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# OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA

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## CHAPTER VIII

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1886

MARCH 9 TO OCTOBER 24

*Tuesday, March 9th, to Saturday, 20th.*—I have not had anything interesting to tell you this week. A. came back with measles, and has been shut up. He is quite well, and only bored. Mr. Tennyson is very slightly better, but has not turned the corner yet.

The Maharajah of Jeypore and the Begum of Bhopal have come to Calcutta to see the Viceroy, and durbars have been held for both, and I have twice met the Begum. The first time I received her here. Mrs. Panioty came to translate for me, and at the appointed hour a tiny lady arrived, her face completely covered, a child of ten accompanying her. This was the Begum and her granddaughter! We sat down in a row and paid compliments to each other, and the Begum uncovered and displayed a little face with big eyes, and then I spoke of my Fund, telling her that I heard she wished to do something in

the way of establishing a dispensary and female ward in her own place. Then she asked for Nelly, and we put on the wreaths we had prepared for her, and handed her out again. The child is very self-possessed, and when she came to fetch the Viceroy to pay his return visit to her grandmother she comported herself like a princess and a grown-up person. Her face is still uncovered, and she is a handsome little girl.

I went the next day to pay my visit, Mrs. Panioty, Helen, Rachel, and Blanche going with me; and the Begum on this occasion stated that she wished to subscribe 1,000*l.* to my Fund, and that she would defray the whole cost of a dispensary at Bhopal. When we were leaving, trays were set down before us, and the Begum proceeded to open some jewel-cases that lay on mine; but I said at once that I could not take anything valuable, but that I should be pleased to accept a hand-screen which was there too, and which she said she had worked herself.

Yesterday we had a garden party, and the child came, and was so pleased with some little two-year-old boys and girls that were with their parents, only unfortunately she always wanted to lift them, and the children objected.

The Maharajah of Jeypore also came to the garden party.

Sunday was Nelly's birthday, and by way of keeping it we went in the launch on the river and had tea. The fresh air was very pleasant.

Poor Mr. Tennyson continues very ill, and his wife is rather knocked up; Lady Ely is also suffering from an

accident, and you have no idea what a walking about one has in this big house to visit all the invalids.

*Sunday, 21st.*—The day hot and trying. We went to the Botanical Gardens in the afternoon in search of fresh air and to see the orchids in flower. There are some very lovely ones out now.

D. had a visit from a chief from Chitral; I thought he looked most amiable, and not near so rough as I expected. He was shown the house.

*Tuesday, 23rd.*—We paid such a very pleasant visit to a native house to-day. The master of it is a very gentlemanlike old man, tall and handsome. His wife has often sent me letters of good wishes and little odds and ends of gifts, so I proposed to go and see her. She is a fine-looking old woman, and was beautifully dressed in white silk and gold. Innumerable daughters and granddaughters were there too, covered with bracelets, necklaces, and earrings, and all friendly and nice. A nephew interpreted, but badly, and we did not get much further than mutual congratulations upon the visit. One of the women spoke a little Hindustani, and Nelly was able to get on well with her, and I said a few things, but less well than Nelly, as I have had no time to continue my linguistic studies since I returned to Calcutta.

Refreshments were provided for us in a small room off the large one in which we were received, and the family looked at us while we ate cakes and drank lemonade. Then we talked a little more, and after that our decoration began. I was covered with garlands,

and had armfuls of bouquets and flower-screens, handfuls of 'pan,' scent all over me, and lastly a very prettily made 'dog collar' of flowers tied round my neck. I was also given a native sari (a shawl worn by women), and a small silver box of red powder, which is to bring good luck to my husband.

*Wednesday, 24th.*—This is my business day, and I had my last committee meeting before going to Simla. We settled many things, and decided how much we would spend and how much lay by. Then I took Blanche for a drive, and she and Fred and the precious baby left for the hills that night.

The Burmese Princess, whom I told you of before, has arrived at Calcutta and came to visit us with her son and daughter. The ladies have got into European shoes, though they still suffer from the effects of the prison chains round their ankles, and they were as cheerful and happy and affectionate as possible.

*Thursday, 25th.*—Mrs. Ameer Ali had asked me to meet some Mahometan ladies at her house. Just as I was starting the most terrific storm came on, and in this house, with its great big windows, there was such a banging and rattling, such a rushing to shut up everything, and such difficulty in doing so, such darkness and such dust everywhere, it was quite alarming. I was thankful that I was not out in it. Rain fell in about a quarter of an hour, and comparative calm ensued. Then I went to fulfil my engagement, and found such a smart assembly of ladies, such gold embroideries and jewels,



and beautiful saris; and they all seemed so much to enjoy this extraordinary dissipation, and were so full of the pleasure of seeing me, and of their great good fortune in being allowed to come out, that it was quite pleasant to feel oneself the cause of so much rejoicing. They were very nice-looking women, and were really very splendidly got up.

*Friday, 26th.*—Another visit to-day to some native ladies. There was a large family gathering to meet us. Besides the lady of the house, there were three daughters, and two sons' wives, and a granddaughter of twelve, who has just been married, and who was in all the glory of new jewels. She looked such a child, but she has left home, and only came back for the afternoon to see me. The second daughter is a very handsome girl, married too, and wearing most lovely jewels belonging to her father-in-law, who, I was told, was unaware of her presence there. She came 'secretly,' her father said. 'Her husband is a good young man, and often lets her come to us secretly.' A fine baby was exhibited, the child of the younger son. Its mother sat there looking very shy, and almost covered by her sari.

We had a champagne and ice 'five o'clock tea,' and a band played, and wreaths and bouquets were showered on us. The master of the house translated for us, and the wife looked very nice and was very cordial in her manner.

*Saturday, 27th.*—The afternoon was threatening, and we only just got through giving prizes to the Volunteers before the storm came on. Everything in the way

of manœuvres was cut out of the programme. The rain fell heavily at seven o'clock, but cleared in time for people to come dry to dinner and to a farewell party at our house.

The Burmese Princess and her son and daughter were there, but it was evident by the smaller number of people present that the Calcutta summer exodus has begun.

I heard from A., who says that on his way to join the Carabiniers he 'met with the most serious adventure I've ever had travelling by train.' In some alarm I turned over the page of his letter and found that 'a fat man, an enormous woman, three fat girls and a huge baby' had got into his carriage, and that it was further filled with 'boxes, bedding, and toys, and veils and hats hung up everywhere.' He was meditating joining the dogs in their van when a neighbour gave him a seat in another carriage.

Theebaw's crown arrived here on its way to England. It is like a helmet, made of red filigree gold set with diamonds, the ornament at the top and the band round the forehead being of pure gold with jewels.

The Queen's letter to the Amir also passed through. It was in a large purple velvet box, and was itself illuminated on satin, lined with purple velvet, rolled on an ivory stick, and ornamented with thick gold cord and tassels.

*Monday, 29th.*—This being our last day at Calcutta, we crammed a little sight-seeing into it. D. and I went with Dr. Busted to look at the site of the Black

Hole. This gentleman is one of the few people here who takes any interest in such matters, and he has worked away until he has discovered the exact spot where it was, besides collecting all the interesting details concerning that terrible disaster. Having found the place, which is now part of a court-yard leading to the Post Office, he has laid down a pavement the exact size of the little room called the 'Black Hole,' and has put up a tablet to explain this fact. Dr. Busteed gave me a little model of the place as it was, which shows that it was not a 'hole' but a room. There was a double-arched verandah along the inside of the wall of the Fort. The inner verandah was used as a guard-room, and in the outer one the men sat. At the south end of the inner verandah a small place was partitioned off for a punishment cell; it had only two very small grated windows looking into the outer verandah, and one door which opened inwards. When the people were driven into this, they did not know where they were going, and probably thought there was another door on the other side of it. One building still remains in the place which is built in this way, and the verandah against the wall is quite dark and close. The sight of it gives one a very good idea of the terrible sufferings all those unfortunate people must have undergone. Their dead bodies were taken out and buried a very little way off, and Holwell, who was the senior officer and one of the survivors, put up a monument over the spot. That monument was taken down about fifty years ago to spare some people's feelings, and now Dr. Busteed is very anxious to put up a stone to show where it stood, and to place in the church a

tablet with the names of the persons who died in the Black Hole, which names Holwell had been at some pains to preserve. He (Holwell) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the plan of this monument in his hand, and his descendants, who live in Canada, have the picture, and sent Dr. Busteed a photograph of it.

After seeing this I left D. at home to finish off his mail, and drove to Belvedere on Lord William's coach to fetch the girls, who were playing tennis there. There was a beautiful attempt at a storm as we came home, lightning playing behind a great mass of cloud and fitfully illuminating it at every point, but never coming through it, or making any noise. As I was behind four horses I greatly appreciated the silence.      . .

*Tuesday, 30th.*—We left Calcutta very early this morning. Poor Mr. Tennyson's bed was pulled to the window that he might see us off. He is still very ill, but as the hot weather is coming on, he *must* go home, and he is to start on Sunday. He has had a long, sad illness, borne most patiently.<sup>1</sup>

Our journey was long. We were in the train from 7.30 till 4; then we crossed the Ganges in a steamer, and got into another train which brought us to Durbhunga at 8.30. The place was illuminated, and the Viceroy received an address, and we drove to the English House here. Mr. Llewellyn is the Maharajah's manager; his wife is a German, and they have most comfortable apartments in the park. We were very tired after our long day, but dinner was not over till nearly eleven.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tennyson died at Aden on his way home.

*Wednesday, 31st.*—The weather is hot, but the atmosphere is very much drier than Calcutta, and so we do not suffer from it. After breakfast we went to see the Maharajah's Palace. It is a very fine house, and is very well furnished. He has a nice library, and Mudie has a standing order to send him new books every month, and he sits and reads there, so that the house really looks lived in, though, as a matter of fact, the Maharajah does not inhabit it yet.

We had a very good opportunity for seeing a whole zenana, as there was no one in it. A series of dull rooms, the outer ones looking on to an inner court, and the inner ones with small 'port-holes' looking on to a walled zenana garden. In the men's rooms, there are pictures, books, pianos, flowers; outside nice open verandahs with views of trees and water, swans and storks walking about; also a most lovely orchid and fern house not only filled with plants and flowers, but hung with cages of birds who warble charmingly; and there are stables full of horses, and very well laid out gardens.

In the palace is one room for durbars, where the Maharajah sits on a cushion on the floor, and his relations and subjects sit before him. They all take off their shoes to enter his presence, and are most respectful to the head of their House. Another room is for prayer. It is empty, but there is one niche in the wall ready to receive the life-sized figure of a goddess.

In the afternoon I performed the ceremony which was the great object of our visit here. I laid the foundation-stone of the 'Dufferin Female Hospital.' The

Maharajah provides the funds. He builds the hospital, dispensary, and rooms for the female doctor, and gives 500 rupees a month to keep it up. He also offers money inducements to the country nurses to come in and be trained; so this establishment promises to be all that we can desire, and D. and I were very glad to come here to show our appreciation of it. There was no very particular feature in the ceremonial, but it was more than ordinarily agreeable to me to perform it. When it was over, we walked across the road and saw some horribly fierce black leopards, who rushed wildly at their bars and showed the whitest teeth and the greenest eyes while they growled and snarled at us. There were also some rather fine tigers born in captivity.

We took a drive and came home to dress for the banquet. It was in the new palace, and in a very fine hall with so lofty a ceiling that punkahs were impossible. We were glad of this, but the other people, who are not happy unless they are in a draught, complained of the heat, and an army of men came in, each bearing a gigantic fan, which they proceeded to wave violently behind all the chairs. We were at the top of the T table, so we were independent, and did not have any behind us, but we could feel the air from those in front, and the vigorous movements of the men and the flapping about of these great fans gave a lively appearance to the scene. They were very inconvenient to the servants, and one wondered that none of the turbans or of the dishes were swept on to the floor.

The Maharajah came in at the end of the dinner to propose the Viceroy's health. He did it so well in

English that I must try to send you his speech. I am very glad of his strong expression of opinion in favour of my Scheme, as he is a very high-caste Brahmin. The Behar Horse, who were present, made a very warm audience.

Very soon after dinner we left, the Maharajah driving with us to the station. We slept in the train, which only moved on at 4 A.M.

*Thursday, April 1st.*—At 7 A.M. we got into the steamer, re-crossed the Ganges, and got back to our own railway carriages.

We travelled on till three, when the Maharajah of Benares met us, and we drove eighteen miles to Chukkia with him. He is such a very nice old man, such a gentleman, and he would come all this way to meet the Viceroy, though we begged him not. We are his guests, and the camp is under a grove of trees, and is very shady and comfortable.

*Sunday, 4th.*—We have had two days' shooting; but as they exactly resemble each other, I will tell you about them together. There were three or four 'beats' each day. We started off on elephants at ten in the morning, and rode to some place in the jungle, where we were deposited by our 'animals,' and there we found a series of arbours prepared. D. and I and the old Maharajah and his Minister, who speaks English perfectly, wears an eyeglass in one eye, and has a funny twinkle in both, an A.D.C. of ours, and some servants (gamekeepers) sat in one, and the rest of our party distributed themselves in the others. Then

silence prevailed, and the distant sound of beaters broke upon our ears, and we looked with anxiety and excitement through the port-holes in our arbour. The great amusement of the shoot here is that you never know what sort of animal will appear next. We counted thirteen species that we did see, and we might have had bear too. There were several kinds of deer, sambar, which is a very large one, cheeta, which is spotted and has a fine head, wild boar, wild dog, foxes, jackal, hyena, &c. The pig were very exciting, and one nearly charged into our retreat, and did cut a man with his tusks. They are such fierce animals. The doe, which we did not shoot at, were very pretty to watch, because they came quite close up to us and looked in at our windows, and then, seeing what they saw, disappeared in an instant. The monkeys too, whom we treated as fellow-creatures, were most amusing. Such troops of them were disturbed by the noise, and rushed past us carrying their babies, but, recovering themselves in the interval between the shots, they played and jumped about quite near to us. In the middle of the day we had lunch, and between the beats we looked at all the dead animals and discoursed upon our adventures.

The old Maharajah is so cheerful, he almost talks too much in a shooting arbour, but he is so nice one forgives him that. He has a quite white moustache and long white hair, and when out shooting he was dressed in bright green and wore a green cap with a peak, for he once was quite blind and now his sight is not good. He had us all photographed, and was so amused because he had forgotten to take off his own blue spectacles for the picture.



He has an adopted son, a very good shot, and *his* son, a boy of eleven, who is very big, is always with his grandfather, and also wore a brilliant green. At each new beat there was a new set of arbours.

The first and second nights we went to bed very early, but the third we had some dancing and native music. The nautch was very pretty, the women having most lovely dresses, and being more active in their movements than usual.

We had a quiet Sunday morning, and in the afternoon drove over from the camp to a house in Benares, where we stay as the Maharajah's guests for a few days. Terence and Mr. Rosen met us there. We had a very dusty drive, and were glad to find ourselves in a nice comfortable house, and to sit out on a balcony and have tea.

*Monday, 5th.*—We paid a really very interesting visit to some native ladies this morning. The head of the house had collected his womenkind in a nice little house of his own with a pretty garden, but I found that they live all the year round in the city and have no such gay outlook to their zenana. The husband himself met me at the gate. He said he had never seen the faces of his daughters-in-law, and could not speak to his own wife in the presence of his son.

In the afternoon D. and I did a round of institutions. We went to the Prince of Wales College, where on one side we saw a number of native young men preparing for the universities—all intend eventually to obtain posts under Government, for no other pro-

fession ever seems to be thought of; and on the other side some older men, who sat on the floor and who were all learning Sanscrit. A hymn in that language was read to us; it sounded pretty, but curious, very sing-song, and with long *ms* sounding at the ends of words. Next we went over a hospital, where there were ninety-three beds, and 200 outdoor patients a day. They say it only costs 550 rupees a month, which seems very cheap. Our third visit was to the Maharajah of Vizianagram's School. About 600 girls are educated there, and when it was first opened an inducement of four rupees a head was offered to pupils. At first there were only two students. Now they pay them a few pence only, and 12,000 girls have passed through it, all having learnt something.

We had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Walton. He is the son of D.'s first schoolmaster, an old gentleman who is still alive. Mr. Walton is the engineer in charge of the splendid railway bridge which is being built over the Ganges. We visited the works, and had a very alarming walk on thin planks at an enormous height over the river, and then we each put some rivets into the bridge with an hydraulic driver. The least touch does it.

In the evening we had some people to dinner, and the Maharajah gave a party at this house. Afterwards he came himself. I never saw a nicer or happier-looking old man.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—We have had a very long day. It began early and began badly, but was afterwards very pleasant and most interesting.

We started off in carriages at 7 A.M. to go to the Rajah's Palace at Ramnugger, about eight miles up the river. We were to drive to the Ghât and embark in a launch there, the great object being to see all the people bathing in the sacred Ganges at this early hour in the morning. D. was a few minutes late, and I said I would go in the first carriage, which I accordingly did. We drove on for some time, and then it suddenly struck me that we were on a country road and probably going the wrong way. We asked the coachman, 'Where are you driving to?' and he replied, 'To Ramnugger;' 'but,' said we in despair, 'we are going there by river;' so we turned and made him gallop as fast as he could through the narrow streets of the town till we met a police inspector, who said, 'No, not this way;' so we turned again and drove more furiously than ever to the Ghât, which he indicated, but no sign of the Viceroy there. Much conversation and bad Hindustani passed between us and the crowd at the Ghât, and our misinformant prudently disappeared. We got into our carriages again, got once more to the place where we were before, and then met D.'s carriage, and were told by the coachman that the steamer had started, and that it would pick us up at the other Ghât. Back we went, and were waiting there when an English emissary from the Viceroy came to say that we were to join him where he was at the Bridge of Boats. Again we rushed wildly through the streets, and then found we had twice been quite close to the right place. The worst of it was that we were an hour and a half late, and had kept everyone waiting, and that as we were to breakfast on the way back, our little cup of tea before starting was

scarcely enough to support us through the long morning. The moment we had recovered from our fuss it began to be delightful. We moved slowly up the river, looking at the picturesque buildings, the temples, and the great flights of steps, and the quantities of boats, and the crowds of people bathing and fetching water, and carrying on their avocations on the banks of the river. These bathing ghâts are really beautiful, and when covered with the picturesque inhabitants of Benares are the sight of the place. The palace is on the other side of the river, and when we got to it, we were carried back to Sir Walter Scott, whose novels always come before me on these occasions. The palace is a fort coming down to the water's edge. The Maharajah's retainers were crowded on the walls, while he himself met us on the landing-stage, and we were carried in ivory and silver chairs up to the gateway, passing by handsomely caparisoned elephants, camels, and soldiers, into a court-yard, and were set down at the door, where real live men in armour were stationed.

I handed the Maharajah up the stairs, and we all seated ourselves in the durbar hall—the Viceroy, the Maharajah, and me on one sofa. Before us, trays of rich materials were set down, which we said we accepted with the heart, though not with the hand, but we took a specimen of the 'kincob' which is made here, and which is a very thick and handsome brocade. Then the nautch dancers came forward, and a playful bear was led in, which there was not much difficulty in recognising as a mere imitation of the real thing. They were all, however, most anxious to allay any fears we might

have upon the subject, and assured us often that it was only a man.

The Maharajah and his heir both wore splendid jewels, while we were nice and shabby in Terai hats, but our gentlemen wore black coats. It was all very cheerful and informal, and the 'Kúr Sahib,' or heir, took me out to show me his shooting, of which he is very proud. A man throws up a rupee and he hits it, and the rupee disappears for ever.

We passed through curious winding passages and down steps to the river, and got on to our boat, and crossed to a great tent put up on a raft or on barges, where a breakfast banquet was spread, for which we were all very ready. There was also a nautch going on, and we gently floated down the stream in this luxurious manner till we were ready to re-embark in the launch and come home.

A little rest for us, some business for D., then lunch, and afterwards more sight-seeing. At the Town Hall were collected specimens of the various manufactures of Benares, and in a Shamiana outside we saw the people working at their trades; we drove to the entrance of the bazaars, and, getting out of the carriage, walked all through the narrow streets. They are paved, and are so narrow that you could touch each side if you stretched out your arms. The brass bazaar was the prettiest one we saw, every little shop was full of brass pots and cups and vessels and gods of all sorts, but there are also some fine houses of rich men on these streets, and one of the 'Rothschilds' of the place came out to speak to us.

We went on to see the most sacred temple in this most sacred city of all India. I cannot say that I admired it; the sacred dirt of ages is too evident, and there is no pretence of anything fine in the way of architecture or ornament about it. There is a holy well in the centre of a small dingy covered court, into which worshippers pour rice and flowers as offerings to the god who is supposed to be at the bottom of it, and then they drink the water! Does this not appeal to one's imagination rather disagreeably in these days of filters and other sanitary arrangements? The symbol of the goddess is a bit of stone, and we were not allowed to enter the shrine where it was. The priest read in Sanscrit, and afterwards in English, a hymn which is really fine, and which I hope to send with this. The temple is called the 'Golden Temple,' but only one little bit of the outside is gilt. Wherever one goes, whether to the Maharajah's Palace, or to a temple or school, one is struck with the charming way in which the hosts receive their guests; there are so many little attentions paid, wreaths of flowers and bouquets always ready, and in the case of the Maharajahs generally some little gift, such as photographs, a stick made from the wood of the place, or a little scent-bottle is given. The priests were full of similar attentions, and we looked like walking flower gardens when we left.

We proceeded next to the Anna Purna Temple, where the sacred bulls live. This was really rather trying, for the odour was not nice. There are cows and bulls all round the enclosure, and a shrine in the centre. The most sacred bull of all, instead of being a magnificent

animal, is small and deformed. His nose looks broken, and his under-jaw protrudes, and one eye has a lump on it, and, moreover, he seemed extremely irritable. Over-much kindness has probably spoilt his temper. I was rather glad to get out of this place.

We proceeded to see the Observatory, which was built by the same man and on the same principle as the one at Jeypore. We saw there a piece of useless art work, which was curious. A piece of what appeared to be very fine tapestry was set before us. It represented two large figures, and I was examining the texture of the material when the artist showed us that it was merely powder upon water; he put his finger into it, and rocked it gently about. It was most cleverly done.

Then we looked in at an Orphanage, where the youngest pupil, being asked to say the English alphabet, set off like a machine, and was stopped with difficulty when he had got through it about three and a half times. After this we got into our carriages and drove to Nandesar, which is the name of our house.

In the evening we went out to see the Water Festival. This is a religious fête which takes place once a year, and we were lucky to come in for it. Every man in Benares tries to get out on the river, and when we penetrated through the multitude preparing to embark and got into our barge, we found ourselves in the middle of a crowd of boats. They were most curious looking, most of them two storeys high, and all quite full of people. In many of the larger ones chandeliers were hung, music was playing, and nautches were going on. We moved slowly along through this floating population,

admiring them and the illuminations on shore. The great flights of stairs leading from the town down to the ghâts looked beautiful steps of fire, and the men attending to the lamps and passing rapidly along the lines of them were just like busy demons at work. There were fireworks whizzing and whirling about, and the firmament was bespangled with fire-balloons. When we had enjoyed this scene for some time, we got on board of the great Shamiana-boat, where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was brilliantly lighted up, and when we were properly enthroned, a nautch began; then fearful shouts were heard, and two demon kings rushed wildly in, flourishing their swords about; the dancers made way for them, and they pranced round until a jester followed and joked with them. More gods, and a prince and princess, and a fakir came on from time to time, and sat on dining-room chairs of a truly British pattern, and fought and shouted a good deal, while at one side of them another very curious performance was going on. A woman wearing a white muslin *sari* was sitting on the floor making great preparations. Her costume required much arrangement. She tied her loose flowing robe about her; she twisted a shawl into two round coils before her; she put a very sharp sword in front of that; she examined the bells on her fingers and on her legs; and then she knelt on the shawl, one knee in each coil, and, pulling the muslin over her face, took hold of the sword in her teeth by the blade. Then she twisted herself backwards and forwards and round about as if she were made of india-rubber, and flung her arms round her head, and to and fro,



without ever touching the sword, which flashed before one's eyes with her rapid movements; had she touched the blade ever so slightly, it would have cut her arms to bits. She next put the sword down, and rolling and swaying herself about, a sort of white bundle, she played the bells on her arms and fingers and ended in a knot on the floor. It was midnight and time to depart, as we had had rather a hard day.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—I was energetic, and got up early and went down to the river again to do some photographs. Mr. and Mrs. Walton took me in their launch and gave me breakfast, and I enjoyed the fresh morning air, the lovely view of Benares, the people bathing, and the boats still out and still full of passengers. I believe they will keep up this feast for three or four days, and will remain most of the time on the water.

We left the house finally at twelve, but before that I interviewed a lady doctor whom the Maharajah of Vizianagram has placed at Benares. She is English, and is of the hospital-assistant class, only having had two years' training. He pays her Rs. 150 a month, and gives her a carriage and a servant, but allows her to take no fees. I was very much surprised to hear that a rich family here accepts medical aid from her without paying for it. In fact, the gentleman told her himself that they 'objected to fees on principle;' the alternative which they do not object to is practically receiving it as charity from the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

We again met all our friends at the Bridge of Boats, and the dear old Maharajah was smarter and more

cheerful than ever. He took us on board the raft, and again we sat in state with a nautch going on, and then had lunch, and then more nautch till it was time to start for the railway station. The Maharajah sat between us, and was so amused squirting rosewater at the Viceroy and all the Staff, and he wetted my pocket-handkerchief, and everybody had their share of this water festival! Then we were all put into rose-wreaths, and I handed the old gentleman down to the other boat, and he came with us to the station. As the train went off he called out 'good-bye' and a blessing in Persian, and I think we all parted the very best of friends.

We had a short journey to Allahabad, and were met there by Sir Alfred Lyall, and drove up to his house. We hope we shall be less troublesome guests than we were at Lucknow when D. fell ill.

*Thursday, 8th.*—The function of the day was the opening of the Muir College and unveiling the statue of Sir William Muir in the great hall. The architect, Mr. Hemerson, has given the building an Oriental character, and two large domes are covered with coloured tiles. Sir Alfred Lyall and the Viceroy made speeches, and Sir William Muir was congratulated by telegram, and we examined all the rooms and the handsome colonnades, and looked at the views, and expressed our hopes it would some day blossom into a university, and that something would be done within its walls to promote technical education in the country.

There was a dinner and an evening party at the

Lyalls, and we sat out in a Shamiana talking to different people till bed-time.

*Friday, 9th.*—We left Allahabad at twelve o'clock, and got to Cawnpore at two. The Commissioner, Mr. Moule, took us to see all the interesting things in this the most depressing of all places connected with the Indian Mutiny.

The Massacre Ghât looks peaceful and pretty now, but one could see the ravine down which the victims toiled in the hot sun, and could imagine the boats grounding on the sand, and the treachery that awaited them at the water's edge. We were also shown the sites of the houses and the wells, and the ways by which the poor people had to run out at night to fetch water. One survivor was there to explain it to us.

The Memorial Church is full of sad suggestions. The whole way round the altar is lined with marble tablets separated from each other by narrow lines of black, and each covered with columns of names. The first begins with General Wheeler, 'his wife and family,' and these words are constantly added to some name all down the list.

The Memorial Well in the centre of the Memorial Gardens is, however, the saddest spot of all. The well has been filled in, and is surrounded by an ornamental wall, inside of which, in the centre, stands a white marble figure of an angel. She leans against a cross, and has long wings touching the ground; her arms are crossed, and she holds a palm-branch in each hand, and her head is bent, with the eyes looking down. We did not think her

face was quite beautiful enough, but the whole thing suggests sorrow, silence, and solemnity, and so far is successful. No native is ever allowed to enter this enclosure, and they have to get passes to come into the garden. It is very well kept, and is full of roses and flowering shrubs. Close to the well is a small white cross marking the spot where the house stood.

Some people say that we should try to forget these misfortunes and the experiences of the Mutiny; but others consider that we cannot remember them too well, and that we should not let the people imagine that we have forgotten them.

We ladies went to tea with Mr. Moule, and D. came there too, but he had first to go over the Government Harness Factory, where the smells were dreadful.

We dined outside our railway carriage on a siding, and went to bed there, the train moving on in the middle of the night.

*Saturday, 10th.*—A warmish day in the train, arriving at Umballa at five o'clock. We sleep in a bungalow-hotel, where we are very comfortable.

*Sunday, 11th.*—About three in the afternoon we drove on to Pinjore, and slept in the Rajah of Patiala's little Water Palace at the foot of the hills.

*Monday, 12th, to Monday 19th.*—We had a delightful day for driving up to Simla, but we found the place looking very brown and ugly. A terrific hailstorm some days before had destroyed all the rhododendrons, and had

stripped the green off the banks and bushes. The hailstones had left marks in places as though grapeshot had been fired into the ground. However, the sun shone for us, and our cottage looked warm and comfortable. The very few improvements which we have ventured to make in this condemned house have been most successful; and a bit of verandah which I have taken into the drawing-room gives light and variety to what was a very dull and dark room. My own little boudoir is decked out in the freshest and most English of chintzes, and is a delightful sanctum. D. has had a great deal more light let into his study, and he looks very comfortable too, sitting over his fire. At first we found the weather extremely cold, and as our winter clothes had not arrived we shivered in cottons, and then when they did come we were acclimatised, and thought the woollen ones rather warm. The sun does shine very brightly, and it really is very delightful here now.

A little fire, and a wide-open window, and a balcony to wander out on, and distant views of gleaming snows, help to make up a very endurable indoor existence. In the afternoon we ride, or walk, or go up to look at the new house as it rises from the ground; speculate as to whether the rooms are big enough; think what a splendid view there will be from almost all our windows; and watch the crowd of men at work.

• One afternoon we went down to Annandale to tilt at the ring; everyone enjoyed it so much. I sat and looked on, but the others rode wildly by me on ponies, stick in hand, looking very fierce and determined as they passed; they were all very much pleased with them-

selves, and thought they had made very good play. D. liked it too, and we had a nice ride back up the sunny side of the hill.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—I received visits to-day; but as I wanted to have a little time to see and speak to people, I was 'at home' in the afternoon instead of in the morning, and made the reception something of a garden party. In fact, the only difference made in my arrangements to mark the distinction was that the band did not play, and that the people who came wrote down their names in a book as they do when they call. This was the first opportunity there had been of meeting, so every one seemed very pleased to have the chance of seeing 'who is here?' 'are there any beauties?' 'what new gowns are there?' and 'how is everybody looking?' and to pick up shreds of gossip.

I think I can answer most of these questions for you. Everyone has brought up either a daughter or a sister: there are ninety young ladies and there are few men; the gowns were not remarkable—I hear the new ones do not come out till after Easter; and the gossip was chiefly on the subject of the various maladies from which some absentees are suffering.

*Friday, 23rd.*—We went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon I drove a new and most delightful trap I have got. At home I suppose you would call it a bath-chair, but here it is a jinrickshaw with a pony in it; and it is quite my own invention, for no one in Simla has ever before thought of having anything less than a

team of four or five men to draw them. The little carriage itself is very pretty; and the pony, which a year ago was the delight of an English costermonger's family, is perfection—so good and so strong, with an indifference to what is going on around him which inspires complete confidence. He trots along on his own way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, unmoved by sights or sounds, or by the contemplation of the steep hills up which he has to drag me. His name is Mike, and he is a treasure.

*Monday, 26th, to Saturday, May 1st.*—A week devoid of much incident. On Easter Monday a long concert for the Zenana Missions, half sacred and half secular music. I only stayed for the first part, and then drove myself home in my 'Midge'—which leads me to confess that on the next day the admirable Mike ran away with me. Happily the road was a safe one, but the scene was exciting. A smart outrider in red trotted before me, but kept rather too near the pony's nose, and it suddenly struck this little steed that he was taking part in a trotting race; naturally he put his best foot forward, and the harder I pulled the harder he trotted, and I called to Lord William, whom, luckily, I had just met, that I could not hold him. Then, John Gilpin was nothing to it! The man in red trotted furiously and hustled everyone out of the way; next came Her Ladyship tearing along, rushing round water-carts drawn by sleepy bullocks which were slow to move, and threading through foot passengers and led horses; then came Lord William snatching at my reins, losing his hat,

telling me it was all right, &c. I did not lose my head, nor was I half as frightened as I generally am when I am being driven by an experienced whip, and when once Mr. Mike had been stopped I drove him home most calmly; but I assure you it was a scene! I have not yet confided it to D., who would be much alarmed. He shall hear it after I have driven the little creature a few times more. I have, however, taken some extra precautions for my safety, as Simla is not a place to play tricks in.

We had tea at Inverarm with Lord William. His house is a very nice one, and it is full of pretty things. He often lends us his silver for our table, and I have seldom seen any so pretty. He has a very handsome set of Burmese bowls; they are of perforated and embossed silver. Another large set is of Tanjore work; that is, silver raised on a copper ground. These are most effective-looking. The worst of buying silver here is that the duty on taking it home is so very heavy. When I returned from this bachelor entertainment, I had a little tea of my own for the two nurses who have been imported for the Ripon Hospital.

*Saturday, May 8th.*—The Gymkhana to-day was a very amusing one. The Commander-in-Chief led off with tent-pegging, and himself won the prize amid the cheers of the bystanders. There was a little steeplechase, in which all the horses went the wrong side of the jumps, and ran up banks which were off the course, and behaved generally in a frolicsome manner. Then three buckets were laid down, and gentlemen on horseback tried to drop potatoes into them as they rode by at a gallop, and never



succeeded. The prettiest race of all was a tandem race, riding one and driving another pony in front; the three couples kept very evenly together, and the finish was most exciting.

I have not given you any account yet of our arrangements here, and how our large party is distributed. Blanche and Fred live in a cottage called Beatsonia, which is quite close to us. They have only got to run down some steps to get here. Major Cooper, Dr. Findlay, and Lord Herbrand live in the Boorj, also very close to us, but not very nice, as it has a high bank at the back of it. Mr. Wallace and Mr. MacFerran inhabit Khud Cottage, situated on a small precipice overlooking the road. Inverarm is the name of Lord William's palatial residence, where he resides in solitary grandeur; and near him in Mount Pleasant are Captains Gordon and Balfour. Terence's Annandale View is on a promontory commanding a splendid peep of the snows, and quite deserves to be called a 'Bijou Residence.' It is rather far off, but has the great merit of being on the same level as this house, while Inverarm and Mount Pleasant are on a higher peak, and still more in the clouds than we are.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—A little 'lark' to which we have been looking forward began to-day. We always do tremble over the weather, which delights in making us anxious, and, as a great expedition was on hand, we studied it more than ever to-day. It smiled upon us, and after lunch we all rode out to The Gables, an inn in the neighbourhood of the Sipi Fair, the whole of which

we have taken for three nights. Here we are now, and most sunshiny, and pleasant, and comfortable it is. We had tea, and took a real country walk; and then we dined, and one of our servants did some conjuring tricks before us, and the gentlemen showed off what they could do in that line, and after that to bed.

*The Gables, Thursday, 13th.*—Such a lovely day, and such a view from this house! Imagine looking through a frame of green leaves, and branches, and trunks of trees on to a rolling sea of mountains; the brown rippling hills near at hand gathering in magnitude and in depth and variety of colouring as they get farther from you, and ending in a great range of glistening snow mountains, which look like crested waves dashing up against the clear blue sky; that is our view. We admired it, and looked at the people going to the fair. I took some pictures of them, and I even committed the almost sacrilegious act of trying to condense the splendid and gorgeously coloured map which Nature had spread before us into  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches of plain brown photograph. I shall probably be punished when I see the result.

We all rode down the hill, and enjoyed as much as we did last year seeing the people on the way. A long zigzag of bright colours, curious dresses, curious types of face, and strange vehicles—jhampons, rickshaws, horses, mules, all winding through the wood; and the crowd collected at the bottom, the whirling merry-go-rounds, the little shops, the sacred cow with three ears, the never-ending tom-tom playing, and all the other humours of the day. We again admired the bank

of fair women; we again bought rubbish, and ate a great lunch provided by our staff, and again sat under a Shamiana and saw a policeman in uniform shooting at another man's legs, and dancing with joy when he succeeded in hitting him.

After this a great honour was paid us. A god was brought a very long way from the other side of the Sutej to see us. It was borne on long poles on men's shoulders, and was jumped up and down before us. It was a very strange-looking thing. At the top of it was a small circle of silver with jingling things attached to it; next came a much wider circle of black horse-hair; under that there were brass faces, and then a quantity of petticoats hanging about, from under which the poles came. It had no pretension to being a figure.

*Friday, 14th.*—Another most lovely day for a further expedition. We rode off after breakfast through pine woods to Naldera, a distance of seven miles, with a mountain view sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, sometimes on both. I described the place to you last year. D. had not seen it before, and he enjoyed the ride and the holiday, and the nice open look it has, and the view of the Sutej. On the way he told fairy tales in Persian to his policeman. We lunched and sat under the trees, some talking, some sleeping, and D. reading a new novel about to be published, on which the author wants a 'candid' opinion. Then we rode back to The Gables, the woods being gay with the brilliantly clothed women returning from the fair; and we all agreed we had had a most delightful day.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—In the morning I went over the Ripon Hospital, which is really a very perfect one. The situation is lovely, and all the wards are clean, and bright, and comfortable. There are some rooms for paying patients, which ought to be the greatest boon to people here who have not good houses of their own. Nothing can be nicer than they are, and a lady nurse is in attendance. From this I went on to a bazaar for the Zenana Missions, and then home.

In the afternoon there was a most amusing Gymkhana. Lord William drove nine ponies, riding on a tenth himself, and managing the whole set most beautifully; but the excitement of the day was a 'Victoria Cross Race.' Every man provided himself with a large figure, which he was to rescue from off the field of battle; these dummies looked so funny standing and sitting about before the race. Great care had been taken to dress them well, but some were very soft and flopped about, while others were as stiff as pokers, and preternaturally tall. Some were in uniform; one was an 'Ayah,' and Lord William's was a 'Special Correspondent.' First of all, the riders, embracing their dolls, carried them off to a certain part of the field, where they strewed them about like wounded men. Then they went to the starting-post and galloped up to the figures; each man dismounted, picked up his doll, and flew back. Lord William was first, but unluckily in jumping the last hurdle he hit his head against a post, which should not have been there, cut it badly, fell off, and clasping the Special Correspondent in his arms, held up that useful creature to staunch his wounds, and staggered up into the dressing-

room streaming with blood. He did not, however, really hurt himself, and he says he did not even have a headache after it.

*Monday, 24th.*—This day, the Queen's Birthday, was to have begun a most gay official week for us, but early in the morning we heard of General Hughes' death, and we have put off the ball. I am so sorry about him. He was appointed Military Member of Council in the winter in succession to General Wilson. He leaves a wife and family. It is very sad.

We have put off the ball for a week, but the official dinner and the levée took place.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—D. attended General Hughes' funeral at 7.30 this morning.

In the afternoon I went to a lecture on the Silver Question. Now the Silver Question is one upon which we think you English people most callous. Why you will persist in a gold standard to the ruin of us and of yourselves, we can't imagine; and we are now about to exert ourselves to convert you to bi-metallism. With that view we have formed a 'Silver Association,' and Mr. Molesworth, a most faithful apostle of that creed, has begun the attack in this lecture. I commend the subject to your attention. We heard all about the 'fluctuations in the production of gold with relation to silver,' and the 'fluctuations in the relative price of gold and silver,' and we had little diagrams which looked as if some patient was terribly ill with fever, and his temperature was flying up and down in an alarming manner.

These little maps really showed the vagaries of gold, silver, and commodities; but I am sure I have said enough to make you feel your own ignorance, and that is the first step towards improvement.

D. has set up a Persian valet, in order to improve his Persian. The man speaks his own language, but knows nothing about clothes. D.'s dressing consequently is long. When he asks for his trousers, the man salaams and says, 'On my head and my eyes be they.' When he inquires for his toothbrush, he says, 'I am your sacrifice, here it lies in the hand of your slave,' &c., &c. and &c.

P.S.—There is some doubt now as to whether the Persian valet *does* speak his own language!

*Tuesday, June 1st.*—Our Queen's Ball was a very great success. The weather favoured us; and by dint of putting up one great Shamiana for supper and another for sitting in; by dint of shutting in verandahs and taking off doors, we created a great deal of room, and there never was any inconvenient crush. We had two good floors and plenty of light. The high chimney-pieces, which reach up to the ceiling, were filled with roses, all the men were in uniform, all the ladies in their smartest gowns, and everybody in the best of spirits—and what could you want more? Except perhaps supper, and that was good too, and looked very nice.

*Wednesday, 2nd, to Friday, 4th.*—Preparations for our Ripon Hospital Fête filled a great part of our time.

Parcels had to be tied up; notes of thanks for things sent to be written, and many arrangements to be made by letter; dolls had to have the finishing touches put to their toilettes; pins had to be stuck into pin-cushions; the binding fastened on to scrap-books; the interior put into pen-wipers; autographs had to be collected for autograph-cards; drawings to be completed, and so on! And through all our work great anxiety in our minds as to the weather.

On Friday afternoon we changed the current of our thoughts by attending a lecture on 'Aurungzebe and the Grand Army,' which Mr. W. W. Hunter gave. It was very interesting; and that evening being the 4th of June, D. dined with Sir Frederick Roberts to meet sixteen other Etonians.

*Saturday, 5th.*—The great fête day comes at last! And what about the weather? Very cloudy at 6 A.M.; very much better, thank you, at 9 A.M.; fits of cloudiness alarming me till 3 o'clock, and then a settled conviction in my mind that we were running a race with the storm, and that we should win with flying colours. And so we did!

All the morning we were bustling about. A last large contribution arrived for the Fish Pond, and had to be tied up; the Shamianas on the lawn had to be set up; the Photograph Table spread and its goods priced; the Café Chantant hung with advertisements, and all the little tête-à-tête tables arranged in it; the Raffles had all to be planned; the Theatre to be put in order, and its thunder and lightning to be rehearsed; my own

Lucky Box had to be placed; and the Fish Pond made beautiful and attractive.

Everyone connected with our house had a department, and we all wore bows of different colours to show to what section we belonged.

The 'gates' of course began it at 4 P.M., as all arrivals passed through them; and then we set to work, and we who were busy had only a general idea of what was going on elsewhere.

All our ventures did very well, but the most satisfactory thing was that all the people and all the children and they were legion, seemed very happy and very pleased with the things they got, and we made altogether Rs. 3,730.

About half an hour after the people had gone, a terrible storm came on. The dust was frightful, but quite enjoyed the sound of it, for it was just too late to do the smallest harm; a few hours sooner it would have been ruin to the things, and ruin to the financial undertaking.

It has just struck me that perhaps you don't know that I have been describing the 'Viceregal Garden Fête in aid of the Funds of the Nursing Home and Female Ward of the Ripon Hospital. I quite forgot that you have not been talking and thinking about it for weeks, as I have.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—I hope I have prepared your mind for a gay week. We are in the very midst of our season and to-day, after a morning spent in receiving visitors we rode down to the Races.

The 'Sky Races' are held at Annandale, and although



I was in many minds not to go to them, I thought it very amusing when I got there. Seeing all one's intimate friends got up as jockeys, and all the riding horses of the place appearing as racers, is amusing; and then the course is very small and the performers are never out of sight, and they look like toys galloping round a board; and one is able to get up a special interest either in a well-known man or a particular horse, and one sits amongst all the Simla society and is infected by a little of the surrounding excitement, and so the Simla Races are rather lively.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—Blanche and I had rather a pleasant afternoon together. Blanche had been to a dance the night before, so we went a quiet ride—first to Mrs. Hughes, whom I visited; then we rode on a long way to see the family of a native gentleman who has a house from which there is a most lovely view, but which is in a most inaccessible situation. The little wife, whom I had been unable to see well before because her mother-in-law would remain in the room, is very pretty, and is so full of fun, it is quite nice to see her. The pair are devoted to each other, and when we said to him, after leaving the room, that we thought her pretty, the husband replied with enthusiasm. She fills his cartridges for him, and takes great interest in his sport. We looked at her jewels, and he showed us some big stones—quite enormous they are. She laughed at them and said they were false, and that his ring was glass, whilst her own were diamonds. Then we examined the glass bangles which all native women wear till they become widows, and she

squeezed up her hand and took one off with difficulty. I showed her my much larger hand, which could never get through such a tiny bracelet, and told her that I wore a wedding ring. Her reply to this was that in this country they did not see each other until after they are married, and she showed how she had been covered up in her veil. I said, what a pleasant surprise her husband must have had when she lifted it, at which she giggled and disappeared again beneath it for some moments. He speaks English perfectly, and quite startles one with the expressions he uses so naturally. When you tell him some interesting fact, he exclaims, 'What a rum thing, as if he had just come from Eton or Harrow. She feeds the wild monkeys from her door, and there was a big one eating up the flowers in the garden as we sat there.

*Thursday, July 8th, to Wednesday, 14th.*—Simla life at the present moment is scarcely varied enough to describe day by day. A *résumé* will be better than a detailed account of it. First and always foremost there is the interesting weather. It is really very nice this year; fine for some hours almost every day, and when fine perfectly lovely. Not so 'lovely' in itself as in the effect it produces on the landscape. The landscape, which hitherto had been looking most ugly and brown, has now blossomed forth. The most rugged of its mountains are tinged with green; the trees all look fresh and luxuriant; and the playful clouds which disport themselves in the valleys and on the hill tops are wonderfully mysterious and beautiful. Last Sunday afternoon the views were quite magnificent.

The snow mountains shone forth in the background, and between them and us were ranges of the most brilliant green, divided and softened by other ranges of fleecy clouds which simulated the shapes of the more solid hills; and over the whole strange landscape flitted lights and shades in bewildering variety.

Another day I saw again an effect which I admired very much last year: very heavy dark clouds almost entirely covering the sky, but from underneath them, <sup>at</sup> through them, a light shining which illuminates the hills. The effect is that of a very sunny landscape under a very dark sky.

The worst bit of weather we have had was in and after church on Sunday morning. When we came out water was pouring in torrents everywhere, and I believe that downpour has pulled us up to our proper average for the wet month of July. We like to have our correct number of inches.

At or near Umballa there were great floods. The railway has broken down, and letters and passengers are delayed.

