" he cried out. "A regular old "qui hai" I replied, and we fraternised at once. Only three years ago returning from the Pacific coast via Chicago, a gentleman whom I found in conversation in the smoker of the Pullman, had been taking this route from India, on being

asked whether he had ever heard Dave Carson sing the "Bengalee Baboo" burst out laughing. "I don't look very like a griffin do I?" said he, "come and have a peg and we will drink Dave Carson's health."

When Dave Carson arrived in Bombay nearly thirty years ago, his name was utterly unknown, he being at that time, one of the "end men," as they are called, of an ordinary negro minstrel troupe, hailing from San Francisco, but his quickness to observe and portray national character, speedily drew him to the front, and I shall not easily forget, when to a crowded house, composed of natives as well as English, he came before the footlights in the costume of a Baboo, and imitating to perfection the arrogance, mingled with cringing servility, he announced, after extolling his knowledge of the English language, he would give them a song

*A term applied to those who have not been in India over twelve months.

having English words set to a Hindoostanee tune, commencing:

"I very good Bengalee Baboo,
in Calcutta I long time e-stop.
"Ramcham Tunder Ghose my name,
in Rada Bazar I keep it shop.
"Very good Hindoo smoke my hookah,
eat my dahl-bhat ebery day.
"Night come I make plenty Poojah,
hear nautch walla on tom-tom play."

The applause and laughter which greeted each verse, had been seldom, if ever, heard within the walls of that theatre, and Dave Carson, like a greater man, awoke one morning to find himself famous.

It is strange that a song, whose chief feature is a ludicrous and a somewhat exaggerated imitation of a native type, should have acquired a fame, which has lasted a quarter of a century, and which was appreciated by Hindoos, Mussulmans and Parsees as by the English. I fancy the secret of its success, apart from the comic aspect, arose from the fact, that the natives