member in the dressing-gown was deep in conversation with a friend and it was after nine o’clock. There were thirteen matters for consideration that morning of which three had been discussed. According to Cocker the other ten would take three hours and twenty minutes to settle. As a matter of fact they did not take that time; but at nine o’clock the meeting had warmed up and was settled down into its stride, and at this point the visitor left it.

The above, as far as an Englishman not conversant with the vernacular could judge, is a fairly accurate account of one hour’s work at a Municipal meeting. In the space of sixty minutes they had decided three important questions of private and public interest — and these without undue heat or recrimination. An English vestry, where men wage war to the knife over an additional sewage-cart or a scavenger’s badge could not have done more.

Typhoid at Home

_Civil and Military Gazette, 14 February 1885_

Attribution: Sussex Scrapbooks 28/1, p. 2. Diary, 8–10 February 1885

In _Something of Myself_ Kipling recalls that he was once given a ‘really filthy job’ as a reporter in Lahore, ‘an inquiry into the percentage of lepers among the butchers who supplied beef and mutton to the European community of Lahore’. If he actually wrote such a thing, it has not been found. But, as this article sufficiently shows, he did have ‘really filthy jobs’ to do.

(From a Correspondent)

If you would eat your dinner, it has been wisely said, keep out of the kitchen. If you would enjoy _chota hazree_ or afternoon
In the first place, the inspection was, for certain pressing reasons, a short one. It occupied in all two hours, and with two exceptions, was limited to one division of Lahore city—that which lies nearest to the Delhi Gate. A casual policeman volunteered to show the sahib to such places as would be most likely to contain what he wanted. ‘Cows, Protector of the Poor, are usually bought at fairs, and there are few of the city cow-keepers willing to part with their beasts. But, without doubt, the Sahib’s hookum shall be obeyed.’ An Englishman parading the bye-ways of a native town, in company with a policeman, is an object of the liveliest curiosity, not to say suspicion. Either he has come to hunt up a thief, or there is a ‘takkus’ in process of incubation. If, however, his avowed object be to purchase a cow, he will be welcomed, and above all, referred to neighbouring gowallas and byres without end. The yellow-breasted guardian of the public peace plunged into a bye-way leading from the main street to the right side of the city, as you come into it through the Delhi Gate. This passage was fully three paces wide. Down the centre of it struggled a stream of bluish ooze, gay atop with the rain-bow hues of putrescence. Here and there, side drains from the neighbouring houses added to the sluggish currents, or spread themselves aimlessly over the interstices of the worn and broken brick pavement. Presently, and after many turns and windings, the roadway narrowed from three paces to two; and the blue stream became wider and swifter. Obviously, the policeman was tracking it to the fountain head; as a traveller might track a river to its source. He hurried on over the uneven ground through the still narrowing gully, past closed and shuttered windows; past small doors in blank walls, giving access to dark courtyards even more uncleanly than the region through which he was making his way; beyond the reach of the sunlight, into high walled clefts (it is impossible to call them lanes) where it seemed that, last summer’s sultry breath still lingered; and eventually halted in a cul-de-sac. Here lay the first, and comparatively the cleanest byre. Within a space, twelve paces long by four broad, six cows and seven buffaloes, were standing side by side. This expression must be taken in its literal sense, for