Though not worthy of very special record, we have had some things going on. We went to see Fred's play a second time; we had the five o'clock chocolate tea given by the winner of the tennis match, its chief feature being its unwholesome character. Hot chocolate followed by strawberry ices! Then my three young ones dined and danced at Lady Roberts', being asked without their chaperon, to keep somebody's birthday. The singing quadrilles to be danced at my calico fancy ball have been practised, and everyone begins to be greatly pleased

with them, and to think that the general effect will be lovely. A few people are still struggling to translate the word 'cotton' into 'velveteen,' but I won't have it, and I believe we shall all look very nice in our calico garments.

We had a big dinner and a small drum, the latter a thing we seldom try here. I got it up for the Maharana of Dholpore, as we had promised to ask him to sing here some day. The only professional musician I asked was a Miss Toussaint, and the other performers were amateurs. We had singing and playing all the evening in one room, and tea and a nine-pin board in another; and after he had finished his two songs, one English and the other French, both of which he sang very well indeed, the Maharana took to the game and got quite excited over it. The people I asked in the evening were only a very few who live quite close to here: I did not like to bring any very long distances for this sort of entertainment.

*Thursday, 15th.*—We had a narrow escape of a bad accident to-day. We went out riding, and just as we got into the town, at a place where there are shops on one side of the road and a high rocky bank on the other, a small landslip occurred, and a few barrowfuls of earth and small stones rattled down almost at our feet. The horses all started; mine made a jump forward, and I then stood still for a moment, when more earth poured down, and I heard a scrimmage behind me. I did not dare to turn round, lest I should see something dreadful happening to the others. A man said, 'There's a lady

down ;' and Major Cooper said, ' I'm afraid she's hurt.' I knew it must be Blanche, who had been next me, so I got off quickly and ran back, and found Fred half carrying her into a shop, and she crying out about her back. We laid her on a sofa, and sent off for doctors and jhampons, and were much frightened for a few minutes. We soon saw, however, by her face that it could be nothing really serious, and when Dr. Franklin arrived he said she was only bruised. What happened to her was that her horse shied back against the verandah of the shop, and, breaking a post, got more frightened, slipped, and fell on his side, while Blanche went over backwards and knocked her back and head. It was a great escape, for very many things might have happened to make it a really bad accident. As soon as she was better we put her in a rickshaw, took her home, and made her go to bed.

Have I told you how gentlemen are swathed in water-proofs when they ride here during the rains? They have caps with flaps that protect the ears and neck, great mackintosh coats, and large aprons which are buttoned round the horse's neck and round the man's waist, and which entirely cover his feet and legs. The only disadvantage of this is that he is tied to his horse, and, in case of a fall, might have difficulty in getting clear.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—The last rehearsal of our singing quadrilles. Many people in the most feeble health, and I in great alarm lest more should break down. However, we made up the numbers, and the dancing went very

well, and the few spectators were complimentary in their remarks. It has been most amusing getting it up. I shall be quite sorry when it is over. In the evening some of our gentlemen put on their dresses, and they did look so comic in the midst of our everyday surroundings. There was Lord William as the most perfect Chelsea Pensioner, hobbling in on a stick and coughing painfully. His dress is all cotton, and is most lovely. The coat is beautifully made, and he wears the decorations of many battles, and his cap has a great peak to shade his poor old eyes, but he has not been able to withstand the coquetry of wearing white trousers, and that is the only thing that is not strictly correct in his costume. But I do think that a Chelsea pensioner, however rheumatic, would wear white trousers in India, especially if he came to a Viceroy's ball. Don't you? Mr. Rosen is a magnificent Afghan. He looks so big in the clothes, and his coat is so splendid that you could not believe it was cotton if you did not touch it. The colour is drab, with just a touch of gold embroidery on the neck and sleeves; it is very long and straight; and all the other garments are white. A belt and sword round his waist and a great turban complete the costume; but the effect is greatly added to by his beard, which he dyes black, and by the peculiar Afghanish walk which he puts on. He is so pleased with himself that he has been walking all about Simla, and no one ever knows him. He went up to Fred's house last night, and the servants did not recognise him and showed him into the drawing-room, where he waited for some time, but as Fred did not come he went away; and when Blanche heard that

this stranger had departed, she rushed to the room and looked all round it to see that he had stolen nothing. Mr. Wallace dressed up too. He is an Arab Chieftain, and a capital figure. Edward Fletcher is a Gibraltar Moor : all his garments are extremely loose, and he gives a general impression of being very uncomfortable and 'wishing he was in uniform.' I had better tell you about ourselves now, as I shall not have time after the ball to do so. We four ladies all wear costumes copied from a Sheridan picture ; but mine is orange, Nelly's white, Rachel's blue, and Blanche's pink. We got the muslin dyed here, and the tints are beautiful. The dresses are round skirts very full and very soft, rather short-waisted bodies, and fichus. Our heads are powdered. I wear a hat and carry a stick, but the others preferred feathers in their hair.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—The Fancy Ball was one of the very best I ever saw : the dresses were lovely ; everyone was so happy ; and the whole thing went with so much spirit. I must try to give you some account of it. At 6.30 Blackwell did one powdered head ; during our dinner she did another, and then I went up to dress, and we were all ready by 9.30. We flatter ourselves we looked very well, and all our Staff had capital dresses. We went down early, to receive the people and to see them as they arrived. There was a wonderful variety of costume, and I can only tell you a few of them. Mrs. Gordon, our A.D.C.'s sister-in-law, looked very nice as a Gad-fly, with gold and white dress, and wings on her shoulders and head. Miss Gough was an 'adorable White Cat,'

swans'-down trimmings, a little cloak consisting of white cats' tails, and a pussy's ears on her head. There were two very good Incroyables; one Undine; a 'White Lady of Avenel' (Mrs. Bliss), whose *own* hair was loose, and touched the ground. I never saw such hair. There was a Mrs. Johnstone, who was most beautifully dressed with white muslin over blue, and a gigantic hat and white wig; there was a Portia in red, and another College Maiden in black. A great number of ladies and gentlemen belonged to the powder period, and even in cotton their dresses looked handsome. The 'Three Jolly Huntsmen,' of whom Fred was one, copied Caldecott's picture exactly, and were capitally dressed. Well, you may imagine it was amusing to see all our friends so disguised, and when the dancing began one could study them at leisure. I must not forget to mention Mr. Elliott, the Commissioner of Assam, who came as a Manipur Chieftain—a real dress. His headdress was a great height; it consisted of a turban with a high point in front, over which was tied a curious jewelled puggaree which passed under his chin. In the turban was a great plume, which knocked every chandelier and doorway. I must also tell you that Mr. Balfour had a harlequin dress, and acted the part to the life.

A waltz came first, and then our singing quadrilles, which were so successful that we did them again later in the evening. We marched in, in two processions, entering at different doors, and subsided into our proper places. Soon after this I was sitting down looking on at the gay scene when an Arab gentleman came and said, 'How do you do?' I replied, and looked questioningly at him.



He said, 'I am afraid your Excellency does not know me.' I answered politely, 'Well, I do think that I know your face, but I can't remember who you are.' I asked my neighbours and racked my brains to think who it was, but gave it up and walked away. Some one said to me after, 'That was His Excellency!' I scouted the idea, but at the same time remarked to myself that the Viceroy had disappeared, so I returned to my Arab friend and found sure enough that it was he! No one knew him. He had on spectacles, and wore a short black blue beard and moustache. He only kept on the dress, which Mr. Balfour had got for him, for about half an hour, and the rest of the time was in plain clothes. There was one mysterious lady in a Cabul dress, which entirely covered her, and which had a piece of net across the eyes to look through. She stood about all night and spoke to no one. These were the only mysteries present. Just before supper we had a Polka Lancers—the ordinary figures danced to the polka time; it is very lively and very hard work—that is why we arranged to have supper directly after, that the dancers might rest. We had ten round tables for ten each, and seated 100 at a time. Nelly and Rachel led a short cotillon afterwards, which was very much liked, and all things ended with a waltz and a fast gallop.

Mr. Pim, the great hairdresser of the place, did eighty ladies' hair, so you may imagine how early some people had to begin their toilette. I hear the tradespeople say a calico ball pays almost better than an ordinary fancy ball. Everyone gets something new for it, while for a handsome dress they use such good material as they

may happen to possess of their own. And I think this is the reason all the dresses last night looked so well. They were fresh and ingenious.

The weather kept up during the evening, but has since been odious. Our carriage road slipped half down the khud on Tuesday, and our gas-pipes burst in the morning, so we were really fortunate that neither weather, road, nor want of light spoilt the ball.

*Monday, 26th.*—The weather is once more the only interesting subject. During the day it was tolerably fine, and I went to a concert in the afternoon, but about ten in the evening it began to pour in a way that one imagined could only last a few minutes. Instead of that it went on for hours, and it seemed indeed as if the windows of heaven were opened. Comfortably in bed, we only suffered from the noise; but those unfortunate people who were dining out were in great difficulties. Some stayed where they were for a couple of hours; some remained all night; some ventured out, and were wet through; but the most tragic circumstance of all occurred to Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Bayley. They had had guests dining with them, who about one o'clock decided that they must go home, and they had just seen them off, and were talking over their entertainment in the drawing-room, when the house shook, and they heard a terrible noise, and rushing to see what had happened, discovered that a landslip had come bang into their dining-room, and that it was full of mud and stones. The staircase was shut off, and two babies were sleeping upstairs. Mr. Bayley managed to get at a

second narrow staircase, and, taking his children out of bed, he and his wife and her sister and the nurse, with these two bundles of children wrapped in bedclothes, had to scramble over the débris in the dining-room, and to go out as they were in their evening dress in the pouring rain. They walked some distance in this melancholy condition to their nearest neighbour's house, and were taken in for the night and clothed and warmed. I believe a big tree came down on their house after they had left it, and all their things in the way of china and ornaments were smashed. This was the only landslip that did serious damage, but there are lots of them all over the place.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—I had such a quantity of visitors this morning, all the people who had been at the ball coming to say how much they enjoyed it; and in the afternoon we took a ride.

*Wednesday, 28th.*—A. joins the 17th Lancers to-day. It is his twenty-third birthday, so he begins in this regiment a new year, and I hope a happy era of his life.

I am getting up a Children's Fancy Dress Party, and am going to have singing lancers and singing quadrilles. The children will be asked from four to seven, but the grown-up people will only be invited for 'one hour.' This device for passing the whole society through the house in three detachments is the only way to show them the children's dresses without crowding the little ones.

*Tuesday, August 24th.*—At 3.30 the thirty-two children forming the singing quadrilles arrived to practise, and danced three figures wonderfully well, considering what dots some of them are, and that they know nothing of dancing in the abstract. They then joined my garden party, which, in defiance of the rains, I had fixed for to-day, and descended like locusts upon Nowell's magnificent buffet, clearing plates and eating every sort of unwholesome dish, regardless of consequences, and quite disregarded by their parents, who did not seem at all alarmed. I was most lucky in the day, and my courage in giving this party was rewarded. The sun shone, and as the grass was a little damp, large portions of it were covered with carpet, so that people could sit in safety. This garden party was a new experiment. I had it on a very pretty piece of ground at the side of the house, which slants down to the tennis-court in three broad terraces; a hedge of roses dividing it from the approach on one side, and peeps of the mountains and of distant woods giving it a spacious and park-like appearance on the other. The guests were received at the top, the band was on the second terrace, and tea was in the tennis-court at the bottom, so the company were kept ascending and descending, and seemed to like it. About half an hour after they had left, it began to pour with rain, and I believemy late guests were caught in it through their own fault, not mine. They left this at 6.30, but that is much too early for an English resident in India to go home, so many repaired to Peliti's, a confectioner's shop, and a sort of rendezvous for tea and gossip, and thus they got wet, in their best gowns.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—D. has a pigeon-trap and clay pigeons, and he now has half an hour's shooting after lunch every day. I went to see the performance, and the little saucers behaved so like birds that the hawks actually collected overhead. The 'guns' stand on a road half-way down the khud, at the top of which is the trap, and when the word is given, a small round 'bird' comes soaring overhead and, sitting on the wings of the wind, flits past, and if not shot through the heart floats on to the valley beneath. Sometimes it makes a sweep round and disappears in a tree just as the real thing might do.

This was a dinner and dance night: a big table laden with candles, flowers, and food at eight o'clock; at 9.30 a transformation scene. The table disappears, the carpet too, and two hundred guests are shown into a ball-room, where they dance till twelve, the buffet being in another room beyond. All these dances are alike, with a certain change in the persons of the invited, and I think they always go off with great spirit.

Some energetic people, headed by Mr. Durand the Foreign Secretary, were playing football at Annandale to-day, but we did not go to see them.

*Wednesday, September 8th.*—The day of the Children's Ball was ushered in by the most frightful storm, but happily it soon cleared up, and the sun shone almost more than we wished, for we had to shut it out of the house and to light up the rooms at four o'clock.

The ball was the greatest possible success. The children were so pretty and so good, and enjoyed them-

selves so much, and the grown-up people were so delighted at the sight of them, and the mothers were so proud of their infants; and the quadrilles, Lancers, and march all went off so well; there was no hitch anywhere. The guests began to arrive about 3.30, and all the dancers were kept in one room, while the others assembled in the ball-room. We began with the march, had the quadrille second, then the Lancers, and then one polka for everyone before tea. This was in our drawing-room, in the sunlight, the dancing being done by candlelight. A hundred and twelve children were seated at round tables, and they did look sweet! After tea the same programme was repeated to a new set of spectators, and the ball finished off with some fast dances. I must try and tell you a few of the dresses. I think the most attractive was a Cupid. He is a Moncrieffe, and has the auburn hair, brown eyes, and lovely complexion of the family, with the roundest of little faces and the fattest legs and arms—these were bare; and his dress consisted of a tight silver jersey, bow and arrows, and silver sandals. A delightful little Marie Stuart, with a pearl cap and long white dress and fair hair tumbling into her eyes, was another. There was a little green-and-gold wood-elf, and a lovely fairy in blue tarlatan and silver; both these had wings. Three little boys were dressed in men's clothes—one as an A.D.C., one as a 'Political,' and one as a Masher. Their dresses were perfect, and they looked 'every inch the gentleman.' These creatures were all from about two to four years old. A bigger girl looked very nice as a brown butterfly, and there was one child to whom

we all took a great fancy. She danced in the quadrille, and was so pretty and dignified. She was dressed as Madame Favart.

The ball was over at seven, and then we had a few people to dinner, but were all tired and ready to go early to bed.

*Thursday, 9th.*—A number of the children came to be photographed this morning, and I have worked so hard over doing them that I have not left myself much time for writing about the ball. I fear all the pictures will not be very good, but I have got a nice one of the Cupid!

*Monday, 20th, to 25th.*—Our visit to Dhamin this year was in most respects so exact a repetition of our stay there last year that I need only give you a general idea of it this time. We left home on Monday, after seeing Mr. Tufnell win the silver medal in the last match of the tennis tournament in our court, and rode on to the border of the Rana's dominions, where he met us, and conducted us to our camp. We dined and sat over a bonfire, and next morning breakfasted a little earlier than usual and started off for the shooting grounds. We shot and lunched at the same places as we did last September, but the birds were few, and the sport was certainly bad. On Tuesday we went to a new part of the hill to shoot 'gurel,' a kind of deer, which, across a khud, looks remarkably small and more like a hare than a deer. We rode along the most alarming places on a narrow footpath with a precipice

on one side and a high bank on the other, and only dismounted very occasionally when the stones on the path looked very loose and unpleasant.

When the guns were all placed, we found ourselves on one very steep hill looking up at another steeper still, a mass of rock and small shrubs and patches of grass; a rapid stream ran between the two. Beaters were all along the top of this opposite hill, and were expected to come down it. This they seemed very loth to do, and the consequence was we saw very little game. Dr. Findlay shot a large panther, and had great 'fun' with it, which means that, finding it alive when he thought it was dead, he had to dodge behind trees, and had some difficulty in killing it. The known presence of this beast is supposed to have frightened the beaters, and is also said to have been the cause of our finding so few 'gurel' in the place. While the gentlemen stood at attention, watching for game, we ladies sat comfortably on the grass and read. In the middle of the day we had luncheon, one more beat, and then home to dinner, bonfire, and bed. The weather is quite lovely, and we have to wear sun hats and back pads, and to carry umbrellas. I am rather proud of the way in which I ride along the edge of a precipice holding up a parasol!

Thursday morning we again had a last year's beat, after which we said good-bye to the Rana, who is a very nice man, and to his little son, who was with him; had luncheon, and rode home in the cool of the afternoon. We found a new Extra A.D.C. here. He is a great-nephew of Lady de Ros', and is come to us for six



months. He only arrived in India last winter, and went straight to the Delhi Camp, where he was knocked over accidentally and nearly killed, and he is only just getting quite well again now.

Blanche and Fred got back from their expedition to Narkunda about an hour before us, and Jack Henderson came to dine with us, so it felt quite like a family gathering. The mail was in too, with all our home news.

*Friday, 24th.*—I had a great garden party, and I think a very pretty one. It was on the terraces. On the first one there was a large Shamiana, which made a beautiful reception-room; on the second, the band, with plenty of seats for visitors; and on the third, the refreshment-tents. A number of children came and enjoyed themselves immensely, running up and down the banks and playing about quite undisturbed by the company surrounding them. The Rajah of Chumba, some Oude talukdars, and some other native gentlemen, were present. The weather is absolutely perfect now, and one can give an outdoor party without any fears lest it should misbehave.

In the evening we went to hear the 'Elijah,' which has been got up by Mr. Mackworth Young. A hundred amateurs sang, our band formed the orchestra, and the whole thing was most successful.

*Saturday, October 2nd.*—Great preparations have been made for a fête given by D. to the members of his Office, but arranged by themselves. The compound, houses, and offices, which are immediately below this

place, were for some days before in the hands of the decorator. Shamianas were put up; strings of flags with 'Welcome' on them were hung across, while much larger ones floated over the chimney-tops. Firework devices, and arches, and other preparations for illuminations, were visible from the upper road. The amusements began early and went on all day, and at 9 P.M. we started off to go and see the play.

We walked down a zigzag path, looking upon the illuminations, which were done in that effective Indian way which I have so often described to you, and which made the place look so very much larger than it really is. As we got to the entrance of the grounds, a cannon was fired off twice, and then we discovered a body-guard which had been created for the occasion. They all had new dresses, and at their head were two very big officers with great beards and moustaches, also put on for the night, and two nice little pages very prettily dressed. These last marched before us into the 'theatre.' This was beautifully arranged. The large Shamiana was pitched up against the house, so that the verandah made a kind of raised dais, on which we sat. The stage was at the far end of it, opposite to us, and between, on the well-carpeted floor, sat all the members of the Office and their guests. It made a fine big room. The posts supporting the roof were twined with flowers, and the front of the stage and of the verandah were banks of moss and flowers. Strings with strange animals and devices hanging from them crossed the ceiling in every direction. In front of our chairs hung two crowns, also made at Armsdell (the name of the place), and two of

the clerks dressed up as Goorkhas stood at attention at the sides. When we had all settled down, the play began. It was acted in English, and, as I have sent you the text, I need only tell you that it was very well acted and extremely amusing, and that the local jokes were highly appreciated. Before and after it there was a little dancing and singing, and during the performance there was one song which we liked very much. It was called the 'Musical Bheestie': a man dressed up with the Bheestie's skin of water on his back sang and danced down the centre of the Shamiana, pretending to water the path as he came, but in reality sprinkling us all with scent. It was very well danced, and was very pretty.

Tea and ices were handed round, and there was a conjurer, who did some tricks, and then the Chief Clerk made a little speech, to which D. replied. He said he was glad of the opportunity of personally thanking the members of his Office for the industry and the uncomplaining good temper with which they fulfil their arduous duties; and more especially did he wish to express his deep sense of the unswerving fidelity with which they keep the secrets of the Office. Then we left, attended by the same guards and attendants who had received us, while a fountain of fire played at the door. Mr. and Mrs. Panioty did the honours of the evening, and of their house; there were several other guests besides ourselves.

The crowns have been sent to us as souvenirs, and Guy received all the little animals which had been hanging up.

*Monday, 4th.*—The rains have returned to us, and the weather is so cold and uninviting that we have given up Narkunda and our trip into the hills.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—I had a Committee meeting, with two new members present at it—the one Sir Auckland Colvin, who replaces Sir Steuart Bayley, and the other Mr. Peile, who replaces Mr. Ilbert.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are coming here shortly for a few days. They will be lodged in Lord William's house, and we are now arranging a re-opening of the season for them, with dinners, dances, and concerts.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—I cannot finish this so cheerfully as I began it, for we had a telegram to say that Archie has fever at Lucknow. I am just waiting for another with some particulars before deciding if I should go down to him at once.

## CHAPTER IX

AUTUMN TOUR, 1886

LUCKNOW, BOMBAY, HYDERABAD, MYSORE

OCTOBER 25 TO DECEMBER 15

*Monday, October 25th.*—As the doctors seemed quite sure that A. had typhoid fever, and not merely the ordinary Indian feverish attack, we decided that I should start at once just to see that everything possible was done for him, even if I should be unable to remain. Major Cooper and I set off this morning at 8 A.M. and drove for ten hours, reaching Umballa at 6 P.M. Although so long, it is really rather a nice drive, and after so many months in the mountains a gallop down hill and along the level road to Umballa is pleasant.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—I was all night in the train, and reached Alighur at eleven o'clock this morning. Mr. Cadell, the Commissioner, met me at the station, and, as I had five hours to wait, I went to his house for luncheon, and visited the new Mahometan College. They have a debating club, at which juveniles of twelve years old give their opinions on questions of State policy. The debaters sit on opposite sides, 'like Parliament,'

and there is a division at the end of the debate, and the speeches are printed. I read one debate on the advisability of giving natives the high commands now held by Englishmen in the Indian army. One speaker said, 'It is from reading books that I prefer the military profession; although it does not suit my weak constitution, yet I prefer it.' One young man, on passing out of the college, was dilating upon all the advantages he had gained there, and said, 'When I came here I could not speak English; religion was a mystery to me; I could not even handle a lawn-tennis bat.'

*Wednesday, 27th.*—We started off on our travels again at five last night, and reached Lucknow at 7.30 o'clock this morning; I drove straight to A.'s bungalow, which is an extremely nice one. His room is airy, and he can see out of the windows. He looked quite himself, and did not seem weak. The doctors say it is an ordinary case with no complications, but a severe one. They think he got it at Simla, and he never was well after he came down; but, feeling ill, he tried to 'ride it off,' played polo on Monday, 18th, and had a fall. On Tuesday morning he drove over to the doctor and complained of 'bruises,' being at that time in a high fever. I have a room in his house, but have only seen him once as yet.

*Monday, November 1st.*—I went a little expedition this morning to visit a Missionary Hospital and Dispensary, and to see how the religious teaching and the

medical work are combined. A number of women were collected there, and the doctor, Miss Marsden, sat down and told them the story of the prodigal son, and explained it to them. They listened very attentively, and answered some questions. Then she began her medical work, and I waited to see a great number of cases prescribed for.

My afternoon drives have shown me a good deal of Lucknow. It seems to be one of the nicest stations in India. There are great open park-like spaces, intersected with broad roads overshadowed by fine trees, and all the grass, shrubs, and leaves are so green and luxuriant-looking compared to those in other places. The bungalows all have nice gardens, and the whole place looks well-kept and rich, and is as neat as a gentleman's park at home. The Residency gardens are beautiful, but I told you about them last year.

D. has been two days at Bhawalpore, and visited Mooltan on his way there. Now he is at Lahore, where there are to be some great functions.

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—The Commissioner took me a sight-seeing drive this afternoon, going through the Wingfield Park, passing by the Horticultural Gardens, and then by the banks of the river. I was more struck than ever with the beauties of Lucknow. We visited two mosques: one of them I had seen before; the other had a very pretty court-yard with a large tank of water in the centre, shrubs and roses growing all about. The mosque itself was full of glass chandeliers, but in another small building I saw eight very large and interesting portraits

of the Kings of Oude. They stand on the floor up against the wall, and it is a great pity they cannot be hung up.

We next went on to the native city, and walked through the bazaar. It is always amusing to see the crowds of people and the artisans at work in their little shops.

Kite-flying is a great amusement at Lucknow, and there were numbers of them in the bazaar. The flyers have regular matches, and bet upon the result. A very fine string covered with powdered glass, and which costs 2*l.* a pound, is made for this purpose, and the great art is to fly your kite higher than that of your rival, and then to pull your string suddenly, so as to cut his in two.

*Thursday, 4th.*—Basil's sixteenth birthday, and the day my four children start for India. I can imagine you getting them ready and seeing them off.

Archie is very well and cheerful this morning.

D. seems to think I should join him soon now, so I shall leave Tuesday, and get to Bombay in time to see Nelly off; but I have asked Major Cooper to stay here another week, as I do not like the idea of leaving Archie alone, though he is nearly convalescent.

*Thursday, 11th.*—After two long nights and days in the train I arrived at Bombay this morning. My journey was made less weary than it otherwise would have been by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ilbert and their four children in the next carriage; they paid me



frequent visits, and we had our meals together. On the way, too, I received good news of Archie from Major Cooper. Mr. Lawrence, of the 17th Lancers, travelled with me.

The drive from the station, a most magnificent and ornamental structure, to Malabar Point is a long but pretty one, and this place, jutting out into the sea, is very delightful to us mountaineers. I do like seeing the real ocean, and as I sit at my window writing I look upon it and hear the waves dashing upon the shore, and feel a little nearer home, and a little nearer to the children now sailing in the *Mirzapore*.

This Malabar Point is a curious place. It is a very small promontory, and on it are a few bungalows. The central one contains only one immense long room, partitioned off by carved open-work doors which divide it into dining-room, hall, and drawing-room. Outside these rooms is a very wide verandah, which is furnished, and makes a nice place to sit in. Lady Reay has great taste in arranging things, and this bungalow is very pretty. From it I can get under cover to mine. The girls and I have a great suite of apartments, and are very comfortable.

When I drove up Lady Reay, Rachel, and Nelly met me, and the former had very kindly arranged for us three to breakfast together. Nelly and Rachel look as if they had been rather overworked, and are not quite so flourishing as when they left Simla. They had seen D. off on his little cruise in the *Clive* the day before. He was rather unhappy at going without any of his ladies.

Nelly was anxious to see the 'Towers of Silence,' so Lady Reay took us there in the afternoon. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy came to do the honours of the place. It is really most interesting and curious, and although it would be hard to reconcile oneself to the idea of laying out one's dead to be torn to pieces by vultures, yet undoubtedly the system has much to be said for it, in a hot climate. The Parsee idea is that the earth should not be contaminated by any decaying matter, and their funerals are conducted in these 'Towers of Silence' in the following way: The towers are round, but not very high, and are uncovered. Inside there is a stone platform running all round, with three sets of grooves sloping downwards towards a deep empty well in the centre. The outer circle of grooves is for men—'good actions;'; the second line for women—'good words;'; and the third for children—'good thoughts.' When a person dies, he is placed on an iron bier and carried by official corpse-bearers, accompanied by a procession of friends and mourners, all walking, and all kept together by holding the ends of white pocket-handkerchiefs between them. When they reach the place, the friends stand at a distance from the tower, the corpse-bearers strip the corpse at the entrance, and place the body naked in one of the grooves. The vultures are all sitting on the trees and walls watching, and in less than five hours after, they have reduced it to a skeleton. In about eight days the bones are completely dried up, and they are then lifted with tongs and thrown into the central well, where they crumble away into dust. The rain washes down into

this well, and gradually carries all away into drains provided for the purpose, and which have large filters at either end, so that when the water reaches mother earth there is no contaminating matter in it.

No one is allowed to enter these towers, of which there are seven in the enclosure, so the whole method is explained over a little model. We walked through the pretty garden, and admired the splendid view, and gazed at the outside of these mysterious towers, and at a vulture keeping watch upon the wall, while numbers of them were sitting on the trees. Our guide told us that neither a dead vulture nor a young bird had ever been seen there. They build their nests elsewhere, and I suppose they creep home to die in some other place.

There is one room in the garden where the sacred fire is kept ever burning, and there the mourners can go and pray if they feel so inclined. We unbelievers may not look upon the fire, but the smell of burning sandalwood was very sweet.

*Friday, 12th.*—Nelly and Rachel were to have started to-day, but a cyclone delayed the mail, and they get an extra day on shore. We went to see the Cama Hospital, over which Miss Pechey and Miss Ellaby preside. It is a female hospital.

Just before going out I had a most delightful surprise. The Maharajah of Jeypore wrote me a very nice letter and sent me a lakh of rupees for my Fund, and in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. I am pleased! This is my first very big sum, and I am sure that this year my medical affairs will be placed on a much firmer

foundation than they have hitherto been, through lack of money. The two lady doctors dined at Government House ; both of them are very nice. On our way home from our drive Lady Reay took us to have tea at the Yacht Club. It was very pleasant. We sat at the edge of a parapet and looked at the harbour illuminated by a rising and most gigantic moon ; couples ' of sorts,' as they say in India, were walking up and down between us and the Club, which itself looked like a great Swiss chalet on the stage. The whole scene indeed was rather theatrical, and even the moon was somewhat pantomimic. The tea was very good and very refreshing in this most thirsty place.

*Saturday, 13th.*—After an early luncheon we drove down to the dock, and I went on board with the girls. We had hoped D. would have been in in time to see them again, but there were no signs of the *Clive*, though we knew she was near. The *Paramatta* is a fine ship, and Nelly and Rachel have good cabins. Rachel leaves me altogether, and Nelly goes home for a year. We shall miss them both very much.

The *Paramatta* passed quite close to the *Clive*, and Nelly must have been disappointed not to see her father on the bridge, but unfortunately he had a slight touch of fever and was in bed. D.'s reception at the dock and in the town was very fine, but I did not see it.

*Monday, 15th.*—Lady Reay gave a purdah party for me to-day, so the drawing-room and part of the large verandah were shut off from the outer world and the

native ladies were received there. It was a very pretty sight, and the guests were most of them very cheerful and happy-looking. A few could speak English quite well. There were two Arab ladies with fine faces; and two Persians, wearing short petticoats of brocade, long white stockings, and patent-leather shoes. They had gold-and-white lace shawls over their heads and fastened under their chins. One woman there is rather a celebrity in India just now. She is very well educated, speaking English perfectly, but when she was a child she was married, or what we should call betrothed, to a boy, and now that she is grown up she has refused to go to him as his wife, and the case is being tried in Court. It involves a great principle, and is a test case of much interest.

Four little girls arrived so late that I only just saw them, but they were most wonderfully dressed. They had round caps covered with jewels on their heads, some of which were wound up and revolved. Their hair was plaited in a quantity of small tails ending with cord and gold tassels and coins, a very heavy headdress. They had velvet embroidered jackets and very wide short skirts, and they were all very bright and friendly. This tea party was rather hurried over, as we had to go on to another at the house of a Parsee lady. On this occasion it was not a purdah party. The Parsees look particularly pretty when you see them in numbers. They have fine eyes, and they drape themselves in such soft material and such lovely delicate colours. Their garment is generally edged with a band of silver embroidery, and a new pattern

has just come out which has the word 'God' in Roman letters repeated over and over again in the same way that the Mahometans have 'Allah.' It is rather startling to our eyes. Our hostess, Mrs. Cowasjee Readymoney, has been a good deal in England, and is an exceedingly bright and handsome little woman. She presented me to everyone as 'our Countess.' There were sisters and sisters-in-law and relations of all kinds assembled in a large room with marble columns and open on to the staircase, with a fine view of the sea from the windows. It was a 'drum,' so we went through a number of introductions, had a cup of tea, heard one song, and then tore ourselves away in time to dress for dinner. The society was much amused by the son of the house, a little boy whom I had seen in London. I asked him if he had liked England, and he said, 'Not much,' which was a piece of unexpected truth-speaking greatly appreciated by the bystanders. However, as it was the absence of black ants in England he deplored, I could not sympathise with his reasons. These black ants are always crawling about here and make one quite uncomfortable.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—This morning the mail came in, bringing with it Lord and Lady Wynford and Prince Leopold of Prussia. They were in a cyclone on Friday and Saturday, were battered down, and were very much alarmed. Think how fortunate we are that D. escaped it in the *Clive*, and that the *Paramatta* missed it too! D. had many small durbars and return visits to-day, and was kept very busy. I drove with Lady Reay and had an interview with Mr. Malabari, a reformer. He

has taken up the 'infant marriage' and 're-marriage of widow' questions, and is interested in my Scheme.

I have forgotten to tell you about one visit we received to-day. The visitor was a stout Persian boy of ten years old, dressed like a man in black cloth, with fine eyes and clear complexion, and holding the extraordinary position of a demi-god or a 'manifestation' of one. This attribute came into the family of Aga Khan some generations ago, and they are now extremely rich through the offerings of the faithful. The boy is the head of the family. He is a solemn little creature; he prefers men to ladies, and it was rather amusing to see him sitting in our midst with a cup of coffee in his hand, which he kept on blowing in his calm and stately fashion. When the Viceroy came, the question being put to him, whether he liked being with the ladies or with 'Lord Sahib,' he replied 'Lord Sahib' with so much enthusiasm that we all laughed, and D. carried him off to a distant corner where they talked Persian together.

I also saw a family consisting of three little daughters and two sons, that of the Rajah of Durrumpore. The daughters all looked about the same age, and are just on the verge of being shut up in the zenana. One son was only four years old, and the dearest little creature imaginable. His eyes were splendid.

*Wednesday, 17th.*—I cannot describe to you the events of the Viceroy's day; it is quite impossible to get speech of him, as he has one interview after another all the time, and never one moment's peace. In the afternoon he

had to give away prizes at the School of Art, and we both had engagements after that which we were too late to fulfil. In the evening there was a large dinner here and a ball at the Yacht Club. The ball was very prettily arranged. The grounds on either side were illuminated, and some of the ships in the harbour were lighted up. The supper was well managed, and the entertainment was altogether a great success.

*Thursday, 18th.*—We made time for one little bit of sight-seeing to-day. D. looked at some docks and fortifications, and lunched at the Yacht Club as Sir Charles Arbuthnot's guest, and then we met him at the landing-place and all went off together to see the celebrated Caves of Elephanta. With the caves themselves I was a little disappointed, but the trip through the harbour and the views from the island were delightful. Landing at Elephanta you find a long stone stairway up the hill, and in our case the usual paraphernalia for tea at the top. The principal cave is a great square hall cut out of the rock, with rows of pillars down the centre and mutilated statues of gods and goddesses standing in relief round the walls. The age of these caves is unknown, but they are supposed to have been excavated between the eighth and thirteenth centuries.

In the evening there was a reception given for us by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. The ladies of his family received us in a room on the ground floor and conducted us upstairs, where we walked through rows of people, and spoke to some, and then stood at the top of the



room. After a very short time we went down again for refreshments, and then we were adorned with garlands, and departed.

*Friday, 19th.*—We had to be up early to leave Bombay. Our visit has been very pleasant, and D. has been pleased with his work here and with all the people he has seen. The weather has been hot, and most of us have prickly heat, which is not becoming! Lord and Lady Reay, who have been most kind, were up to see us off. The station at Bombay is such a splendid place both outside and in; the marble columns and high arched roof are worthy of a cathedral, and are much too magnificent for a bustling crowd of railway passengers.

Our destination was Poona, and we got there at two o'clock, having lunch in the train just before our arrival. We were met at the station by a number of officers and by three ladies—the daughter of the General, Miss Flood; the wife of Colonel Holberton, whose husband, it turned out, had been at school with D. at Mr. Walton's; and Mrs. Le Quesne, Miss Sutcliffe's sister. Having said a few words to them, we all went on to the Council Chamber, where the addresses were presented. It is a very handsome room, and a very light and cheerful one, so it looked very pretty with all the different-coloured turbans arranged in rows, and with a dais at the top of it, on which were some white satin and gold chairs. The speeches were much longer and much more interesting than is usual on such occasions. They were real business; the authors of the addresses bringing forward their grievances, and the

Viceroy replying to their various suggestions and requests. It is almost the first time since he came to India that D. has let himself speak out, and all he said seemed to be highly appreciated. The native gentlemen who presented the addresses were really superior men, and the greater number of them understood English. We had tea and spoke to the ladies, and then drove off to see as much as possible of Poona before sunset. The bazaar was, as usual, a delightful sight: the curious old houses filled from roof to doorway with picturesque figures, graceful dusky creatures swathed in harmonious reds and blues, and little naked children squeaking or clapping their hands as the Viceroy's *cortège* galloped rapidly by. The roads at Poona are very good, wide, and shaded by trees on either side. There are two rivers there, and very pretty gardens and houses. We went to see the Government House, Ganeshkind, of which we have always heard so much. The views at Poona are very English—a flat country with low hills in the distance, and it has a delightful climate in the rains.

We dined in our train and travelled all night.

*Saturday, 20th.*—We breakfasted in the railway station at Nandgaon. It was decorated with red, blue, and green bunting, and with stuffed heads of deer and tiger. Then we started off on a long drive of forty-six miles to the Caves of Ellora. The country is quite flat, but before us all the way we saw a long, low ridge of hills, and when we got near to these we found our camp was on the top of this tableland. Our horses with pain and difficulty dragged us to the summit, whence we

looked down upon a great plain in one direction, and in the other over the tableland itself, an undulating grassy slope, with a few picturesque temples and tombs interspersed among our tents; groups of people sitting about; squadrons of cavalry for escort duty, elephants, flags, Chinese lanterns—every sort of life and movement and colour to make the scene gay and lovely.

We were a little tired after our long drive, but we had no time to spare, and so we only just washed our dusty faces and looked at the charming rooms prepared for us in a bungalow at the head of the camp, and went in to luncheon.

The Nizam has arranged all this for us, and the whole thing is admirably done. The cooking is the best I have ever tasted in India, and the table was nicely laid and well served. By four o'clock we were ready to visit the caves. We had to descend our mountain, for these caves are excavated in its side. They are of three kinds—Buddhist, Brahmin, and Jain, and we inspected the Buddhist ones first. The exterior of some of them is carved, and the cave itself is cut out of the solid rock, and is generally a chamber with rows of pillars elaborately carved, while the whole of the side walls are covered with bas-reliefs of Buddha in the Buddhist caves, of Krishna, Vishnu, and Siva in the Hindu. It would be impossible to describe them to you more fully, but some of the caves have three storeys, each chamber being cut out and decorated in the same way, and each panel of the wall illustrating some different incident in the life of Buddha, or in the Hindu mythology.

We just glanced at the most wonderful of all on our

way home, but are to revisit it to-morrow, so I will tell you of its outside now, and must finish my description when I have seen it again. I am sure it is one of the wonders of the world, and should be put in the same category with the Pyramids and Thebes. The Temple of Kailas is a complete 'building' cut out of the solid rock. It is like a beautiful and highly decorated palace in a pit. There is a wide passage all round it, but the great wall of rock rises high on every side and helps one to comprehend the marvellous nature of the work. A narrow gateway has been left, and this is rather a pity, as without it one good view of the temple could be obtained, whereas now you have either to look down upon it from above, or to gaze up at it from quite close, and you cannot get a general view. Inside the court and at either side of the 'building' are two beautiful carved pillars to hold standards, and two big elephants, all carved out of the rock. I do not know whether I have made you understand that the whole thing is monolithic. Even gazing at it, it is difficult to believe this, and to realise that no one bit of this elaborate structure has been done separately, and that nothing is stuck on. A wide and deep passage must have been first cut, leaving a gigantic block of stone in the centre; this must then have been shaped into a temple outside, chambers and galleries and pillars cut inside, and finally the whole covered with elaborate representations of historical and mythological subjects. The base of the temple is a 'dado' of elephants, tigers, and griffins fighting or feeding, and all in strong relief, appearing to support the upper storeys. Above this the carving is much

more delicate and minute, and it would take days to examine it in detail.

We had a long dinner. It was very good and very well arranged, but after thirty-six hours of uninterrupted travelling, functions, and sight-seeing, two hours spent at table are most trying. There were two courses before the soup, and various Indian dishes were added to the already lengthy bill of fare; so I was extremely sleepy by the end of it, and was glad to say good-night to the four ladies who are in camp as soon as possible after it was over.

*Sunday, 21st, to Tuesday, 23rd.*—I went down to the caves again and spent a long time in the Kailas. The more one sees of it the more wonderful it seems to be. The central hall has four rows of magnificent pillars, and the whole was once decorated with frescoes, but the colour has almost entirely disappeared. Even in the outside walls of rock, galleries and chambers have been cut, and multitudes of sculptured figures adorn every yard of the surface.

We saw two other fine caves, one a Jain temple. The plan is much the same as that of the Brahmin and Buddhist ones, the only peculiarity being that the Jain caves open one into another like rooms in a house. The Jain religion was a compromise between Brahminism and Buddhism, and the figure of Buddha, under a different name, is to be seen in every chapel. The last Brahminical cave we saw was cut out of the spur of a hill, and was open on three sides to the air and light, which made it rather different from the others. The

Tomb of Aurungzebe was another thing to be visited in this neighbourhood. The great Emperor did not wish more spent upon his burying-place than he had earned in his life; and as his copies of the Koran had not fetched more than 700 rupees, his grave is exceedingly simple. As D. approached it, an old man stepped forward and chanted something, the translation of which was 'Aurungzebe, late Emperor of Delhi, I present to you the representative of the present Emperor of Delhi;' then sugar-candy and spices were offered to D. and we proceeded on our way.

We spent one night at Aurungabad; it was very prettily illuminated, and there were fireworks after dinner, and an address in the morning. This was the beginning of a very long day. When the reply was given, and D. had looked at the beautiful box in which the address was put, and I had thanked our entertainers for a book of photographs, we got into our carriages and drove on and on till eight o'clock in the evening. We did stop for two hours in the middle of the day; but as during that time we worked harder than ever, I wish you to understand we had eleven hours of uninterrupted fatigue.

What we stopped to see was a very interesting and wonderful thing—the old Hindu Fortress of Daulatabad. The country here is absolutely flat, with the exception of the ridge of tableland which I have before described, and a few isolated peaks or hills rising suddenly and straight from the plain. The fortress is built on one of these, but the curious part of it is the scarped wall which surrounds it, and which you understand better when you have

climbed some way up; then you see that a deep moat has been cut in the solid rock just where it slopes down to the level. The bright green water which fills it looks so lovely between the two walls of stone, but from the outside you only see the inner one, a smooth adamantine circle surrounding a lofty peak of earth and rock, surmounted by a solitary gun. To reach this we went through subterranean passages and up steep and narrow stairs, and finally sank down exhausted on the gun, wondering how it ever was brought up there. When we had admired the view sufficiently we began to descend, but we did look with some regret at a beautifully laid-out lunch-table which had been spread 'for the first time within the memory of man' almost at the very top. Unfortunately contradictory orders had been sent there, and while glass and china and silver and flowers were above, the provisions were below, and it was ordained that we should refresh ourselves at the bottom. We were very hungry, and we knew we had a six hours' drive before us, so we were ready to eat anywhere and to go on as fast as possible. Some lazy and jaded people had not made the ascent at all, but we were extremely glad we had explored the whole of this ancient and marvellous place.

The sight of our railway carriage at the end of the day was very delightful, and we slept quietly in a siding.

Now we have two days' travelling and another night stationary before reaching Hyderabad, and as the post goes to-morrow I have had to write our last adventures in the train, and shall begin a new chapter there. D. received one address at Ahmednugger on the way, but otherwise he considers this a time of rest.

*Wednesday, 24th.*—We arrived at Hyderabad in the afternoon; the Minister, Nawab Salar Jung, came a few stations down the line to meet the Viceroy, and at Hyderabad was the Nizam himself, attended by all his nobles. He is a small man, with long black hair and whiskers, dark eyes, straight features, and a sad face. He wore a black Persian cap and European clothes. The costumes of his nobles were more splendid. Most of them are big men: Nawab Salar Jung is quite a giant. Their dress is something of a uniform, and, though not very Eastern, is handsome. Most of them have white caps and black cloth tunics with gold belts and buttons.

Mr. Cordery, the Resident, was at the station, and we drove thence to his house. The state carriages are bright yellow, and the Nizam's liveries are yellow and silver. They look very smart.

The Residency is a fine house. It is built on the model of our Calcutta house, but with two wings instead of four; the central hall goes up to the roof, with a gallery and two storeys of pillars, and is a very handsome room.

*Thursday, 25th.*—The durbar for the Nizam was held this morning. I went into the gallery round the big hall I have just described to you, from which one could see both the arrival of the Nizam and the whole ceremonial following. The view from the window was very pretty; the garden of the Residency is just in front of the house, and there are some very fine trees in the compound. To-day the whole place is full of soldiers; an English guard faces the great flight of steps which leads on to a



wide verandah arranged as a room, and which is just off the durbar hall, and the avenue up to the house is lined with cavalry. The Nizam came in his yellow coach with four grey horses, yellow postillions, and yellow syces too. He looked smarter and more Eastern than yesterday, in black clothes, with his Star of India and blue ribbon to brighten them up. The durbar was very fine to look at, but it always appears to be extremely dull to the people engaged in it. The Viceroy and the Nizam sat side by side on a sort of dais, and there were two rows of gold arm-chairs arranged in a semicircle from the thrones to the entrance. When it was over D. conducted the Nizam to the door, and he drove off in state. This afternoon the return visit was paid, and I am sorry I could not look on at it, as they say it was different from any other and very picturesque. The Nizam's body-guard are Arabs, and there are many strange costumes worn by his followers.

We received a visit from the children of one of the Nawabs. I never saw nicer little creatures. The eldest is a girl of eight, and is just on the verge of the purdah. When she hears of it, she says, 'I wish I had not been born a little Mogully girl.' The three others are boys. They all wore diamond and emerald necklaces and gold anklets, and they had big black eyes, and were most friendly and lively. Even the baby of two years old understood English, and the others spoke it well. The smaller ones were delighted with blowing my watch open, and I am in hopes I had a great success with them. The girl is to write her first English letter to me. Her governess is from Belfast, and D. had once been kind to

her father, so she was very pleased that her pupils showed off so well. I hope to visit their mother. After this I saw several other people: a Parsee lady who brought a piece of work she had done for me, the Civil Surgeon, and two lady doctors. The one was a missionary; the other, Miss White, is paid by the Nizam, and has been doing well here for several years. She has a very good reputation as a doctor, and is much liked.

There were sports late in the afternoon, but it gets dark so soon that we did not finish the programme. In addition to the usual tent-pegging there was a tug of war, an elephant against seventy men. I think the former would have won, but the rope broke, and as the monster seemed angry at being made to take part in such frivolity, the experiment was not repeated. We also saw an elephant race, and that was very funny; the great animals waddled along very fast, but without any apparent wish to get the one before the other. A camel race followed, the camels being made to lie down in the middle of the race, while their riders fired three rounds from their humps out of camel-guns, then mounted again, and rode on. The Nizam himself won a prize. He was the only person who succeeded in picking up a small ring from the ground with the point of his lance as he galloped by. These sports were held on the racecourse. Directly you leave the bazaar you find yourself in a fine open country, with beautiful grassy rides, and this course is a very pretty one, with a fine stand erected on it. There were immense crowds of most picturesque spectators collected on the other side of the railing.

In the evening the Nizam entertained us at dinner

in a really magnificent way. We drove in an open carriage through the city (diamond crown and all) to see the illuminations; the whole place was outlined with lamps, and there was a paling down each side of the streets, with lights hung in diagonal patterns all over it; and behind it and in tiers between the rows of lights above were thousands of people looking on. The arches were gigantic, and looked like real buildings lighted up. The streets were lined with troops, and 'God save the Queen' broke out every now and then until we reached the palace.

It is a fine Italian structure, surrounding two large squares or gardens, both of which were brilliantly illuminated, the shape of the buildings being marked out, and all the flower-beds bordered with light. We were received in that part of the palace which lies between the two squares, and then walked across the second garden to the dining-room. Two hundred guests sat down to dinner in one long room, which is more than 1,000 feet long. Sitting in the middle, I could not see either end. The table was covered with gold plate and flowers, and we looked out on the illuminated garden. The serving was well managed, and I do not think the dinner lasted more than an hour and a half. The Nizam sat between D. and me. The Viceroy proposed his health in a very nice speech and in a stentorian voice, and the Nizam said in reply, 'I propose the health of Lord and Lady Dufferin.' After this we spent an hour in the garden looking at fireworks. Opposite us was a transparency of D. and me and the Nizam. The two gentlemen were shaking hands, and I stood by in a grass green

dress. At a distance it looked very well. I don't think I can give you any details of the fireworks, as one display bears a strong family likeness to another; they made much noise, and went turning and twisting, and writhing and rushing, and starting up and showering down, and ended up with a very large 'Welcome' standing out against the sky.

*Friday, 26th.*—The Viceroy had business till twelve o'clock, and I saw a deputation of native gentlemen from Berar about my Fund, and also went to see the six students who are being trained here for medical work. Then we went out for the day. We drove eleven miles, passing through Secunderabad to Bolarum. At the former place there was an address. On the steps leading up to the hall dancing girls stood chanting a welcome, each one holding a lighted candle in her hand, an ancient and symbolical custom; above them were the girls of a native school and the children from a military orphanage. The address was accompanied by a piece of plate, the handsome box being on a silver tray. On our way we drove along an embankment which dams up a big lake, or rather forms one; and we passed through some fine barracks before arriving at the mess house of the Hyderabad Contingent. Colonel Bell is the Officiating Commandant there, and the officers gave us a splendid lunch in their very beautiful ball-room. D. proposed the Contingent's health, and then we had to hurry off to fulfil another engagement. Salar Jung had asked us to tea on the Meer Alum Lake, and we had to gallop fifteen miles to get there before sunset. When we

did reach the place, we had a very pleasant hour there. The lake is an artificial one, like the one we saw this morning, and is held back by an embankment, which is on an uncommon principle. It is like a long railway bridge lying on its side; the arches curve inwards towards the lake, and the buttresses stand out towards the plain. It makes a very pretty edge to the lake. But when you cease to look at this wall, you cannot believe that the lake is artificial, it is such a pretty one, and the peculiarities of geological formation here are seen to great advantage. All about Hyderabad there are great piles of rock and stone thrown about in an extraordinary manner, as if some giant had hurled them down in heaps, or as if every bit of earth had been washed away, leaving only the stones behind. In the lake these rugged rocks, with a few green bushes and shrubs growing about them, form most picturesque islands, and the largest of them is crowned by a small mosque. We got on board a little steamer, where the Nizam joined us, and we went round the lake, and saw the sun set, and enjoyed it all very much.

We only just got home in time to dress for dinner, and on our way we drove through the city, which was again illuminated. Mr. Cordery had a large ball in his fine room, the Nizam and a number of his nobles being present. H. H. sat in the gallery most of the time and looked down upon the dancing. D. disappeared very early, but I remained till after supper.

*Saturday, 27th.*—The gentlemen went out panther spearing in the morning, and killed two. The poor

creatures are let out of cages, and the huntsmen ride after them with spears. Lord William got one panther, and he and his horse were rolled over by another, but fortunately the beast thought only of escape, and did not stop to examine the débris or to pick up the pieces, and so no harm was done. The Viceroy was, by my orders, kept safe on the top of an elephant, and I fear he did not see much, but then he returned home uninjured, which was what I was anxious for.

He had a very busy morning doing all the Hyderabad business; long interviews with the Resident and Foreign Secretary, with the Nizam, and with Salar Jung. He was pleased with the result, but as no public announcement has been made on the subject, I cannot confide anything to you.

I went to see the hospital in the morning, and after lunch visited the wife of a Hyderabad noble, whose children I told you about the other day. She was in his drawing-room, not in her own apartments, and he was present during our interview. So were the merry little family. She was a pretty woman, with large melancholy eyes, and she was beautifully muffled in red and gold gauze, her arms and head being laden with jewels. She understands a little English, and even ventured on saying a few words.

Later in the afternoon I went with D. to another native house, that of one of the first nobles of Hyderabad. The Nizam came there too, and we had a cup of tea, and saw the 'Amazon Guard,' consisting of about twenty women in brown uniforms, and then some

men rode before us on ostriches; both riders and steeds looked most uncomfortable.

Our day finished with a banquet at the Residency. The Nizam was again placed between the Viceroy and me. I had Sir Harry Prendergast on the other side of me.

About ten o'clock we drove to the station, and passed the night in our railway carriages. After this we have two whole days in the train from 4 A.M. till nine o'clock, and we reach Mysore on Tuesday, 30th, at noon.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—We got to Bangalore station last night; and, changing carriages, slept in them till 5 A.M. I had the Maharajah of Mysore's, which is a very pretty one decorated in white and gold, just like a small boudoir. It is on a narrow-gauge line. The last two days' journey has been through a really pretty country. That peculiar geological characteristic with hillocks of loose rock continues all the way, and as the piles of boulders take most picturesque forms, as the rest of the landscape is very green, and as we constantly pass over rivers or by lakes, we often see lovely bits of scenery, and it is nearly always interesting. The night at Bangalore was cold, and when we awoke this morning it was raining and the sky was covered with clouds. Happily it cleared before we entered Mysore, but at this the most southern place we have been to in India, it is quite chilly and windy. The Maharajah's brother and his Minister came to Seringapatam to meet us, and after breakfasting there we went on and reached our destination in half an hour. A Shamiana had been

put up and was filled with people, but a few souvenirs of the late rain were dropping through the centre of it. The Maharajah, who is a very nice-looking young man, and who is one of the most enlightened of our princes, met us here, and an address from the municipality was read and answered by the Viceroy. Some most complimentary mottoes adorned the walls of the Shamiana, such as 'Gentle in manner, resolute in deeds;' 'For his country, not himself;' 'Welcome, friend of India's daughters.' The address was in a lovely box made at Mysore. It is of ebony inlaid with ivory, and there are three medallions of carved ivory on the lid surrounded by a few little rubies.

The Maharajah's carriage, in which he and D. drove away, was a very curious one. It had a pinnacled roof, was of a greenish colour, and had some carving about it—quite a state coach of the old-fashioned type.

There is a very excellent school here for high-caste native girls, and as we drove along we passed between tiers and tiers of these little ladies dressed in their graceful costume and covered with jewels. They sang for us as we stopped in front of them, and brought garlands to offer, and curious stiff bouquets surmounted by green wooden birds with talc wings and tails. The only peculiarity I notice in these girls, and in women in the streets here, is a streak of yellow paint all round the jaw; sometimes it invades the cheek. These were the pupils of the 'Maharani's school.' Later we drove past another vast assembly of girls and boys educated by the Wesleyan Mission. The children of Mysore really seem to have exceptional advantages, and it is pleasant to see how



much the Maharajah encourages education, and that the Maharani takes part in his endeavours to improve the condition of high-caste girls. Still driving along, we saw, and also heard, a number of men playing on six-foot brass trumpets and round drums; the noise was quite deafening, but they enhanced the local character of the scene. The town was crowded with people, and the dresses here are very bright and pretty. We are staying at the Residency; it belongs to the Maharajah, and so we have it to ourselves, and you can't think what a rest that is to us; no civilities to do in one's spare moments! The house is so nice too, 'quite English,' and we are most comfortable.

The Maharani unfortunately is ill, and I cannot see her. She has three children—two girls and a boy. When we saw them they were all carried in by men, though the eldest girl is six years old. She and her sister looked intensely solemn, and wore their hair plastered very stiffly and smoothly down; the boy looked very delicate.

The Maharajah himself dresses beautifully. When he came to the station, he had a sort of loose kincob coat and turban. For the durbar he wore a violet velvet well-fitting tunic richly embroidered in gold, a magnificent diamond necklace, the blue ribbon and Star of India, and a turban with jewels in it and a long tassel of pearls hanging at one side; at night his coat was black velvet, and he had on a second splendid diamond and pearl necklace.

After lunch Mrs. Lyall, the Resident's wife, went with me to the Female Hospital. It is a very nice new

one, but as the doctors are men it is not yet a great success so far as purdah patients are concerned. While we were there the Viceroy was paying his return visit to the Maharajah, and we went on to join him at the palace, where we spent a most delightful afternoon. It is quite one of the most quaint and old-fashioned buildings we have seen. The front is in brilliant colours, pillars of red and yellow with great carved painted capitals, and at each side of the door in relief on the wall are two white elephants with painted howdahs; the palace forms a square here, and behind there is a second square with a round open pavilion in the centre for a circus or other entertainments, and from an open verandah-room in the palace spectators look on at the sports.

We found D. and the durbar in a curious old room, with low ceiling and magnificent doors, some of silver and some of ivory elaborately carved. Everything looked really old and good, and there were all sorts of quaint portraits and little pictures hung about. D. was quite delighted with it, and after thoroughly examining this room we went all over the palace, through narrow passages and up and down steps, always seeing something interesting: one very old room where marriages are held, another where the jewels were spread out; a court on the top of the house where there was an aviary and a photographer, and where we sat for several groups; an armoury where all sorts of old and terrible weapons are to be seen, and then a library where there is a collection of Sanscrit works. We also saw the throne—a very large gold one with a gold umbrella over it, and silver steps by which to

mount to the chair. The Maharajah gave us tea, and presented us with some lovely specimens of Mysore wood-carving, and then we saw his own sitting-room with its more modern arrangements, writing-table, &c.

By this time it was quite dark, and suddenly we were conducted into the gallery which opens on to the entrance court, which we found brilliantly illuminated and filled with troops, leaving only a space in the centre for some performances. You can't think what a lovely sight it was. The verandah in which we sat was rich with Oriental colouring, all the surrounding buildings were picked out with light, and the one immediately opposite to us was a mass of red and green lamps, looking as though it was set with jewels. Round the walls were mounted lancers, then came a line of lancers on foot, and then infantry regiments; these were all in red, and across the front were some smart cavalry in blue and silver. There were also elephants with elaborately painted faces and fine howdahs, and men with torches lighting up the whole.

Two entertainments went on at the same time—some acrobatic performances by circus people, and wrestling and dancing with swords and spears by the natives of the place. There was one rather pretty trick done with a large circle of flame. A series of little lamps were burning on an iron hoop; a man came in whirling this rapidly round, sometimes letting it fall over him nearly to his feet, and then raising it still revolving above his head.

We were all delighted with the scene, and were quite sorry to be torn away to dress for dinner. There were

fifty-four people at the banquet, and the Maharajah and his court came in at the end. He proposed the Queen's health, but the Diwan made the speech proposing the Viceroy's, and a first-rate one it was. Mysore was restored to its native rulers by the English Government some years ago, and he spoke of the gratitude felt here on that account; while we also may certainly congratulate ourselves upon the success of the experiment. D. replied, and then we went and sat out and saw fireworks. There was one most lovely bunch of rockets which spread into a great fan against the sky. Some wild men from the hills danced a war dance, brandishing swords to the music of the big trumpets.

We heard to-night of Nelly's arrival in England.

*Wednesday, December 1st.*—There was hunting in the early morning with foxhounds, but D. did not go. Terence enjoyed it much.

At eleven we went out to open the 'Dufferin Fountain,' a handsome and useful memorial of our visit put up by the Maharajah; and then on to the Maharani's school for 'high-caste girls,' where we were to give away the prizes. There are over 400 pupils, and it is a most excellent institution. The more I saw of it, the more struck I was with the care and the wisdom and the practical good sense shown in all the arrangements.

For the prize-giving the girls sat in rows. They were wrapped in bright-coloured saris, with very smooth hair plaited in a tail, which was sometimes ornamented with flowers, sometimes with jewels, and sometimes

covered with gold; their noses, ears, foreheads, arms, and ankles were laden with jewellery. They went through a little programme first, and sang for us in Kanarese (the language of this place), in Sanscrit, in Telegu, in Hindi, and in English. They also played on a stringed instrument called a vina. It is quite a new idea for Indian ladies to learn such a thing, but it has taken immensely, and is appreciated by their families; and it is delightful to think of the pleasure it must be to themselves to play, and sing, and read, and work, and draw as they are taught here, instead of vegetating in ignorance and enforced idleness. When I had given the prizes the Viceroy went away to receive addresses, and I remained to see the school at work.

The daughter of Colonel Martin, the Maharajah's secretary, takes a great interest in the girls, helping them with their music, receiving them at her house, and examining the school. Miss Martin and the Maharajah and a native gentleman, who has done the greater part of the work of organisation, went round with me, and I saw all the classes. The junior ones are held in very long galleries divided off by six-foot partitions. The little girls squat on the floor in a square. I heard them read, and saw their sums in English figures, and heard them say their geography, and looked at their dictation and drawing and work, and was really delighted at the way in which everything is taught. Their books have all been compiled expressly for them, and are eminently suitable. The second reading-book in both languages is *Æsop's Fables*, and one could see they understood and liked the stories. The more advanced book is all taken

from their own religious histories, which are used as illustrating moral lessons, 'Love to parents;' 'obedience to husbands;' 'profitless conversation,' &c., so that the book is interesting and instructive, and is, moreover, highly appreciated by the older members of the family, whose prejudices might interfere with the education of these girls were they not quite satisfied with every arrangement made for them. Sanscrit is learnt, so that the women may understand their prayers, said in that language.

Cookery is taught, first in books, then at home, and lastly at school, where the prize for it is assigned. I was so pleased, too, to find that lessons on hygiene are included in the course, and the very book is used that I had fixed on as the best to recommend for the use of native schools. A hospital assistant takes the class, so that it is intelligently taught.

There is also a Kindergarten class. In fact, the establishment seems to me absolutely perfect, and many married women return to it to continue their studies. In one room I found several mothers with their own little children, the former being the pupils. I must not, however, weary you with this subject.

When we were breakfasting this morning, a servant handed us each a small bouquet, and, as he did so, he said, 'A delicate attention!' 'A delicate attention!' It sounded so funny. Afterwards the same man presented an address to me, and, as he unfolded it, he said, 'This is another brilliant conception.' He represented himself as having many misfortunes, 'first, an unlimited family with limited means.' He calls himself 'G. P.

Don Juan, talented Lepidoptera,' and he wanted to present me with a case of butterflies, which, he said, would look beautiful, in the drawing-room, 'much better than English pictures.'

The Viceroy's two deputations were, one from Coorg, a small State under our rule, and one from some coffee-planters. The former wear a very picturesque dress—a long dark blue garment, the sleeves of which reach only to the elbow, showing a white shirt-sleeve to the wrist, a red sash with daggers in it round the waist, and a large turban. The coffee-planters had no grievances to complain of, and even like the falling rupee. Is not that nice of them?

After lunch we went to the top of a very high hill, which I ascended in a jhampan borne by twelve men, who chanted as they went up the thousand steps; it was a wild sort of song, which sounded very inspiring. D. rode up the other side of the hill, and we met at the top, where we admired the view of the country and a fine specimen of a Hindu temple which crowns the hill. Near the top there is a monolith of a sacred bull, of which I got a photograph with his Brahmin priests in attendance on him. Our descent was rather fatiguing, as the thousand steps were very slippery. The Maharajah drove us home himself with four horses.

In the evening we went at a foot pace all through the town—looking at illuminations and at transparencies of ourselves, touching trays full of fruits, accepting garlands of flowers, and being pelted with rose-leaves—to the Town Hall, where we saw a Kanarese play acted, and a nautch, and a man climbing up a ladder made of

sharp knives with a heavy pot of water on his head. We sat with the Maharajah under a splendid canopy, and the entertainment would have lasted hours only that he very kindly shortened it for us.

*Thursday, 2nd.*—We were ready to leave Mysore early in the morning, and the Maharajah drove us to Seringapatam in his brake. It was a lovely day, and we went by a very pretty road. At one place we got out to see what a village house was like. We found in it a bedstead in one corner, four cows and some chickens in the centre, and no other furniture or signs of habitation.

At Seringapatam we drove first of all to the Duke of Wellington's house. It is entirely open both down stairs and up, with arches and no doors, and the whole is richly decorated and has just now been very well restored, so it looks brilliant. On the front of this pavilion is depicted one long battle-scene, and the details of the picture are most curious and amusing; the rest of the painting of the house is pure decoration. We breakfasted there, and then went on to see Hyder Ali's and Tippoo Sahib's tombs, and to the Fort, where the particulars of the siege were explained to us. I will not attempt to repeat the information to you!

Our drive brought us to the railway station, and there we parted from the Maharajah, having greatly enjoyed our visit to him, and having liked him exceedingly.

We reached Bangalore in the evening, and had a splendid reception; the roadsides crowded with people, two addresses and fine silver boxes on the way to the



Residency; soldiers lining the streets, bands, showers of rose-leaves, schools, flags, banners, and the mysterious initials E.D. stuck up everywhere. We cannot be quite sure what they mean, and can only think of Earl Dufferin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyall live here, and, as we had repeatedly been told of the exceeding smallness of the Residency, I was surprised to find palatial rooms and a charming house. Our poor Simla cottage would almost fit into their drawing-room. There was, as usual, a banquet and a levée before bedtime.

*Friday, 3rd.*—I was rather unhappy at not hearing of the children's arrival at Colombo, and it was a relief this morning to get a telegram from Hermie, 'All perfectly well; passage very bad.' I am so sorry they have been knocked about, and only hope they were not frightened. Letters have also come from home which tell me that they had been detained four days at Portland, so I fear they really have had a terrible time.

There was a review this morning, but I did not go to see it, and stayed quiet till the afternoon, when D. and I were taken to see some gardens and to have tea in a park. The 52nd Light Infantry gave the tea, and some very handsome public offices near were illuminated. There were a dinner and ball at the Residency. There are a good many nice ladies here, and it was a pretty dance.

*Saturday, 4th.*—We lunched with the 12th Lancers, and they gave an afternoon entertainment, with a musical ride and a Loyd-Lindsay competition. It was all very

successful. The weather was, however, cold and rainy. D. and I left the Residency after dinner, but he got into his train and slept at the station, while I started for Madras in mine. We go different ways the next few days.

*Madras: Sunday, 5th.*—Here I am, sitting on the brink of a stormy ocean, waiting for my poor children. It is quite horrid how the wind blows, and worse still the way in which people tell me that sometimes the ship is kept outside this harbour for a week. Mr. Bourke has telegraphed to ask me to stay here, and I am much tempted to do so, but have not yet quite decided. D. will arrive on Saturday, and we could all sail together if I wait.

Sir M. Grant Duff met me at the station; he is alone here with his Staff. It is very kind of him to have me here on the eve of his departure.

*Monday, 6th.*—Sir M. Grant Duff drove me out to Guindy, which I only saw by night when I was here before. It consists of three very white double bungalows joined by covered passages; an Italian sort of architecture with pillars and carved cornices. The park is two miles round, and there are nice gardens glowing with the most lovely and brilliant crotons.

I had an interview with Mrs. Scharlieb, the head of the Caste Hospital here, which was not quite so satisfactory as I had hoped. The finances of the said hospital are not in a flourishing condition, and the want of a substantial endowment fund is greatly felt.

*Tuesday, 7th.*—I saw Sir M. Grant Duff off to-day,

and was much disappointed that the *Mirzapore* did not come in. Not only my precious children, but also Mr. Bourke, the new Governor of Madras, are on board of her. There was a rumour that she was sighted, but when I went down to the harbour I found it was untrue. The officials who had to lament 'Le roi est mort' were rather relieved that they were not called upon to say 'Vive le roi' the same afternoon; but I am sorry the children have another night at sea, and as many gentlemen in uniform came down to the harbour after the train left, and as the carriage and four and all the body-guard were out, it would not have been so difficult to manage the two functions after all. We remain here to-night with the new Military Secretary, Major Stuart Mackenzie, as our host.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—I was up at six, and got down to the pier just in time to see the boat arrive, with the children gesticulating wildly as they discovered me waiting for them. They look well, though they have been very ill, and their last days have been wretched. It was a very happy meeting, and they are full of descriptions of the events of their voyage.

In the afternoon I took them to the People's Park, where there is a small collection of animals. We saw quite a big tiger sucking a baby's bottle of milk, and some young hyenas fed in the same way.

It is cold here, and as the house is built for great heat one feels it greatly.

*Tuesday, 14th.*—Saturday was to have been such a

happy day, D. returning to us, and our all being together at last; but there was a rift in the lute. D. had accepted Mr. Bourke's invitation to sleep at Government House, and we were to go on board early next morning. I found, however, that Hermie had a headache and looked feverish, so I made her lie down till the time for D.'s arrival, and then she was able to go down to help to receive him. Dr. Findlay was with D., and I had him up at once, and he found Hermie's temperature was 102.

I then decided to take her and the other children on board, leaving D. on shore. This renewed separation was a disappointment, you must allow. The harbour was by way of being calm, but there was a terrible swell, and we were rolled about in an alarming way on our voyage to the *Clive*. Once there I put my invalid into my bed—a real bed—and I slept on a sofa by her. D. came on board on Sunday morning, and happily the weather changed completely, and Sunday, Monday, and to-day (Tuesday, 14th) it has been perfectly calm, and very warm and pleasant.

D. is enjoying the rest on board (a ship being the only place where business cannot reach him), and seeing the children about him is very pleasant; the holiday would have been perfect but for Hermie's illness.

I must now try to tell you a little about the bit of the tour which I missed when I came to Madras.

D. went first to Trichinopoly, and then on to Madura, which seems to have been extremely interesting. The temple there is most lovely, and is filled with great figures of demons and animals, some of gold and some of silver, the temple itself being covered with beautiful

carving both outside and in, and being an immense place. There are nautch girls there who are dedicated to the service of the temple, and who dance before the goddess, and they also performed before the Viceroy. Their costume seems to be most extraordinary. The front part hangs in petticoats, but the back is only trousers, and the effect is peculiar.

Tanjore was the next place D. went to, and rather a funny thing happened to him there. He was going over the palace with the representative of the old Princes of Tanjore, who had arranged for D. to speak to the eleven Ranis and other ladies through the purdah; but when it came to the time for this interview, he said, 'No, you are the Viceroy; you may come behind the purdah,' and accordingly he slipped him within its sacred precincts. The ladies had not expected him, and were not dressed out in their best, and no one could speak any intelligible language. However, a sort of chattering went on, and they made signs towards a chair, which, being covered with crimson cloth, D. thought he was to sit down on. He turned, and was just about to do so, when he thought he saw a slight movement, and he fancied there might be a little dog there, when two women pulled the cloth open, and there was the principal Rani!—a little old woman who only reached half-way up the back of the chair, and whom the Viceroy had been within an ace of squashing. He said it gave him such a turn!

He went on to Pondicherry, where a very great reception was given him by the French Governor. There was a long banquet with speeches at every course,

and then a ball, at which D. sat on a throne between the dances; and there was a cotillon during which he got no rest, from which he brought home a lock of hair tied up with blue ribbon which he said belonged to 'Henriette,' but which I found had really come out of a cracker.

D. looked very tired when he got to Madras, as well he might, for he has had seven weeks of really hard work—travelling, sight-seeing, performing functions, and carrying on his usual business. The complicated arrangements for our tours are all made by Lord William Beresford, who has a perfect genius for organisation. We travel by special train, and every day's journey, every function we have to perform, every interview accorded, every entertainment accepted, every sight to be seen, all our dinners, luncheons, and teas are timed and noted down, and a complete programme of them all is printed and given to us before we start. Lord William never leaves anything, in the business way, to chance, and seems to foresee and to provide against every possible contingency, so that the whole thing works smoothly and there is never a hitch anywhere. Still these days on board, with a nice calm sea, have been a rest, and have done D. the greatest good.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—It seems to be measles that Hermie has, and I am only allowed to speak to her through the door. I am so sorry for the poor child, it will be such a disappointment to her to be laid up on her first arrival at Calcutta.

## CHAPTER X

CALCUTTA, 1886-7

ECEMBER 15, 1886, TO MARCH 15, 887

*Thursday, December 23rd.*—We landed at Calcutta on Wednesday (the 15th) afternoon, to begin our third year in India. The river looked lovely with all the ships dressed, and the Prinsep's Ghât was gay with people waiting our arrival.

We made the boys as tidy as possible, and then we landed with them. It was rather an ordeal walking slowly through all the people collected there and looking out for those we knew. We said 'How do you do?' from side to side the whole way to our carriage. Directly I got to the house I went to peep at Hermie, who had been carried through the town in a doolee. We have put her into her own maid's room, which is a small one, and she will be comfortable, though very dull, there, as she is kept in quarantine. She herself feels quite happy and thankful to be 'at home.' The other children dined with us.

Now I will tell you about the next few days all in one, for we have done nothing very particular and are in the throes of unpacking and settling. On the top

storey there are dresses and parcels and open cupboards ; on the lower one bundles of paper, books, photograph frames, and 'household gods' of all sorts, while in the bottom storey the boys' goods are displayed, and efforts are being made to discover the missing links in their wardrobes.

There really is a great deal to settle in many ways, and the advent of so many children alters the even tenour of our daily routine.

Riding is the great excitement, and the boys are both delighted with their ponies, and have so far been out twice a day.

Everyone is so glad to be back at Calcutta, and the six A.D.C.s are all on duty now. It is long since we have had so large a party.

I took the children one afternoon to Barrackpore, and we lunched and had tea on the launch. Another day we went to the Zoo. There are two baby ourang-outangs there, who are the most comical little creatures ; and there is a new monster in the way of a monkey, who is a terrible caricature of a man, and beside whom the old ourang-outang looks quite a beauty. He has a great grey face, and as he stole quietly out to snatch his food and carry it back to his den he had all the appearance of a ruffianly thief, and made one shudder.

*Friday, 24th.*—The time flies, and I am so busy that I can scarcely find a moment to write down all that happens. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Lady Alice Montagu arrived on Wednesday morning (22nd). The Duchess at once announced



that she could not stand a Christmas without a tree. I had thought of having one before, but only vaguely, so she decided me, and we at once sent off a steam launch to bring a fir from somewhere, and settled to go out next morning in search of ornaments for it.

In the evening we had the drawing-room. We dined in tea-gowns and dressed afterwards, and were all as smart as possible; and the children were allowed to stand in a corner of the Throne-room, where they saw very well until the private entrée was over, and the people belonging to it got in front of them. It was a very pretty and a very large drawing-room, and our visitors liked seeing it very much, and enjoyed the drum with which it ended.

*Christmas Day.*—We had a ‘regular’ Christmas Day. The children began it with an early ride, Hermie going out for the first time. I lent her ‘No Name,’ and she enjoyed it immensely. Lady Alice rode ‘Ruby,’ Nelly’s horse. Then we all had breakfast together, and afterwards went to church. On our return we worked hard at the Christmas-tree till lunch-time. It was placed in a gilt tub at one end of the ball-room, and was rather a bushy and Oriental sort of pine, but three bands of iron to compress its figure and to hold rows of candles improved it greatly; we then hung on glass balls, and golden chains, and tinsel off our native visit-garlands, and odds and ends purchased for the occasion, so that it ended by being a very respectable tree. In its neighbourhood was a fish-pond, into which all the presents were

put, and the tying and packing up of mysterious parcels filled every spare moment of the day. At four o'clock we drove to the Zoo, and showed off the new monkeys with great success, and then we all rested till dinner-time. The children of course dined with us, and we were a party of twenty-six; Mr. Baring being the only invited guest. The tree was lighted up directly after, and was pronounced to be 'lovely.' Then came the fishing and a period of the greatest excitement. The parcels were all directed, and the fisherman had to deliver his fish to the proper owner. We all gave and received, and all seemed delighted with the presents they got, and established little corners of their own in which they put their things. The boys had riding whips and spurs, and boxes of games, and books and tennis racquets, and the girls had necklaces, and riding whips, racquets, &c., &c. They were so pleased, and gloated over their corners with beaming faces. I too had some delightful presents, and was equally pleased with my own corner.

We danced and played games afterwards, and wound up with snapdragon, which always delights as much as it alarms the children.

*Thursday, January 6th, 1887.*—I rode for the first time with the children—such a family party of riders!—and Blanche drove with the Duchess. We all met at Ballygunge, where there was tea and polo. In the evening we went to a party at the Nawab of Dacca's. He has taken a house here, and is giving entertainments almost every day. There had been a dinner party, but we only went to the

native music and nautch after it. The Shamiana, which is joined on to the house, is beautifully arranged, with a nice wooden floor for dancing, and with curtains and furniture and chandeliers. When we first arrived we looked at some specimens of Dacca manufactures, the most curious and wonderful being a large mat made of ivory. It is big enough to cover a sofa, and is as soft and smooth and flexible as the finest grass matting. The art may be said to have died out, as the only man who made these mats well is dead. The Nawab also showed us some jewellery. He has the sister diamond to the Koh-i-Noor. The one is the 'Mountain of Light,' the other the 'River of Light;' the latter is a flat diamond, and is not therefore very striking to our eyes. He has a few other fine diamonds set in stars and on sword-handles. There was only one girl to dance, and when we had seen enough of her we listened to some native music. One of the performers did all the expression with his face, and made such grimaces of agony and cast up such beseeching eyes that it became quite embarrassing.

We left at about eleven, having had a pleasant evening, but I hear that some people stayed until two.

*Friday, 7th.*—We went to see the Mint this morning, and found the making of rupees and quarter-annas and pice a most interesting process to observe. The molten silver pouring out of red-hot cauldrons was the first and prettiest thing; we carefully followed the whole process, and saw the flattening out of the bars of

silver and copper, the washing and stamping, and the counting and packing of the money. In this Mint they coined ninety-six millions of pieces last year.

We had a very successful tent-pegging and tilting afternoon, which greatly delighted the children. They all rode at the rings, and whether they took them or not were equally pleased. We had never tried it before at Calcutta, but a tolerably quiet place behind the Fort was arranged for it, and the Duchess and I looked on while fourteen people of our own party on horseback galloped about in front of us. Mr. Wallace on the Masher was foremost as usual, and when he lost his helmet and rushed about with a spear in his hand and a big cigar in his mouth, he became the terror of all beholders. Some of the Bengal Cavalry soldiers tent-pegged too; they shout as they ride along, and make it very exciting by their noise and the air with which they go at the peg. D. likes tent-pegging very much, and he it was who suggested this afternoon's amusement.

A dinner and a very small dance in the evening for Lady Alice Montagu. I never saw so many strangers here before, and it was quite difficult to make them all out at dinner. This was the smallest dance we have had, and we only used one part of the ball-room—a long room which runs at the bottom of it.

After dinner we ladies went straight up there and sat at one end, which was arranged as a sitting-room; opposite it at the other end, behind the pillars, was a buffet; the band-stand was in the real ball-room, but was shut out from it by screens, so that it looked as though

it were in a recess. We only had about twenty dancing couples, and there was lots of space and an excellent floor, and we ended punctually at twelve.

*Sunday, 9th.*—The Manchesters have left, and we were very sorry to lose them. The Duchess is the most delightful visitor to have—never bored, and always able to interest herself in everything. The Roseberys and Mr. Ferguson arrived this morning, and their advent, combined with a wet Saturday, decided us not to go to Barrackpore this week.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—Sir Alfred Lyall and one daughter came this morning, and there were steeplechases in the afternoon, to which the whole party went, leaving me first to my Committee meeting and then to a half-holiday with the children.

*Friday, 14th.*—If I do not tell you that I am working extremely hard over my Fund every morning, you will think it very dissipated of me to attend an afternoon dance to-day. It was a very pretty and successful one, given by Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieffe and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Muir, on board the *Clan Macpherson*, a steamer which sails for Liverpool to-morrow. We walked through some quadrilles, looked out upon the river, were lighted up with electric lights and Chinese lanterns, and enjoyed ourselves much.

I must finish this by recording for your benefit a delightful specimen of Indian English; it is in the

termination of a letter—‘You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you tit for tat.’

*Saturday, 15th.*—Lord Rosebery wished to see the little French settlement here, so we left Calcutta early, and went first to Barrackpore, where we lunched, and then continued our voyage to Chandernagore. We had such a funny visit there. The Governor and his Staff met us at the landing-place, and he led me up to a carriage, into which, after presenting the Roseberys to him, I got. We then made a state progress round the town, and admired the French palm-trees and the French-Indian bazaar, and remarked that it was very unlike ‘Le Boulevard des Italiens,’ and *not* very dissimilar to other Indian villages. Having exhausted the sights, we drove to the Government House, and I, arm in arm with the Governor, marched through the group of French officials, who waited on the steps, to the central chair of a large circle arranged in the reception-room, *darbar* fashion. There I sat in state and conversed with the Governor. The other ladies meantime were handed in by the Staff, and were seated in a row by themselves, while the men, having deposited them, retired to the doorway. Then it was suggested to the Governor that ‘*ces Messieurs*’ would like to be presented to me, so on they came one by one, and as each passed before me he took his seat in the row opposite to the ladies. This ceremony being over, the circle was complete. The Governor and I conversed in the centre, the ladies and gentlemen sat opposite each other in rows. Presently there was another happy thought, and another

set of presentations was begun ; all the officials, some in evening dress, and some in frock coats, and all carrying silk opera hats, were taken up singly, and were introduced to Lady Rosebery, Blanche, and Mademoiselle Clerc—and still the Governor and I talked. At last the ‘Military Secretary’ of the State approached the Governor and said Her Excellency had to leave at five o’clock. So we rose, and murmuring of a cup of tea, he led me, followed by our respective suites, into a dining-room, where a large table was spread with biscuits and champagne-glasses. We all drank tea, however ; no bottles were opened, and no one was asked to ‘porter un toast.’ We were offered our ‘plat national le kek’ (cake), and, having partaken of it, we took arms again, entered the carriages, drove to the ghât, stepped carefully over a red pathway to our launch, bowed and complimented each other, and then we sailed away. I am sorry for the Governor, I must say ! He has a large family of married daughters and grandchildren and a wife too in Paris, and he is torn from them, and from ‘les Boulevards’ to perambulate in solitude the melancholy ghâts of Chandernagore.

*Sunday, 16th.*—The Roseberys and Mr. Ferguson went off to Darjeeling, the Lyalls to Allahabad, and we walked over to visit the elephants, and had a quiet evening.

*Monday, 17th.*—The voyage down from Barrackpore was quite cold, in spite of the bright sun.

Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, with his two gentlemen, arrived here yesterday, but their Consul took

them in charge, and by means of our launch and our carriages showed them the sights of Calcutta, and they slept and dined at our house. On our return we saw the Prince, and he lunched with us, and then went off to Darjeeling.

We had another jaunt in a steamer this afternoon. We went by General Chesney's invitation to see some torpedo practice. I think 'submarine mines' were what we really saw. A ship called the *Tigris* took us twelve miles down the river to the Fort of Budge-Budge, with a large party of people on board; we had tea, and it was very warm and pleasant. When we reached the place where the mine was laid, a barge converted into a sort of man-of-war was towed over it, and suddenly a noise was heard, and a great mass of mud and water rose into the air, and when it fell again there was no boat to be seen, nothing but fragments left. The experiment was quite successful, and it was a very fine sight; there was a burst of applause, after a hushed moment of awe, from all the spectators. After this the effect produced by two 'bumping buoys' was exhibited. As the launch touched them, the mines (in this case some way off) exploded, and tall fountains were projected into the air. There were other experiments with smaller charges of powder, but after seeing the two first splendid ones we did not appreciate the tiny explosions so much. Unfortunately D. did not come with us, as he always rather dreads a holiday on account of the accumulation of papers that follows upon it, nor had he understood that the 'torpedo practice' was likely to be so interesting.



*Tuesday, 18th, and, Wednesday, 19th.*—We have had two really quiet and domestic days, with family rides and family evenings, and have enjoyed them much.

I have also been very busy finishing the annual report of my Fund.

I saw Mr. Wesley Bailey, who established the Leper Mission in India, and he gave me a terrible account both of the numbers and of the sufferings of these poor creatures. The lowest estimate shows that there are 135,000 in India, and of these there are 56,000 in Bengal alone. The cost of keeping one in an asylum is 6*l.* a year, and it certainly is a most deserving charity.

*Thursday, 20th.*—The Roseberys returned from Darjeeling, having seen *a* view, but not *the* view. Bad weather is coming on there, and here it looks threatening too.

We had a very big dinner in the Marble Hall, and talked, and listened to quartettes in the evening, as it was too soon after the state ball to get up a dance.

*Friday, 21st.*—Lord Fife and Mr. Ogle arrived this morning, and after lunch we took the whole party to see the King of Oude's Palace, but unluckily it came on to rain so badly that we could not do it thoroughly, and left half the sights unseen.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—The ordeal of my public meeting had to be gone through to-day, but it was got over in a satisfactory way. The Viceroy took the chair, and we had on the platform a very representative gathering.

There were the Councillors, and the R. C. Archbishop, and the High Priest of the temple of Baidyanath, and Hindu and Mahometan gentlemen of position, and Judges, and in the hall an equally characteristic gathering. Mr. Peile presented the report. Mr. Cruickshank seconded him. He speaks clearly and well. Then we had a good speech from the Lieutenant-Governor and a very nice one from Abdul Jubber, a Mahometan of the old school, whom I was very glad to see supporting the Scheme. After this came an unexpected interpolation, when a Hindu gentleman, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, proposed, and Nawab Abdul Lateef seconded, a vote of thanks to me for having established the National Association. D. replied to this in a little speech which was much appreciated, and which will, I think, be useful to us. He said he wished as an 'outsider' to address both a compliment and a criticism to the managers of the Association. The compliment was upon the lucidity and simplicity of our state papers, and the criticism was that 'the governing body of the Fund are a great deal too modest in their demands and requisitions.' He said that, instead of bounding our ambition to the sum of five lakhs, we ought rather to ask for fifty lakhs, and he ended by saying, 'No one knows better than myself the difficulty of obtaining money in India. It is one of those disagreeable problems which I have had to face under very disheartening circumstances, but let me tell the Lady President of the Fund that it will probably prove a far more graceful, as well as more successful method, to throw herself on the generosity of the Indian people than, as I have been obliged to do, to resort to

those mechanical means by which alone the Government coffers can be replenished.'

After this came a vote of thanks to the Viceroy himself, and I asked the seconder of this to express our thanks to Major Cooper, who, as honorary secretary, has been quite invaluable. He has worked like a slave, and never lets any pleasure interfere with this work, which, after all, is purely voluntary. I am afraid he must go home for a change this spring, and Mr. Gore is going to help me in his place, but I shall of course have a great deal more to attend to myself in his absence.

*Monday, 31st.*—I went to open the Ezra Hospital, which Mrs. Ezra has built for the Jews, in memory of her husband. I found myself in a Shamiana, and on a throne, with the Lieutenant-Governor at my side, and the Jewish community before me. As D. did not come, Sir Rivers Thompson had to make the little speech for me. I declared the hospital open, and was handed a very smart cushion, on which lay such a key! A gold key with a diamond handle, my coronet and initials on the top, and a beautiful crystal hanging from it on which the inscription is engraved. It was made in Paris, and is very lovely. Armed with this 'baksheesh,' and followed by Mrs. Ezra, Lady Sassoon, and a crowd of other people, I turned the wonderful key in the lock of the big door and entered the hospital. It is a fine building, and there are twenty separate wards, and Mrs. Ezra has not only built but has also endowed the hospital. Her mother, Lady Sassoon, was there, and some sons and two pretty little girls of her

own. We had tea in one of the rooms, and then I departed, feeling I had not half earned the beautiful key. The only way of doing so that I could think of was to say I would bring the Viceroy to see the hospital, so I must capture him some afternoon this week and show it to him.

Having heard from Lord Rosebery of the charms of the Eden Gardens, 'at 6.15' on a Monday night, I determined to see them this once, and so at the proper hour we started off, and found a band playing, electric lights brilliantly illuminating the place, and all Calcutta walking up and down in the unbecoming glare.

*Tuesday, February 1st.*—I had a very long and important Committee meeting before going out to ride.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—The children drove to see the paper chase, and we had tilting in the afternoon and a big dinner and dance in the evening. The weather continues so cold that I was shivering in the ball-room, but it was pleasant for the dancers.

*Monday, 7th.*—As it would not be possible to keep the Queen's Jubilee in June on account of the hot weather, the sixteenth of this month has been fixed for its celebration, and Calcutta is now a city of bamboos. Every house in the place is caged in by a scaffolding preparatory to the illuminations, and the whole town looks as if it were in the hands of the masons. Our house and all our gateways are covered with bamboo-spars, and our dome is ribbed with rows of lamps; little saucers for

oil are all the way round the top of the house, and men are kept there to watch over them, as the crows and hawks knock them down. Our pillars are stuck with nails for lights, like almonds in a pudding. Our minds too are greatly excited, and everyone is busy. Some are arranging for the fireworks—five ton weight of them and 22,000 rupees' worth. Some are writing addresses, and some are reading them; some are deep in the entertainment to the school children, and some are occupied with the second day's sports and the evening procession. The Church, the Army, the Government, all officials and all trades are engaged in arrangements of some kind in connection with the celebration of the sixteenth. Some people look forward with dread to the accidents that may happen in the crowd or to the lamplighters, while some are horribly alarmed at having to go through fireworks and illuminations in a carriage and four!

*Wednesday, 9th.*—I got up early to visit the 'Lady Dufferin Dispensary' here, but the details of my inspection I will keep for a report. In the afternoon I gave away the prizes at the Bethune School. The 'lady superintendent' of that institution is a native lady, and she is a Master of Arts, which is a rare distinction. This school carries on the higher education of women, and the committee is very proud of having sixteen unmarried girls over fourteen years of age at it!

*Thursday, 10th.*—We went to a flower-show, and had tea at Belvedere, spending rather a pleasant afternoon;

and we finished the day with a dinner and very small dance. Sir Frederick Roberts just returned from Burmah, and the Pope's delegate just 'setting up' in India, were the chief guests at dinner, but the latter and his Archbishop left before the dance began. We had it in our small room, and it seemed to be much enjoyed by the selected guests.

*Friday, 11th.*—Miss Helen Bouchier, M.D., the first doctor I have brought out from England, arrived here on her way to Madras, and I was glad to find she impressed everyone favourably.

I took her with me in the afternoon to visit the Campbell Hospital, which is very large. The poorest natives go to it, and there is a medical school attached to it with lectures in the Vernacular. The hospital itself is in a nice situation, and is like a great railway station inside, with beds in hundreds standing in the otherwise bare space. It is badly off for a private ward for women, and if we could get money to build one it would be a great help as a training place for doctors and nurses, as the pauper women go freely into hospital. I inspected the students in a fine lecture-hall belonging to the school, and gave them two days' holiday. These young men, when 'finished,' are hospital assistants, and go out into the country districts, where they are glad to take fees of sixpence or eightpence. • •

The weather continues very cold—a minimum of 72° in the shade, and going down to 42° in the night, while Madras is 87° day and night. I see by the paper that we had only two hundred and fifty seven hours

of sunshine in January out of a possible three hundred and ninety.—Terrible destitution!

*Saturday, 12th.*—Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Captain Sinclair, and Lord Buckinghamshire arrived to-day to stay with us.

*Monday, 14th.*—D. and I went to the marriage of an officer in the body-guard with a very pretty girl. They had one of the smartest weddings in the prettiest church I have seen in India. It is in the Fort. All the officers were in uniform, and all the ladies in their best dresses, and the floral decorations were quite lovely. Three little bridesmaids in cream colour, with sashes, boots, and feathers to match the scarlet uniforms, looked very well, and the bridegroom's body-guard dress was very handsome.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—I took Lady Aberdeen to visit an institution which seems to be a very good one of its kind. It is a sort of home for women in trouble, and is kept by a Miss Fendall, who must have a special gift for the work of rescue. She built the house and manages all herself.

In the evening we went to a large ball at Belvedere, the last one of the Rivers Thompson's reign. In honour of the Jubilee the whole place was illuminated.

*Wednesday, 16th. Jubilee Day.*—We were awoke this morning by the first gun of a salute of 101 fired in honour of this day. As soon as possible I got a daily paper and read the honour list. To Sir Donald

Mackenzie Wallace I sent off a note of congratulation at once, and then I impressed upon my mind all the other friends who were to be found in the list with new titles. Two new Orders appear for the first time to-day—one is a higher grade which has been added to the ‘Indian Empire,’ and the other is to be given in recognition of great Oriental learning. There are fifteen Hindus and fifteen Mahometans who get this, but under different titles, both equally unpronounceable. The Hindus are ‘Mahamahopadhyaya,’ while the Mahometans are ‘Shams-ul-Ulama.’ A particular turban and a chudder or cloak take the place of the ribbon and star. The next excitement was the receipt of a telegram to me sent by the Maharajah of Ulwar with Rs. 50,000 for my Fund, and one from the Maharajah of Bikaner with Rs. 10,000, and Lord Aberdeen kindly sent me up Rs. 500 for the same object.

This was all before 8 A.M. At that hour we breakfasted in the smartest clothes we could produce; the men especially quite gorgeous in their best uniforms. D. wore his Rifle uniform and all his stars, and the children appeared with Jubilee medals on their breasts. We had to start off directly after; four carriage-loads first, three of them with teams, postillions, outriders, &c. The crowd on the Maidan was immense, and we saw it well as we drove on to the parade-ground and took our places near the flag. Not only were there masses of people on the grass, but the trees were full of them, and all were in the best of humours. The Viceroy, Sir F. Roberts, and a very brilliant Staff rode up punctual to the appointed time, and began the parade by inspecting the troops, of



whom there were 3,000. Then the salute was fired in three divisions, with a *feu-de-joie* between each, and this ended by three cheers for the Queen from the men. They then marched past, and afterwards advanced for the final salute. The massed bands played 'God save the Queen' many times during the performance, and the body-guard, which at one time was drawn up behind them, looked splendid.

The whole thing lasted an hour and a-half, which was quite as long as was advisable, for at 10 A.M. the sun is very powerful, and is even somewhat alarming when one has to face it in one's best bonnet. No soldiers fainted or 'fell out,' and I do not think any accident of any kind occurred.

We drove to the Cathedral from the parade-ground. The Viceroy, having dismounted, got into the carriage with me, and we were received at the door by the Bishop, the Clergy, and the Councillors. In procession we marched up the church, and there was a very nice service, with a good deal of singing, some stringed instruments accompanying the organ. The anthem was composed for the occasion, and the prayers were special ones. The Bishop spoke with great feeling of the Queen. The Cathedral was crowded, and many people stood the whole time.

A great number of strangers are staying in Calcutta for this celebration. The Aberdeens, Lord Buckinghamshire, the Master of Polwarth, Captain Sinclair, Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Toynbee are with us. The Annesleys, Egertons, Howlands, and Sir William Cairns are at hotels, or with other friends.

Of course flags are flying everywhere; the ships in the river are dressed, and both the town and the people are looking as gay as possible.

While we were at church, processions of a religious character were formed in different parts of the town, each ward having been allowed a certain sum of money for the purpose of organising them.

At two o'clock the school children, about 5,000 Christian ones, were assembled in Belvedere and fed, while marionettes and conjurors were provided for their amusement. The 'Zoo' was given up to the native schools, and all assembled later on the Maidan to see the fireworks.

Twenty-two thousand prisoners have been released throughout the country, as well as all debtors (not fraudulent) of sums under Rs. 100, the Government paying their debts.

The afternoon function went off splendidly, and I think half a million of people were there to enjoy it.

We drove out to attend it at half-past four, most of our party going on first, and the Viceroy and I driving to the Maidan in state. The race stand had been converted into a large amphitheatre, wings having been added to each side of it; and facing it was erected a dais, on which the Lieutenant-Governor and the Councillors were placed, and on which the Viceroy stood to receive addresses. The delegates who came to present them sat in rows between us and the stand, the soldiers were drawn up behind, and a vast crowd covered the Maidan. The proceedings opened by a speech from Sir Rivers Thompson, and then the deputations came up in

turn, and the chairman of each handed up an address, which was received, but not read. I think there were 300 addresses, and the delegates passed as at a levée. When this procession was over, and the white rolls of parchment lay in a great heap behind the Viceroy, D. read his reply. Having finished this part of the proceedings, we had a little time to spare before it was dark enough for the fireworks to begin, and we went to look at the school children, who were safely enclosed in the race paddock. They seemed very happy; the arrangements for their amusement had been most successfully made, and they had enjoyed themselves immensely. We had tea, and were then warned to return to our daïs by the bugle call, 'Commence firing.' The fireworks were very good; some of the novelties pleased the people extremely, and great 'Ohs' rose from the multitude assembled to see them. The Queen's portrait, those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and our own, appearing out of a great bunch of roses and thistles which faded away, leaving the pictures in outline, were all recognised at once, and were really very good likenesses. The best set piece was a fiery cascade. The crowd dispersed at about eight o'clock, and all the people and all the schools got safely home in good time.

We dined directly we got in, and then dressed for a large party. The whole 'Government House List' was asked, and everybody arrived pleased with the day and delighted that all had gone off so well.

*Thursday, 17th.*—To-day was also a holiday, and sports went on from two o'clock till six on the Maidan.

We went there for a little, saw some Artillery competitions, wrestling on horseback, and tent-pegging. As we drove home, the place was beginning to be illuminated, and the fire-lined spires and high buildings looked beautiful against the grey sky.

We only just had time for a cup of tea and to change carriages before starting off on a drive round the town. The state procession consisted of mounted police, Bengal Cavalry, the body-guard, outriders, three of our carriages with teams and postillions, another escort of the body-guard, nine carriages with officials, and 15,000 cabs and carriages following. The streets were kept for three hours, and the drive was seven miles long. The fine part of the city looked beautiful—the Government offices, the Fort, all the columns and spires in the place, were not merely lighted up, but were converted into golden palaces and pillars, which shone resplendent in the dark. They were so outlined and covered with tiny lamps that the mechanism and the solid background disappeared, and only the fiery shape of them remained. The front of our own house, the Post Office, and the Museum were specially fine. The illuminations in the native part of the town were not so good as they are in the native States, but that could not be expected through so many miles of street. The crowd the whole way was immense, and they cheered and clapped much more than usual, and seemed extremely happy. They do like a tamasha! D. and I both got severe blows in the face from very large and very wet bouquets thrown at us from the roofs of the houses.

When we got back, we found rows and rows of the

15,000 carriages still close to our gate and only starting on their way, and I dare say many people spent most of the night in them.

So ended our official keeping of the Queen's Jubilee. It has been a magnificent popular fête, and everything has gone off well. No accident has marred its complete success, and I only hope in England you may be as fortunate, and that you will keep it half as beautifully.

We did not dine till nine o'clock, and were all very tired and sleepy. The children have been so enchanted with their share in the tamasha, and have enjoyed the whole thing immensely. They particularly liked the party on Wednesday, and Victoria begins to regret that her 'coming out' is such a very long way off.

*Friday, 18th.*—To-day we kept the Jubilee at Barrackpore, where we had a school feast for 700 children. They were of all sorts, and many arrangements had to be made for them. There were Christians who would eat anything, and there were other Christians who would eat cake provided they might cut it for themselves, and there were Hindus and Mahometans who could not sit together, but who ate the same kind of food arranged in the same way in different parts of the grounds. They had each a mat to sit on, a plantain-leaf for a plate, and an earthen cup to drink out of, and they ate native sweets and drank water poured out by a high-caste Brahmin. We were asked to look at the Hindu picnic from a respectful distance, which was marked out by a seat placed for me twelve yards away from where they sat.

The entertainment began, however, by the schools marching by me in procession, when Hermie and I handed each child a 'Jubilee Medal' with a blue ribbon threaded through it, and Victoria supplied us with handfuls of them from a heap on the table. Then they all marched on to their various eating places, and had a good meal. The band played, and we had elephants to ride, conjurors, marionettes, and races, so there was plenty for the children to do, and I think they enjoyed themselves very much. D. had not been able to come, but I had Hermie and Victoria, Basil, Freddie, and four A.D.C.s to help. Our children remained at Barrackpore with Mademoiselle and Mr. Grant, and I came back to Calcutta for the 'Bachelors' Jubilee Ball.' I did not feel much up to a ball, but I was able to sit quietly on a very pretty dais with a background of fern and admire the decorations and see the other people dancing. The Town Hall had been very prettily done up, and the dance was made gay with such hard-working performances as the *Tempête* and the *Polka Lancers*. We stayed for supper, and the Viceroy proposed the Queen's health.

*Saturday, 19th.*—Lord and Lady Stafford and Lord Tarbet arrived.

I always dislike Saturday afternoon functions, as they oblige us to go down to Barrackpore by a late train, instead of having a cool afternoon voyage up in the launch; but as I had to give prizes for athletic sports, a share of the entrance money to said sports coming to my Fund, we went out to Ballygunge to see them, and I performed my duty of doling out silver cups and biscuit

boxes, and then drove to the station and got home just in time for dinner. The children had found their idle day at Barrackpore very long, and they said they felt as if they had been there for ages.

*Sunday, 20th.*—Sir Charles and Lady Aitchison came to Barrackpore to-day, but they left their Staff, Mr. Dunlop-Smith, Captain Manifold, and Dr. Franklin, in Calcutta. We rested under the banyan-tree, and went to church, and visited the elephants; but we are such a large party that we don't look as if we were having a quiet time, and our home dinner-table is large enough for other people's banquets.

*Monday, 21st.*—This week begins with a hard day. We had to breakfast earlier than usual, and to start off in the launch to some strange port on the river, where we disembarked on red cloth and stepped into our very own railway carriage, which, in some mysterious way, had arrived from the centre of India to receive us and take us a few miles up the Hooghly, where we were to open a grand new 'Jubilee Bridge.' At Hooghly all the highest officials met us, and we got on to a truck-dais, and were pulled into the shade; then Sir Rivers Thompson in a speech invited the Viceroy to declare the bridge open. D. did this in a few words, and then, with a blazing sun shining on our small bonnets, we descended a great flight of stairs and made our way to an immense floating machine, on which breakfast was laid for 300 people. It was a ball supper at 10 A.M.; but happily tea and dry toast were to be had,

as well as champagne, mayonaises, and ices. Sir Bradford Leslie, the engineer of the bridge, took me down, and we sat and ate and looked at his work, which was just above us ; and when the meal was over D. proposed his health, and we applauded and rattled our knives on the table, and 'received' the toast with great enthusiasm. Sir Bradford replied, and we remounted the stairs and got into our carriage and crossed the Hooghly in the first passenger train that has gone over the Jubilee Bridge.

The second function of the day was the presentation of new colours to the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment. The ceremony, which was performed in the Fort, is always a pretty one, and in the little speech D. wrote for me the history of the regiment is shortly put: 'The regiment to which you have the honour to belong sprung into existence in the hour of England's greatest need. It owed its birth to the loyal devotion of our Canadian fellow-subjects, and its embodiment was one of the earliest indications given by our colonies of that determination which they have since so universally expressed to recognise the unity and the common interests of the British Empire.'

Colonel Mackinnon and the officers gave a ball in the Town Hall in honour of the occasion. The room was very gay and bright with flags, and on an easel in one corner of the dais was a framed list of all the officers who were in the regiment at the time of the first presentation, and of those who were there to-day, with a bit of the old colours in the centre. The Prince of Wales' first public act was the giving of these colours,



and his name was then added to the title of the regiment.

*Thursday, 24th.*—To-day I had to breakfast early in order to visit some schools in the ‘paddy-fields.’ I was told that in the way of costume I had better wear an old gown, a sun hat, and as much jewellery as possible; so I chose a bright, but not new, washing silk, and a very big hat, and then put on my Turkish star with its gold chain, a brooch, earrings, and two broad bracelets: thus armed for conquest, I started off on my long expedition.

Fred, I, and Lady Wilson drove together for about half an hour, and then we picked up Miss Hoare (one of the missionary ladies) and proceeded on through some pretty country lanes and palm-shaded villages to a ghât on the canal, where a boat and missionary teachers and a large school awaited me. They had put up little arches, and they read me an address and sang to me and I thanked them and then got into the boat. It was a real ‘dug-out,’ made by hollowing out one gigantic tree, and it proved to be a most comfortable conveyance. I sat on the floor, which was cushioned, and leant back on piles of pillows with my feet stretched out before me. Miss Hoare faced me in the same attitude. Fred squatted behind her; and at either end was a liveried servant, the one presiding over Her Ladyship’s luncheon—which, even on this occasion, she was not allowed to have without silver egg-cups, spoons, and plates, and great paraphernalia of inconvenient things—and the other carrying her cloaks and parasols. When we

were all packed, two long straw roofs were produced, and we were extinguished by having them let down over us. When the sun was not troublesome, we pushed them back, so that we could see out. The voyage up the canal was not very pretty, as the water was low, and we were between mud banks all the way, but we were carried along so fast, and so smoothly, by means of men on either bank hauling the ropes attached to the boat, that it was very pleasant, and the two hours passed quickly. When we got near our destination, we found palanquins awaiting us, and I had my first experience of a ride in one of them.

If it is not hot, and if you don't want to look out, and if you are content to lie down, it is pretty comfortable; but if you should wish to sit up, or to read, or to see the scenery, a palanquin is not the machine in which to do any of these things. I had only a short way to go in one; and as my route lay through a muddy paddy-field and occasional inodorous mires, it was rather a good thing than otherwise to be transported in a packing-case. Through the mud I was accompanied by a number of boys and children carrying flags, while bombs of welcome went off on all sides.

The village, when I reached it, seemed to me a most delightful place. I was not prepared for such clean and picturesque little houses; in fact, paradoxical as it sounds, the means of cleanliness in Indian villages generally seem to be the only dirty and unattractive parts—I mean the water-tanks. They are perilously near the dwellings, and are unmistakably green, and it does not do to let one's imagination dwell upon the

various uses to which they are put. But the houses both as to colour and material look really nice. Mud walls do not perhaps sound delightful, but they are a good colour, and are hard and smooth, and the thatch roof is beautifully made, the inside of it looking like a kind of matting with wickerwork ribs. The front of the house is generally open, the roof supported on pillars, making a kind of verandah. Some of the largest open sheds are used as 'clubs' for the men, and the domestic apartments, cooking-place, and rice-husking machines are behind. In many villages the 'club' is used as a schoolroom during the day. Miss Hoare has one of these three-sided rooms for her own residence when she comes down here, and she and her sisters occupy three beds in a row, and dress behind a mat at one end, and have a movable matting screen to hide them from the villagers in front. Miss Angelina Hoare is the ruling spirit of all this work. She lives amongst the natives in the paddy-fields almost as one of themselves, wearing a sari, and tramping up to her knees through the marshy rice-fields. Another sister looks older and more delicate, though Miss Angelina is far from strong, and the third is still young. They are well off, but they give up everything to their missionary work.

I went first of all to their apartment, and waited till the 900 children collected here were seated in rows beneath a Shamiana erected for the occasion, and when they were ready I stepped upon the stage and sat facing them all, with the Bishop beside me. There was simply a great carpet of children before me—rows and rows of little girls fading away in the distance into rows and rows

of boys, and teachers of all kinds standing about. After the Lord's Prayer had been said in Bengali, I began to hand out the prizes. Each one of the 900 had something, and although some very big boys got the tiniest of pink flannel jackets, while the infants were presented with more masculine attire, I am in hopes they were all more or less pleased; and all, from the Bishop downwards, received at my hands a copper Jubilee medal with a blue tape through it.

I was next asked to 'say a few words,' which I whispered into the ear of an interpreter; who seems to have made a splendid speech out of my murmurings; and then the Bishop spoke, and they all cheered for me, Miss Angelina Hoare, in her enthusiasm, mounting a stool and waving her handkerchief; but as three cheers for her were next given, she had rapidly to descend and retire to a corner. This function lasted an hour and a-half, and after it I had some tea in the mud room and made my tour of inspection round the village. All the children looked nice and clean and tidy, and the blue medal-ribbon set off their little brown skins most beautifully. Our return journey was the same as the one I have described; only that, as the water in the canal was higher, we had a bigger boat, and were dragged along at a great pace. I got home at six o'clock, and really enjoyed my day immensely.

*Monday, March 14th.*—We had a farewell dinner to the Rivers Thompsons, and a concert after it. D. proposed the Lieutenant-Governor's health in 'suitable' terms. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham also dined here for the last

time before they return to England. Colonel Chatterton arranged the concert for me, and we had very nice music and a pleasant party. When I went upstairs with the ladies, a troop of Burmese princes and princesses arrived first, and as we can't speak to each other this was embarrassing. The party was a select one, about 170 altogether, and the refreshments were in the ball-room, where people who wished to talk rather than to listen were able to retire.

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## CHAPTER XI

## DARJEELING AND DEHRA DUN

MARCH 16 TO APRIL 23, 1887

*Wednesday, March 16th.*—D. started off on his tiger-shooting expedition this morning at seven o'clock, and I had quite forgotten that he would leave in state till a faint sound of 'God save the Queen,' followed by his salute, reached my room. Blanche, who sleeps on that side of the house, risked showing her head at the window, to exchange farewells with the Staff. Her costume did not admit of a more complete revelation of herself. We had not long to spend in solitude, for our own journey began at two o'clock. Blanche and I, Major Cooper and Mr. Lawrence Gordon, left at that hour by train for Darjeeling. At seven in the evening we reached the river-side, and we dined on board a steamer while we crossed the Ganges. Then we got into a narrow-gauge railway for the night. We had the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage, and were very comfortable indeed. It is a very long one, divided into two rooms, with a small compartment for a maid at one end. We played a game of whist, and went early to bed.

*Thursday, 17th.*—It was very cold in our carriage this morning, but by the time we were dressed in all our winter clothes, and had had some breakfast, the sun was up, and we were warm and comfortable. It was about nine o'clock that the interesting part of our journey began, and it was delightful.

I had a special train, consisting of a tiny engine, two small carriages, and two trollies, or open trucks. We sat in one of these last, so that we could see the view, not only of the magnificent mountains, but also of the front part of our own little train. I have described the Simla mountain road to you and the way in which it zigzags and doubles upon itself; but this is much more wonderful, for in the railway, which is a two-foot gauge, you climb 8,000 feet right through the mountain, turning and twisting, and running after your own tail; playing hide-and-go-seek, as it were, with different parts of the train; rushing under a bridge, and then sweeping round in a loop and going over it; sometimes stopping suddenly and going backwards on another line, then in a few moments forward again up a higher road, and then looking back from some point at the three lines forming the zigzag you have just accomplished. The first part of the journey is lovely; it is through beautiful and not through lonely mountains. There are trees and tea-gardens, and views of the plains, and houses and little villages, and such delightful air, and such excitement, hanging over precipices and apparently making straight for one, when a providential turn occurs, and the engine sweeps gaily round the corner. At one part of the road there is a barren look, and the

first view of Darjeeling is precisely the same as that of Simla—brownish bare hills sprinkled over with houses ; but on the whole, the way up to it is much finer. We heard of a ‘man-eating’ tiger in the neighbourhood, and of wild elephants, one of whom came down with a landslip ‘once upon a time,’ and we were very much amused with the curious people and the funny little children we saw on the way. They are of the Tartar type, and look merry, like the Burmese. Some of the women are fine-looking, and they wear all their fortunes in the form of jewellery. Some have necklaces laden with rupees, and some have very fine gold knobs strung together ; then there are bracelets, and anklets, and earrings, and ornaments for the head of all kinds. The little children, too, are adorned with ornaments, and with not much else ; but they are very attractive, and they run by the train as you pass through their bazaars and catch coins with great delight if you throw them.

We had a very good lunch at Kurseong at about twelve o’clock, and we got here at three. I was a little startled to find some very smart ladies at the station, for I myself was somewhat dusty, but they brought me such lovely bouquets of violets that I was obliged to forgive them for coming. We had some tea at our hotel, ‘Woodlands,’ and then went out to seek a view, but it was hazy, and the mountains would not appear. Now I have come in, and am writing this while Blanche is fussing over a fire which will smoke. The air is delightful, but it is too cold for an open window, and wood-smoke is disagreeable ; otherwise we are *very* comfortable, and I dare-



say the chimney will soon get warm and will draw better.

• Mr. Paul, the Deputy Commissioner, and Mr. Prestage the son of the engineer who made this wonderful line, travelled with us. The rise in the line is one in twenty-seven, and it really does look steep, and Ghoom, which is near here, is the highest point any railway in the world has ever reached.

*Friday, 18th.*—Directly we woke this morning we peered out of the window to see if the snows were visible, and saw just enough of them to tantalise us. High up in the heavens, and apparently quite near to us, was a beautiful slice of snow-clad mountain tops; everything else shrouded in mist. Even this unsatisfactory glimpse was lost in cloud all the rest of the day, but we saw enough to make us long for more and to assure us that this must be the most beautiful place in the world when the view is clear.

It is so interesting, too, in the way of people; there are Bhootias and Lepchas, and Limboos and Goorkhas, all of whom look Chinese, but dress differently and have special peculiarities. The ornaments of the women are most wonderful, some of them very handsome, and the faces of the young girls (Lepchas) are quite fair and rosy and fine. One headdress worn here is very becoming. It is a stiff diadem with alternate corals and turquoises sewn on to the edge, and it is worn like a saint's aureola. The long black hair is either quite loose or plaited in two tails. The women's cheeks are often painted with a maroon-coloured stuff, which is put on to protect the

skin from wind and dust, but it gets a speckled appearance, and does not add to the beauty of their complexion. We went down to the market-place to see them. All sorts of queer-looking men bring things up to the hotel to sell, and one meets them all about the place here.

We visited a convalescent home, a young ladies' school, and a photograph-shop, all before lunch. After that very necessary meal, for we are exceedingly hungry here, we went a little expedition on ponies—nice, quiet, strong, comfortable mountain ponies. We took Miss Murray with us, and rode down to where the tree-ferns grow, and we had tea there, and came back through Birch Park. All the time the view was lovely, though, as the snow mountains were absolutely invisible, we are not in a position to say that we have seen '*the view*.' I like Darjeeling immensely, however, even without *the view*; it is such a cheerful, bright place, and there is so much more local colouring about it than in the mountain regions haunted by the Government of India.

I have told you about the people, but not about the praying flags. You can't look out anywhere without seeing tall poles with long, narrow flags fastened to them, on which prayers are printed and are fluttering in the wind. Printed prayers are tied on to the trees, and all sorts of coloured rags keep off demons from house-tops and doorways. Then praying wheels are in great request, and an individual inclined for easy worship sits listlessly at home and twists round his prayer-wheel, and is satisfied with his own devotion.

The railway porters are women. Fancy having your

baggage carried by strapping young females wearing pure gold necklaces and splendid silver belts, not to mention earrings and such small bits of jewellery as bracelets and anklets! A silver *châtelaine*, with all sorts of little implements for cleaning the nails and otherwise perfecting the toilet, is worn on the shoulder, and is a new and very pretty and useful ornament. The dresses worn by men are loose dressing-gown garments, tied up round the waist with a belt, and some women have red sleeves and dark-blue tunic pinafores over them. The Lepchas wear striped materials. Every individual is worth studying, and all put on their garments in a picturesque and characteristic manner.

*Saturday, 19th.*—We have been such a delightful expedition to-day, and have ridden eighteen miles, climbing up a very high hill to see the view, and descending 2,000 feet to lunch in a bungalow, and home by a lower road. We started at ten o'clock on ponies, Mr. Paul, the Deputy Commissioner, and Lady H. with us. Our ponies amused us very much, for we had no control whatever over them, and sometimes they started off at a gallop, and could only be stopped by a syce catching hold of them. We passed through Jellapahar, the military station, and watched the funny little train below us winding about as it made its way down towards Calcutta. While we rode along, Mr. Paul gave us lots of information. Blanche told him she was going to write a book, and wanted to understand all about the Bhootias and the Lepchas, and the Limboos and the Goorkhas, their history, their religion, their manners,

and their customs. She plied him with questions the whole way, and even when he was very much out of breath toiling up hill by our ponies' side he answered most satisfactorily. I won't repeat much to you, but will just tell you that some of the little praying flags are called 'horse flags.' They are on the tops of hills, and are a sort of thanksgiving put there by those who have reached the top, with a prayer for those who have yet to ascend. The people throw rags up in the air, and pray that they may be turned into horses to bring other people up, and some pieces are tied on to sticks and left there blowing in the wind. Another interesting fact is that a woman often cuts off her hair to make a good pigtail for the man she is engaged to marry. I know you like a few little traveller's tales, but I have not room for many. Still, I must tell you one tiger story; it is so *very* wonderful. A Mr. B. was living in a bungalow, from the compound of which a tiger took a man. Mr. B. and a friend resolved to watch for the brute, but during the night both fell asleep on the verandah. The tiger crept up, and, seizing Mr. B. by the hand, regularly led him across the garden. The friend awoke, and ran out and shot the tiger, who dropped the hand, but was able to rush after the two men as they flew to the house. He knocked Mr. B. over as he reached the door, and fell dead himself as he did it.

The great view is still invisible, but we could just see the tops of the second and third highest mountains in the world; and did we not know of the magnificent range which is hidden from us, the valleys, and hills,

and wooded mountains in the foreground would satisfy us perfectly. There are enormous magnolia-trees, some pink and some white, which, mixed with the forest trees, give some patches of bright colour to the hillsides. Rhododendrons and almond-trees are also in flower.

Our descent was all through a beautiful forest, and when we got to the luncheon-place we were very delighted with all we had seen. One of the party, being relieved of my august presence for a moment, informed Blanche that 'she felt quite young again, tally-ho!' and I think we were all in the same 'tally-ho' frame of mind. It is such nice air, and such a holiday, and the ride is so like the donkey rides of our youth, that we feel very cheerful and are always laughing. I am quite sure I have not laughed half so much since I came to India as I did to-day. The road home was an excellent one, and I find that, far from having no rides here, there are level roads in good condition for seventeen miles one way, thirteen another, and fifteen another, and lovely scenery all the way and in every direction. Nor do you feel so shut up in Darjeeling as you do at Simla. There is the railway to Calcutta, and you can ride into Nepaul, and you could go to Thibet if the Thibetans would let you.

From all this you may gather that I am enjoying myself much; and so is Blanche, who is a delightful companion on these occasions, ready for everything, full of spirits, and full of most amusing grievances. She sleeps in my room, but as I stated firmly that I would not be disturbed on any excuse, and as indeed

she sleeps very well herself, our nights are quiet. She objected to the ticking of my clock, so I sacrificed that, and no other noise, and no mosquito, has come to trouble her.

I hear by telegram that the children are well, but I have no news from the shooting party.

A native dance was arranged for us to-night. It was not a very good one, as the Deputy Commissioner had not had sufficient notice to get the right people together. It is generally danced by Llamas, but we saw lay dancers and only a small bit of the real performance. However, the specimen was most curious and amusing, and quite unlike anything we have seen before. The story of the 'ballet' was this: A foreign king invaded China, and the Emperor of that country coming out to fight, the gods provided him with a lion instead of a horse. At the sight of the Emperor so mounted, the enemies were immediately vanquished. Then the Emperor became thirsty, and a peacock appeared and offered him fruits, and a tortoise brought him rich and precious gems, and his subjects sang songs in his honour. The lion, the peacock, and the tortoise were presented to us. The lion had a big round face fringed with greenish wool, and an enormous mouth furnished with a fine set of teeth. His body was woolly and greenish, and the two men who stood in his skin cut the most extraordinary capers, and opened and shut his capacious jaws in a truly terrific manner. This lion danced about wildly, and cut every sort of antic; he scratched himself in the most natural way, stood upon his hind legs, lay down, rolled on the ground, and

attacked the peacock viciously, while the tortoise flapped about him. A sort of harlequin man meanwhile ran under him and over him, and always narrowly escaped his teeth. The 'peacock' was a splendid representation of an ostrich, and moved exactly in the way that gawky animal does; but the tortoise was much more lively than the one known to fame, and he opened and shut his shell as a bird does its wings. Perhaps he was really an oyster, dropping pearls before the Emperor. This pantomime was performed in front of the house by the light of a few Chinese lanterns and to the sound of tom-toms.

*Sunday, 20th.*—We went to church, and on our way home came through the market, which was full of all these queer-looking people I have been attempting to describe to you. They make their purchases for the week on Sunday, and they were all busy bargaining and laying in stores. We examined their ornaments and their different types of face, and their various costumes, and were much interested and amused. Baskets, which the men and women carry on their backs, filled with goods of all sorts, from wood and charcoal to live ducks, were lying by them on the ground, babies sweetly sleeping in some of them, while in other cases the child was tied on to its mother's back by a piece of cloth, or was merely slung on by a strap which was carried round her forehead.

I found a Thibetan Llama there, and got him to come up and be photographed. He had a white mule, which was covered with silver bells, and he was himself clad in a capacious garment of a dull red, while he wore a

large flat Chinese hat. His face is a Tartar one, with a straggling thin sort of beard on it.

In the afternoon we went to look at the Lieutenant-Governor's house. The site of it is splendid, and there is a nice large 'compound,' which one might almost call a 'park,' belonging to it, with tennis-grounds and a cricket-ground, and seats for spectators of these sports, where they can either take interest in the games or lose themselves in the contemplation of the 'eternal snows.'

We next rode down to a Thibetan temple. The religion is Buddhist, but the worship is different from that of Burmah, and they have some very curious ways here. Three Llamas met me at the door and presented me with a 'scarf of blessing,' which was a very dirty little scarf indeed. Then they went into the temple to show us a service. The building is like an ordinary house outside, but many printed prayers are built into the wall, and if you want to pray you walk round it, keeping to the right, and as you pass you say, 'Omany-pomany,' or words to that effect, which means, 'I say all the prayers that are here.' The small entrance-hall of the temple has a row of barrels round it, with one very big one in the corner. These are prayer-wheels, and you can set them all turning, and the more you turn and the longer you keep them going, the better you are. The big one is rather laborious to pray with, but for a rupee you can get an old woman to do the manual part of the devotion for you. In the temple itself—a small, square, dark room—a dozen Llamas sat on the floor, singing, and blowing the most noisy instruments. A



small altar, covered over with brass cups full of oil and with burning wicks in each, was at the back, and some brass images, flowers, and small votive offerings were laid there. The Llamas were shaven, and wore large, comfortable, dull-red garments.

Just above this temple is a 'Chutan,' or small white-washed pagoda. A stick in the centre of this is wound round and round with every sort of prayer, and these you can also offer up by passing to the right of it, and saying, 'Om manu padmi hum.' Those are the exact words to use. Our guide this afternoon is a man of some position, named 'Tendook,' the Chief of the Lepchas. He asked us to visit his house, and out of consideration for the nerves of our ponies he silenced his band as we approached. It consisted of four men dressed in true Lepcha style, with a striped petticoat, red jacket, and a hat like a flower-pot turned upside down, with a peacock feather stuck in the front of it. These men all beat big drums. Tendook's house was very European outside, but the two rooms we saw inside had each an altar lighted up, and set with images and flowers, and Tendook's own particular priests were there to attend to them. Chairs were arranged for us in one of these chapel-like rooms, and while we sat there we were offered the national drink. It was presented to us in a silver barrel, in the top of which was a tube, and through this, in turn, we sucked the liquid, an aromatic sort of stuff. There was a chimney-piece in the room, on which were pictures of the Queen, of D., and of a few other people, and I am to send mine there too. Our host next presented us each with a nice little bell, and with a curious

twisted piece of brass representing the Darjeeling thunderbolt, from which, I believe, the place takes its name. He showed us, too, some very curious pictures, which come from Thibet, and which are sometimes used in their worship.

I forgot to tell you that we were disturbed last night by the barking of some dogs, and Blanche, who never lies quiet under these sort of inflictions, did not rest until she had succeeded in rousing all the servants in the place, and in sending my jemadar out to stop the noise. He says he got fifty policemen and was hunting dogs with them all night, but Blanche says he must have one hundred to-night if necessary. I believe she is going to suggest a dog-tax to the Viceroy.

She has been amused at something which is no longer new to me, and that is the way in which three strange officials join me as I enter every new bit of country, and take care of me for a time, and then disappear to make room for another set. This time we have been fortunate in the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. Paul), who has shown us everything here, and been very 'instructive and amusing.'

*Monday, 21st.*—The snows this morning were a little bit clearer, and we were able to see the tops of all the highest mountains. Kinchinjunga, which, next to Mount Everest, is the highest in the world, has five points, and its name signifies 'the five treasuries of the great snow.' Kufra and Jannoo come next, the former being shaped like a four-pole tent. The whole range is magnificent, and looks solid and beautiful against the

blue sky. It seems to be *directly* behind the near hills, upon which you see trees and houses distinctly, and it is this apparent nearness, added to its great height, which makes the view so different from that of snow-mountains anywhere else. We have not, however, seen it quite to perfection, for the valleys have never been really clear since we came. We all felt quite sorry to leave the place, but the exciting idea of going down in a trolley comforted us a little.

We got rid of our engine and of all other carriages at Ghoom—the highest railway station in the world, remember—and with a little pilot trolley going on before to show the way, we glided down, down the Himalayas, through lovely mountain passes, rocky and beautifully wooded hills, the most splendid scenery, the most delightful air—no smoke, no noise, a quite ideal journey. I expected to be alarmed, but I was not in the very least, and I skirted precipices and turned corners, and whisked round loops in the happiest frame of mind. We came down the greater part of the way at the rate of nine miles an hour, but near the end there is a long straight descent, and Mr. Prestage allowed us to do it as fast as the wheels could turn—about twenty-five miles an hour. It was like the most easy and safe tobogganing. The man who manages the brakes has complete control over the speed, and at any moment he would slacken it, or stop, as he did several times, for us to see a specially lovely peep, or to get us a specimen of some new plant, or to let us put on our cloaks; once we stopped for tea, and we also had luncheon on the way, for our trolley journey lasted from 12 till 5.30. At the

end of it we were handed over to the charge of Colonel Boughey and put into a new train. There we passed the night, recrossing the Ganges early in the morning, and reaching Calcutta at one o'clock.

Having brought myself safely back to Calcutta, I must now give you some extracts from D.'s accounts of his proceedings. His first letter is dated March 18, and he says: 'We have had a splendid day, and have killed two tigers, a mother and her young one—not that I had any hand in either performance, for my elephant got frightened directly he scented the tiger, and would not come up to the scratch. I did not think it a very sportsmanlike performance, because, after beating the wood, all the elephants and guns formed a complete circle round a bit of grass and bramble in the midst of which was the beast, and everybody fired at her at the same moment, and long after she was helpless they continued pouring bullets into her, the upshot being that no one seems to claim her as his prize, though I daresay in secret every individual believes she belongs to him. But the whole expedition was very amusing. The next day we started about 150 elephants in an exact line across a smooth grassy plain. We must have covered a breadth of more than a mile. As we advanced, every kind of creature got up in front of us—bustards, pig, partridges, hares, wild cats, rabbits, spotted deer, barking deer, hog deer, owls, serpents, &c., &c. We were not allowed to fire a shot, which I thought rather hard, as the grass was much too short to hold a tiger, and there were a quantity of men and cattle about in all directions.

‘Our proceedings were conducted by a little Nepalese colonel, whom they have sent down to look after the 100 elephants they have lent us. It was under his management we got a brace of tigers before lunch. On our way back, the interdict on general shooting was taken off, but the game was not so plentiful. However, I shot some partridge, a hare, a rabbit, and a kind of bustard, a most beautiful bird. We got back to camp about five, and, having had a cup of tea, I am now resting before our seven o’clock dinner.’

On the 20th, D. wrote: ‘Yesterday we had a blank day, and, the novelty having worn off, one had time to consider one’s personal impressions a little more closely. The conclusion I came to was that I was being rattled about in a pepper-caster. We started at 8.30, and had to go eight miles, this time through a cultivated country, and therefore without the excitement of looking out for nondescript game. I was put into the middle of a thicket at one end of the jungle, the elephants having previously broken down the trees around me, so as to leave what they called a ‘Maidan,’ that is to say, a space about ten yards wide, in order that I might see if a beast came. I think I told you that on the first day my elephant, when the tiger was announced to him, instead of going forward like the rest, retreated behind a very thick tree, in whose branches my head became entangled; so they changed my beast, and gave me one belonging to the Nepalese colonel. They say that were a tiger to leap on his nose he would not so much as wink. However, his courage has not yet been tried, for yesterday we drew jungle after jungle in vain. On my

way home I abdicated my pepper-caster, and took an humble seat on a little pad elephant between two Nepalese. This mode of travelling was a great relief—indeed quite comfortable—so that in future we have determined to ride to cover on one of these little hack elephants.

‘We are very comfortable, and I have a beautiful tent; the food is very good, and everybody is most kind and attentive.’

This is all I have heard so far.

*Friday, 25th.*—Blanche and I left Calcutta by the night train on Wednesday and journeyed on very comfortably in my own carriage for two nights and a day. On Thursday evening Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall met us at Allahabad and sat with us while we dined. The nights were cold, and I got a chill which brought me to Agra this morning with rather a bad cough and feeling very unwell. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore met me at the station, and as the train was late he had had an hour and a-half to wait there. I drove with him to the house where he is entertaining us, and I think it was the sun on my back during this rather long drive which made me feel more ill than I should have done from a mere cold.

The house was built for a tomb, but is a most charming residence now. It has been done up fresh, and has the prettiest furniture and most lovely carpets, and a fernery with birds flying about it outside one of the drawing-room windows.

I did not go out all day, but I had to see several people, as I have come here solely to visit the Female

Medical School and to talk to the people connected with it. Dr. Hilson and the lady doctors came to see me. He is the originator of the school, and it is entirely through him that we have such a good foundation to work on. I will not trouble you with the long conversations I had with him and with the others; it was all the purest 'shop' and will not bear repetition.

The Maharajah paid me a state visit, and then I lay down and slept till dinner-time, while Blanche was taken to the Fort.

*Saturday, 26th.*—I confess it was a great relief to me to find that I was well this morning, for I had really begun to fear an illness of some kind, and I had a hard day's work to do. We breakfasted at eight, and then I drove off to see the medical school, the buildings that exist, the foundations and plans of those that are to be—the hospital, the dispensary, the class-rooms, the pupils—and to hear all that everybody had to say on all matters connected with its present and its future. It has the makings of a fine institution, and is going on most satisfactorily. After this I was obliged to do the gaol, which is the very hottest place to walk about that I can imagine. But I have to order a carpet, and Dr. Tyler is so proud of those he makes here that I could not get out of looking at all his prisoners at work. Some of his best men were let out at the Jubilee, and therefore many looms are now at a standstill.

In the afternoon we went to see the Taj. Having once described it to you, I will spare you all further rhapsodies on the subject.

The dinner party went off very well, and I believe the Maharajah was much pleased with it, though his share of enjoyment appeared to me to be modest indeed. He came to receive the guests, he looked at the table, he presented everybody to me, and then he took my finger and led me into the dining-room—after which he took his leave.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—We left the house at 5.30 yesterday morning, and the Maharajah drove me to the station. Blanche and Fred were with me till the middle of the day, when they went off to Delhi, and Mr. Lawrence Gordon and I pursued our way to Dehra, where the children are staying and where we are to spend a quiet month.

Mrs. Charles Gordon met me at Saharanpore and gave me dinner and saw me off in my dâk gharry. Oh! what a night I had of it. The gharry itself resembles a hearse more than any other carriage, but instead of being painted a glossy black it is a shabby brown. When you are about to spend the night in it, you put in your pillows and your blankets, and as there are no seats you make yourself as comfortable as you can in a recumbent position upon the floor. There are sliding doors at either side, and these generally slide open when you want them to be shut, and shut when you wish them to be open. In this box you are rattled along and jolted from side to side, changing horses every five or six miles. I came to the conclusion that the journey was not one for a nervous person to make. It was pitch dark, and I had no sooner got accustomed to one team of dreadful animals than I had to go through the agony



of trying another. When I got well off each time I was happy, but the moment we stopped to change my mind was full of anxiety. There was one particularly bad hour, which is rather amusing to me now to look back on. The new team neighed wildly and made unmistakable signs of wishing to fight; they turned round and presented sometimes their heads and sometimes their tails to my open door. I immediately declared I could not, and would not, go on with them, but no intelligible answer was made me, and all the numerous white figures which were bustling about in the gloom seemed indifferent to my fears. I at last succeeded in waking my servant, who was sound asleep on the roof, and I routed Mr. Lawrence Gordon out of the carriage in which he was following me. He appeared in a miserable suit of cotton clothes, and must have been bitterly cold, as the wind was very high and the dust was flying in clouds. Later on he wrapped himself in blankets, and I saw a good deal of him for some time. He got my shrieking steeds taken out and another pair put in; so quiet a pair that they could not get on at all, and they were always stopping, and I was always hanging out of my vehicle to see what was the matter, and at last I began seriously to consider the question of stopping in peace by the wayside and not going on till the morning. Mr. Gordon, however, suggested sending my maid's carriage on to the next stable to fetch some better horses, and mine were taken out. This was all very well for me, but all my suite were shivering with cold, and they soon offered to drag me themselves. There were some body-guard men and some servants, and Mr. Gordon,

and they set to and took me at a rattling pace for about two miles. After this I was fortunate, and had good horses and went very fast, but I never could sleep from anxiety as to the probable character of the next team. One of my nocturnal troubles was that I had lost a shoe, and as I was always expecting to have to take to the road on foot, it was, I felt, a serious loss! This most exciting drive lasted from 10 P.M. till 7 A.M., and you may suppose I was pretty tired of it and very glad to see some of the body-guard in full uniform suddenly appear by my side—a sure sign that I was near my destination.

All night we were passing bullock-carts with quaint figures muffled in white driving them through the dark, and sometimes our way was stopped by the upset of one of these carts in the middle of the road. No; a night in a dâk gharry does not suit me at all—of that I am quite convinced.

I found the children asleep, but they soon woke up and came and talked to me till their breakfast-time, when I went to sleep and so recovered from the dreadful night.

*Dehra: Wednesday, 30th.*—We have taken a bungalow here from a native lady who married a white man, and who is now enjoying his fortune as a widow. It is a very good house, with one long room which runs right through it, and which is divided by a curtain into dining-room and drawing-room. On either side of it are bedrooms, and upstairs there are two good rooms which have been arranged for the Viceroy's business.

We have two other small bungalows belonging to us, and an army of tents, for of course when the Viceroy appears private life ends, and Foreign Secretaries and A.D.C.s, and business people will swarm.

The country round us is lovely. There are the mountains quite close, and all the roads are beautifully wooded, and it does feel like a real country place.

We do lessons a great part of the day, and then we ride. The first time we went to look at the tanks from which our water comes, and yesterday we rode to the Goorkha Lines and came home through an avenue of fine trees, with a stream of water running on one side and nice soft ground for the horses' feet. The children are very happy, and are much occupied in looking after three dogs who are supposed to be learning tricks.

I must now give you another bit of D.'s tiger-shooting experiences: 'Till now my reports have not been very satisfactory, for when one is after tiger one thinks very little of slaughtering deer, but to-day we have had a really good day, and have brought home three tigers—one of these a very fine male; but as to whom any of them belong it is difficult to say, for what happens is this: There is a sudden shout, "A tiger!" and presently we see the grass moving and get a glimpse of some creature, upon which everybody fires, and of course everybody imagines he hits. The second beast turned up in the middle of a wood with very high grass. He was close to my elephant, and I fired down upon him, and of course I believe I hit him. Then he bounded about, and dozens of shots were fired in every direction. At last he came out into an open place, and I had the good luck to knock

him over with a shot which broke his back. I then gave him the *coup de grâce* in his head, so that, at any rate, I had a large share in his destruction.'

*Friday, April 1st.*—My family remains young enough in mind thoroughly to enjoy the privileges accorded to all on the first of April, nor would they hear of ending the 'April Fool' time at twelve o'clock. One day in the year is little enough, they think, for the diversion of taking everybody in, and their one regret is that their father is not here to be practised upon.

We went to tea with the Muirs, and rode with them afterwards, and in the evening we had the further dissipation of a concert and a small play. There was one rather funny scene during the concert. A gentleman who was going to perform on the flute mounted the stage, but the lady who was to accompany him was amusing herself elsewhere, and while he was looking about for her in every direction, we could see her laughing and talking in the ante-room. There were screens across the back of the stage to hide the preparations for the play, and after the flutist had peered behind each one of these, he at last in despair retired there himself, but his coat-tail had scarcely disappeared when the lady marched on to the front of the stage, and all the audience laughed and applauded—she could not imagine why. The play was 'Cut off with a Shilling.'

*Sunday, 3rd, to Wednesday, 6th.*—D. arrived safe and well, and is delighted with this place, with the house and his own cheerful rooms, with the views and the trees

and the climate. And we have managed to maintain our privacy and to lead a family life. Not one A.D.C. appears at any meal, and we can almost fancy ourselves at Clandeboye. We have a nice long ride every afternoon, and we enjoy our quiet evenings.

*Thursday, 7th.*—One day here is so like another that I shall miss a few every now and then, but to-day we had special dissipations. Even the weather went on in an unusual way, occasionally emitting a growl from behind banks of black cloud gathered together about the hill-tops, or coming out with a sudden little gust of wind, which made one fear a dust-storm, or shedding a few drops of rain upon us, so that we might expect a deluge. None of these things came off—it was all talk; and we got quite safely through the aforesaid dissipations, which were, first (one of an improving and instructive character) —a visit to the Survey Office.

Our second engagement prevented our visiting the Observatory properly, so I will say nothing about it, as we mean to go there another day. I felt sure that the children would be in a desperate state of impatience for our return, as we were to have some tilting and tent-pegging at the body-guard lines. We accordingly picked them up and drove there. All the ponies had been sent on, and D., with some gentlemen, tent-pegged on one side of the tea, which was laid under some trees, while the ladies tilted on the other side. The children enjoyed themselves immensely, and were particularly pleased with a tiny ditch between the two grounds, over which they could jump.

*Good Friday.*—We had such a curious experience in church to-day. The clergyman was just beginning his sermon when our carriages drove violently past the door, the body-guard rushed after them, and all the other vehicles set off too; there was a great commotion outside, and all the men in the church got up and began to shut the doors and windows. I could not imagine what was the matter, but the word ‘bees’ soon began to be whispered about. When we were safely shut up, the service went on. These swarms are very dangerous sometimes, and had they got into the church, the ladies would all have had to put their dresses over their heads, and the gentlemen would have had to protect themselves as best they could with their coat-tails. We walked some way to our carriages, and had to jump in and get off as quickly as possible, for the bees were buzzing about, and all our men were much afraid of them. The children were highly delighted with this piece of excitement.

*Saturday, 9th.*—We made a long and very pleasant expedition up to Mussoorie, which is the hill station immediately over this. It is much smaller than Simla, but it has the inestimable advantage of being on an outside spur of the Himalayas, and instead of being buried behind range after range of mountains, it is situated at the extreme edge of them and looks down upon the plains as upon a map. It is not cut off from the world, and a person there who might be bored by hill station society could mount his horse and descend in half an hour to the larger world below. You can’t imagine what a delightful

sense of freedom this gives, because you don't know what it is to be encaged in the very heart of the Himalayas for the greater part of the year.

We left our house soon after ten and drove to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the hills, or rather the place where the ascent begins. There we mounted our horses and sat upon them as upon an inclined plane while they toiled up a very steep road. We carried parasols and had on helmets and sun-pads, but it was not disagreeably hot, and with Dehra to look at below and the mountains before us, and a certain amount of pretty wood to pass through, we had a charming ride, and we all enjoyed it much. We went straight to the Himalaya Club, where the committee gave us a very excellent lunch, and then we again mounted our horses to see the place.

Mussoorie bears a strong family likeness to Simla, and its view into the mountains is exactly the same. It has its miniature Annandale, called 'the Happy Valley,' dedicated to tennis and Gymkhanas. It has its 'Mall,' the fashionable promenade, its club—a very superior place indeed—its assembly-rooms, and its 'Jakko,' called the 'Camel's Back.' We were very fortunate in the day, which was clear and warm and pleasant, and we saw Mussoorie looking its brightest. The club gave us tea, and then, some on horses and some in dandies, we descended the hill again. The girls and I were carried, and we reached the bottom in about an hour's time. The carriage met us at Rajpore, and we got home about seven o'clock, having had a very nice day.

Lord William brought in one of the native conjurors in the evening. He was rather a good one, and was very

clean and very musical. Besides consulting his monkey-skull over every trick, he sang 'Pop goes the Weazle' and other national English songs, mixed up with Indian tunes, which added greatly to the charms of his performance. One of his tricks was, I suppose, a very silly one, but it was very amusing. He made two eggs fight. Unaided by any visible means they hopped and jumped and knocked each other until one broke.

*Monday, 11th.*—This afternoon we went to see a tea-garden and the machinery for turning green leaves into tea-caddy tea. This process only takes a day in fine weather, and the young shoots, which are pulled in the morning, are black and dry and packed away into chests by night. It should not, however, be drunk for six months or a year. A quantity of women and children are employed in picking the leaves; they bring in their baskets full twice a day, and each time the quantity they have gathered is weighed, and they are paid a pice a pound on the spot. These leaves are then spread out on shelves to wither; after that they are put into a machine which rolls them about for half an hour, and out of this they come in a damp and draggled condition. Left on another shelf for a time they turn brown; then they are passed over a very hot furnace in trays, and this dries them and turns them into 'tea.' The only thing left to be done is to sift it in a series of sieves, which divide the tea into four qualities. The coarsest—Souchong—comes out of one sieve; Pekoe Souchong out of another; Pekoe from a third; and Orange Pekoe, the best tea, from the fourth. Nothing remains to be done now but the packing



of it in tin-lined cases. Mr. Rogers told me that about 130,000 lbs. are sent out of this garden in a year, that it costs five annas a pound to make, and is sold on an average at eight annas.

He gave us some home-made beverage before we left, and we walked all over the gardens, which are very pretty. The tea-bushes are neat-looking shrubs, and there are some good trees in the place, and a lovely view of the mountains from it.

Mr. Rogers has a dog who has adopted a little monkey, and this creature always lies on the dog's back as he walks about; and, if pulled away from him, cries, and then rushes after him and jumps up to his place again. The dog defends the monkey from the attacks of all other dogs, and it was most amusing to see the way the two went on together as they accompanied us round the garden.

A telescope was put up close to our house, and before dinner two gentlemen came to show us some stars. I wished very much to see them, and was particularly delighted with Saturn, which, to my surprise, was exactly like his pictures, and was much more original than any of the other stars. Venus only looked like the moon seen with the naked eye. We saw 'Rigel,' of whom I confess I had not heard before, with his small attendant star, Sirius, Castor, the double star, and the Nebulæ near Orion—its golden haze with the bright stars in it was quite plain. The moon, unfortunately, rose too late for us to see it.

The weather is quite warm now, but our house is cool in the day, and the evenings out are very pleasant.

*Tuesday, 12th.*—D. and I started off in a comfortable carriage this morning to drive twenty-four miles to Raiwalla. Our way lay through different kinds of wood and jungle, and in many places the lovely little rose, which is so abundant at Dehra, covered the forest trees, and fell in pink cascades from all the branches. Then we saw the tall grasses, which reminded D. of his tiger-shooting. Some of them grow twenty feet high, and are yellow and dried up now, with black marks on them, so that D. says it is difficult to distinguish the crouching tiger from the jungle, which is so much the same colour as himself.

When we reached our camp, we found it a very pretty one, situated on a high bank overlooking the Ganges, our tents shaded by groups of fine trees. We were rather hot and tired when we arrived, and were glad of some lunch and a rest, but by four o'clock we were ready to go off fishing. We rode on elephants down to the river, and then we did enjoy ourselves! D. fished diligently, throwing a spoon, and I simply sat on the banks and watched him, and looked at the un-Indian scene. It was just like being in Canada again, and it was possible for the time to forget the Indian Empire with its Burmah, its Afghanistan, its Frontier, its India Office, its Civil Service Commission, and all its other cares. For the first time I really appreciated the Ganges. Hitherto it has never 'babbled to me of green fields,' as a river should, but has been associated in my mind with miraculous cures, burning ghâts, crowds of bathers, insanitation, and towns. Here it does not set up for being better than its neighbours, and its clean green and blue

waters flow on in all simplicity through pebbly shores and wooded banks, swallowing up a turbulent little tributary and slipping by the Sawalik Hills. These are a low range of mountains which shut in the Dun, and in them some of the most interesting fossils have been discovered; in fact, at Raiwalla the Ganges is quite unsophisticated and countrified in its behaviour, and is just like any other river. Even the fish, unawed by the sacred character of the stream, jumped about in a most tantalising manner, and were in far too frivolous a mood to bite. While D. was trying hard to tempt them, I made an excursion on a wonderful kind of boat. It consists of two bullock-skins filled with air, and across them a small bedstead (*charpai*) is tied, which is the seat of the boat; on it I sat, while the puffed-up animals, lying on their backs with their toes in the air, floated me. Then two loose skins were thrown in, and two men, lying on their chests across them, seized different sides of my bedstead with their hands and paddled with their feet. You can't think how funny the whole thing looks: the four helpless, fat, seal-like animals lying in a row with a prim expression on their faces from having their eyes and mouths tied up into little buttons as if they had died saying 'Prunes and prism,' a person sitting between their upturned paws, and the two men paddling vigorously with their feet. It is a most comfortable and safe machine, as it draws scarcely any water.

Colonel Lane is the Commissioner who looks after us, and we have only got Lord William and Dr. Findlay with us, so we actually sit down to dinner so small a

party as five. We were all very sleepy and tired, and went to bed at nine o'clock.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—We have had a most interesting and delightful day. D. began it early, and went down to the river for a couple of hours' fishing before breakfast. I remained quiet and sat under the mango-trees, while my ayah packed up and hurried off to Hurdwar, so that she might have time for a dip in the sacred stream at this most propitious time, before I should arrive there. D. was unsuccessful, but was, I think, quite happy in that hope which 'springs eternal' in the fisherman's breast, and he went on trying his luck all the way down to Hurdwar. We breakfasted first, and then, getting into boats, were rowed to that place. We went down several rapids and enjoyed it immensely; the river looked lovely, and on the water the weather was cool enough to be very pleasant. Hurdwar is a most picturesque and curious-looking place; it consists of a row of various temple- and fort- and palace-like-looking buildings at the very edge of the water, a long narrow bazaar running at the back of these and a good way beyond. Some of these buildings are temples, and others are houses belonging to great Hindu Rajahs who like to have residences at such a sacred place, and who generally allow all the pilgrims from their States to live in these houses when these come to bathe.

The fair at Hurdwar used to be enormous, but since the railway has come near to it pilgrims visit it all the year round, and there is not so great a rush of them for this 'Puja' or religious festival. I landed on

a sort of wooden bridge or barricade which shuts in the principal bathing-place. The stream is so strong, and the crowd so great, that the weak and old would run great risk of being carried away were they not penned in. The buildings form a corner here, and the bridge goes across the base of the triangle, while a great flight of stairs—a ghât—down from the bazaar is the apex of it. The houses, ledges, little cupolas, and windows on either side were filled with people, and a compact crowd covered the steps; there were also smaller winding stairs leading to the water, and gaily dressed figures were always going up and down these.

People from all parts of India come here, and you can't think how interesting and amusing it was to watch the multitude both in and out of the water. I sat there for two hours, and D., who arrived a little later, was equally pleased. Some of the bathers stayed in very long, till they were shivering with cold, but still there was a constant change going on, and always something fresh to look at. There was a man supporting two little girls in his arms, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. They splashed everyone who came near, and seemed full of fun. Another father of a family came holding a young baby high above the water, while three women held on behind and crossed the bathing-place till they reached some quiet corner, when they all held their noses and jumped up and down seven or eight times without stopping. They had looked fully dressed when they entered the water, but after a dip the cotton sheets which had covered them stuck to them, and

expressed much more than they concealed. This happened to all the women, but nobody seemed to mind.

When D. arrived, there was a great shouting, and milk and rose-leaves were thrown into the Ganges in his honour. Trays of the latter are kept there on purpose for the devout to offer, and one man pays Rs. 760 a year for the privilege of selling rose-leaves there. The Brahmins are very busy all the time, receiving gifts from the pilgrims, and I saw one old gentleman besieged by them as he descended into the water. He produced money from some corner of his limited costume, and gave it into the outstretched hands that were thrust in his way. I was very much interested, too, in watching a woman who had evidently brought some of the ashes of her dead to cast into the water. She poured them into her hand out of a little bag, and after much consultation with a Brahmin, paid him something and cast them into the stream. Many people throw in money and jewels with the ashes, and all over the bathing-place men stand with trays, with which they shovel up pebbles from the bottom and look through them in the hope of recovering treasure.

Fakirs were bathing in numbers, and other holy people from afar were filling vessels with the sacred water to carry home. They say the water keeps good for ever, and everyone likes to take away bottles full of it. Along the edge of the water, on the wall of a house, were a row of niches in which fakirs and gods sat, and where offerings were made, and opposite them on the other side there was a long ledge on which were perched a number of priest-like men in orange turbans. The

highest Brahmins sat opposite us in the crowd on the steps, and were very fine-looking men in pink turbans; they afterwards came to be presented to D. There was one fat man, a bather, who would come and seize my foot and talk to me, and I had great difficulty in getting him kept off.

Another excitement was the quantity of large fish in the bathing-place, which, being fed constantly, are quite tame, and are not in the least alarmed by the dipping and splashing that goes on around them.

All the people looked so happy and good-humoured, they seemed thoroughly to enjoy the festival, and, as I said before, we could hardly bear to tear ourselves away from it. When we did go we mounted a big elephant and sat in a splendid howdah, the arms of which were silver tigers clawing silver antelopes. Thus enthroned we rode through the bazaar. This is evidently the way to make a state progress in India. One feels so very grand and so very much better and higher than other people as one looks into the upper chambers and on to the roofs of all the houses and down upon the foot and equestrian passengers and the little shops and the daily street-life of people in less elevated positions. We had a procession of twelve elephants, but ours was the biggest and grandest of all, and had much scarlet and gold embroidery hanging about him. We ought to have been dressed in the same style, but alas! we only appeared in travelling garments with sun hats; a smart umbrella with a silver stick held over us improved our appearance a little, I hope.

As soon as we had lunched, we went to look at the

head of the Ganges Canal, one of the great engineering works of India. It is carried under rivers and over rivers, and is about 500 miles long. Then we proceeded to a dam which regulates the amount of water in the canal, and there we saw a wonderful sight—thousands and thousands of fish struggling to get up the stream, and jumping in shoals far out of the water in their vain efforts to pass the doors of the dam. It was most curious, and one could not have believed in the quantity of fish without seeing them. D. tried to catch some, but I am sure the water was much too turbulent and the fish far too well occupied with their endeavours to proceed up the river to bite. I wandered about the top of the dam and watched the smaller fish trying to get up at other gates, and the smallest of all making their way up a fish-ladder which has been built on purpose for them, but which none of the big ones condescend to use. At five o'clock we had tea, and then went on by train to Roorkee. Colonel and Mrs. Blood met us there, and we are their guests. They have such a pretty drawing-room, it made me quite envious. It has a high domed roof, supported by four sets of pillars, which make a round centre to the room with large semicircular bows or recesses beyond each. She seems to have great taste in arranging rooms, and she has done this one up very prettily. We dined alone with them, and in the evening there was a party in the garden, and all the station was presented to us.

*Thursday, 14th.*—D. spent the whole morning inspecting hospitals, troops, and workshops, and I was ready



to go with him, but he persuaded me to give it up, as it was so very hot, and as we had forty-five miles to drive in the afternoon; so I sat at home and talked to Charlotte Blood, who is Sir Auckland Colvin's daughter, and whom I knew at Cairo. D. came in at one, having been interested in all he saw, and we had lunch, and started directly after. I hate driving, and strange horses, but our own met us twenty miles from Dehra, and took us through the Mohun Pass in the Sawalik Hills, a really lovely bit of road, with immensely high cliffs and queer-shaped pinnacle rocks, and beds of rivers, and all the trees coming out into blossoms and fresh green leaves. We got home just in time, as a dust-storm followed by rain came on as we got in. The children were all well, and had been having some fun of their own, tilting and tent-pegging at 7 A.M.

The dinner-table had been decorated in the most elaborate way by our servants with 'Welcome, Earl of Dufferin,' and crowns, all done in roses. This decoration is a sort of mania which they have taken up lately; and I believe there is great rivalry between the different men as to whether the Staff bungalow table or ours is the more beautifully arranged. The chief decorators were hidden close by to hear what we said about it, and one wrote an elaborate note to Blackwell to ask her to come and see it.

*Saturday, 16th, to Tuesday, 19th.*—I was rather knocked up after my three long days in the sun and heat, so I have been taking things quietly, and had indeed to remain in bed all Sunday. Friday and Saturday afternoons

Mr. Gore and I had our hands full. Four hundred Jubilee collection cards to be signed. It proved to be quite a labour, and we had to get in some help. One servant wetted the receipt stamps with a brush (for who could lick 400 stamps at a sitting?), another put them down on the right place. I then ruled lines across the blank spaces on the card to prevent any further collection being made on it, signed and dated and passed it on to Mr. Gore, who took down the number of it and the name of the collector. This set came from Moradabad, and the sum total amounted to Rs. 6,000. Most people there had put down their own names on their cards, with the necessary sum as a donation, and had not asked anybody else for more. This money all goes to the North-West Provinces Branch of my Fund.

D. had two mornings' quail-shooting, which he enjoyed, and the children have been riding as usual.

We gave our one dinner party here on Saturday night, which was unlucky for me, as I felt much inclined to go to bed, and found it difficult to get through the evening. It went off nicely, however.

Monday I was to have visited a native school, and the Leper Hospital, but Dr. Findlay made me give up the latter. I did do the school. It is an American missionary one for native Christians. They have a fine house and grounds, and seem to give a very good education. The sixty pupils, all boarders, were seated in rows, and all wore plain white saris over their heads. When I was seated they began to sing something a little shrill. Then a child got up and, taking a stick in her hand, advanced to a blackboard on which some problems from

Euclid were drawn in chalk, and as fast as she could speak and point with her stick she gabbled over the explanation. It had a very funny effect. Three more girls followed suit. Then they did geography in the same way, but as I felt a little more at home on this subject, I could see that they really had learnt the map in a very practical way. There was English reading and more singing, and I toiled all over the house, feeling very weak; I asked for a holiday for the pupils, and refused to make them a speech, and got home as soon as I could.

I missed a little Goorkha Review which D. and the children were at, and they came home delighted with it. The girls rode, and Mrs. Becher, the wife of the Colonel, took them about, and they followed the details of the sham battle and were not the least alarmed by the firing which went on, and were much amused by the whole thing, and by the cheery and excited demeanour of the sturdy little Goorkhas. A new battalion of them has just been raised, and they have quite a large establishment here called the 'Goorkha Lines.' These soldiers are never moved, except for war, so they are able to settle down comfortably.

Tuesday was our last day at Dehra, and we had fixed upon it for a garden party as a sort of acknowledgment to all the people who had written their names in the visiting-book. We had it at the body-guard lines, and it was very successful. There were two tennis-courts, and tent-pegging and tilting, and everybody seemed amused, and all the ladies wondered why they had not tilted before, and determined to get it up here at once. Basil had been out in the morning to try tent-pegging,

and having taken three pegs he was much encouraged, and went on at it the whole afternoon, surviving everybody else. He was not quite successful before spectators, but he has greatly improved in his riding, and he enjoyed himself immensely. Hermie and Victoria tilted. The Dehra people said they were so sorry we were going, and that 'now the season was over and they would be so dull.' I suppose that our cavalcades on the road and all the bustle connected with such a big establishment did enliven a little place like this.

We have been very sorry to hear of the wreck of the *Tasmania*, the ship we came out in. The captain, who was drowned, was such a nice man, and it is a sad ending to his career. He was so anxious to get a shore appointment, poor man, and D. had done what he could for him, without success. We knew many of the people on board of her.

*Wednesday, 20th.*—We left Dehra in the morning and had a long drive to Saharanpore. The wind was very high and very hot, and the dust fearful, but we got through it, and the children seemed, as usual, to enjoy everything. We were glad of tea on our arrival at the station. Then we had an hour and a-half in the train, and awoke into Viceregal life again at Umballa, where guards of honour, bands, carriages and four, a salute, and all the signs of it came to remind us of our 'official position' after a month of private life. We put up at the hotel for the night, and sat out all the evening.

*Thursday, 21st.*—We had a very quiet morning, and

drove over to Pinjore in the afternoon. This curious little place, with its waterfalls and fountains and canals, its illuminations, fireworks, and tinsel decoration, delighted the children, and they were also immensely pleased at having to sleep in tents. You know Pinjore well by this time, so I need tell you no more about it.

*Friday, 22nd.*—We did our long, long drive up to Simla, and were very glad when we got there. Simla opens again a new chapter of our life, and so I will not begin upon it to-day, though it looks so very like itself that, having already described it to you steadily for two years, I do not know what I shall find to tell you this year that will be in the least new or interesting.

## CHAPTER XII

SIMLA, 1887

APRIL 24 TO NOVEMBER 2

*Sunday, 24th, to Friday, May 6th.*—The children are delighted with the small house, which they say is much bigger than they expected, and at the same time not too big to be home-like. They are glad the new 'Palace' is not finished. Watching its completion will be one of our amusements this year, and we have already made several expeditions to see it. D. is much pleased with it, and if only it is ready for us to go into next year, we shall be quite contented. It ought to be roofed in before the rains, if there is to be a chance of its being dry.

We miss our two young ladies very much, and how we are to get through six months of evenings without them I don't know.

We have been to look at the new Town Hall, which outside is something like an unfinished cathedral, but which inside is a collection of places of amusement. There is under its roof a small theatre, and a very fine ball-room, a drawing-room, a lending library and reading-room, and a windowless vault in which the Freemasons are to carry on their mysterious rites. It

also probably contains a room for public meetings, but I did not see one.

I have been going through the list of our entertainments at Simla last year, and I think it may amuse you to see the result of my examination and the statistics I have made out.

During our season 'in the country' we had 12 big dinners, the guests, irrespective of our household, being from 25 to 50 in number; 29 small dinners with from 6 to 15 guests; 1 state ball, 1 fancy ball, 1 children's fancy ball, 6 dances of about 250 people each; 2 garden parties and 2 evening parties. The total number of entertainments was 54, and the number of invited guests who actually did dine was 644.

*Friday, 27th.*—The Queen's Ball this year was, I think, a particularly nice one. The weather was lovely, the people were smart, and all seemed to be in the humour to enjoy themselves, so that there was a great deal of spirit about the affair. There were such numbers of new ladies that I felt quite a stranger among them. The dancing men I never do expect to know.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—My life is a burden to me by reason of my annual charity fête! I had rather an important letter to write after yesterday's meeting, but found it difficult to collect my ideas, and to keep them in any sort of order, when baskets of goods and notes kept pouring in the whole morning, and when, at least twenty times during its composition, I got up to unpack the things and to adjudicate upon their value, and to thank

the donors, and to see that their baskets were returned to them. One moment I was deep in vital questions concerning the Agra school, and the next I was thinking whether a doll was worth one rupee or two. It was a rest from these labours to go to Annandale for tent-pegging and tilting.

In the evening we went to the play in the new theatre. It is a very pretty little place, and is nicely decorated with pink muslin curtains in each box, and gold and white paint. We sit near the stage, and not only see the play very well, but all the people in the theatre too, which adds to the amusement.

*Friday, June 3rd, to Wednesday, 8th.*—We are destined to suffer the greatest anxiety about the weather for our fête. Every year it pours the day before, and threatens and worries us up to three o'clock on the real day, and this year it surpassed itself in this aggravating line. After two months of excessive heat and drought it must needs come down in a heavy shower on Thursday evening, and on Friday become positively vicious in its conduct. A terrific gust of wind at one o'clock in the day covered our rooms with dust, and sent us all flying to the windows to shut them, and then darkness came on and a deluge rattled upon the roof and great hailstones fell, and despair filled my mind. After one passionate squall it settled down into a steady downpour, and the lawn, which has hitherto looked like a desert, was soon converted into a marsh. Friday morning things looked better, but the clouds hung about, and occasionally a black one would pass over the blue sky just to tease us



apparently, for it never came down, and we ended by having a glorious day. I had not dared to put out any of the precious goods until three o'clock, and they were scarcely arranged when the people began to arrive. The grass was a little damp, but we had down carpets, and everyone was really glad to be neither hot nor dusty. The whole thing was very amusing, and the result was good.

I can hand over Rs. 4,200 odd to the Ripon Hospital, and I have about 140 things left from my table which I value at Rs. 400, and of which I am going to make one raffle for the poor of Simla. I shall divide the latter sum amongst the clergy here for distribution in the winter.

This being the 4th of June, D. dined at Sir F. Roberts' with all the other 'Eton boys' that could be collected. Mr. Lyall, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Sir Auckland Colvin were among them.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Observe the date! I have wasted a week and a-half, and can only give you a bed-and-sofa account of the gayest ten days of the season! As my journal is growing deadly dull, this is a pity, and you must imagine how very interesting it would all have been had not this insidious climate knocked me over for a time, with what might in popular language be termed a 'finger-ache.' I will first finish off with myself and my symptoms, and will then give you a second, third, and fourth-hand account of the gaieties I have missed. Monday I awoke with the very slightest headache, but

with an unconquerable disinclination to get up, so, supported by the doctor's assurance that twenty-four hours in bed would cure me, I remained where I was for that time. Tuesday I got up quite well, but most absurdly weak, and so I immediately gave up all idea of going to a dance that night, and about lunch-time I resolved not to receive visitors as I was bound to do that afternoon. Wednesday I still felt weak, and on Thursday I was up and prepared to receive guests at dinner here, and to sit out a dance after. However, I felt very cross in the afternoon; the servants passing the window, my book falling down, everything and nothing made me irritable. Such a very extraordinary circumstance as this made me look at the thermometer, and I found my temperature, and my temper, were at 101, a circumstance which has never happened to me in India before. I meant to say nothing about it, but as the doctor happened to come in, I did confide the matter to him, and he sent me to bed at once. Friday I remained there, Saturday ditto, and Sunday I was up most of the day, but still weak. Some time during this period I caught cold, but otherwise there seemed to be nothing whatever the matter with me. Yesterday I went down to lunch and dinner, and to-night I hope to go to the Roberts' fancy ball, so I must consider myself convalescent, though feeble. Certainly there is something of the vampire about this climate: it extracts your strength, and you know nothing about it until some very slight ailment reveals the melancholy fact.

Thursday there were races, and a big dinner and dance here, both of which I was able to follow from my

bed immediately above. First, a clatter of swords near my door, by which I know that His Excellency has been fetched, and that having descended the stairs, he is being taken round the guests, Lady Roberts, Sir Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Durand, Sir Auckland Colvin and ladies three, the French Consul, Mrs. Levet Yeatts, and thirty more. I hear 'God save the Queen,' and I know they are marching in to dinner, the Viceroy and Lady Roberts, Blanche and Sir Frederick, and a long line following; Blanche in a state of extreme nervousness at the very idea of sitting in my place, and assuring Sir Frederick that 'nothing would ever induce her to do such a thing again.' A long murmur of conversation follows and several pieces by the band, then 'God save the Queen' again—they are drinking Her Majesty's health; soon after that a general movement, and I know that dinner is over. D. runs up to see me for a moment, and then returns to his guests. Soon after the band begins to tune up, and the first quadrille begins, Blanche again in my place. After this I follow the dancers through polkas and waltzes, and a final galop, and then, imagining them drinking soup and putting on their cloaks, I go to sleep.

I don't know what happened on Friday, but Saturday was most exciting. There was a horse show, and all our favourite steeds were exhibited. The children went down at 7 A.M. to see it, and came back indignant and excited. My beautiful 'Hack' and Victoria's were, they said, pronounced by the imbecile judges to be too fat, and were put aside at once. 'Ruby' got no prize, and everything was most 'stupid and unfair.' However, in the

afternoon things improved. Lord William rode my 'No Name' for a trotting prize, and as she performed before the stand everyone exclaimed, 'What a beautiful pony!' and she got the first prize. 'Ruby,' it turned out, got second in one class, and was 'Highly commended' in another class. But by what sort of a pony do you suppose we were beaten? By a 'Lady's Hack' with broken knees. The judges preferred broken knees to a becoming amount of fat, and said 'They had made up their minds not to notice the former defect.' Victoria's 'Diplomat' got a second prize for jumping, and Basil appeared at dinner covered with 'commendations' and blue bows and pink tape, which he said had all been given to his beloved little 'Sarus.' The best animal of all was a whaler, and Archdeacon Tribe got two prizes for his clerical steed, it being the best hill pony and the fattest animal present. I was very sorry to miss this show.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—Lady Roberts' Jubilee Fancy Ball is over. I was not quite strong enough really to enjoy it, but it was undoubtedly a very pretty ball, and a very successful one. The new room is painted blue and white, and it lights up very well. On the walls were blue shields with the names of Sir Frederick's fields of battle in gold letters on them, and standing sentry in various parts of the rooms were soldiers from some of the regiments which made the great march with him. At the back of the stage was a trophy made of bayonets, a great '50' in the centre of it, and the word 'Jubilee' below. The night fortunately was fine, and when we arrived we were taken straight up to the ball-room, where we

found all the guests assembled, a very brilliant crowd indeed. I wore a real 'fancy' dress. As you are aware, this is the twenty-fifth year of my marriage, and therefore my silver-wedding year, so I thought a dress commemorative of the occasion would be suitable and new. It is a grey satin dress trimmed with silvery fringes, long open transparent silver canvas sleeves falling to nearly the bottom of my gown. My hair powdered, my diamond crown on, and a long silver veil hanging from the back of my head; diamond ornaments, and a tall and thick silver stick in my hand, surmounted by XXV in large silver figures; a white satin bow is tied beneath these, and on the long ends is embroidered in silver 'Twenty-five.'

*Monday, 27th.*—Having announced to you some days ago with a great flourish of trumpets that the rain had come, I must now tell you that we are having the most deplorably fine weather, and that we are getting quite anxious about the poor old monsoon. Dull and monotonous as it is, it is absolutely necessary to our happiness, for you may perhaps be able faintly to imagine what a famine scare, added to all our other chronic Indian scares, would be; and how we tremble, not at the idea of dusty roads or scarcity of baths, but over the inevitable and terrible misery occasioned by even a little famine here. We still hope for the deluge, however, so I won't depress you too much just yet.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—I have kept on advertising that I should be 'at home' to visitors every Tuesday afternoon

in June, but each time that the day arrived I was obliged to put off the reception, and so for the first time this month the event really came off to-day. Everybody owed me a visit, and I felt that if I had to receive in the house it would be a dreary performance; but happily the day was quite lovely, and my three grass terraces were beautifully green, and everything was perfect for a garden party, so all went off well, though, unluckily for my journal, without incidents.

*Wednesday, 29th.*—A very ordinary day, one spent quite in the usual manner. Archie played polo before breakfast; the children walked; D. and I appeared at nine, and we breakfasted in the family studio; then we all separated for lessons, letter-writing, and work. D. had his Council, which lasted till nearly lunch-time. After that meal there was some clay-pigeon shooting on the lawn, and then business of various sorts till 4.30. D. visited his new house and went all over it, and most of us met at Annandale, where the boys tent-peg and the girls tilt. We had just time to read our letters before dinner, and we looked at the papers after and went to bed at ten.

*Thursday, 30th.*—This is 'Our Day,' the one on which we give our evening entertainments, and on which therefore no one else in Simla is supposed to have dinner parties or dances. This week we had a very pleasant dinner party of forty-seven people in all.

*Friday, July 15th.*—D. took Hermie and me all over

the house in the afternoon. We climbed up the most terrible places, and stood on single planks over yawning chasms. The workpeople are very amusing to look at, especially the young ladies in necklaces, bracelets, earrings, tight cotton trousers, turbans with long veils hanging down their backs, and a large earthenware basin of mortar on their heads. They walk about with the carriage of empresses, and seem as much at ease on the top of the roof as on the ground-floor; most picturesque masons they are. The house will really be beautiful, and the views all round are magnificent. I saw the plains distinctly from my boudoir window, and I am glad to have that open view, as I shall not then feel so buried in the hills.

*Saturday, August 20th.*—We made a great expedition with the Lyalls down to a temple 500 feet below here. The road was very steep, so we walked and jumped, with long sticks, a great part of the way till we reached the bed of a river with streams trickling through it, a lovely little Hindu temple on its banks, with very fine pine-trees surrounding it, and a beautiful greensward on which some very desirable tea and tempting cakes were spread out for our refreshment. We came home another way, very uphill riding; our horses' backs were at an angle of forty-five, and we stuck on them as well as we could while they scaled the 500 feet. A lady who was with the Lyalls kept losing her helmet, Edward Fletcher's saddle kept slipping over his pony's tail, the accompanying dogs kept disappearing down the khuds, to the great anxiety of their mistresses, but finally we

all got safe to the top, and there decided that we had enjoyed ourselves immensely.

*Thursday, 25th.*—I must send this off to-day, but I have just time to tell you that we have had a luncheon party for three French gentlemen who have just made a wonderful journey. They left Teheran eight months ago, and they have reached India by some unheard-of route, suffering from miseries of all kinds on the way—starvation, snow-blindness, snow-water only to drink, and finally, by the time they reached Chitral, destitution. There they were rescued from their calamities by means of letters sent from here. One is a botanist, one an artist, and one is to be an author, and they were sent out by the French Geographical Society, and *meant* to come by a particular route, but, though they were prevented from following it, succeeded in finding one for themselves. They are clad in the roughest homespun, and have no other clothes, and so they could not appear in the evening. We had all the Councillors to meet them, and D. made a little complimentary speech in their honour, which they did not understand, and we drank their healths, which they did comprehend. They wrote their names in my book, and I think they are called Pépin, Bonvallot, and Capus. You must look out for their book. It will be ready in about three years, so perhaps we may read it together.

*Saturday, 27th, to Tuesday, 30th.*—The Persian Consul-General came up from Bombay to present me with the Order of the Sun. Basil and Mr. Grant turned out



of Mount Pleasant, and that house was given up to him. Happily he thinks it an additional honour that he should have the apartments usually occupied by the Viceroy's son, and he is altogether much pleased with his reception. He seems to have expected to be put into a *dák* bungalow, but instead of that he has this house, and is our guest; he was met by an A.D.C. in uniform, and is attended by one at all times. He came down to dinner in the evening, and turns out to be a real Persian *sommité*, speaking French, but no English. D. talked Persian to him after dinner, with great success. He left a card, or rather a paper, on all the members of the Staff, which reads as follows: 'Haji Mirza Hoossein Goli Khan, Mohtamid-ul-Vyzarell. Former appointment in Persia—Prime Military General. Private Secretary for Foreign Minister. Present appointment—Consul-General for Persia in India. He is the fourth son of the late Mirza Aga Khan, Sadar-ul-Aazim, Prime Minister for Persia.'

We only see him in the evening, for he breakfasts at eleven, then sleeps, and then rides out. When he meets the Hon'ble Basil he descends from his horse to greet him, and as the Viceroy's son he deems him worthy of one of the above cards, and of every honour.

On Monday the great ceremony took place. The drawing-room was arranged as for a *darbar*, the gold carpet was down, the maces and peacock's feathers were present. The Viceroy, the Foreign Secretary, and all the Staff were in full uniform, and the Consul-General was ushered in with great state. I stepped forward and received from him a letter from the Shah, a translation

of which I send you. The ribbon of the Order was put over my right shoulder, and the star pinned on, and then we all sat down. The Consul-General made a little speech in Persian, Mr. Durand said a few words in reply, we rose, shook hands with the Consul, and he backed out, making occasional bows which we returned as gracefully as possible. Then we examined the most illustrious Order of the Sun. The ribbon is a pink watered one with two narrow green lines at the edge, and the jewel hanging from it is a half sun. The centre is a 'moon face' with diamond rays half round it. The star is a whole sun. The centre of it is also a Persian beauty face, with very round fat cheeks, very black eyebrows and black hair, some of which comes on to the cheeks like whiskers. This is a sort of enamel, and the rays round it are all diamonds.

Next day the same ceremonial was repeated, except that on this occasion I handed the Consul-General my 'autograph' letter to His Majesty the Shah. The Viceroy read a long Persian speech which I did not understand, and he also presented the Ambassador with a handsome gold medal as a souvenir of his visit here. I believe he is much pleased with it. Of course I wore my Order nightly, and also at this second durbar. The Persian leaves to-morrow. He is longing to get away from Bombay, where he is always ill, and to return to Teheran, or, better still, to be made Ambassador at some European Court.

*From His Majesty the Shah of Persia to Her Excellency  
the Countess of Dufferin.*

(The seal on the top of the letter reads—The Kingdom belongs to God. The Sultan, son of the Sultan, Nasir-ud-Din Shah-i-Kajar.)

Dated Shawal, 1304 (June-July, 1887).

‘Taking into view the perfect friendship and unity which have existed from of old between the two glorious Governments—Persian and English—and which with the help of the Most High God will be on the increase and growing day by day—it (friendship) requires that we should by good means reveal and give expression to the sentiments of our heart—the panorama of pure friendship—to the holders of the high offices of that Government. Therefore we have sent as a present the Insignia of the Imperial Order of the Sun of the Sublime Persian Empire, which is one of the new and illustrious Orders introduced by this Government of everlasting foundation, and which is specially intended for ladies of high rank, for Madame la Comtesse Harriot Dufferin, the esteemed wife of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of the Indian Empire, so that Her Ladyship may adorn her virtuous breast therewith and remain under the protection of Gracious God.’

*Wednesday, 31st.*—I thought I would like to see what the Zenana Mission in Simla were doing, so I arranged to visit the school in the bazaar and to see as many of the women as could be assembled in one house.

Blanche was with me, and we went down hills and stairs till we reached the room where the school is. There were about twenty of those pretty little Indian girls who always look so attractive in their bright-coloured garments and silver anklets, bracelets, and other jewellery. They sang to me, and read and wrote Bengali. They seem to be extraordinarily quick and clever in learning everything, and as their education is such a very short one, generally ending at twelve years of age, it is a good thing that they are.

I next went on to the zenana where the women, to whom Miss James gives lessons in their own houses, were collected together. There were about seventeen or twenty there, and they welcomed me most warmly. The lady of the house was a remarkably pretty woman, and did the honours charmingly. After I had shaken hands with everyone and sat down, they all showered flowers over me, and each one gave me a bouquet. The interpreter was like most interpreters, and would answer my remarks and theirs herself, instead of repeating everything we all said; this makes it so difficult to carry on a friendly conversation. One of the women read English to me, and I was given a cup of tea and a quantity of cakes were spread before me, but as I could not possibly eat them then, we took them away with us in a tray! The house belonged to a Babu in an office here and looked very comfortable, with pictures on the wall, and some special decorations of flowers for me. These women learn reading and work, and Miss James said our hostess was a particularly good accountant. It must be a great comfort to them to have some such

occupations. Of course, in every case where these lessons are received, Christianity is taught as well.

The afternoon looked very threatening, nevertheless the Lyalls came over here, and we took them to see the Chadwick waterfall. Such a descent! And such an ascent! I walked down, but came up in a jhampan, and often seemed to be standing on my feet in it.

*Thursday, September 1st.*—I am trying to start a small Work Society here on the principle of several English ones I know of: each member to undertake to make (or give) six articles of clothing a year for local charities. I had a little meeting to set it going, and we decided to work for two orphanages, the hospital, and one leper asylum near here. Mrs. Madden undertook to be secretary of the grown-up part of it, and to receive and give out the patterns, and I have got Mrs. Craigie Halkett to manage the children's branch. I hope to get 100 members, who will produce 600 garments, and these will be a great help to the institutions selected.

When this meeting was over, I went for a few moments to a concert in aid of the R. C. Church. It was got up by the congregation, and there were quite a different audience and different performers to those of the Monday Pop. I had to attend another charity concert on Saturday, and I was so tired of music that I determined not to go to one on Monday, but when the day came, and I found that a Member of Council was to perform, I was really obliged just to look in to hear him!

*Wednesday, October 5th.*—We had such a very pretty little ‘school feast’ to-day for the Zenana Mission Girls’ School. In England it would have been considered a fast, for there was nothing to eat; the only attempt at refreshments was a bagful of sweets for each child to take away with her. There were about twenty-two children, and they did look so pretty and so merry playing about on the grass. Their gay saris and their silver anklets were not very convenient for blind-man’s buff, and some of the jewellery had to be taken off till the games were over. First of all they swung three at a time in Victoria’s swing; they looked at some conjuring and performing birds, and then they romped about. They were not in the least shy, and seemed perfectly happy. Just before they left they were assembled in the drawing-room, and I presented them with their prizes, and gave each one either a Jubilee medal or a Jubilee card and the bag of bonbons. I had invited about twelve small European children to meet them, and a few ladies who are interested in the schools. One little English boy was much impressed by the gold ribbon plaited in with a girl’s hair, and I had difficulty in keeping his hands off it.

*Thursday, 6th.*—I received a visit from Bazabai Saheb Apte, a widowed half-sister of the celebrated Nana Sahib. She has come up from Gwalior to make some petition, but she was so ill when she arrived that the interview had to be cut very short. She is a nice-looking but melancholy woman, and as she has been suffering from fever, she had to be supported into the room, and lay in

a gasping condition in an arm-chair all the time she was there. She was dressed in plain white cotton, as, being a widow, she is not allowed warmer or smarter clothes. She looked very miserable in these summer garments, and it is no wonder she was ill coming up from the plains to this cold climate and unable to make any change in her clothing.

*Friday, 7th.*—This is the day of the Fête given to the members of the Viceroy's Office, and I hear sounds of merriment from below this house. Triumphant arches are erected, and a great Shamiana is up, almost hiding from view the grounds of the houses and offices there, but room is just left for a Gymkhana (without horses), which the children have gone to see. Bands are playing, and cheering is going on, and I am sure all are enjoying themselves much. Great arrangements have been made for this holiday. In the evening we went down there at nine o'clock. We found the whole place beautifully illuminated; a guard of honour on the carpeted pathway which led to the theatre, cannons going off at intervals, and at the entrance to the house which opened into the Shamiana an array of armed men on horses—of Armsdell manufacture! The men had cocked hats and blue uniforms and drawn swords, and the horses looked very spirited and difficult to manage. The guns were drawn up at one side, so that the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the Armsdell Volunteers were all represented. The Shamiana itself was beautifully decorated—the poles twined with flowers and hung with little glasses, banks of flowers in front

of the stage and before our chairs, with XXV. in white chrysanthemums in the centre of each ; strings of Indian toys and shining things were strung from side to side, and the place was filled with spectators. We sat on the raised verandah of the house opposite the stage. The performance began with a nautch, and then came the comedy. It was adapted from 'Box and Cox' by Mr. Panioty, and was written for the occasion. These well-known gentlemen became 'Bhose and Ghose,' and had, moreover, two servants, who not only were deceived in the matter of accommodation, but were also devoted to the same lady. The piece was very well acted by the Babus belonging to the Office, and was most amusing. Between the acts three pretty little boys in very smart clothes played upon native instruments. At the end of the play a band of Druids, singing, advanced bearing a beautiful banner, on which was embroidered our arms in gold on blue satin, and the figures XXV., with good wishes for our silver wedding ; the whole surmounted by a little cross. The back of the banner was pink, and had on it our names. The Chief Druid made us a little speech, and then D. got up and thanked them all for their kind thought on this occasion, and for their fidelity always, and we left. The forces (which, by the way, marched round the place once during the performance—horse, foot, artillery, grass-cutters, bheesties, ambulance, and all) were again in order outside as we walked away. The stage was very prettily arranged, a very smart 'lodging' hung with phulcarries. In fact, the whole entertainment must have demanded great forethought and ingenuity, and it was a very charming one.



*Saturday, October 15th.*—I am having a holiday, so I cannot be expected to write a very long or methodical journal; at the same time it will never do to let a very delightful and idle week escape record, when so many 'trivial rounds' find a place in this veracious history. I am obliged to begin with our last dissipation at Simla—a very amusing Gymkhana, for which we stayed at home one day longer than we had intended. There was to be a Ladies' Hack race, and the exciting part of it was that a gentleman had presented Rs. 250 for a prize. Lord William appeared on Victoria's pony and easily took the first place in the race and won it for her. Victoria was much more delighted with the fact that her pony did so well than with the bundle of notes presented to her. Another very amusing race was that ridden by the 'heavy' gentlemen on our Staff, persons who had never ridden or won races before. Sir Donald on the 'Masher' flying round the course had the best wishes of all the spectators, but he did not win. Mr. Grant carried off the cup which the Staff presented to itself. Then there was a Rickshaw race, and Blanche came in triumphant, directing her men when to spare themselves and when to strive. The family went home happy and triumphant, and Blanche was quite as pleased at having won a pair of gloves for being last in the Ladies' Hack race as Victoria was with being first in it. Hermie, too, was delighted because her pony, of which she had previously entertained rather a low opinion, was second in this same race.

On Sunday we went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon rode out to Mushobra. This house was

built by Lord William Hay when he was in India, and is now divided into two flats. The Roberts' have the upper one, and Sir Edward Buck the lower. Lady Roberts' lent me her floor, and Sir E. Buck offered me his too, but I only took two of his rooms and left the rest for Mrs. Scoble, who was anxious to try change of air. D. did not come out till Tuesday, by which time we had made everything as warm and comfortable as possible. You can't think how we all enjoy this bit of country life, the first we have had since we came to India. We are in a forest on the top of a hill, and we look upon rolling ranges, backed by magnificent snow mountains; we throw on a hat, seize a big stick, and go gloveless, and unaccompanied, at our own sweet wills, and at all hours of the day, roaming through the woods, and taking real walks in the morning; then in the afternoon we send out tea to some sequestered spot and ride to it, and sit on the grass and see the kettle boil, while the children eat a 'big' tea, and enjoy themselves thoroughly.

One morning while roaming we saw a smart lady from Simla rushing out of her house to meet us, and we had to pay her a visit, which sounds much too civilised; but she confided to us that she had been making a pudding when she saw us coming, so that quite restored the romance of the situation. The best of all is that D. is really doing nothing, and that he reads a novel and says, 'This is peaceful and delightful'—and so on at intervals.

One dissipation we had, and that was a grand picnic given by Lord William near here. It was held in a *château* built by an Italian pastrycook. The dining-room walls

are views of Naples and Sicily, sunny skies and volcanoes, picturesque peasants and adventurous goats. The other sitting-rooms are gorgeously coloured, and there are busts on the stairs made by the pastrycook himself. Lord William had invited a goodly company, and we sat at small tables of eight and really did enjoy it all. We were photographed in a group, and we shot at targets, and played badminton, and swung in a marvellous and most alarming-looking swing, and finally rode home just in time to escape a thunderstorm. In the evening we play round games, with acorns for counters—we are nothing if we are not rural.

Major Cooper is the only A.D.C. who is staying with us. Friday morning he rode out to Naldera before breakfast with the children, and D. and I followed in time for lunch. We found them all enjoying themselves thoroughly. The ride out had been delightful, and the new place had interested them immensely. We had lunch, and the children got three tin baths out of the tents which had been put up in case we should fancy sleeping at Naldera, and began to toboggan down the grassy slopes in them. The success was moderate, but the amusement was great. Next came a gallop over the hills and a ride home, with tea somewhere on the way.

*Sunday, 16th.*—Our holiday is over, and we go home this afternoon. After breakfast we went for a walk, and as we were gazing at the magnificent view I spied Fred and Blanche riding home from Narkunda on the road below; we called and waved our handkerchiefs, and as

soon as they realised our presence and knew that we were still here, they turned round and came up to spend the day with us. The weather is perfectly lovely, so fresh and so sunny and delightful. We are sitting on the balcony, and shall ride home after lunch. This will be our last week at Simla, and so I could not afford to wait here till Monday, nor could I tear myself away yesterday, twenty-four hours before it was absolutely necessary to go. We have greatly enjoyed the holiday and the freedom and comparative solitude of this place. This is the only bit of writing I have done since I came here, and I have not much to show in the way of books read either! I need not add that the children have been equally idle!

*Monday, 17th, to Saturday, 22nd.*—Our plans have been somewhat disarranged. There are a few cases of cholera at Quetta and in some of the surrounding districts, and as so many servants travel with us who will drink water on every possible occasion, and as the Viceroy's presence in the place would bring all sorts of people together from all sorts of villages, it might cause an outburst of the disease both in the neighbourhood and in our train, and so we have to leave interesting Quetta altogether out of our tour. We do not now go from Simla till the 3rd of November.

On Saturday D. gave a 'tamasha' to all the workpeople engaged on the new house—about 1,000 men and women. The games were in the adjoining grounds, and at eleven o'clock we went up to see them. The workpeople were all squatting round a flat 'racecourse,'

and we sat on a terrace above. It was most amusing. There were men with red masks, golden helmets, glittering jackets, swords, and bare brown legs, jumping about aimlessly after the manner of clowns. There were long-bearded and crowned pantaloons; there were imitation nautch-girls; there were men dressed as Langours, the costume consisting of patches of cotton-wool gummed on to the naked skin, and entirely covering all but the face, which appeared to be black-leaded. The entertainment opened with an address to the Viceroy and with the singing of laudatory songs; then there was wrestling and fencing and races of all sorts, and a representation of a cheetah hunt. Two very respectable deer with fine horns and shawl-covered bodies, with two men inside each, were attacked by a man dressed as a cheetah, who sprang about on all fours, and managed a very long tail with great dexterity. When he succeeded in jumping on to the deer's back that animal fell down dead. The great *pièce de résistance* then came on. It was a large wooden tiger borne aloft on men's shoulders; a long bar passed through his mouth, at each end of which sat a man in costume, holding a large sword; within the tiger's jaws lay a boy, also dressed up, and allowing his head to hang down in a most uncomfortable fashion; and behind all sat the Goddess Devi. I tried to photograph some of these curious figures, but they have no notion of sitting, and always make a point of being particularly active at the most critical moment. As soon as I took the cap off, Devi changed her sword from her right to her left hand, and the mortals were equally unreasonable. We stayed

looking on for a couple of hours, but the fête lasted till dark.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—This was our silver-wedding day. We received a great many kind wishes and a number of lovely presents from friends here and at home.

At dinner Sir Donald Wallace proposed our healths in a very kind and pretty speech, and D. replied. I think we both felt rather chokey, for we have indeed had five-and-twenty very happy years together, and the termination of a quarter of a century of life almost unclouded by great sorrows, and full of many blessings, is a real epoch in one's history.

## CHAPTER XIII

OUR AUTUMN TOUR, 1887—KAPURTHALLA, KARACHI,  
THE N.-W. FRONTIER, AND LAHORE

NOVEMBER 3 TO DECEMBER 15

*Thursday, November 3rd.*—We left Simla at eight o'clock. Guards of honour, bands, and celebrities to see us off, and a family to leave behind. They are very happy, however, and have every intention of enjoying themselves. Fred and Captain Burn are the A.D.C.s who travel with us.

I found the drive of ninety-six miles very long, and though we enjoyed it for a few hours, we thought the last two or three very weary. An escort met us near Umballa, and some beautiful uniforms appeared at the station. We dined quietly in the train and slept in a siding. Mr. O'Meara, the Simla dentist, who has just been on a professional visit to the Amir at Cabul, dined with us. The Amir had his teeth drawn and his new ones put in in open durbar, and he requested Mr. O'Meara to teach one of his armourers how to make a set for the Governor of Cabul. As the man felt that his head would probably be cut off if the teeth were uncomfortable, he proved a very apt pupil.

*Friday, 4th.*—We started off early in the morning and got to Kapurthalla about twelve o'clock. The Maharajah, who at Rawal Pindi two years ago was a boy, is now a young man. He has grown very much taller, and is very bright and pleasant-looking. He was married last year. He always dresses very magnificently, wears bright turbans, and has a lovely red velvet coat embroidered with gold. He met the Viceroy on the way and drove him to the Resident's house.

Colonel and Mrs. Massy represent our host. Their house is very nice, with lofty rooms, and surrounded by a large garden. In our programme I found a list of events for the afternoon that looked formidable. There were, as usual, two durbars for D., one here and one at the Rajah's house; a garden party, a state banquet, and an evening party. However, it turned out there are only six Europeans here, so these six were the garden party and the banquet, and about ten native gentlemen also appeared in the garden and afterwards formed the evening party. Before dinner we drove round the little town, which was illuminated.

*Saturday, 5th.*—The gentlemen all started early to go out shooting, but Mrs. Massy and I did not follow them till later. We had some way to drive along an excellent road, in a carriage drawn by mules, which went at a great pace. Then we mounted elephants and rode across a prairie to a tent laid out for luncheon. The sportsmen had to confess that they had killed nothing, but they were quite ready to try again after they had fortified themselves with some food. Accordingly at three o'clock



the nineteen elephants were ordered to the tent-door, and everyone tried to remember which was his particular animal, and having done so he got into his howdah, or on to his pad, or into his silver tray. All the elephants had their trunks and faces elaborately painted, and all were covered with scarlet cloths bordered with red and yellow patchwork and with green fringes. When we marched forward side by side, slowly pacing through the jungle grass, we looked very imposing, I assure you. A company of mounted soldiers accompanied us to mark down the game. The first excitement was a pig, which ran along the line and which received many a bullet before he gave up his life. Several more followed, and the scene was most lively and exciting, but the shooting looks exceedingly difficult. Both the pig and the black buck are almost hidden in the grass; the former you can scarcely see at all, and the latter give great bounds in and out of the cover, and in both cases you generally have to trust to chance shots aimed at places where the grass is seen to be moving. This is what most people did, and nearly the whole army of sportsmen had a try at each animal. The excitement was added to by the very great dislike the elephants have to the pig. On approaching a wounded one, they would start back and bellow, and I could feel mine tremble every time he saw one. D. got three pigs, one of them a very big one. We did not see many buck until nearly dark, when it was impossible to get them. They are such lovely little animals, one cannot help rejoicing that they have escaped the bullet when one sees them bounding along. Two nilgai were also seen at dusk. I enjoyed the afternoon immensely, and everyone was

content with the bag, which consisted of eight pig and si deer. We again galloped home and had a quiet evening.

*Sunday, 6th.*—There is no church here, so we had service in the drawing-room. When it was over I went to the palace to visit the ladies. The Maharajah met me on the steps of the palace, and conducted me behind the screens which were arranged in front of the door. There I found the ladies awaiting me, and we walked into the drawing-room together. The visit was much easier and less formal than usual.

After lunch we went out in boats. There is a charming river on which you can get an eight miles row. It looks quite English, and had it not been for glimpses of policemen on the banks anxiously endeavouring to keep their eye on the Viceroy, we might have imagined we were at home. Their picturesque dress, however, dispelled the illusion, and besides in England D. is not under police supervision—as a rule. We arrived at a certain little promontory on which tents were pitched and a five o'clock tea banquet was spread, and there we landed and enjoyed it. The afternoon was a very pleasant one, but we rather regret that this restful visit should come at the beginning instead of in the middle of our tour; we don't deserve it yet.

On our way home we stopped to see a lovely little temple or sepulchre which has been built to hold the late Rajah's ashes. It is of red stone, and all most beautifully carved in openwork patterns, quite in the old Delhi and Agra style. The marble floor at the bottom is not finished, and the ashes now present the appearance of a

heap of mortar lying in the midst of the workmen's tools ; they will eventually be placed under a tombstone.

*Monday, 7th.*—We have had another day's shooting, exactly like the last I described. Tents sprang up in the wilderness, and tables spread with all the luxuries of the season appeared ready for our refreshment at the hungry hour of two. There the nineteen elephants, with all their gay trappings and scarlet attendants, knelt to receive us on their backs, and we had a very enjoyable afternoon. On the way home we made the huge animals race, and we got well shaken about in our howdahs as they jolted along.

After dinner Colonel Gordon Young, who is a grandson of Young the actor, read to us. He has inherited the talent, and he chose some very good pieces for the purpose, and gave us a very nice entertainment.

We sleep very soundly after the long days in the air, and besides the plains are much more sleepy than the hills.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—D. went out shooting, and I did some sight-seeing on my own account. I visited the stables, which are very substantial edifices built in circles. The inner circle is formed by a series of coach-houses opening on to a good coach-yard. The back of this round building is divided into loose boxes, and the horses are either in these or are tethered outside in a wide space between their own homes and those of their syces, whose houses form the outer circle of the establishment, and whose doors and windows look immediately on to the horses. Then I went over the offices, and saw all the clerks at work. The building is new and is very

European-looking; but as the officials do not care for tables and prefer sitting on the floor to do their business, one feels they would probably be happier and more comfortable in an old-fashioned den than in these lofty and bare apartments. There is no furniture at all in them—just a drugget on the floor and a couple of ordinary chests in the corners; and the men sit about anyhow, with small pen-boxes beside them and heaps of papers round them. They are doing the business of the State in this, to our eyes, unbusiness-like manner, but I dare say they work as hard as those who sit on chairs and have more of the paraphernalia of the scribe about them. The record office was rather interesting. All the papers are kept on shelves, and present the appearance of thousands of many-coloured bundles, for they are wrapped in various cloths, the four corners of which are tied together, and they are then piled up to the ceiling. Each bundle has a ticket on it which shows to which village it refers, and any paper wanted can be produced directly. The central part of these buildings is to be a durbar hall. It is very large and lofty, and will be very handsome when it is quite finished. I climbed on to the roof and saw from it an extensive view of Kapurthalla.

In the afternoon we went to the Rajah's tennis party, and when we had had tea we were conducted into the drawing-room. He takes great pleasure in this room, and re-arranges the furniture in it every Sunday morning. All his little ornaments are in very good taste, and he has some lovely coloured photographs of Mrs. Langtry, Mary Anderson, and Mrs. Brown Potter! A schoolroom in a severer style opens out of this boudoir,

and D. showed him on the globe all the places he has been to. The Maharajah presented a portrait of himself to the Viceroy, painted by a carpenter of the place. It is really very good, extremely like, and with a quaintness about it which makes it look like a very old picture. The Rajah is represented sitting in a high-backed chair, the gold carving of which has the effect of an inner frame to the picture; the colouring is very successful, and the Rajah wears a splendid red garment, while his turban is covered with jewels. The frame is of carved wood, and the whole will look well on the walls of Clandeboye.

After dinner we said good-bye to everyone and drove to the railway station; there we slept in the train, and started afresh on our journey in the middle of the night.

*Thursday, 10th.*—We travelled all yesterday through a dreary country, and all night too, reaching 'Rohri Bunder' at breakfast-time this morning.

This place is on the banks of the Indus, and is exactly opposite to Sukkur. One can understand that it may be a dreary and dreadful place to live in, and that the glare and heat of the sun must be terrific, in the summer, but a tourist in November is rather struck by its charms. There is the river, there are palm-trees, and there are mud-covered buildings, which somehow pile themselves up into solid squares and towers, and manage to look imposing. The great point of interest to us is a big bridge which is to cross the Indus here, and we went down in a steamer to visit the works. It

will not be finished for another two years. Having seen it, we spent a couple of hours on the river, for all our railway carriages had to be transported across it, and that was a work of time. We had lunch on a barge, and got off again at about four o'clock.

Two little things amused us here: one is the Scinde hat, which consists of a gold brocade 'chimney-pot' hat worn the wrong side up; and the other is the way in which the natives go out fishing. They have large earthenware vessels, with a hole in the top. Over this hole they lie, kicking their legs in the water to guide the frail barque, and using their arms to hold the line. When a fish is caught he is immediately dropped into the pot. The man carries his net on his head when he is not using it, and so he travels about 'very light.' I must not forget to mention the fort at Sukkur, which is a very large one of the most old-fashioned and fragile type, and another building which at one time was covered with bright-coloured tiles; there seven mysterious ladies lived and were buried. I don't see, however, that this gives them the least title to fame.

*Friday, 11th.*—More journeying through the uninteresting desert of Scinde, scrubby bushes and cactus covering an immense sandy plain. Colonel Wallace is with us, and Mr. Lightfoot is the accompanying railway official.

We arrived at Karachi this afternoon. It presents the appearance of a bran-new town set down in a sandy desert; but it has a harbour, and it has great aspirations, and it has a railway question, which made us feel a little like arriving at British Columbia in the days of

the great agitation there. The address at the station was full of the question, and all other addresses have continued to be full of it; but, although D. can promise nothing, he does fully sympathise with the natural desire the inhabitants have to see their town become the capital of all India, as they think it might—or perhaps, to put it more moderately, with their wish to connect themselves by land with the best parts of the country, instead of being cut off from the commercial world as they now are. There is only one railway which passes through the desert of Scinde, and which goes north, and daily posts are unknown here. This port is one day nearer to Europe than Bombay, and Karachi sees every reason why this fortunate circumstance should eventually make it the successful rival of that now flourishing town. While D. was expressing his sympathy at the station, the camels in the neighbourhood cheered loudly.

We had a quiet dinner in the Commissioner's house, where we are staying. Mr. Pritchard is his name. There was a levée afterwards.

*Saturday, 12th.*—We had a long expedition to-day, and the Roberts, who have arrived from Quetta, were of the party. We drove to the train, and went a little way in that, stopping for a few minutes to open a bridge. Then we got on board a steamer and went outside the harbour. We were to see some torpedoes go off, and were carefully told where to look. Accordingly we gazed and gazed, with our hearts in our mouths, but the buoys were bumped in vain, and nothing went off. While we were still earnestly fixing the spot indicated as the site

of the torpedo, an explosion occurred, and we all stared wildly about the ship to see what had happened, and only at the very moment the last drops of water sank down into the calm did we realise that on the other side of the ship a torpedo had gone off properly.

After this we had a great lunch ; and, whether eating, drinking, or talking, we were never safe from the photographer, who took shots at us all the time.

Later in the afternoon we landed, looked at models of forts, models of harbours, chalk lines marking out defences, &c. The ladies escaped for a time, and had some tea on a delightful windy elevation looking over the sea ; and I climbed to the top of the lighthouse, and had a good view of the oceans of sand landwards, as well as of the real ocean almost surrounding us, which at the moment I was helping to illuminate.

We went home by trolley, steam-launch, and carriage, and then there was a dinner party and a reception, and so ended a busy day.

*Sunday, 13th.*—I went to church twice, and heard two sermons in favour of my Fund. The offertories were for it.

Between the services I was provided with a great pleasure. I was allowed to make an assignation with Katie,<sup>1</sup> who sat at one end of a wire in Teheran, while I sat at the other in Karachi, and so we were able to converse. I was really astonished at the rapidity with which it was all done. It seemed scarcely possible she should have read what I had to say before she replied to it, and I felt some unreasonable impatience that the

<sup>1</sup> My sister—Lady Nicolson—wife of the Chargé d'Affaires.



machine was not able to accomplish just a little more, and let me hear or see her. Saying good-bye was the worst of it, for it really did seem like beginning a new term of separation. Fred and D. assisted at the *séance*.

After this we drove to the Zoological Gardens, which are new, but which promise very well. It is rather funny here to find oneself expected to admire the trees, and one looks a little bewildered until one has thoroughly digested the fact that they have only been planted four years. Seen in that light they are admirable, and quite gigantic. Without it they are only shrubs few and far between.

*Monday, 14th.*—I had a busy morning. I visited two schools and looked at the Roman Catholic church. The first school was a Protestant one for boys and girls, and the second a convent school for girls.

Then I returned home and received His Highness the Mir Hasan Ali Khan. He is a great Mahometan noble of Hyderabad, Scinde, and he came to see me about my Fund. He was beautifully and curiously dressed. His loose 'Turkish' trousers were striped red and green. His short coat was scarlet velvet and gold. His jewels were wonderful: a great belt of them round his waist, another across his shoulder, bracelets of magnificent flat diamonds round his arms, rings of immense stones on his fingers, and other splendid trifles in various directions. Then his hat! It was the 'chimney-pot' reversed, but it was covered with gems: round the edge of the brim (which you recollect is the

top of the hat) a row of large pearls, while more jewels covered all the rest of it. His sword-handle was beautiful, too, and I had much to look at while his flattering Persian speeches were being translated to me. He spoke very nicely of the usefulness of my Scheme, and said that in the harems in Scinde not even a man's picture is admitted, much less a live doctor, and, therefore, that female medical aid is truly necessary there.

I must tell you that Hyderabad, Scinde, has taken the thing up warmly. The municipality have engaged Miss Ellaby, M.D., from Bombay. They pay her salary, provide quarters, and are to build a dispensary. They are also going to open a training school for dhais. I have nowhere seen the Scheme start under more favourable circumstances.

I forgot to tell you that when His Highness the Mir was talking to me, I saw with dismay that he had lost four large pearls off the rim of his hat, and that one more was on the point of going. However, I suppressed my inclination to tell him this, and I heard afterwards that he had had a little accident on his way, his horses having begun to fight in the carriage, but that he had saved his pearls. When he was driving off I saw that one of the horses had his head muffled up in a red cotton handkerchief. So the equipage was not quite up to the requirements of so splendid a person as my visitor !

When this nobleman had gone, I saw about twelve gentlemen, some of them members of the aforesaid municipality, and we ventilated our mutual ideas, and had a very satisfactory conversation. I am very much

pleased at this Hyderabad affair ; and they have collected a good deal of money in other parts of the province.

I was occupied thus till luncheon, and so, when I was called upon at 3.30 to go out in a very hot sun to see two stones laid, I begged off, and am writing my letters instead.

The Commissioner had a dinner party, and afterwards we all went to a ball in the Frere Hall. It was a very good one. The room is a fine large one with a beautiful floor, and the supper was in an immense tent lined with red and white and profusely decorated with plants, so that, looking at them, it was difficult to believe that we were in the midst of a sandy desert. A staircase had been put up for the occasion from the ball-room down to this tent ; it was covered over and draped with phulcarries of different kinds, and the whole thing was extremely pretty. D. danced all the time, as the best way of expressing his sense of the civility done him, and we did not leave the ball till two o'clock, when we drove straight to our railway carriage and there slept the sleep of the tired.

We left one of our party behind. Fred seems to have got a little touch of the sun, and had some fever, and so he remained with kind Mr. Pritchard, but will, I hope, catch us up in a few days. We all liked our visit to Karachi, and found our host and all the people there very hospitable and friendly.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—We had a long day in the train, and were glad when it was over. I changed carriages before bedtime, as mine is too long to take up to Quetta.

Have I told you we are going there? D. has always been distressed at having given up that expedition, and so at last he determined to cut one day off Karachi and to manage it. We are now full of pleasure and excitement at the idea. We hear that it is extremely cold, but as we have so far been extremely warm, we quite like the idea of being chilled.

The cholera seems to have disappeared from there, which enables us to do this.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—We have had a most interesting day through a most extraordinary country. It is very difficult to give you an idea of it, it is so unlike anything you have ever seen. The whole is absolutely barren, and it looks like a great storehouse of the earth's material rather than a finished portion of our world. There are piles of rock, and piles of sand, and piles of gravel, and piles of mud, ready as it were to the Creator's hand, but not yet used up. All is the same colour, and none of the prettinesses of life have any place here. There are no trees, no grass, no flowers, nothing ornamental or frivolous! But parts of it are very grand in a weird and uncanny way. The Chappa Rift for instance! To see it we got into an open car and started from a station facing a hill in which there appeared to be just a 'rift' and nothing more. As we opened it out we saw there was a great gap in the hill and that a little iron bridge was thrown across it at a height of 300 feet. To get up to this we had to go some way round, the railway ascending 'one in thirty-five.' We passed through tunnels and over skeleton bridges, and across this Chappa Rift,

and through a gorge where the piles of rock were particularly gigantic and oppressive-looking. At the bottom of one tremendous cliff we could see before us a tiny hole, the opening of a tunnel through which we were about to pass. We did indeed look miserable little atoms in this desolate region of stupendous rocks, and we should have felt small indeed had we not recollected our gigantic intellects, and gloried in the power and the ingenuity which have conquered the difficulties and opened a way through this 'impossible' country! The engineers have had hard and dreary work here, and the piles of gravel were particularly troublesome to them. The hills made of this sort of shingle look as if they were ready to slip down at any moment, and so they did when they were interfered with. In some places masonry tunnels had to be built and then covered over with this stuff. In other places the tunnels are through rock with windows left open in the sides.

The expedition having been planned in a hurry, I was not able to accompany D. to the Kojak Pass, and you will lose, therefore, my impressions of that military post of vantage. I came straight to Quetta, while he went on to the pass.

Sir Frederick Roberts, General Elles, Sir Theodore Hope, and Sir Oliver St. John are with him. We also have many railway authorities to look after us, for trains here are apt to run away, and great precautions have to be taken to check this disposition on their part.

Lady St. John met me at Quetta, and I am staying with her. So far I have been quite warm and comfortable, but it is freezing outside.

*Thursday, 17th.*—The sun shines, and the air is perfectly delicious here. Quetta is on a large plateau surrounded by bare hills. Everything is of the same dust colour, and even the little attempts at trees are of no brighter tint; but the shapes of the hills are fine, and late in the day, when there is some shadow, they begin to grow beautiful, and by sunset they are quite lovely. They change their colour in the most marvellous way, and at one time are a brilliant red, looking like molten copper. Everything is new, and at Quetta life is only just settling down into the ordinary grooves. I visited the hospital, which is an exceedingly good one, and the surgeon is pleased with his tinted walls, and more especially with a dado which he has contrived to have painted round them. He said, 'You see, it does not look the least like a barrack-room.' The officers' huts are queer little mud buildings with domes, and the only important-looking erection is a town hall, which is used for business and for durbars. There is no church, and this is one of the grievances of the place, for there are 2,500 soldiers here. Service is in a tent.

All this I saw in the morning, and in the afternoon I visited the polo-ground and the 'Institute,' or place of amusement. There ladies read the papers in one room, gentlemen in another, and they all play badminton, dance, and act together.

D. arrived in the evening, having successfully ridden up the Kojak Pass and looked beyond Candahar, which itself is hidden from view by a small hill. Sir Oriel and Lady Tanner and her daughter came to dinner. He is

the General in command here. Sir Oliver and Lady St. John, with whom we are staying, have made us very comfortable in their nice little house.

*Friday, 18th.*—We came to Quetta by the Hurnai route, and we return by the Bolan. The Bolan is a river, but there is no water in it now, and the temporary railway is laid in its bed. That is naturally not a very safe place to lie in, and a new line, which will be more above the floods, is now under consideration. The waters come down quite unexpectedly, and no one can tell where or when they will burst forth. The descent is very steep, and at first we went in small carriages downhill, making the most extraordinary twists and turns. After a little we got on to the broad gauge again, and rode for some time in an open car to see the most wonderful parts of the line. It is impossible to describe the scenery. One can only say that it is the very last place in the world where you would expect to find a railway. The great barren hills, gigantic cliffs, and rough river course, all seem at variance with any evidences of civilisation, and the whole thing is more wonderful than beautiful, except at sunset! Then these bare dust-coloured mountains seem to offer *carte blanche* (of a muddy tint) to every atmospheric effect, and every phase of fading sunlight is reflected on their seamy sides, and they are for that short time glorified.

This interesting journey took up almost the whole day, and it was dark when we reached Sibi and our dinner.

*Saturday, 19th.*—In the morning we found ourselves again at Sukkur, and on crossing over the Indus we joined our own train, which was too long and heavy a one to travel on those mountain lines.

Here D. received a visit from one of the old Scinde chiefs, Mir Ali Murad of Khairpur. He was a fine-looking old man, accompanied by several stalwart sons. He gave real presents, which go into the Toshakhana. We breakfasted between this and D.'s return visit. The rest of the day was occupied with dull and uneventful railway travelling.

*Sunday, 20th.*—This morning we had again to leave our carriages and to cross the Chenab in boats; then we went on by train to the Indus, and crossed that in a steamer. Our destination was Dehra Ghazi Khan. Here a number of Beloochi chiefs met the Viceroy, and for more than a mile the road was close lined with their followers on horseback. They are a wild-looking set of men, with long hair in curls, and long beards, white loose garments and turbans.

The country immediately round here looks well cultivated after the Scinde desert: there are fields of green crops, and plenty of palms and other large trees; the Bougainvilleas brighten up the compounds, and even now there are some good roses out. We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dames, while Sir F. and Lady Roberts are in a military house.

I went to look at a little Female Mission Hospital, but as all the doctors and teachers were absent, my visit to it was not very successful. When I was getting into



a finely painted carriage afterwards, the horses stood on their hind-legs, and would not be quieted, so I came home in a humble dog-cart.

*Monday, 21st.*—The Viceroy had a durbar this morning for the Beloochi chiefs, and when it was over he had a private interview with them and talked Persian to them. They dress in white; indeed, they will not take service with us, though they are thoroughly loyal, because they object to wearing uniform, and say white is the only colour fit for gentlemen. Their 'great coats,' however, are in bright green and red brocades. Their hair and beards are very long, and they have striking features.

We left soon after this, and the road was again lined with the two thousand mounted Beloochis following their chiefs. They have the tribal system, and carry it so far that it is said the chief says all the prayers necessary for the whole tribe. They are Mahometans, but have no mosques. On our way to the steamer, the horses I drove with yesterday again stood on their hind-legs, and this time they broke the pole of the carriage. I was not in it.

We had such a dusty journey back. The rails are simply laid down on the loose sand, and we were so glad when we had got over this temporary part of the line and were back in our own nice clean carriages for the night.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—Everyone has gone to Dera Ismail Khan to-day, but I was very tired, and so remained quietly in the train. I should have had two hours in a

rough tonga, then a durbar, a luncheon, and a reception, and two hours back—so I thought prudence was the better part, as we still have some hard days before us. D. got back late in the afternoon, and we travelled on all through the night.

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—When we stopped for breakfast, we were at a place called Khewra, and here we spent a most interesting morning going over the salt-mines. They are in some barren-looking hills, which have, however, some shades of red and grey about them, and so are not devoid of a certain kind of beauty. From the moment we left our carriage everything was salt. The red carpet was kept down with lumps of salt. The staircase up to the level of the tramway looked like the most beautiful marble, but was really made of blocks of salt. The gravel on the road was salt, and so was the dust. We had about a mile to go in a trolley and passed by the little red village in which the miners live on the face of a red hill, and then we penetrated into the bowels of the earth and rode on for three thousand feet through a great gallery or tunnel of salt, illuminated for the occasion by a continuous line of little lamps. Pillars twenty-five feet in width are left to support the hill, and the spaces of forty-five feet between each are the chambers in which the men work. Some of them are very lofty, and the miners looked like gnomes working away with their pick-axes in these great caverns of pinkish crystal.

After going to the end of the mine on a trolley we walked about, and climbed up salt staircases into salt grottoes, and stood on the banks of subterranean salt lakes,

and fireworks were let off, and fire-balloons sent up, and blue lights and red lights transformed the scene into something very like a gigantic pantomime. One of the prettiest things was to see a light wandering about in a gallery *behind* two feet thick of salt. The transparency and colour of the salt were seen so well, and the light looked so mysterious.

We made another little journey after this from Khewra to Chillianwalla. There we visited the battle-field, and saw the memorial to the soldiers who fell there, and the tall Irish cross raised to their memory by Lord Mayo. Mr. and Mrs. Knox met us here, and gave us tea. He is the Commissioner of this district.

*Thursday, 24th.*—We travelled on till five o'clock to-day, passing over the Attock Bridge and getting a good view of the Fort, and reaching Peshawar before sunset, in time to admire the trees—which look very fresh and flourishing after the scrubby bushes we have seen lately—and all the flags and decorations and gay uniforms which lighted up the station. The escort was composed of a troop of 'Skinner's Horse.' Their uniform is bright yellow, with red belts and turbans. They look very handsome and showy. Mr. and Mrs. Lyall are our hosts, and they have borrowed Colonel Waterfield's house for the occasion. We are glad to be in a house, for it is exceedingly cold at night, and D. and I are both struggling to keep off little coughs, which are partly due to the constant changes of temperature we have been passing through and partly, I think, to the quantities of sand and dust we have swallowed *en*

*route.* We ended the day with a ball, and there the cold was great. Happily there was a corner where I found a good fire burning, and I sat by it most of the evening, while D. warmed himself in a more energetic fashion.

*Friday, 25th.*—This morning there was a grand durbar for all the chiefs and wild men who inhabit these parts. It was held in the great durbar tent which last appeared at Rawal Pindi, and I managed to get a seat where I could see it all. The durbaris were not very smart, and so the scene had less of Oriental splendour about it than usual, but a great deal of interest nevertheless.

The troops outside looked splendid, and the lines of Skinner's Horse forming a guard of honour most picturesque. The Viceroy, in solitary state, on his silver throne, and all the English officers in uniform on one side of the tent, gave colour to the scene. On the other side sat the native visitors—a few in respectable clothes, but most, I must say, looking veritable ragamuffins both in face and dress. Troops of wild creatures in dark-coloured blankets passed by, offering a nuzzar as they went—these were a deputation from some tribe near the Khyber Pass; then another set from some other tribe walked by in equally unconventional garments; and so on through 800 persons. They appeared to be the sort of people you would *not* like to meet on a dark night, and it was curious to see them received in this solemn way. To give you some idea of their social status, I may add that each man will

be given a rupee, or perhaps two, before he leaves, but this donation has to be made in private, else they would fight over the money on the spot. When all had passed by, D. read his speech in Persian, and it was then repeated in Pushtu.

We drove through the city in the afternoon. It is not very large, and all the houses are of mud with flat roofs, surrounded by a paling, behind which the women live. A man must not build his house higher than his neighbours', so as to overlook this female court; if he does, he has to pull it down again. On this occasion every house was hung with gay-coloured cloths, and all were crammed with people from the top to the bottom. We recognised as we passed many of the 'ragamuffins' of the durbar.

We stopped in one place to receive an address, and went to the top of a house to see the view. Unfortunately the weather is misty, and the hills which surround Peshawar were scarcely visible. We drove back through the cantonments, past the grand stand of the racecourse, and through some very fine gardens. In the evening we went to see an amateur burlesque. It was most wonderfully well done, and the scenery was beautifully managed.

*Saturday, 26th.*—We have had a great day driving through the Khyber Pass. We started at eight in the morning, wrapped up in every sort of fur cloak and with hot bottles at our feet. The carriages were drawn by artillery horses, and we were followed by an escort. The first ten miles out of the city were through a flat bare

plain to the Fort of Jumrood, at the entrance to the Khyber. Here we stopped to breakfast. As we left the Fort D. inspected the Khyber Rifles, a fine and soldierly looking body of men, commanded by Colonel Warburton, whose mother was an Afghan lady. They were dressed in khaki and had leather sandals on their feet, and each was armed with a rifle and bayonet. Referring to these weapons, I was told, 'All "conveyed," you know; they are their own private property, and all "conveyed."'

A few moments after this we turned round the corner of a hill and found ourselves in the Khyber Pass. It is ten miles long, and so you must not imagine it to be a defile through perpendicular cliffs: it is merely a road through a wild mountainous region, and is a pretty steep ascent. The whole pass was guarded, and it was so curious on each hill-top to watch a few dust-coloured men present arms as the Viceroy passed by, though we could only see that they did so by the momentary flash of their bayonets in the sun. They looked so solitary and so far off, with just a little shelter of stones built up behind them. We did not feel as if we had been nearly twenty miles when we got to Ali Musjid. Here the pass apparently ends, and one does not at first see any further road through the mountains. There is, however, a very good one; and as the gentlemen of the party were going on another ten miles to Lundi Kotal, they mounted their horses and rode on there, Mrs. Lyall and I remaining behind. We were not idle, however. We got into a tonga and drove four miles to see what the Lundi Kotal road was like, and then we returned, and I got out my camera and took some views of

the Fort. It crowns a high hill, while on all the surrounding hill-tops are small round towers for defensive purposes. The scenery is that of a wild and barren region, one range of hills succeeding the other, the forts giving a sort of warlike interest to the place and making one realise the lawless character of the inhabitants. The Indian Government, however, pays the tribes a small subsidy to keep the pass open, and they are consequently our very good friends. The chiefs all met the Viceroy as he passed up and were very polite, but warfare and blood feuds are always going on between the tribes, and men are often shut up in their own fortified villages for a month at a time, afraid to venture out. They sometimes make peace during the sowing season, and as soon as the harvest is over they recommence their fights.

At the foot of the hill is a small mosque, from which the Fort takes its name; that I photographed too, and also my own escort, which was taken from 'The Guides.' Then Mrs. Lyall and I toiled up the hill on foot, I carrying an umbrella like a small tent and feeling very hot in the warm gown which had been necessary in the morning. Even though I had peeled off a fur cloak and an ulster, I still had far too much on for the mid-day sun. When we got up, there was not much to see, but I inspected the guard and did the Viceroy's duty for him. Before starting on this walk I received a telegram from D. from Lundi Kotal, telling me not to eat all the luncheon. This was the first telegram ever sent from there, the wire having been put up for this occasion, and they had great difficulty in persuading a

telegraph clerk to venture into such a dangerous region. He ran away and hid himself for three days in the bazaar, and was only just caught in time to be dispatched there. When we were in the Fort, a horseman came after us to say that the Viceroy had returned and had begun lunch, so we immediately heliographed him a duplicate of his own message.

We found all the horsemen very pleased with themselves, and with the pace at which they had ridden, but they were much covered with dust and looked rather a dirty party. We got into our carriages as soon after lunch as possible, and were home by half-past five.

*Sunday, 27th.*—The church and the service here were very nice. There was a band instead of an organ, and very good singing by a soldier choir.

I had a long talk with a missionary lady doctor, and in the afternoon visited her dispensary and hospital. Then we went to see the mission church, which is an exceedingly pretty one. The outside is built like a mosque, and looks like one except for the cross which replaces the crescent on the dome. Inside there is a beautiful screen of perforated carved wood all round the back of the altar, and the texts in Persian character on the walls have a good decorative effect. Part of the seats are curtained off for women, as Mahometan men sometimes come to the church to look at them, and one corner of the church has a regular purdah for Mahometan women, who occasionally come to see what is going on. The font is arranged for total immersion as well as for our usual form of baptism.



We drove through the town to these places, and thus saw it in its everyday garb. The women in their burkas, a white garment which goes over the head and covers them completely, look most mysterious and ghost-like. A bit of openwork over the eyes enables them to see their way. With this on, they are quite free to go about, which is much better for them than being shut up in a house all day, and it is certainly a very efficient disguise. We stopped at a little shop in the bazaar to see a man do a kind of waxwork of which I have sent you a specimen. He had on his thumb a great patch of sticky white stuff, made of linseed oil and white lead; into this he twisted a steel instrument until it was well covered with it, and then he drew it quickly over the pattern on a piece of cloth in a thin white line; this he patted down with his wet finger—and as he returned it each time to his mouth I wondered whether the proceeding were not extremely likely to poison him. After this he sprinkled a little powdered mica over it; and with these simple means he was very rapidly producing a most showy little table-cover.

A caravan came in yesterday, which we had seen when passing Jumrood—all the camels were then collected in a yard; sometimes 1,700 come in at a time. To-day we saw a great many of them about the town. You may imagine how amusing it is to see the life of the people in the streets—all the little shops with their wares and the curious figures in them; the bullocks and asses and camels all laden in peculiar fashions; the wild men specially known by their grass sandals, &c., &c. Peshawar is much more of a Central Asian than an

Indian city, and presents much that is new to us. In one square court there are a number of wooden stalls, like the little shops on the boulevards, but with very different-looking people in them, and tea-shops with the samovar ready to give you a cup of tea for a pice.

*Monday 28th.*—We were to have gone through the Kohat Pass to-day, but D. got a chill on Sunday, and had fever this morning, so we had to give it up. Our luggage was gone, and his bedding was already on the cart when the thermometer told this tale. As quickly as possible we got everything back; he retired into his blankets, and as the Lyalls, who have entertained us so hospitably here, were going away, we took possession of the house. Our servants, cook, &c., came up from the train, and in an hour's time you would not have known that the Commissioner's bungalow at Peshawar was not our own home. I don't know whether I ever told you this peculiarity of Indian life. Everyone goes about with his own bedding, and a stand, on which to put it, is the only thing his host is expected to provide. In this way it is easier for people to receive guests in India than it is elsewhere. Large supplies of linen are not wanted, and the usual establishment need not be increased, for everyone travels with his bearer (every lady with her ayah) and khidmatgar, or table servant, so that all personal attendance and waiting is done by the visitor's own people. And as these native servants feed themselves, their presence does not cause much extra to the household expense.

In the afternoon I drove to see a mission school for

widows. The ladies belonging to the C.M.S. here are particularly nice, and are very much liked by everyone. Miss Mitcheson told me an amusing thing about her hospital. It is very difficult to get women to come into it, and they particularly fear the clean sheets. They think that if they go into them, they will certainly become Christians. They are not nearly so much afraid that the religious teaching she gives them will have that effect.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—D. had quite lost his fever to-day, but he remained in his room, and I took a long drive round Peshawar and went for a few minutes to a regimental garden party.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—We left to-day by train for Rawal Pindi, and reached that place at five. There was a most brilliant gathering of officers at the station, which was decorated with flags; and after an address had been read and answered we drove to the Commissioner's house. It is the one in which the Amir was lodged, and our hosts are Colonel and Mrs. Parry Nisbet. The doctor and I together prevailed upon D. not to go to the ball, and persuaded him that a dinner party before it was quite enough for him to do. I was very glad when I got there that he had been wise enough to stay at home, for it was very cold. Great pains had been taken with the decorations, and there were the most private and the most chilly little seats arranged everywhere, which were excessively pretty and extremely dangerous. I remained till supper was over, and then went home.

*Thursday, December 1st.*—There was a sham fight and a march past this morning, to which D. went; but as to-morrow is to be a purely military day, I thought I could employ my time better than in going to see these manœuvres, so I stayed at home, wrote some letters, and went out to visit three schools, an asylum for lepers, and a class for dhais. The first school was kept by missionaries, who have a large number of native girls under instruction. They were collected in a small inner court, which was hung with the pretty phulcarries they make here, and which, with their own bright dresses and ornaments, looked very Oriental and gay. The pupils sang the multiplication-table and some hymns, and then I gave six of the girls the Government scholarships which they had won. Each candidate got quite a pile of rupees, and looked very pleased. The next school was one established by Baba Khem Singh, C.I.E., a native gentleman who has started no less than seventeen girls' schools in the district. The pupils in them are not quite so well taught as in the mission schools, owing to the difficulty of getting female teachers for them, but they learn enough to make them useful and intelligent women.

I was much interested in the dhais' (midwives') class, as I have not before had an opportunity of seeing any of these women, and this little effort to teach them something is just what I wish so much to see attempted everywhere. Many people would despise the *unlearned* instruction they receive, but I feel sure it is most useful. Their teacher is a native woman, who gives them a very little theoretical knowledge, and who goes about with them to cases in the town. She tells them what

to do in certain cases, and what never to do in any. When I asked them a few questions relating to common methods among such women here, they answered with quite a chorus of disapproval, showing that at least they had unlearned some of their most ignorant practices. There were eleven pupils.

The leper asylum is in the middle of a grove of trees, a nice situation. All the women were sitting on one door-step, and all the men on another; they looked very impassive, and showed no sign of interest in their visitors. Such an assembly is a sad sight. The worst of all, however, is to see young babies in the arms of these poor diseased mothers. There are seven married couples in this place, and it is terrible to think of the almost certain fate of these wretched children. I do wish something could be done to enforce the separation of men and women.

D. came home covered with dust. The military business lasted more than three hours, but I don't think I know much about it, and so will spare you any account of the sham fight.

In the evening there was a dinner and a large party, ending up with a grand supper.

*Friday, 2nd.*—We spent the whole day at the cavalry camp at Lawrencepore. Directly after breakfast we left Rawal Pindi by train and retraced our steps some way towards Peshawar. Then we got into a carriage and drove to the camp. General Luck is in command of it, and there are eight native and one English cavalry regiments under canvas there. A great mound has been built up in the plain for the spectators to

stand on, and we had an excellent view of the proceedings.

The troops were in one line when we arrived, and the Viceroy, Commander-in-Chief, and the Staff rode along it first; it extended a mile and a quarter. Then they took up their places close to us, and there was a march, a trot, and a gallop past. After this came a battle, where single men carrying red flags represented whole squadrons of the enemy, and were shot at by the two batteries of artillery and ridden down by the opposing force without showing much sign of discomfiture. Whenever we searched the horizon and saw nothing, we were told the army was 'reconnoitring,' and in a sham fight I find that they are often engaged in this duty. I came to the conclusion that a review of mixed troops is more interesting. The infantry don't often disappear so entirely as the cavalry do, and I like to see them march. All the men were in khaki, which is the same colour as the sandy plain. The function ended by the re-formation of the long line, which advanced to the saluting-post. It was now three o'clock, and we were very glad to be ordered off to the luncheon-tent, where General Luck had provided a great banquet.

After this came tent-pegging and various sports, but we had to leave in the middle of them and drive back to the train. We dined and slept in it, but did not move on till the morning.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—We got to Lahore at five o'clock to day, and, although most of the gay world were attending races, there was a goodly show of officers in uniform,

and of natives, at the station to meet the Viceroy. We had a quiet dinner, and there was a levée afterwards.

*Sunday, 4th.*—We attended service in the Cathedral. It is quite new and very unfinished, but it is a fine building, and is entirely due to the energy and self-sacrifice of the present aged bishop (French). He is leaving now, and is to be succeeded by Archdeacon Matthew. It is hoped that, as a memorial to him, sufficient money may be collected to put down a marble floor or to finish the roof.

We drove to the Shalimar Gardens in the afternoon and back through Meean Meer, which is a dreary-looking station. This year it has been very unhealthy, and the troops there have suffered both from fever and cholera.

I have quite made up my mind that when I have to live in an Indian bungalow I will have no garden. You can't think how damp and nasty they are. The beds are sunk instead of being raised and there are ditches cut round each one, and the walks are kept wet and muddy, and everything looks soaked and ugly. I can't imagine having any pleasure in such bogs as they become. No; the proper and the healthy thing to do is to have a gardener, but no garden—his duty being to provide you with flowers at your neighbours' expense, so that you always have as many as you possibly can want, and are spared the disagreeables incident to growing them for yourself. I did not invent this system.

*Monday, 5th.*—I went over the Lady Aitchison and Mayo Hospitals, and saw all the female students at the

college. I also assisted at the operation of vaccinating a baby from a calf. It will have two bad arms, poor little thing!

Mrs. Lyall had a garden party in the afternoon, then came a dinner, and lastly an evening party in the Lawrence Hall. This we enjoyed very much. The room is a splendid one, and there were quantities of native gentlemen as well as Europeans, which always makes it more interesting, I think. D. had quite a levée at one end, and I was asked to go to the other to create a diversion, and there a number of native officers were presented to me. I also saw a holy man, whom I remember telling you about at the time of the Rawal Pindi durbar. Then he used to carry about Sir Norman McLeod's photograph, but this time he also produced that of D. from his pouch. He really is a very good old man, who gives up all his worldly possessions to the poor; and evidently he is greatly revered by the Sikhs, for I saw a long line of native officers stoop to touch his feet, and put their hands together in a praying attitude to him, and bow their heads for him to lay his hands on them. He looked such a little figure swathed in white cotton, and they such smart soldierly men—it was pretty to see them show this reverence to goodness.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—This day appeared on the official programme as a 'day of rest,' but we filled it up pretty full, as you will see.

I went out at 8 A.M. to ride on an elephant through the city, and I was quite as much struck with it as the first time I saw it, though I have been to so many



Indian cities since then. Riding in at one gate, we saw before us a great archway and a fine mosque covered with coloured tiles; and proceeding through the narrow streets, where carved shutters, and curious painted bow windows, and little shops filled with native wares abound, we came upon a mosque with golden domes, and rode on through more picturesque streets to another gate, close to which there is the fort and a large mosque, and back through a perpetual park and garden to the Government House.

Having begun with elephants, we went on to camels. One was brought round after breakfast with a side saddle beautifully fitted on to his hump; and after seeing Mrs. Lyall perambulate the garden on him, and after photographing her, I mounted myself. As the camel sat down it was very easy to 'vault' into the saddle, but when, being told to rise, he gave a sudden jerk upwards, throwing me nearly over his tail, and then another equally violent in the opposite direction, I found it necessary to hold on very tightly indeed. Once up, however, everything was easy. I held the reins, which were passed through his nose, and which lay on his Marie Stuart cap, and guided him without difficulty round the place. He had, however, a careless and indifferent way of gazing about him and of chewing the cud, while he took an occasional look round at me, his rider, which made me feel that he utterly despised me, and only condescended to obey me out of good nature. When he came to sit down, his spasmodic jerks were even worse than when he was getting up. He fell on his knees with a thud, then he fell on his hind-knees (a joint peculiar to camels)

with another, then he shut up an unexpected hinge in his fore-legs, and each time I fell forwards or backwards as the case might be, and wondered when he would ever get to the ground.

Directly after this we went out sight-seeing. First we visited the new Law Courts. They are very handsome, built of red stone, a good deal of red marble being mixed with it. The archways of the verandah are perforated stone carving. Sir Meredyth Plowden and some of the other judges showed us the building. Then we went to the School of Art and looked at drawings and wood carvings, and so on to the Fort. I was glad to see it all again, but I will not repeat my descriptions of it. We also revisited Runjeet Singh's tomb and the mosque. They are all very lovely and curious. Here we separated. D. drove through the city, and Mrs. Lyall and I went to a Native Christian Normal Girls' School, which in future is to be called by my name. We found a very nice set of girls there, who are prepared for the University Entrance Examination, and who will be very useful as teachers, and some I hope as medical women. The Alexandra School, which I visit at Amritsar to-morrow, is an offshoot from this one, but I fancy it has outstripped the parent institution: at any rate it is better known.

We got home just in time for luncheon, and had almost immediately after to drive to the races. There were not a great many people there, and the entertainment was a sort of garden party, with races as an excuse for meeting.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—After a dinner party at Lahore last night we drove to the station and moved on in the train to Meeran Meer, where we slept. Early in the morning we started for Amritsar, where I in my carriage was dropped by the wayside. D. travelled on without me, and stayed at Meerut for the night. So it is with my solitary adventures that you have to do to-day. Mrs. Lyall and her niece, Captain Johnston, and Major Cooper were the party who met on the platform when we began to think of breakfast, and there Colonel Lang appeared to take charge of us for the day. He drove us to his house, where we feasted, and immediately after we set off to see the various institutions which I had come on purpose to visit.

Miss Hewlett is a missionary lady who has been most successful with medical work here, and I have long been anxious to see her and her establishment. It consists of a general hospital with an out-patient and an in-patient department, and of a school of midwifery supported by the municipality of Amritsar. In connection with the general hospital there are four dispensaries, and both hospitals are used for training purposes. Native Christian girls are trained for work among women, going through a medical course, and also receiving instruction in nursing and pharmacy. Twenty-two dhais are also being trained, and some of these have passed their examinations and are ready and fully qualified for employment.

To give you some idea of the work such a mission as this can get through, I may add that 4,000 visits to patients in their own homes were made last year, and that the out-patients numbered 31,000.

Miss Hewlett herself is a very remarkable person, and is greatly respected by the natives. It is she who has worked up this institution, and the members of the municipality are always ready to help her. She and her colleagues live in an old zenana in the town, and the general hospital, 'St. Catherine's,' opens out of their quarters on the other side of an enclosed court. We went over it, and also saw a little class of blind women being taught to read and to make baskets. I also had a talk with Miss Hewlett, which was very interesting to me. Then we went on to the maternity hospital and saw the classes of dhais.

Our next visit was to a native girls' school, and after that we went to see the Golden Temple, where we had great difficulties with our shoes, which we had to take off. Mrs. Lyall said there were sixteen buttons to her boots, and Miss Lyall had as many more, and there was no button-hook; and what was to be done when we came back? However, we resolved to risk it, and the boots were unbuttoned and velvet slippers were put on, and we trudged down the steps and along the marble pavements in these soft and flabby soled things, and this time I saw the place unprepared for grand visitors and in its everyday dress. There were fewer people about, and the jewels were locked up, and there was no singing going on, and no one was baptized as a Sikh; but still it was curious and interesting, and the fine old soldier guardian of the place got up from his bed when he heard I was there, and put on his Orders and came out to meet me. I was very glad to have seen the Golden Temple again.

Colonel Lang, singing a little song at intervals, next took us to see a carpet manufactory just being started here. Lovely and not very expensive carpets were being made, and orders have already been received both from London and New York.

After this came another school—the Alexandra; it also is a school for native Christian girls, which has a high reputation and is doing good work. These visits took longer to do than to describe, and it was nearly lunch-time when we returned to Colonel Lang's house, and then we had to get to the station and to start off in different directions. Mrs. Lyall went back to Lahore, and I pursued the Viceroy to Meerut, where I caught him up in the early morning.

*Thursday, 8th.*—We had soon to part again, for when we got to Agra I stopped there, and he went on to Bhurtpore for a few days' shooting.

I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kaye. He is the Commissioner here. To-morrow has to be spent in business, so I went to see the Fort again to-day. It is a wonderful place, but happily for me I have already described it to you, and need not do so again.

*Friday, 9th.*—My engagements for to-day were as follows: 10.30, Miss Esther Smith (doctor); 11.30, Miss Fairweather (doctor); 12.30, Miss Yerbury (doctor); 1 P.M., Dr. Wilcocks; 1.30, Dr. Rice; 2, lunch; 2.30, Dr. Walker; 3, visit to the hospital, female medical school, and lady doctor's house; 6.30, leave Agra by train.

You may see from this that I spent a purely 'professional' day, and that I have not much to tell that would be interesting to you. The Agra school is changing hands now, a new Principal having been appointed, and I was anxious to hear all that he, and the ladies themselves, and the coming-in and going-out Inspector-General of Hospitals had to say on the subject of the arrangements that should be made for the future management of the school. I was also much interested in seeing the new buildings, which, alas! have exceeded their estimates by a good many thousand rupees. They have made great progress since I was here before, and the lecture-hall and schoolroom are very good; but I was a little disappointed with the hospital, which seems to me rather small. The fact is, we want money sadly, and could easily spend another lakh upon the place if only we had it.

I was very tired at the end of this day, and was glad, after a cup of tea with Mrs. Kaye, to retire to my railway carriage, where I spent the night.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Allahabad. Sir Auckland Colvin met me at the station early this morning, and we drove straight to the Government House here. His secretary is a nephew of his, with a very pretty wife, and there are two girls, unmarried nieces, also staying with him. I have charming rooms in a wing of the house, and look out upon a nice garden and lawn, and the most lovely roses you can imagine.

I went a long drive with Sir Auckland, and talked 'Fund.'

*Sunday, 11th.*—I got up early, and went down to the station to meet Nelly, who arrived looking extremely well, and not at all the worse for her very tiresome journey and two nights in the train. It was very nice to have her back, and to hear all about everybody and everything she had seen during her year in England. We went to church at the new Cathedral, which is unfinished, 30,000*l.* being wanted to complete it, and in the afternoon we drove to the Fort, and looked at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, a view which must be a very fine one in the rains.

*Tuesday, 13th.*—D. arrived in the afternoon. He had had very fair sport at Bhurtpore, and had enjoyed two of the days very much. The Duke of Montrose came down to shoot with them, and had an amusing day after deer and pig.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—Nelly and I left early in the morning, and found the children at the station full of excitement at meeting us. Each one held a dog by a chain, and we got much mixed as we embraced, and became quite a tangle of people and dogs. Fred and Archie had come down half an hour sooner to give the Simla party their breakfast.

The whole family came into my carriage and we spent a very merry day together. We had all sorts of games when it got dark, and then went to bed early to rest for to-morrow.

*Thursday, 15th.*—Here we are once more at Calcutta,

beginning our fourth season in India! D. goes to Benares to-day to open a great bridge. The Montroses join him there, and they all start to-morrow for Calcutta.

We were so busy all day unpacking and settling our rooms, and were quite tired out with so much travelling and so much work.

The house looks very nice. The state drawing-room has been redecorated. The verandah on which we live has the most lovely convolvulus out, and my aviary is almost covered with creepers. The weather is quite perfect.



## CHAPTER XIV

## CALCUTTA

DECEMBER 17, 1887, TO MARCH 28, 1888

*Saturday, December 17th.*—I saw Lady Wilson and two other ladies, who came to talk about the fête we are getting up for the 'Little Sisters of the Poor,' and later in the day came Sir Steuart and Lady Bayley, who are now established at Belvedere in the seat of the Rivers Thompsons. The day and the season, however, really began at five o'clock, when, as a spectator, I assisted at the Viceroy's reception at Government House. He had come by a new route, crossing the Jubilee Bridge, and getting out for the first time at the Sealdah station. This, and I hope other circumstances, caused him to receive a particularly warm welcome from the people in the streets. The guard of honour in red was drawn up in front of the house, and the steps were covered with high officials and native gentlemen. The cannon at the Fort let us know when to expect him, and soon the body-guard preceding him rode past the door, and then an escort of Mounted Volunteers, and lastly the carriage and four arrived with the Viceroy in it, and the Duchess of Montrose by his side. The children, being in tennis

dresses, looked on from a balcony upstairs, but I was at the door to meet them.

I heard rather an amusing little story yesterday. One body-guard officer who went to England for the Jubilee was asked what struck him most there. He replied, 'Oh, the politeness of the people. You could not tread upon a person's toe there but they immediately said Thank you.' In Hindustani there is no word for 'Thank you,' and I never realised until I wished to say it in that language how very often it is upon one's lips; so the man's observation has some truth in it, and is very complimentary to John Bull.

*Friday, 23rd.*—The drawing-room took place to-day and happily everybody's gowns arrived from Englan in time, and so all anxieties on that score were spared. A few native 'Brahmo Somaj' ladies came for the first time, and looked very well in their own pretty dress. They made their national salaam instead of an English curtsy, and one of them laid down her bouquet as she did so. Sir Donald Wallace picked it up, and gave it to me. When we went upstairs—where the gentlemen had waited for their ladies, and where I heard intense anxiety was expressed by fond husbands and fathers as to how their wives and daughters had gone through the ordeal—we found a large party assembled, and our state drawing-room looked very bright and handsome in its new silk. The very best gowns and the uniforms made the people as smart as the room, and this first party of the season is always enjoyed.

*Saturday, 24th.*—I was tired next day, and did not feel up to the races, so, although it was Cup day, I slipped down to Barrackpore by sea, and left my family to represent me on the course. When I found Lord William had won the Cup I was rather sorry not to have been present. It was unexpected and created great excitement; and if one ought ever to wish any one to be successful on the turf, one was justified in wishing him a turn of luck in that direction, for he has had several misfortunes lately, and his best horse died of fever a week ago. The family came down by train just in time for dinner.

*Sunday, 25th.*—Though Christmas Day, this was spent just like other Sundays, for to-morrow is to be the children's day. We went to church, and afterwards sat under the trees showing off our climate and our place to the Montroses, and we walked to see the elephants, of which there are a great number this year, and came back to dinner and to a little fire, which is very enjoyable in the evening.

*Monday, 26th, to Sunday, January 1st, 1888.*—Having the children with us this year, we felt it necessary to keep Christmas in a 'merry' way, and I have now to tell you how far we succeeded in doing so. I think that the previous shopping was a great pleasure to the aforesaid children, and that they spent many a delightful half-hour in purchasing presents and in dividing their money so as to provide something for each of the people they wished to remember. Next came the question, 'How, and where, and when are these gifts to be

presented?' They finally invented a most original method for dispensing the Christmas-boxes. All did up and addressed their parcels, and then proceeded to hide them under tables and chairs and sofas in the two drawing-rooms; and after luncheon the children were let in to hunt for them. The plan succeeded admirably, and all were remembered and pleased with the loads they had to carry away.

After the presents had been found and admired, we went off to a very indifferent circus, which, however, amused the children; and then in the evening we had some games. Lady Sykes, who is once more in Calcutta, dined with us, and Sir Thomas Baker and Mr. Ducane, his A.D.C., came too, and we had 'musical chairs,' Sir Roger, and the *Tempête*, and so ended our merry day.

The week has passed away without a daily record of our proceedings, but I can tell you what we have been doing. The King of Oude died in the autumn, and we all went to see his place and his house. I had visited the animals there before, but the Viceroy had never been able to go to this ex-king's habitation, so it was all new to him. Most of the animals have been sold, and the grounds look tidy and well kept. They are very large, and we drove about for half an hour, winding round bungalows, and bear-houses, and tanks for water-fowl, and cages for monkeys, deer, and birds, and sheds for camels and places for pigeons. The bungalows all had marble floors, and in every room there was a bed with silver feet, and no other furniture whatever. The walls, however, were covered with pictures—questionable French prints and Scripture subjects mixed

indiscriminately. The park is situated on the river, and would be lovely were it a little less zoological. The King died in a room on the ground-floor, opening into a small court which was full of monkeys and pigeons—extremely suggestive of fleas. Upstairs there were some much nicer rooms, and we saw some books of prints which he had coloured himself; they were really very well done.

His ladies were nearly as numerous as his animals, and they are now being despatched to their own homes as quickly as possible. They go at the rate of seven or eight a day, but there are still a great number left; and when the Viceroy approached their habitation they collected behind some venetian shutters, and set to work to howl and weep with all their might. The effect was most extraordinary, but did not excite the pity it was intended to evoke. I am sure they will be much happier with their own little income, guaranteed by the British Government, than they ever could have been shut up together, the slaves of a hard-hearted old man who cared more for his cobras and his wild beasts than he did for them. These being my sentiments, I thought the lamentations were more amusing than melancholy.

We have attended a concert in the Town Hall in aid of the Volunteer Band, and a ball at Belvedere, and we have had a good many tourists passing through—among them Dick Houston, who is staying with us. Races have been going on during the week. The Duke of Montrose has gone off to Burmah, and the Duchess remains with us.

*Monday, 2nd.*—A loud salute and a *feu de joie* reminded us early in the morning that the new year had

begun, and that the proclamation parade was being held at Barrackpore and at all other military stations in India.

Directly after breakfast we returned to Calcutta, and then I had to go to a bazaar at the Zoological Gardens. That was an ordeal! Fancy running the gauntlet of all the holders of twenty stalls, each one for a different charity!

In the afternoon we had the first of a set of small tennis parties which Nelly and I are going to give between us. She invites the players, and I take advantage of the 'at home' to meet people whom I want to talk to.

In the evening there was our large 1st of January dinner, eighty-two gentlemen and five ladies at it, and eight more men after it. I always like this dinner. First of all, it looks well in the Marble Hall, and then the guests are all Personages, and one sees them collected together, whereas on other occasions only a few at a time are present, and are lost in a crowd of ladies and other people.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—I went out directly after breakfast to visit the 'Lady Dufferin Dispensary.' Since I saw it last year it has been found possible to establish a few beds, and Mrs. Foggo, the new English doctor, is working hard, and is most successful. Since she came in July she has had over 17,000 out-patients, and the seven beds are generally occupied. We want more money to build a proper hospital in a more healthy situation.

At three I had a Committee meeting. When this was over, I went off to see the 'Little Sisters of the Poor.' They have bought a new house, and we are getting up a great bazaar to help to pay for it. Their old people always interest me much. As usual, we handed round the cake and wine we had brought with us. One old gentleman, who had received a fiddle as a Christmas-box, played it all the time we were there, and another old Spaniard danced to the music with an exceedingly ancient lady, who is said to be deaf and dumb, but who imitated her partner's movements very successfully. The new house is a very fine one, and the establishment looks less poverty-stricken than before, but then it owes a lakh, which it will be hard to make up, and its plumes are at present borrowed. On my return, Sister Lucy (a Clewer Sister) came to tea with me, and we had a very long gossip indeed upon affairs that interest us both.

*Thursday, 5th.*—The Maharajah of Mysore has come on a visit to Calcutta, and he was received in durbar to-day. We were glad to see him again.

*Saturday, 7th.*—We had a grand reception this morning for Lord and Lady Reay. They got to Calcutta at some unearthly hour, but did not leave the train till eight, and by that time the red cloth was down, the servants lined the steps, the Private Secretary was ready to meet them on the bottom step, the Lieutenant-Governor on the middle one, and the Viceroy and his ladies at the top. A guard of honour and a band were opposite, and they soon drove up in a carriage and four, preceded and followed

by an escort of the body-guard. The sun has come out again and the clouds which have been hovering over us for some days have disappeared, but it is cold, and I broke with some trepidation to Lady Reay, who likes heat, the fact that we breakfast out of doors.

*Sunday, 8th, to Wednesday, 11th.*—The weather has been perfect. Barrackpore had its usual success, and we spent Sunday very pleasantly. Our visitors liked the river voyages there and back, the outdoor life under the trees, and the peace and quiet of the real country. We asked the Commandant and the clergyman, with their wives, to dinner, and I drove Lady Reay to see the elephants. These gaieties were mild compared with those we rushed into on our return to Calcutta; and Monday was too hard a day, especially for the servants, so many things came together which were never intended to do so.

First there was an unexpected durbar. The Maharajah of Kapurthalla arrived, and had to be received at 1.30. That disarranged all our preparations for luncheon, and prevented the large dinner-tables for the evening being prepared. Then D. had to return the Maharajah's visit at three, and at the same time Lord Reay had to pay some state calls in another direction, so that Lord William had to have out three teams of four horses at once, and that was a little strain upon our resources. At four we had the tennis party, which, like a snow-ball, grows as the weeks roll by, becoming by degrees almost a garden party; and then came a big dinner for eighty-six people in the Marble Hall, and after that an



evening party. The Maharajahs of Mysore and Kapurthalla came in the afternoon and evening, and the latter played tennis vigorously. In an orange waistcoat, white shirt tails, tight white trousers, and a big turban, he made a great contrast to the English gentlemen in tennis garments, but he held his own with them in play. The Maharajah of Mysore was in 'severe' grey cloth, but in the evening he had on one of his beautiful velvet coats.

We had asked some of the native society to this party, and a selection of the European, principally people who don't dance, and who are therefore more difficult to entertain. It was a very pretty party, and the presence of so many strangers made it interesting. The Prince of Tipperah was one of our guests. He is a remarkable young man, with a Tartar type of face. He is self-taught—speaks English well, paints portraits and landscapes in oil, plays the piano, and photographs; and his manner is very good. D. advised him to take some drawing lessons at the School of Art here, and that he is now doing. The officers of the *Bacchante* were all present, and their uniforms helped to light up the party. The Burmese exile-Prince was also there. I had a little music, a few songs, and a quartette or two, to which nobody listened, but which gave some point to the entertainment.

Tuesday afternoon we had an enormous garden party. As far as I am concerned, this entertainment consists of the announcement of a name, a shake hands, a murmured 'How do you do?' and a dim perception that by degrees the passing stream has become a crowd, and that the lawn is covered with animated figures,

every one of whom I ought to know perfectly. One gentleman I did know, for he had come to me the night before and said, 'I want to make a correction: the A.D.C. presented me to you as Mr. Q. Now, if there is one man in the world whom I do not wish to be mistaken for, it is Mr. Q. My name is M.' They are editors of rival papers. On the occasion of the garden party I was able to 'How do you do, Mr. M.?' very successfully.

On Wednesday morning I took Lady Reay a round of hospitals. We went to the Eden Lying-in Hospital and to look at the Surnomoyi Hostel, which is close to it, and on to the General Hospital, which is quite the opposite side of the Maidan. When I went into the surgical ward, the doctor said, 'Here is a very interesting case,' and I found myself by the bedside of a Bangor man, whose brother is one of D.'s tenants. I believe my chance visit quite cheered him up and did him good, and I am passing on the 'Northern Whigs' to him to continue the cure.

In the afternoon we went down to the Botanical Gardens in the launch, and had carriages there to drive about in. Lady Reay was delighted with the expedition, which was a very pleasant one. I took Mr. and Mrs. Scoble with us, and we had tea on board as we came home.

*Thursday, 12th.*—We dined in a quiet corner of the house, and dressed for the ball afterwards. When I heard that 1,750 invitations had been issued, I felt rather alarmed about the result, and imagined I could hear people saying that it had been a 'bear garden.' Happily it turned out to be about the best ball we have had. I

should think 1,200 people came, but it never was very badly crowded, and the supper was well managed. We came down to it in procession at twelve o'clock, and 380 persons sat down at a great variety of small tables. As soon as the room was full, the doors were shut, and no one was allowed in or out till we moved.

The room was in this way filled and emptied three times before it was kept entirely open. We came down by one staircase and went up by the other, so that there never was any block.

*Friday, 13th.*—Lord and Lady Reay were to leave directly after dinner. The departure was rather pretty. The servants stood in lines down the Marble Hall, and the body-guard down the steps leading to the carriage. The band played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and Lord William drove with them to the station.

*Wednesday, February 1st.*—I submitted the report of my Fund to D. and to Sir Donald Wallace for criticism. I was glad to find that the amount that has been done by the National Association quite surprised them; and certainly, when all the little efforts are catalogued, they do form a very satisfactory list of works begun or accomplished. I had a meeting to pass this report, and to settle the business connected with the registering the society, for we are about to give ourselves a legal status in the country. Mr. Upton, our honorary solicitor, attended, and we discussed many important matters. The treasurer was also present. I have a very good

committee, and all the members are really interested in the welfare and safe conduct of our affairs.

*Thursday, 2nd.*—Lord and Lady Connemara arrived to-day. They came by sea, and the launch took them off the P. and O. a little way from Calcutta and landed them at five o'clock. We were all standing on the steps waiting for them, with bands, guards of honour, &c. Lady Connemara is looking extremely well, and must enjoy coming to see this place, which she remembers as a child. Lady Eva Quin, who never was here, but who has heard so much about it from her mother, is interested too. Her husband and Lord Marsham the A.D.C.s, Mr. Rees the private secretary, Mr. Stokes the secretary of state, and Dr. Briggs, are also with Lord Connemara. Lord Eustace Cecil and his son came by the same ship. We had a 'quiet evening,' as the programme for the week says.

*Friday, 3rd.*—I have had such a visitor to-day. She is the wife of the Prime Minister of Nepaul, and a more picturesque or gorgeous figure you never saw! I remember describing some Nepalesę ladies to you before, but this one was much more splendid and more cheerful. The house had to be freed from the presence of all men, and, though the Viceroy was allowed to see her, he was told not to shake hands, but only to bow to her. Nelly went down to meet her at the door, and to bring her up. Walking is a work of difficulty in Nepalese garments, and she needed help on the stairs. Her face was very pretty, and painted, but artistically done. The eyes had a good

deal of black round them, and were lovely ones. Her teeth were good, and she had a lively and pleasing expression. Her headdress was most indescribable. It consisted of a diadem worn just on the forehead so as to frame the face. It was an arrangement of flowers and leaves in magnificent diamonds, with large bunches of grapes in emeralds, pendant just behind the ears, where the wreath ended. I never saw anything at all like it, and there were emerald flies settling on the flowers, which repeated the colour very cleverly. The body of her dress was of pretty light pink gauze, and her skirts of the same were so voluminous that she had an armful to carry when she moved, and it was impossible to say how they were made, or whether they were made at all. She had pink velvet shoes, and on her hands English dog-skin riding-gloves, over which she wore diamond rings and diamond bracelets, such as I am sure you have never seen—gigantic ones.

If you can imagine this very quaint figure, submerged, so to say, in her clouds of pink gauze, taking up most of the sofa on which I sat drowsily beside her, in my everyday morning gown, you will see that I was a very small-looking personage indeed. When she drives she is buttoned into her carriage with leather blinds, and she might just as well be in Nepaul as in Calcutta for all she sees of the outer world. So I suggested showing her the view from my verandah. She was very pleased, and said she had never seen anything so beautiful. I am to pay a return visit, which will be interesting.

In the afternoon we all went to a fancy bazaar. The great success of the day was the café chantant. Every

one was comfortably seated, and had a nice cup of tea, while a series of amusing songs from 'The Mikado,' 'Iolanthe,' &c., went on, the singers being dressed in costume. This was for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

In the evening there were some tableaux-vivants of statues, which were good, and after dinner we went to see them. The entertainment lasted an hour and a half, and there was music between each group.

*Saturday, 4th.*—To-day there has been a Chapter of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, which was a very grand ceremony. It was held in an enormous Shamiana, which had the throne at the back, all the spectators being ranged on either side. When the Viceroy came, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired, and he marched in state to the throne, on which he took his seat. His robes, which are of a deep purple lined with white, were borne by two pages, who stood by him during the ceremony. Lord Connemara's investiture was most imposing, as he was made a Grand Cross of the Order, and had not only the ribbon, but the robes and the collar to put on. The English Knights were struck with the sword, 'Arise, Sir So-and-So,' but the Indians do not go through this part of the ceremony. The Secretary to the Order was in a white satin robe, and he bowed and backed, and announced the names of the gentlemen with great stateliness and propriety. I will send you the paper describing the whole ceremonial, and so need not tell you more about it. The sight was very interesting, and the procession back to the house, with robes and collars, and golden umbrellas, was very fine.

In the afternoon we went again to the fête, which amused everybody, and prevented the children from dwelling on the fact that this is their last day here.

*Sunday, 5th.*—Basil and Victoria left us this morning, and we went to see them off. It was a great trial to have to part with them, but it has been delightful having them here for a whole year, and they have not had a day's illness, and are the better and not the worse for it. They sailed in the *Rohilla*, and a kind Captain Briscoe allowed *Peiho* and *Bottles* to sleep in their cabins. You can't think what a consolation this is. I am sure both Victoria and Basil would have been utterly miserable if they had been deprived of the society of their dear dogs.

*Monday, 6th, to Wednesday, 8th.*—Our entertainments for Lord and Lady Connemara began on Monday. We brought them down from Barrackpore in the morning, had a tennis party in the afternoon, and a dinner in the evening.

Tuesday we made an expedition to the Botanical Gardens, and had a large evening party. It was the best one I have seen here; with such varieties of people and races present, it looked very gay.

Wednesday morning we went to call on the Nepalese lady I described last week. She is in a hired house here, so her surroundings were not pretty. The Viceroy was allowed to come in, and she met us at the bottom of the stairs and conducted us up. Both she and her husband wore their wonderful jewelled headdresses, and she was in a crimson gauze dress of great volume. Two maids

stood behind our chairs, but as they hid their faces behind small red gauze parasols I scarcely saw them. The Maharani's four sons, nice little boys, were in the room. Presents were laid down before me, and a diamond necklace was put into my hands. It goes to the Government. The lady presented a Nepalese knife to the Viceroy, and we were all given attar and pan before we left. The Resident in Nepaul, who was present, had suggested that I should say something to the Maharani in favour of hospitals and dispensaries for women in Nepaul, which I did, and her husband promised that attention should be given to the subject. I gave her a portrait of myself on china, and the Toshakhana will provide return gifts to the value of the necklace.

In the afternoon we had the general meeting for my Fund. It was a very good one, the best we have had yet both as to attendance and interest. The speakers were only too kind and flattering to me, and knowing what was coming I felt it a good deal. I must do all I can this year to give permanency to the organisation, and I trust it will long go on and prosper. D. was in the chair, and in his speech made a nice allusion to Lord Mayo, whose brother was on one side of him, and to Lord Dalhousie, whose daughter was on the other. He also said a few words of thanks to Major Cooper, who resigns his post of secretary to my Fund in April, and whose assistance has been quite invaluable to me.

*Thursday, 9th.*—To-day the announcement has been publicly made that the Viceroy resigns his appointment



at the end of four years, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be his successor. I have known it since Saturday, and the news came in time to soften the parting with the children, whom I now hope to see next Christmas.

The offer of a new post, which we all like immensely, is very pleasant ; at the same time I cannot help feeling some sadness at giving up many interests, and at the thought of turning over quite a new page and beginning afresh in a new place. I should have liked to give my Fund another year, and to feel that we had gone through our full time in India, but there were so many private reasons for wishing to return home sooner that I try to look only on the brightest side, and not to think too much of the regrets. Just now everybody talks as if we were going to-morrow, whereas we really have nine months more to stay. We have a dinner and dance to-night. The afternoon was terribly wet, and we were all shut up indoors, and felt rather depressed. Great changes are depressing! The dance unfortunately suffered from the weather, and instead of being larger than usual, as I had intended it to be, it was quite small. Carriages will not come out here on wet nights, the coachmen object so much to damp ; and one must confess that crouching on a coach-box in a wet cotton garment cannot be either a healthy or pleasant way of spending a night.

*Friday, 10th.*—I went into the Legislative Council to-day, to hear D. make a little statement respecting his departure. It was very nice, but no opportunity is given of reply, and so nothing more was said on the subject.

There were some sports at the body-guard lines, to which we took our guests, and in the evening they dined at the Lieutenant-Governor's.

*Saturday, 11th.*—Lord and Lady Connemara leave to-day, and we were all photographed in a group this morning. They go by train to Diamond Harbour and get on board there, and we go off to Barrackpore. I shall like a rest after an agitating week.

*Monday, 13th.*—We went to a dance at Belvedere, the last we shall be at in Calcutta, for Lent is coming and we dance no more.

The papers are still full of our approaching departure, and exhaust themselves in imagining why we go. The latest invention is that my eyes are weak! Did you ever hear of such a reason for giving up a post, or one with such a total absence of foundation?

*Wednesday, 15th.*—I had my own Committee, and impressed upon them my desire to tie up as fast as I possibly can our endowment fund of 50,000*l.*

*Thursday, 16th.*—I visited the Women's Industrial Home, supported by the Women's Friendly Society. It is still in its infancy, but seems to promise well, and it is much needed here. Needlework, upholstery, and die-stamping have already been started, and a lodging-house for respectable women is to be opened. On Friday I went to see a Mission School and an Orphanage for Eurasians. I believe it is a very good work, and Mr. Jackson,

the clergyman in charge, has quite devoted himself to it.

*Sunday, 19th.*—We expected a Prince of Saxe-Weimar here to-day, but when he was met at the station it was discovered that there was another Prince, Henry of Orleans, also on his way to us by the same train. Both arrived and breakfasted with us. The Prince of Saxe-Weimar is an older man. We were rather amused at a letter we received from his equerry before he arrived, which led us to believe that he also was quite a youth. He wrote that ‘The Prince was very fond of horses, that he would like to hunt the jackal, or to see a cavalry review, or to go a tiger shoot’—all impossible things to manage here. These two Princes breakfasted with us.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—India has been a disappointment to Prince Bernard, and this is the only place he has liked. Ruins and crowds of dirty people do not interest him; horses and soldiers are what he cares for. A paper-chase for Volunteers delighted him, and he flew into their midst, jumping over everything and enjoying himself thoroughly. Then he drove the coach home, and alarmed the ladies much by manœuvring round the statues, by knocking up against bullock-carts, and by swaying about the road. To Blanche’s shrieks he only replied, ‘Sat is nosing;’ ‘My life is not expensive.’ The second day we had a review of the body-guard and tent-pegging for him, and he rode about the parade-ground like a field-marshal.

*Saturday, 25th.*—An Austrian man-of-war arrived here, and the captain came to luncheon. He went to Jan Mayen once, and sent D. some photographs of the place. He had never received D.'s letter of thanks, so they were repeated to him to-day. I never saw a man so completely covered with Orders. He has a real incognito Archduke on board—real both as to rank and incognitoship.

*Thursday, March 1st.*—We went to see a large school this morning. It is called the Martinière, after a General Martin, who left a very large sum of money in the year 1800 to found schools for boys and girls at Lucknow, Calcutta, and some place in France. They are all called La Martinière after him. The money accumulated till 1836, when this school was opened. The consequence is that it is extremely well off; it has an income of Rs. 64,000, and has always a yearly balance of Rs. 5,000 or Rs. 6,000. How I envy it! One single girls' school with just double the income I have for my India Medical Scheme! I wish I could find a Mr. Martin to leave it a good substantial legacy. The school seems to be a very nice one, and the girls looked bright and happy, and appeared to be very well looked after.

We had a big dinner for seventy-nine people. The incognito Archduke and the captain and some other officers of his ship dined. Afterwards we had some rather nice singing.

*Friday, 2nd.*—D. and I, Nelly and Hermie, Fred, Dr. Findlay, and Captain Birdwood started off this afternoon

for Darjeeling. Sir Donald was ill, and at the last moment could not come with us. Captain Currie and Captain Rawlinson, the Bayleys' A.D.C., went up yesterday to prepare the Lieutenant-Governor's house for us, and all the rest of the Staff have taken a holiday and are gone to Meerut for the polo tournament. Major Cooper remains at home with Blanche and the Duchess, and is to help to carry out Blanche's elaborate programme of amusements during our absence. I have raved to you so much already of the delights of Darjeeling and of the journey up, that there is not much left for me to say about my own experiences, but I started with some anxiety as to how far D. would enjoy it, and as to whether he would find it too cold. We had four hours in the train, after which we got on board a steamer and dined there while we crossed the Ganges, and then settled ourselves very comfortably in another train for the night.

*Saturday, 3rd.*— We breakfasted at Silligori station, and there changed into an open car on the narrow gauge to ascend the mountain. It certainly is a delightful and wonderful journey, and it is a constant interest and excitement to watch the head of our train twisting round curves and making loops, the tail, where we sit, dutifully following after. We had lunch at Kurseong, and arrived at Darjeeling at five. There were assembled quite a crowd of natives, and a Volunteer guard, and some artillery; the latter making all the horses prance, and the children howl, at the sound of the salute. I was given an immense and lovely bouquet of violets. The day had

been rather misty, but the sun shone as we arrived, and when we got to the Shrubbery everything looked very bright and comfortable. Captain Currie and Captain Rawlinson had been very busy arranging everything for us. They had had an alarm about three of our servants, who locked themselves up at night with a charcoal fire, and who were found insensible in the morning when their door was broken open to see why they did not appear.

Mr. Ware-Edgar, the Secretary to the Bengal Government, a very pleasant man, is with us, also Mr. Paul, who showed me the place before. These both dined with us. The evening and night were very cold.

*Sunday, 4th.*—I am glad to say the snows showed themselves this morning, and D. is delighted with the view. The sun is very powerful, and the air fresh and delicious, and the snow-mountains truly magnificent. The change of climate does one good after the warmth of Calcutta. After church we went down to the market, and the strange types collected together there interested D. very much. In the afternoon we took a long walk, some of us being helped home by rickshaws.

*Monday, 5th.*—We had a long day out, leaving home at eleven, and only getting back at six. We did the same expedition I made last year, climbing over Senchal, past the chimneys of old barracks, and down again 2,000 feet to a little bungalow, where we lunched, and then up to Jellapahar, where we had tea with Mrs. Keith.

D. got separated from us in the early part of the day, and we only met again at luncheon. Mrs. Keith dined with us, and we had the Bhootia dance with the lion and the peacock to look at after dinner. The air to-day has been quite lovely and refreshing. Sir Donald joined us again, and is quite well.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—We were all dressed in our habits by ten o'clock, and rode off, a great cavalcade, to plunge almost into the plains below. We descended 6,000 feet, riding through tea-gardens and lovely woods to the river Runjeet. The day was perfect, and we did not feel the changes of climate nearly so much as we expected. The descent was ten miles long, and we were glad to get off our ponies at the river and to amuse ourselves for a time by crossing the very curious bridge that hangs across it. It is slung from bamboo poles, and is itself like a very long, narrow, and rickety old basket. Two bamboos laid lengthways form the pathway, and the sides are of very light and open wickerwork. The whole thing sways about in the wind, and only one person may cross it at a time, and when he gets to the middle, where his weight bends it most, the sides seem to close in upon him. The bamboo walk up to the level of the bridge is very difficult to climb, and to come down the only way was to sit upon it and to toboggan. When we had enjoyed this amusement for a little and had admired the river, we had to remount our rather tired ponies and to begin our ten miles ascent. Happily, when we had done three, we reached the bungalow where our luncheon was ready, and even the most hardy of the party were glad to have

a rest and some refreshment. After luncheon I got into a dandy for about an hour and was carried up, but the others rode the whole way. Some of them visited a tea-plantation *en route*, and we all stopped at a Bhootia temple and assisted at a service, if so it may be called. The chapel was in an upper room, reached by stairs from the outside. It was a long, very low-roofed place. On one side was the altar or shrine for the Buddha with lamps burning in front of it, and on either side were rows of pigeon-holes which held all the sacred books. The Llamas there were dressed in dull-red loose garments, and they set to and played their various instruments for us: drums, cymbals, six-foot-long trumpets, and various sorts of horns, all going at once in this little room, made a wonderful noise, as you may imagine. Hung up on wooden pillars, which formed archways in front of the altar, were some curious grotesque masks which are worn on festive occasions.

There was another chapel below, at the door of which was one of the largest of praying-wheels, while inside was Buddha, actually sitting in company with two Hindu goddesses!

The way home from this place was quite beautiful. There are such fine trees in the forest, and such a variety of foliage, and the tree-ferns especially are so very lovely. Even at the end of our twenty miles ride we were able to admire them. But we were rather tired and stiff.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—Our expedition for to-day was supposed to be a short one, but miles at Darjeeling seem to



be very long, and, starting at twelve, we did not reach our destination till 2.30. We rode along a very pretty road till we came to the Ghoom Rock. It is really a curious place: an enormously high rock rises out of the ground without apparent rhyme or reason, in the midst of a forest, where the tall trees look small beside it; it is a very striking object. The side of it is quite perpendicular, and we rode a zigzag path through the wood to get to the top of it. The invaluable khidmatgars had arrived there before us, and had spread out a tempting-looking meal, for which we were all quite ready. I sat on the edge of the rock and looked down from 'giddy heights' over the mountains and valleys before me—a very splendid view. Then we rode into Ghoom station and caught the mail train there, by which we returned to Darjeeling.

As we approached our house we heard a great trumpeting and drumming, and saw flags and strange costumes marching along the road. These were owned by Llamas, who were coming to dance for us. When all was ready we came out on to the verandah to see the performance. The dances were religious, and had all to be gone through before sunset. The chief Llama sat on a chair with a little table before him, and solemnly beat two cymbals together. He was dressed in dull red and wore a mitre on his head, and nothing could have been more grand and stately than his appearance. Smaller Llamas sat on the ground on either side of him in a long row. They also wore red clothes and high pointed red caps, and looked very strange and mysterious.

The first dancers who appeared were common-looking masked individuals, who awkwardly lumbered about. Then came on about twelve or fifteen men in silk robes with long sleeves and enormous round hats, with peacock hand-screens stuck in the top of them, and many veils and odds and ends flying from them. These men also flopped about slowly, but in time to the music, which was played for them. They made their exits one by one, and then returned, having changed their hats for large and grotesque masks, and in these they danced again.

To suit our European impatience each act was cut very short, and after this performance we had time to see another dance of a more comic character. Three men were wonderfully dressed up with red and gold faces, and great wigs of yak's hair, and another appeared as a lady with red petticoats, a mask, and a large red bonnet. She had a sword in her hand, and she went through a series of sham fights with the men. A boy also appeared on the scene; his naked body was painted round with white stripes, which, with the natural colour of his skin between, made a most respectable brown and white jersey. I was trying to photograph these strange people, and was just getting this group into position when the boy suddenly stood on his head, and all the others began to shake and gesticulate in the most bewildering fashion. This was their idea of sitting for their photograph, and it had the funniest effect. Two dancers appeared as dead men, all whitish, with ribs painted on them and flesh hanging about as in Albert Durer's pictures. We had printed histories of these dances to read, but the

pieces were too much curtailed for us to be able to follow the plots very well.

*Thursday, 8th.*—Directly after breakfast we saw some archers. They were Lepchas, dressed in their national costume. It consists of a blue and white striped cotton rug, caught up on the shoulders, and held round the waist by a belt, so as to form a loose and graceful tunic ending at the knees. On their heads they had wicker flower-pots of a reddish colour, with a peacock feather stuck in each. On their backs were slung bamboo cases for the arrows, and they carried their bows. They were most picturesque-looking creatures, but their shooting was only moderately good, and I don't think they ever really hit the mark. They have a sort of bow and arrow game, which is pretty. The arrow has a whistle at one end which sounds as it goes through the air, and the archer aims at a gong which also sounds when he hits it.

We have a small war on hand, and since we came here some of our troops and a couple of guns have gone off to Sikkim, where a Rajah has been misbehaving and has been allowing Thibetans to make themselves at home in our territory. D. has had some business to do here in connection with this, and he is at this moment having an interview with a Llama in a long yellow silk dressing-gown and high white-soled shoes.

Near the Bhootia temple, or Gompa, in Darjeeling, 108 new praying-flags have been put up all by one man. Mr. Paul, seeing this great work of merit, said to another native of the place, 'He must have committed some

great sin!' 'Yes,' whispered this one, 'he has been selling powder to the Thibetans.'

On our way to the station we looked at a collection of butterflies and beetles made by a very intelligent man, who told us interesting things about them.

We filled four trollies and slid down from Ghoom to Silligori with great success. It is a delightful, smooth, and noiseless journey. We dined at the last named place, and met there some of the officers starting for Sikkim, amongst them G. Heyman, who is going as surveyor to the party. He dined with us. We spent the night in the train, and when we got up in the morning (Friday, 9th) we found it pouring with rain. This cools the air, and we feel the change to a warm climate much less than we should otherwise have done.

The rain had ceased when we got to Calcutta, but we only just reached Government House as a dust storm, followed by rain and thunder, came on, and all the windows had to be shut quickly to prevent the destruction of everything in the rooms.

Blanche and the Duchess of Montrose have been enjoying themselves much during our absence. The Duchess leaves to-night, and stays with Lady Reay till the Duke joins her. He has shot a tiger, and is having some good sport in Nepaul.

*Monday, 12th.*—I visited the Calcutta Free Schools this morning. They are for boys and girls, and the two buildings are very fine large ones. All the children were dressed in white, and even in this warm weather looked cool and comfortable. The object of these insti-

tutions is to provide education and maintenance for destitute children. D. gave me a silver medal to present at each school.

In the afternoon I went to see a home just opened for destitute women. It is to be a sort of Protestant 'Little Sisters of the Poor' establishment. The tradespeople of Calcutta have given the furniture, and it looks so fresh and clean and comfortable; the house itself is a very nice one, with plenty of air and space round it.

After this I went on to watch the final games of a tennis tournament, and saw some very good play. The weather was threatening, with such a high wind blowing that in the midst of the heat it seems quite cyclonic, not to say uncanny!

D. had one of his special little dinners for men, so we ladies had engaged ourselves to a native dinner-party. Two A.D.C.'s were admitted, and our hostess's sisters dined with us, while her mother and sister-in-law only joined us in the drawing-room afterwards.

Our first proceeding was to dress ourselves properly for this festival, and as soon as we got to the house we were taken into a dressing-room, were divested of our own gowns, and were draped in saris. Mine was a most successful arrangement. The sari was lovely, being made of a sort of silk muslin with silver borders; and I submitted entirely to the hands of the costumier, so that when I was finished I found myself in a very pretty and cool costume. We also put on a little extra jewellery, which was lent us, and proceeded to the dining-room. The floor-table was very large, for each person requires a great space to dine in this fashion; the cloth laid

on the carpet nearly filled the room, and on it were candelabras, and in front of each seat from twenty-five to thirty little silver bowls filled with all sorts of, to our eyes, rather messy foods. One large silver dish, with a pile of rice in the centre of it, was before each person, and the edges of this we had to use instead of ordinary plates. I was seated at the top of the 'table' by myself, with a velvet cushion behind me, and I was afterwards much complimented on the ease with which I managed my dinner, seated like a Buddha on a mat. I was told that I did it 'as well as any Bengali,' and that I looked like a 'Hindu goddess.' It was difficult to eat, for the food had to be manipulated with unaided fingers, and yet the dishes were of rather a soft and greasy kind, and some of them would have required a spoon rather than a fork to lift them with, had either implement been allowed. The native ladies showed great dexterity in working up these savoury morsels with the dry rice, so as to form little balls, but we were not equal to that, and had to eat in a much more untidy fashion.

I can scarcely tell you what the things were, but there were very small portions of a great number of dishes, and when one came to eatables which one could recognise, one found about twenty samples of fruits on the same plate. Two strawberries, two slices of cucumber, two bits of tomato, a few almonds, part of a rose-apple, a bit of melon, a pistachio nut, &c.; homœopathic helpings of each variety. Then in the way of sweets there were dishes of all sorts of sugary cakes, and cocoanut-paste fruits, and bowls of a sweet milky stuff with bits of green nut floating in it. I dipped my

greasy fingers into one dish after another, and finally washed them in a silver basin provided for the purpose.

• We all enjoyed this dinner very much, and when it was over we received, in addition to the wreaths of flowers which already adorned our necks and heads, large bouquets, and a piece of pan, to say nothing of bits of spice handed round in a silver vessel. Our hostess's sweet-looking mother, pretty young sisters, and sister-in-law talked to me in the drawing-room, while the band played outside; and about ten o'clock we took off our native costume and returned home, our hostess insisting upon presenting us each with the saris we had worn.

*Tuesday, 13th.*—This afternoon we went to see the Maharani of Kuch Behar's relations, who live at Lily Cottage. Her father was Keshub Chunder Sen, who was the founder of the Brahma Somaj form of religion, and whose memory is greatly venerated by his followers. The widow is a very sweet-looking person, and all the family are nice. The two grandmothers, an aunt, some cousins, and several sisters were collected together to meet me, and we were immediately covered with garlands and hung with necklaces and bangles, made partly of flowers and partly of tinsel, which gave all the effect of large rubies and emeralds on pearl chains. A crown of the same kind was prepared for me, which, however, I could not attempt to place on the top of my fashionable bonnet. We had tea and some native sweets, and we went all over the house, and I saw the

bed of the widowed mother, which is of hard board, as in her 'sorrowful condition she would not make use of any luxury;' and then we descended to the garden, in which stands a monument over the ashes of Keshub Chunder Sen. Off this garden is the chapel, in which his marble pulpit is covered with flowers and pictures, and where stands the silver flag of the 'New Dispensation.' Prayers are performed here every morning, but no one is as yet allowed to use the Prophet's pulpit. One lady present was a very nice-looking woman, and as she spoke English it was possible to talk with her. She wore a beautiful crimson satin embroidered sari, and did the honours very gracefully. They were all most kind and friendly, so that our visit was very pleasant. Some of the sweets were sent to us after, and a white sugar statue of a scantily clothed lady was placed before D. at dessert.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—I was dragged from my bed at 6 A.M. to go and see a paper steeplechase, the winner of it to get a handsome cup. Lord William returned from Meerut at that very hour, mounted at once the box-seat of his coach, drove us to the 'meet,' rode in the chase, and won the cup. He got a bad cut on his arm from a branch of a tree, but hid his wounds and drove us home.

In the afternoon I had my Committee meeting, and we discussed several questions of importance to the Fund. We also had the rehearsal for a concert, and just as people were collecting for this the most desperate rain and hailstorm came on. It is so curious, when everyone



is crying out at the heat, to see the lawn covered with large hailstones.

• *Thursday, 15th.*—Sir Auckland Colvin arrived this morning to stay with us. A new aide-de-camp came by the same train—Lord Binning. We had a very large dinner party and a concert after, and this is probably our last evening entertainment here. The platform for the singers was at one end of the ball-room, and opposite to it, in the distant drawing-room, the conversationally inclined could talk at their ease without disturbing the musically inclined who sat near. In the room behind was the buffet. Colonel Chatterton, who had arranged it all for me, had made out a very pretty light programme—a few solos to begin with, followed by some selections from ‘Dorothy,’ in which a great number of singers took part. We had asked about 400 people to the concert, and we had a good night for it, with just a little breeze. Our maximum heat in the shade just now is about 91, and at night it goes down to 72.

*Friday, 16th.*—Prince Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein arrived here with two gentlemen, one a Baron Leipziger and the other a Professor Friederich, a painter.

A little entertainment had been got up on the race-course for us. It was called ‘Sky Races of the Gymkhana Type,’ and there were the ‘Viceroy’s Stirrup Cup,’ the ‘Dufferin Stakes,’ the ‘Farewell’ something else, and the ‘Salaam.’ The Stirrup Cup was a ladies’ nomination race, in which Hermie won a pretty brooch.

The committee called together to vote an address to

the Viceroy, have voted me a separate address all to myself, and, moreover, intend to ask me to sit for my picture to be hung up in some public building here. This is an unprecedented compliment—too great a one, I fear.

*Saturday, 17th.*—We remained in town to-day to give the Calcutta Volunteers their prizes, and at the ceremony a very unexpected presentation was made to me. The corps was drawn up on the parade-ground, 600 strong. D. made them a little speech, to which Colonel Chatterton replied, and I gave the winners the silver cups, medals, and bags of rupees they had gained. At the end of this business part of the meeting Colonel Chatterton asked to be allowed, on behalf of the whole corps of the Presidency Volunteers, to present me with a bracelet; and his little daughter put on my arm such a lovely one, with an inscription inside, which they had all, from the drummer-boys upwards, subscribed to give me. It is composed of diamonds and sapphires and pearls. This was really a very undeserved tribute, and all the kinder is it on that account.

*Monday, 19th.*—We said good-bye to Sir Auckland Colvin yesterday morning, as he was to leave Calcutta at night and we were going to Barrackpore before lunch. We took Prince Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein and Baron Leipziger with us, and also invited the German Consul, Mr. Gerlich, to come with them. The visit was short, and went off very well, and we returned this morning to our usual round of duties.

In the afternoon we had a garden party, which was

our farewell entertainment here. It got pleasantly cool as the sun went down, and we walked about in the twilight in regular Indian fashion.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—I visited the family of Sir Jotendra Mohun Tagore in the afternoon. He has been on my Committee, and I have therefore known him pretty well, and have found him a great help to me. I had often heard of his mother as being a native lady of the old school. I expressed a wish to make her acquaintance, and was delighted with my visit to her and with the kind manner in which I was received at his house.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—I spent the afternoon in presiding at my last Calcutta Committee meeting and in visiting a charitable institution, and afterwards I went to a charity concert, which was rather painful, as there were more singers than listeners, and the poor man for whose benefit it was given must have looked on with despair.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—There was a great meeting in the Town Hall to-day to propose addresses to D. and to me, and to suggest that a statue of him should be erected in Calcutta, and that a picture of me should be hung in the Town Hall.

D. and I visited the Victoria College for girls, and were met there by the Maharani of Kuch Behar and all her relations. After a little singing and reading we retired to the kitchen, where they showed us the Hindu way of cooking, the ladies doing it all themselves. They made fried potatoes, and chupatties, and popped corn, which

we tasted. An address was presented to me on a silver salver which bore my initials, and D. replied to it, and we went away.

*Friday, 23rd.*—I must pass rapidly over a morning visit I paid unexpectedly to the Zenana Hospital, over a hurried sitting to a photographer ‘by request,’ over inspections of the Pratt School and of the European Orphan Asylum in the afternoon, and over a pleasant visit received from Mrs. Ghose, a native lady, to tell you of the splendid reception we had at the Town Hall in the evening.

We entered by the grand staircase at ten o’clock, were received at the door by a large number of Rajahs, judges, and other Indian dignitaries, and were conducted between lines of Volunteers up the staircase to the big room, which was beautifully decorated, and which was cram full of people, European and native. The stairs were carpeted with our colours, blue and yellow, and these were largely used in the other decorations. A page, in white satin, presented me with a lovely bouquet of orchids, and many of these beautiful flowers were to be seen in the room. Two of our own largest and grandest chairs (Burmese thrones) were on the dais, and behind them were tiers of smart ladies, while before us was a dense crowd of friends. Sir Steuart Bayley read the address to the Viceroy, and presented it to him in a very handsome silver casket. You can read it for yourself, and I need not therefore tell you how complimentary it is, and how satisfactory it is to receive such a tribute from such an influential and mixed body of this community. D. read his reply; but

although his voice seemed very loud and distinct, the acoustic properties of the hall are so bad that I fear it was only heard by those in the immediate neighbourhood of the dais.

Then Sir Alec Wilson read an address to me ; it is a very beautiful one, and although it turns my molehill works into mountains, yet it does so in a very delightful way. I read my own reply, for it seemed to me that to get some one else to say ' Lady Dufferin is very much obliged to you ' would not at all express my feelings of gratitude. My silver box is such a lovely one ! I hope you will see it adorning the Roman Embassy some day.

I have been asked to sit for my picture too, to be placed in the Town Hall amongst all the Lieutenant-Governors and *male* celebrities of the past ! Is not that enough to turn my head ? A statue of D., for which 60,000 Rs. have been subscribed, is to be placed on the Maidan.

At the end of the addresses there was much applause and many cheers for us both. Then we walked about and shook hands and expressed our thanks as far as we were able to do so, and went home feeling greatly touched by the ovation we had received.

*Saturday, 24th.*—We started in our launch as if for Barrackpore, but in reality for a place half-way there called Uttarpara, where a Member of the Legislative Council, the Hon'ble Peary Mohun Mookerjee, was to entertain us. The landing-place was crowded with natives, and a salute was fired, and we were received at a large house, which contains the Uttarpara Public Library,

but which belongs to our host's father, a blind man, who received us at the door. The Municipal address was presented in the drawing-room, and we went there, through the library and up the stairs, looking at the pictures by the way; oleograph portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, an oil picture of Madame Grand, a portrait of myself, one of D., and one of the blind father by Mr. Archer, were on the walls. As soon as D. had received and answered his address, I went into the zenana, where all the ladies of the family were assembled. The daughter of the house read my address in English, and I read my reply, which no one in the room understood. I am in hopes this entertainment was really a treat to the purdah ladies, for there was a band playing, and acrobats performing on the lawn, and crowds of people and steamers arriving, and they could see all this from their verandah. The Calcutta company came a little later than we did, and the business part of the reception being over, we all met in the garden and had ice and tea, and talk and music, till it was time for us to go on. We enjoyed the afternoon very much. It is really getting very hot—96 in the shade.

A large deputation of Mahometans came down from the Punjaub to present D. with an address, and another Mahometan one comes on Monday.

*Sunday, 25th.*—An uneventful day at Barrackpore, but probably our last visit to this lovely little place.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—D. went out before breakfast this morning to visit the slums of Calcutta. There are

terrible places called kintals, where the refuse of the European and Eurasian population live in wretched sheds, and in lanes three feet wide. D. was provided with a little tablet of camphor to smell at as he passed through them. He then went on to a burning ghât, where he saw 'a poor little woman' being cremated.

In the afternoon I visited an interesting charity which has some connection with the kintals. It is a home for destitute girls, and most of the inmates are taken from these terrible places, and all from drunken and disreputable parents. These degraded creatures are very glad to give up their daughters while they are small, but as they grow up they want to get them back to make money out of them, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrington have often trouble in preserving the girls from this fate. I looked at their writing and sums, and heard them sing, and was much pleased with all I saw and heard, especially when I found that there are no paid teachers in this institution. There is a matron who lives in the house and helps with the younger ones, but all the lessons are given by ladies who devote certain hours a day to it, and they must have been very regular in their attendance to produce such excellent results. It is real charity in a climate like this to give time and labour to such a purpose. I feel as if I was only just finding out how many good people there are here.

I met D. afterwards at the School of Art, where a great number of students are being trained in drawing, wood engraving, carving, silver work, &c.

In the evening we had Sir Alec and Lady Wilson, Mr. Steel, Mr. Evans, and Sir Alfred Croft to dine with

us, and after that came a very interesting entertainment to which I had invited about twenty of our friends.

The Maharajah Sir Sourendra Tagore has an 'Academy of Music' in Calcutta, and this body came to present an address, to sing an ode, and to give a short concert. The programme will show you that it was an uncommon one, and the names of the instruments will convey no ideas to your mind.

PROGRAMME :

- Singing of the Benedictory Stanzas,
- Performance on the Sitar,
- A Solo on the Vina,
- A Dhurpada Song,
- A Duet on the Sitar,
- A Solo on the Sarod,
- A Solo on the Nyastaranga.

All the musicians, or rather the members of the Academy, were placed in front of the throne on which the Viceroy sat, and we all seated ourselves at the sides. The address was first read in Sanscrit. But if you will read the translation of some extracts from it here below you will see that we lost much by not understanding it at the time :—



*May Victory and Prosperity attend Thee.*

TO THE MOST PUISSANT, THE MOST MAGNANIMOUS AND THE  
MOST GLORIOUS

EARL OF DUFFERIN,

*Representative in India of Her Most Gracious Majesty,—  
Who is all that is good, Who is beyond compare, Who  
illuminates the world with the splendour of Her wealth  
and arms, and Who is the embodiment of transcendent  
kindness.*

. . . . .

O Fountain of all Virtues! The Academy of Music  
(which has been arrayed in unspeakable beauty by having  
Thee for her High Protector—even as the full-blown  
lotus is touched into beauty by the rays of the Sun) now,  
bowed down with unutterable grief at the prospect of  
losing Thee, drenches the earth with her tears of  
sorrow.

. . . . .

Alas! Thou art leaving these shores for Thy  
country, and the waves of sorrow will overwhelm us.  
What can we offer Thee meet for Thy acceptance?  
For all that we have we owe to Thee. Therefore, offer we  
to Thee, in all sincerity and affection, the only treasure  
that we possess—our steadfast Loyalty—garbed in the  
dulcet air (*Kalyán*), and freighted with prayers for Thee.  
O accept our offering!

. . . . .

MAY BLESSINGS BE THINE.

Most of the instruments are varieties of the guitar, and they are not very powerful. The solos were generally accompanied by the drum, the man playing on it with his fingers as if it were a piano. The Nyastaranga is the most extraordinary of all, and you will probably mutter something about travellers' tales when I tell you of it. The performer puts the mouthpiece of two trumpets to the outside of his throat, and with a very little puffing and blowing and moving of his vocal cords, he manages to play tunes on the two trumpets, without any sound proceeding from himself. He played 'God save the Queen' in this way with great success. We all tried it afterwards, but could produce no sound, while the man himself could do it with the instrument against his cheek.

When the music was over we had some tea and talk, and so ended our last little party here.

*Wednesday, 28th.*—The Maharani of Kuch Behar's family came to see me to-day, and I took them all over the house, which interested them much.

Then I gave away prizes at the Armenian School, where I was very kindly received. To-night we dine with the Bayleys, and to-morrow we leave Calcutta! We still have some little hope of returning for a short time, and I should like to do so, but we can settle nothing at present.

## CHAPTER XV

SIMLA, 1888

MARCH 29 TO NOVEMBER 12

*Thursday, March 29th, to Thursday, April 12th.*—As I have been going over old rounds this week, I will not trouble you with many details, and will attempt no descriptions of the sights I have been showing Hermie. Directly after breakfast on Thursday, 29th, we took what will probably be our last farewell of Calcutta. A great crowd of native gentlemen and our English friends were collected on the steps of that lovely house to say good-bye to us.

The carriages and the troops, the band and the red cloth; and the crowd were drawn up as usual.

We journeyed on to Allahabad, where our party divided. Sir Donald had been very ill in the train, and was carried off in a dhoolie to the hospital. D. and his Staff made for Rewah for two days tiger-shooting, and Nelly, Hermie, and Major Cooper went on to Agra with me.

The Maharajah of Bhurtpore entertained us, and we were very comfortable in a nice house of his, where we managed to keep pretty cool. We saw the Taj, and the Fort, and the tomb of Etma Dowlah, and we looked in at a moonlight picnic at Secundra, where a number of people

were enjoying themselves in the dark, for the moon did not rise till eleven; and we went all over the Female Medical School and Hospital; and the girls did the gaol with Sir John Tyler, while I saw various people connected with the Fund.

On Monday evening we left, and, having spent the night in the train, we got out at Cawnpore in the morning and visited that sad place, the Memorial Church and the Memorial Well.

I got a telegram from D. at the station, saying that on their first day's shoot they had killed two tigers, one of which had fallen to his own gun.

We reached Lucknow at eleven o'clock, and came to Sir Auckland Colvin's house. Archie appeared for luncheon, and we drove out afterwards to see him play polo and to visit Dick Houston. The latter is ill in Clandeboye's bungalow, and is going on well, his temperature being normal, but it must be very tiresome for him to be laid up so long in a strange place.

This morning (April 4th) there was a public meeting in connection with my Fund here. It was at 7.30 A.M., a trying hour, I think, for speeches; and when Nelly in polite accents told Sir Auckland, who had spoken for an hour, that she supposed 'the time did seem much shorter to the person speaking than to those who were listening,' he was much amused by the candour of the remark and said he should never forget it.

There is a warm wind, but I find that the stuffiness of the house is the most trying part of the heat here. Personally, I prefer hot air to none at all, but those who understand the climate always shut up every window,

and I suppose they know best. We have good accounts of Sir Donald, and he will be able to come here with D. to-morrow.

D. has written me an account of his day's shooting, and I cannot do better than copy it for you. He says: 'We spent yesterday very quietly, and I made up my mail, but in the evening we drove out about seven miles to this place, which is on the edge of the jungle. We have been doing things very leisurely, for we did not start this morning till ten. We drove a few miles, then rode another mile, and walked a few hundred yards further to the place which was to be the scene of our exploits. You must imagine a rough basaltic plateau at the foot of the hills, sparsely covered with clumps of jungle, and with a not very deep nullah or gorge running through it. Near the edge of this nullah there rises a black and nearly precipitous rock to a height of some sixteen or twenty feet, on the top of which we found a carpet, chairs, and a battlemented parapet. Similar basaltic rocks marked the face of the country in every direction. Having seen us fairly established, our host started off to the head of the gorge, where a crowd of beaters with tom-toms, drums, and bugles were drawn up, and, after waiting about an hour, we heard them totooing as they approached us. Owing to the lie of the ground and other precautions, any tiger that came was bound to pass in a particular direction, *i.e.* along a fairly open space on our left, and not far from our castle. I had been particularly enjoined not to fire at the tiger as he approached us, but to wait until he should give a good side-shot as he trotted along his allotted path. We—that is to say,

Binning and I—therefore maintained a vigilant look-out, and all of a sudden we saw a great deal of excitement in the neighbourhood of another rock corresponding to our own, but some two hundred yards off, and presently Major Barr came back and informed us that there were two tigers who had ensconced themselves in a passage or cave in this rock, and that they were going to frighten them out by firing blank cartridge at them. Accordingly, a few minutes afterwards, a tremendous fusillade began, in which Bill Beresford and the Doctor joined, but the beasts would not move. At last, however, one of them, the tigress as we thought, bolted—at first in the wrong direction, but eventually she was turned, and we saw her cantering up the hill towards us. Remembering my host's injunctions not to fire at her end on, but to wait until she turned along the path indicated, I abstained from shooting, but the disloyal brute, flying in the face of Providence, kept on her way and passed immediately under the rock on the wrong side, so that my chance was gone. Luckily Major Barr, who was on a sister rock just behind me, managed to get a shot at her as she was going away, and knocked her over. In the meantime the party round the rock in front of our machân were still trying to turn the other creature out, but he refused to move, and at last they sent an elephant round for me to kill him in his hole. Climbing up the basalt mount, on the top of which the whole society was now congregated, I was told to look down into a narrow cleft at my feet, and there I saw a tiger's one eye gleaming at us out of the darkness. At first it was very difficult to distinguish anything more than this sinister

light, but after my sight had got a little accustomed to the gloom I saw half of his forehead about sixteen or eighteen feet below me. Taking a steady aim, I fired, but nobody could see whether he was killed or not, for he was too far down to be reached either by a lance or by any pole, nor was it possible to distinguish any portion of him on account of the narrowness of the crevice. At last a gentleman appeared with a bow and arrows, and when the beast made no sign after two or three of these missiles had been fired at him, public opinion began to credit his demise, of which hitherto they had been very doubtful. Indeed, great pressure was put upon me to fire another shot at him, but I did not wish to spoil the skin, as I was sure I had already hit him. This proved to be the case, for my bullet had entered exactly between his eyes, and had broken up his whole skull and brain. He was eventually dragged out, but alas! when brought into camp, the sexes of the two beasts were found to be the reverse of what we had imagined, the one Barr killed being the male and mine the tigress. It was not a very sporting achievement, but it was a singular incident in tiger-shooting. We then lunched, and came quietly home to our bungalow in the afternoon. The day was cloudy, so that we suffered no inconvenience either from the sun or the heat, and are all very flourishing.'

I received this letter in the morning of Thursday, and D. himself arrived in the evening.

In the early morning I went to see a hospital and training school for nurses, which is a most promising institution.

*Friday, 6th.*—I took a ‘European morning’ after having had three days of going out before breakfast, and read and wrote all the day till five o’clock, when we went to see the 17th Lancers do a musical ride. That is always a pretty sight. In the evening Sir Auckland had an illuminated garden party. The trees were hung with little lamps of various colours, and great candelabra were placed about the lawn. It all looked very gay, and the talukdars and descendants of the Kings of Oude, with smart clothes and diamond headdresses, beautified the scene. Two bands were playing in the garden, and we had a very pleasant party.

*Saturday, 7th.*—We went all over the Residency this afternoon, Colonel May explaining the various positions to D., but as I told you all my impressions of the siege as derived from General Wilson, I will not repeat them. The old Baillie Guard was again assembled, and this time D. was able to see them and to speak to them.

A native lady came to see me. She was carried in a large muslin-covered palanquin, which was set down at the drawing-room window, and when she was about to crawl out of it a piece of stuff was held up to hide her from all curious eyes. She was very small, and very talkative, and bright and pleasant-looking, and as she was anxious to salaam the Viceroy I asked if he might come in, but she said ‘No, he must be behind the purdah.’ I opened D.’s door, pulling a curtain in front of it, and she shook hands with him round the edge of it. The Rani chatted away quite comfortably to the



shadow of the Viceroy, who could see through the red stuff that it was a very tiny creature he was conversing with.

In the evening the talukdars of Oude gave a party and presented a very complimentary address to D. A deputation of them in fine clothes and diamond head-dresses came to fetch him, and drove after him to the hall, which, with the gardens surrounding it, was beautifully illuminated. The place was crowded with people, and the way was lined with men of the 17th Lancers; at the end was a dais with three very smart thrones upon it. The Viceroy sat on the biggest, with a gold umbrella over him, and leant his arms on the heads of golden lions; the Lieutenant-Governor and I took our places on either side of him. The address was read, first in English and then in Persian, and D. read his reply. After this we were decorated with the most splendid golden garlands. They are said to be worth Rs. 300 each, and are made of gold braid, with large round pieces of stiff embroidery. They are very long and heavy, and men always look very strange and Lord Mayorish in them. Ornamented with these magnificent wreaths, other people decorated with less beautiful ones, and all the Lancer guard with golden garlands on, we went on to the verandah to look at fireworks. They always give me the idea of a world gone mad: to see a garden suddenly burst out into wheels and flames and sparks, to see everything twisting and twirling and puffing and snorting, and to hear a bang here and an explosion there, and a whiz of a rocket somewhere else—has something of demoniacal possession about it, especially

when, as is often the case, the sulphur and smoke nearly choke you as you gaze bewildered at the restless scene. I am sure Indian fireworks are much more fidgety than any others.

*Sunday, 8th.*—At this time of year one's life is entirely ruled by the sun. We go to church before breakfast in order to avoid him, and we stay in all day till five o'clock, and keep the windows shut, and only just before his bedtime do we venture to walk or drive. It is not really very hot, but the weather is most disagreeable, for between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. a strong wind blows, and the air is full of dust, which has all the effect of a mist; if the window is open for a moment everything blows about, the doors bang, and the curtains fly, and one's writing-paper is covered with grit, and it is altogether very irritating. This is the way the hot season begins, and day by day the wind gets hotter and hotter till it scorches you as though it came out of an oven. The sound of a strong wind on a warm day is very depressing—there is something unnatural about it.

We have been so disappointed. We were just going to start for Kashmir, but cholera has broken out on the route, and we have to give up our journey there. We are too large a party to go anywhere else at a moment's notice, and so we are forced to return to Simla at once. Even that place is full of disappointment and difficulties. The new house is not ready, and we have to get into the old one once more. Three of our bungalows are let, and Blanche and Fred will be a long way off, and we shall

feel very unsettled and uncomfortable. Our servants are on leave, and our goods on the road, and our horses and saddles are on their way to Kashmir, so it is all most inconvenient. We shall also put out all the people who mean to go up to Simla on Saturday, as the road must be cleared for us, and they may not be able to get another dâk for a long time.

*Tuesday, 10th.*—D. has been very busy during his stay, making himself thoroughly acquainted with Lucknow. He has studied the siege and all the positions, and has been to the Courts of Justice to see the native magistrates sitting, to a District Board, and to a round of schools, beginning at the primary and going upwards. He received another Mahometan deputation, who presented a very complimentary address.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—We left Lucknow this morning, and are, alas! bound for Simla. Every day the news about our house gets worse and worse, and its state of unpreparedness is hopeless.

Travelling is pretty hot now, but we arrange to have short days, and stopped at Moradabad for the night.

*Saturday, 14th, to Thursday, May 3rd.*—Here we are once more, having slept at Pinjore and driven up on a lovely day. Simla looks quite pretty this year, so much greener than usual, and with rhododendron-trees covered with the most lovely flowers.

The little cottage into which we have to squeeze is a tighter fit than ever, and the girls' maids greatly object

to sleeping in the same room, and cannot believe that I am not concealing from them vast empty apartments which they might inhabit.

We could not resist walking up to see how the new building looked, and I must say the outside is in a very unpromising condition. Stones and stone-cutters, and sheds, and scaffolding, occupy the whole front; the road is like a mountain torrent, and the boilers for the electric machine are only now being dragged up the hill. Inside also there is much to be done, and if we get into it in two months we shall be lucky. I do want to live there very much, for the house is beautiful and the views from it are quite splendid. Simla scenery is seen to greater advantage from it than from any other place I know.

Owing to our sudden return here our establishment is not at all complete. The body-guard is absent. Some horses and saddles are making a tour in Kashmir. The stores are on the road. Half the servants are on leave, and the furniture in my rooms is partly in old covers matching the curtains here, and partly in new ones matching those in the other house. I no sooner arrange the drawing-room than a large sofa disappears and leaves a vacant space, and I am told it is gone to be re-covered—so I feel that I shall get more and more uncomfortable and untidy-looking until I take up my abode in that palace on Observatory Hill.

We are dropping into all our old ways here, riding round Jakko, and working at something or other all the morning.

We are beginning to think about the Annual Charity

Garden Fête, which is to be on May 26, and by way of novelties I am going to have a dog show, and an exhibition of silver. Lord William has some beautiful bowls and racing cups, and we have some lovely address boxes, so that it will be quite worth seeing.

The Duke of Orleans stayed a few days in Simla on his way to join the 60th Rifles at Chakrata. His shooting expedition was most successful. They killed twenty-one tigers, besides hundreds of deer and small birds. The Duke got eight tigers to his own gun, and had on one occasion a real adventure. There was a tiger in a sort of *cul de sac*, and he attempted to enter it on his elephant. The ground was soft, and the elephant knelt on his fore-legs to get down some little bank; at this moment the tiger jumped on to the howdah in which the Duke was, broke his gun, and happily also the side of the howdah. When that gave way the tiger fell off backwards, the elephant ran away, a branch of a tree swept the Duke out of the remains of the howdah on to the back of the elephant, and two guns were fired off in the scrimmage. He had a wonderful escape.

I must not get on too fast, however, and must tell you that on Friday afternoon I had a very long and busy afternoon with my Committee. Major Cooper retired from it on this occasion, and Mr. Lawrence took his place.

I proposed a vote of thanks to the former, who has given me invaluable assistance from the first inauguration of the medical work until now. Sir Charles Aitchison seconded it, and spoke very nicely of the courtesy and

attention Major Cooper had always shown in his official relations with the branches.

My new secretary, Mr. Lawrence, came to do business with me for the first time a day or two later. I am very lucky in getting him. He is really interested in the Fund, and is working up the whole thing in a most practical way.

*Thursday, 24th.*—The day of the State Ball, and particularly interesting to me as Hermie 'came out' at it. The ball was a very good one, people seemed so gay, and the night was so lovely that many sat out, and our little house did not get too crowded.

*Friday, 25th.*—The house is turned upside down for my annual fête! In the conservatory all my goods are collected. In the drawing-room a platform has been put up for the singers in the café chantant. The ball-room is now a regular theatre, with a stage at one end, and rows of chairs filling it. The dining-room is entirely taken up as an exhibition, silver cups, boxes, trowels, &c., being displayed on tiers of shelves put up there. We, the inhabitants, have to live in the A.D.C.s' room, which is the only unoccupied one downstairs. Our lawn has three large and two small Shamianas put up on it for our tea, our stalls, the fish-pond, the raffles, and the old woman who lives in a shoe. The bank is in a summer-house there, and a photographer is to perambulate the grounds and to take pictures. A fortune-teller will sit in a recess on the verandah, and all our terraces, which are at one end of

the house, are taken up for the dog show. If only the weather will hold up, 'there's millions in it.'

In the evening we had a rehearsal of the little piece to be performed to-morrow afternoon, which is called 'The Rose of Stinging-nettle Farm,' and the actors, Colonel Chamberlain, Mr. Williams, Mr. Luke, Mr. Hobday, and Mr. Hemming, dined with us before.

*Saturday, 26th.*—The weather perfect, and all our preparations going on apace. Jack and Lord Binning worked away putting tables and chairs, Chinese lanterns, and other decorations in their café chantant, and every one else was as busy as they. The dogs began to arrive about twelve, and the barking sounded most cheerful, especially as each barker had paid two rupees for showing himself. The judges began their work early, and had not nearly finished by lunch-time. We went down with them afterwards to have a private view. There were 120 dogs, and it was a very good show. The big ones lay under trees outside, and all the little ones were in stalls under a Shamiana. Hermie was so disappointed at not being able to show her 'Peter,' as he has got prickly heat badly, and did not look pretty enough to be exhibited.

By four o'clock everything was ready, and the place looked very gay and fête-like. The Mayo School arrived first—fifty-four children treated by General Chesney, and each with a rupee in their pockets, given them by Lady Aitchison to take two dips from the fish-pond. The fête authorities gave them a free tea, so they enjoyed themselves very much.

The more fashionable company arrived soon after, and all was bustle and amusement till eight o'clock. The pond, and the lucky-box, and the shoe, and the café chantant, and the dogs were all very attractive, and the children who came were laden with toys, and everybody seemed pleased and satisfied.

Our accounts are not quite made up yet, but we shall have over Rs. 4,000 for the hospital.

*Friday, June 1st.*—There were very heavy showers in the afternoon, but I managed to get to Mrs. Madden's house, where we had a distribution of the Work Society's clothes. It was very satisfactory—there were such piles of well-made, nice things for the four charities we help.

*Monday, 4th.*—Sir Frederick found that his annual Eton dinner would be so small this year that he asked all the ladies of the Etonians' families to dine too. There were ten 'Eton boys' present, and Sir F. made a nice little speech. Lord Binning had a dress rehearsal, and could not come, but we took Dick Houston instead. Sir Frederick's son was the youngest present, and D. and Mr. Bayley, a Bombay judge, were, I suppose, the seniors. Colonel Morton, who sat on one side of me, had also been at Mr. Walton's, D.'s first school. It was a pity that Archie was not here in time for the dinner.

In the evening a few more people came, and there was dancing.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—The Simla races began to-day, and the weather caused everyone the greatest anxiety.



Captain Burn, who has been starving for weeks, and who has just reached the proper weight, is most anxious to get the races over that he may eat and drink again, and other officers who have only come up to Simla on short leave, bringing their racehorses with them, are equally fearful of their being postponed. When there has been rain here, the ground gets so slippery that the sharp turns on the tiny Annandale course are positively dangerous, and all the riders are nervous on that score. However, they decided to risk it, and they did manage to have two races, but during the second one a tremendous storm came on, and Captain Burn won it in a downpour. The spectators all crowded into the stand, and watched with amusement the jockeys, grooms, and natives who had no shelter. One man turned up the tails of his long coat, squatted down on his heels, and sat thus, motionless, under a thin white cotton umbrella, through which the rain came freely, for a good quarter of an hour, and until the advancing puddles invaded his toes. Others got under the Shamiana, where the cloths on the refreshment-tables had turned blue with the rain, and a large party of men walked about under a long rug which they had taken up from the ground. It *can* rain here, and you would scarcely believe how soon dry ground becomes a lake, and how the water pours off the roofs in sheets and comes out of the pipes in torrents. It was hopeless to wait till it was over, and we had to pass through some very respectable little rivers across our path as we went home. This rain is rather disagreeable coming so near the monsoon, which it will not diminish in the very least.

*Sunday, July 15.*—I went up to the new house this afternoon, and it did look lovely. It was one of Simla's most beautiful moments, between showers, when clouds and hills, and light and shade, all combine to produce the most glorious effects. One could have spent hours at the window of my unfurnished boudoir, looking out on the plains in the distance, with a great river flowing through them; at the variously shaped hills in the foreground, brilliantly coloured in parts, and softened down in others by the fleecy clouds floating over them or nestling in the valleys between them. The approaching sunset, too, made the horizon gorgeous with red and golden and pale-blue tints. The result of the whole was to make me feel that it is a great pity that we shall have so short a time to live in a house surrounded by such magnificent views.

The house too, now that it approaches completion, looks so well, and perhaps this is a good opportunity to give you some idea of it.

The entrance-hall is the great feature of it. The staircase goes up from it, and there are stone pillars dividing it from a wide corridor leading to the state rooms, and both hall and corridor are open to the top of the house, three storeys. This gives an appearance of space and height which is very grand. The corridor opens into the ball-room with a large arch; and a similar arch at one end of the ball-room opens into the big drawing-room, which is a lovely room, furnished with gold and brown silks, and with large bow-windows, and a small round tower recess off it. Sitting in it you look down the ball-room, the colouring of which is of a lighter yellow.

It is a very fine room, and outside the dancing space there is plenty of room for sitting, as the wall is much broken up into pillars, leaving a sort of gallery round it. At one side, in one of these spaces, there are the large doors of the dining-room. It is a beautiful room. It has a high panelling of teak, along the top of which are shields with the arms and coronets of all the Viceroys, and of the most celebrated Governor-Generals, and above that Spanish leather in rich dark colours. The curtains are crimson. There is a small drawing-room, furnished in blue. These are all on one side of the hall. On the other side is the Council-room, the A.D.C.s' room, Private Secretary's office, &c.

Upstairs, the Viceroy's study and my boudoir are next to each other, and my views are, as I have said, quite splendid. D.'s room is rather dark and serious-looking. The colouring of mine is a bright sort of brown, and it has a very large bow window and a tower-room recess, which is nearly all glass, like the one in the drawing-room. The girls will have a similar sitting-room above me, and all our bedrooms are equally nice.

The newest feature of the house, as an Indian house, is the basement. 'Offices' are almost unknown here, and linen, china, plate, and stores are accustomed to take their chance in verandahs or godowns of the roughest description. Now each has its own place, and there is, moreover, a laundry in the house. How the dhobies will like it at first I don't know. What they are accustomed to is to squat on the brink of a cold stream, and there to flog and batter our wretched garments against the hard stones until they think them clean. Now they will

be condemned to warm water and soap, to mangles and ironing and drying rooms, and they will probably think it all very unnecessary, and will perhaps faint with the heat.

We are sending things up to the house, and hope to sleep in it on Monday.

*Monday, 23rd.*—We really inhabit the new Viceregal Lodge to-day, so I left the old directly after breakfast, just returning there for an hour at lunch-time, and busied myself the whole day arranging my room and my things, and the furniture in the drawing-rooms. Happily the weather was very tolerable, and our beds got up here dry.

D. and the girls did not come near the place till dinner-time, when everything was brilliantly lighted up by the electric light. It certainly is very good, and the lighting up and putting out of the lamps is so simple that it is quite a pleasure to go round one's room touching a button here and there, and to experiment with various amounts of light.

After dinner we went down to look at the kitchen, which is a splendid apartment, with white tiles six feet high all round the walls, looking so clean and bright. We sit in the smaller drawing-room, which is still a little stiff and company-like, but it will soon get into our ways and be more comfortable.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—The fog closed round us this morning, determined that, though we might rejoice over the inside of our house, we should see nothing of the views from it. We had a little ride in the afternoon.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—Weather monsoonish to a degree. An ambulance lecture in the afternoon, and the 'Overland Route' in the evening. I was glad to see the play, as I have heard of it all my life. It is rather too long and a little old-fashioned now, but it was very well done. The scenery was really excellent, and one felt almost as if one was on a P. and O. when one looked at it. The acting, too, was very good.

*Wednesday, August 8th.*—I don't think I have given you any information about the weather for some time. It is perfectly dreadful. Even the official reports, which make out that days which one describes to one's friends as 'pouring wet' ones, have only been 'cloudy' or 'threatening,' or perhaps 'showery,' cannot, when they come to figures, hide the fact that it is extremely damp. I have one of these veracious records before me, and what it says is this: 'Rainfall at Simla last 24 hours 4.12 inches.' This it calls 'drizzling' (a most improper official word, to say the least of it). Since June 1st it allows that 31.52 inches of rain have fallen upon us, and then it discourses upon the 'wind circulation' and the vagaries of the barometer. My unvarnished account of the same time is, that the rain falls in the most vicious manner, with the plain intent of entering our new house and of discovering every weak place in it; that it carries away half our carriage-roads just at the time we want them; that it entirely hides our lovely views and rather spoils our angelic tempers; that it brought two large stones thundering down the side of a khud on the highway, and that Hermie had to jump from her

rickshaw to escape them; that a stable in the neighbourhood has come down bodily; and that a hotel, full of guests, is hanging by a thread to the side of a very shaky hill. These effects are all produced by 'drizzling.'

On Tuesday the Minister from Hyderabad who is here, with seven other gentlemen, was received in our bar, the first held in this house. Dr. Lawrie, the Civil Surgeon there, came with them, and I saw him after lunch. He has a Female Medical Class at Hyderabad, and the Minister is doing his very best to forward our Medical Scheme.

We had our first entertainment in our new house to-night. It looked perfectly lovely, and one could see that everyone was quite astonished at it and at the softness of the light. First we had a large dinner—sixty-six people at one long table. The electric light is enough, but as candelabras ornament the table we had some on it. At one end of the room there was a sideboard covered with gold plate, &c., and at the other end double doors were open, and across the ball-room one saw the band which played during dinner.

We had all the Council and 'personages' of Simla, and the Minister, Asman Jah, from Hyderabad, who brought his suite. After dinner people began to arrive for the dance. When not dancing, everyone was amused roaming about the new rooms, and going up to the first floor, whence they could look down upon the party.

*Thursday, 30th.*—I am afraid D. has had to decide upon sending a punitive expedition to the Black Mountain. The tribes there have been troublesome for some

time, and lately killed two British officers; still even a tiny war is a painful necessity. However, all the soldiers are in a great state of excitement. Captain Burn and Lord Binning are both going, and I believe Edward Fletcher's regiment is likely to be ordered there.

We shall be left almost without A.D.C.s. Archie, Captain Burn, Lord Binning, Fred, Edward, all will be absent in October. Major Cooper is dying to go to the Black Mountain, and Lord William will probably be in a fever over the little war which he is not at!

*Monday, September 10th.*—Sir Thomas Baker is staying with us.

The weather is quite perfect now, and we are able to make afternoon engagements without any fear of being stopped by a deluge. We went to tea with Mr. Scoble, who had some pretty Indian cottons to show us.

Colonel Lang, who came out in the *Tasmania* with us, dined here; he is most cheery, and we talked over the events of our passage out and of the lessons in Hindustani which he used to give us on board. We were going on to a ball given to us by the Masons. It was in the Town Hall, and was a very pretty entertainment. When we arrived there, we were met at the door by a number of gentlemen in aprons, sashes, white cloaks, and black cloaks, red tunics, stars, crosses, medallions, orders and emblems of all sorts and kinds. Some of them carried long silver sticks with a dove on the top of each, and these marched before us, and we went in procession down the room between lines formed by the rest of the brethren. When we reached the dais, the

Grand Master made me a little speech, and presented me with a Masonic jewel, which I wore throughout the night. Then one brother asked if they 'should cease labour,' and the reply should have been that 'labour should cease and recreation should begin,' but Brother B., who had to say this, got confused, and said the usual word 'refreshment' instead of 'recreation,' which rather marred the solemnity of the proceedings. Then the Masons sang a short song and the dancing began.

I danced with the District Grand Master, who gave me much information as to the emblems and decorations. The room was very pretty indeed, and everything about it was allegorical; it required a deal of explanation to understand it all. The balconies were covered with light blue, which meant one thing, and the place where I was to sit with darker blue, which meant another. And there were shields with strange devices hanging everywhere, and there were gridirons and hammers and tools of every description used as ornaments; and all the brethren were so smart, and orders had been issued for officers to come in full dress, so it was a very gay sight.

We stayed till twelve, and then marched away in procession, the Masons singing a song and sending us off with three cheers. The ball-room was beautifully lighted and had an excellent floor, and all the arrangements were very good, and it was very amusing. The girls enjoyed it immensely, and were sorry to have to come away early.

The New Club was burnt down in the night, and many of the ball-givers went to help to put it out on



their way home. The men who belong to it, and who were living in houses close by, are begging their breakfast this morning; but I believe we are going to lend them tents, so they will set up for themselves again this afternoon.

We dined with General Chesney, who had a little concert afterwards.

*Thursday, 13th.*—We began the morning by sittings innumerable to a photographer. Groups of the Staff with us, groups of the Staff alone, the ladies, the red-coated servants and minor satellites — dhobies, cooks, godown men, &c., &c.—and lastly some of the body-guard. These will be very interesting souvenirs to have. Then the girls and I went off to Mushobra, to spend a day in the woods with Lady Roberts. We slept there, and so had twenty-four hours of country air. We lunched out, and had tea out and walked about, and in the evening played a writing game.

*Friday, 14th.*—We did nothing all the morning—a delightful employment—and then dressed in our habits and walked to a picnic place, where we first ate lunch and then tea, and after that rode home.

D. was glad to have us back. He has done nothing but his everlasting business, his usual police-accompanied walk, and some games of billiards.

I have forgotten to mention that I was 'at home' on Tuesday morning, and received 300 visitors, mostly ladies.

*Monday, 17th.*—The tennis tournament in our tennis-court is going on now, and we went to see a game be-

tween the Maharajah of Kuch Behar and Mr. Irwin of the Foreign Office, both very good players. The former won. A few people came to see the match, and we had tea near the court for them. Sir Thomas Baker has left, and Sir Oliver St. John is staying with us.

*Tuesday, 18th.*—The children came to practise their Lancers and country dance for my fancy ball.

*Wednesday, 19th.*—Such a terribly wet day! There is a cyclone going on which has spread nearly all over the country, and we are now having the tail of it. The weather map is most curious, the direction of the wind being marked on it. A small circle begins in the Bay of Bengal, and, getting wider and wider, it reaches to the West of India and takes in the whole centre of the continent. We could not go out all day, and had our first bad night of the season for a large party.

General McQueen, who is to command the Black Mountain Expedition, sat by me. He is a very pleasant, nice, and cheery man. He knows most of the frontier tribes well, and told me some interesting things about them. He said that wounding their men punishes them much more severely than killing them, as they have the trouble of looking after the wounded, and the sight of them is a perpetual and disagreeable reminder of 'the English,' whereas the dead are buried and forgotten at once. He told me that two days after a fight with some Afridis the chief brought a wounded man and laid him at his door, saying, 'There, you wounded him; it is your business to cure him.' General

McQueen had the man attended to for two months. Another of the late enemy came and borrowed money from the General to buy a wife (which he honestly repaid); but unfortunately the story did not end well, for she was No. 4, and the borrower told the General afterwards that he had never had a moment's peace since he took her home.

Many people were prevented by the weather from coming to the dance which followed the dinner.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—In the evening a splendid farewell ball was given us by the Simla Club; in fact, by Simla society in general. The Town Hall was beautifully decorated with blue and yellow muslins, which were draped so as to cover the whole of the bare walls.

At either end were two large crescents and hearts, which are our crests. Everyone was in full dress, and the room looked most brilliant. At supper General Chesney proposed D.'s health in a very nice speech, just the right length, light, and complimentary in a pleasant way. D. was equally fortunate in his reply. I hope both the speeches will be in the paper, and that I may send them to you. We remained till the very end, and all came away delighted with the entertainment.

D. had a telegram from Gnathong, which you may know better as Sikkim, to say that General Graham had had a decisive victory; 400 of those foolish people, who would not make peace, were killed, while on our side we have only two severely, and eight slightly, wounded.

*Thursday, 27th.*—This afternoon I had my fancy ball for children. It was the most lovely sight, and all the

dear little children that are here looked charming. There was one Cupid who was fascinating to a degree—Guy Anderson by name; in a light pink silk body, flesh-coloured tights, and white feather wings he looked the character to perfection. He does not speak very plainly, and kept telling everyone, 'I's tupid,' which he certainly did not look.

Guy was one of the most successful characters. As a Viceregal A.D.C. he looked a real little gentleman, and D. says he had evidently 'formed himself' on Captain Burn and Lord William Beresford combined. His bows to me always secured the applause of the spectators, and I hope his photograph in the dress will do him justice. He wore the medals of the Crimean and Chinese wars! Little Kuch Behar had the 9th Lancer uniform, perfect in every detail; the girl was a gipsy. There were more Cupids, and some dear little old-fashioned dresses, and several beautifully made uniforms, but it is impossible to attempt any real account of the costumes.

I divided the spectators into two sets, asking some at one hour and some at another; the children came from 4.30 till 7.30. The first half of the entertainment was by daylight, but when tea was ready the curtains were drawn and the electric light shone forth, and the party went on crescendo! The ball opened with a grand march, which showed off all the dresses and was exceedingly pretty. Then we had the singing Lancers and the Swedish Dance—a sort of Sir Roger. In every case the partners marched into the room singing. Tea was at six; a hundred and fifty children were seated at

round tables in the dining-room, and by that time they were very glad to sit still and eat and rest. When they came out, however, it seemed as if the tea, or the light, had got into their heads, for they all began to dance and jump about in a way they had not attempted before. One mite, dressed as the British baby, a sweet little thing, got so excited that her parents were bewildered, and said, 'We don't know what has come to her, she has become so independent,' and so they took her to an empty drawing-room, where she ran wildly about butting the sofas with her head and getting rid of her exuberant spirits in safety. Towards the end one child said to me, 'We are asked to go at half-past seven: is it time?' but we had a good many extra dances, or romps, for them.

*Monday, October 8th.*—I went to Mrs. Madden's early in the afternoon to assist at the distribution of the clothes provided by our little Work Society. It has been wonderfully successful, and this year we have had over one thousand new garments to give to the four charities for which we work.

After that I went on to a *matinée* at which Colonel Gordon Young read a scene out of 'The Rivals' and Mrs. Sinkinson and Mr. Burt sang a very pretty duet out of the 'Trovatore.'

Sir Alec Wilson came up from Calcutta to stay with us. He has never been here before. The summer at Calcutta has been exceedingly hot, and the thermometer there is still over ninety, so he enjoys the change immensely.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—I was 'at home' to visitors this morning; early in the afternoon D. received the Rajah of Nahun in durbar, and I had a very long Committee meeting. We were discussing some very important questions, and did a great deal of business. We gave some further grants-in-aid, which will be very welcome to the institutions which receive them, and decided upon setting up a permanent office and paid clerk. Then I took a long walk with Sir Alec Wilson and Hermie, and only came in just in time to dress for dinner.

*Wednesday, 10th.*—In the evening we had a dinner and our last Indian dance. People are beginning to go, but still we had a goodly assembly, and everyone seemed to enjoy it very much.

*Thursday, 11th.*—I went to give prizes at the Mayo School, the Bishop presiding. The school is as successful as it is possible for a school to be, and the inspector's report was satisfactory in every way. Colonel Waterfield is with us now.

*Friday, 12th.*—I have been on an expedition to-day. A religious festival is held once a year on the top of a steep hill in this neighbourhood, called Tara Devi. Sacrifices are offered to Devi, and the people who come to worship also manage to amuse themselves during the two days devoted to the feast. We started off from here at eleven o'clock; our riding party consisting of Sir James and Lady Lyall, Hermie, Mrs. O'Gorman, and myself, with Colonel Waterfield, Sir Alec Wilson, Major

Cooper, and Mr. Pennell. We rode down the Tonga road for some way, and then made a very steep ascent to a place where a tent was pitched and where, before we moved on further, we had luncheon. The day and the view were lovely, and the roads were covered with gaily dressed people on the way to the fair. Later in the afternoon we walked up to it, and watched the forest of whirligigs, a series of baskets which revolve like the fans of a windmill, and which to a spectator are very suggestive of the *mal de mer*. They were filled with the most brilliant turbans and saris and pairs of legs packed away into the smallest possible space. The Rajah of the district, who presides over the ceremonies of the day, arrived soon, and proceeded to crawl into a little temple, where he said his prayers. When he emerged thence, a number of slender-necked goats were ready for him, and, as soon as he had anointed them, they were placed in front of a red wooden god, and with one blow of a sharp sword their heads were severed from their bodies and rolled at the feet of the god. The execution was so very instantaneous that it did not appear cruel, but we thought that the thick necks of two buffaloes which were next to be sacrificed presented more difficulties, so we retired from the scene before they were offered up. We walked down the hill, stopping half-way to have tea, and then rode home.

*Saturday, 13th.*—We had to-day our last big dinner here, and our last great function anywhere. I am impressing upon the reigning Viceroy that never more will he sit upon a throne and perform regal ceremonies, but

he does not seem to mind in the least. He had to hold a Grand Chapter of the Orders of the Star of India and of the Indian Empire. It was in the evening, and the new house shone forth more successfully than ever as a Government House, and the ball-room proved an excellent place for holding durbars.

We had a dinner party first, at which several native gentlemen, talukdars from Oude, dined, as well as most of the gentlemen who were about to be decorated. We had also asked a great number of people to come in the evening to see the investiture. The Viceroy's throne was at the far end of the ball-room, and seats for two hundred persons were arranged down either side, which, when filled with 'full dresses,' looked very gay and pretty. I had a place near the throne. The Chapter of the Star of India was first held. A procession was formed which marched along the gallery and up to the throne. First came the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Department, then Mr. Durand, the Secretary of the Order, robed in white satin lined with pale blue; then followed the members of the two Orders and the Viceroy's suite, and lastly His Excellency the Grand-Master in his pale-blue satin robes, and wearing the insignia of the Order of the Star of India.

As soon as all were seated, the Secretary informed the Viceroy of the business before the Chapter, and received permission to go on with it. First came the investiture of the Rajah of Nahun with the G.C.S.I., which entailed the putting on of the ribbon, robe, and collar of the Order, and took some time. After him came Sir James Lyall, who had to be knighted, and some other



gentlemen who were made Companions. When this Chapter was over, the procession re-formed and walked out.

The next ceremony was the investiture of several gentlemen with the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire. The Secretary, the Grand Master, and Sir Frederick Roberts wore the robes and insignia of that Order, which are nearly black, and which look very handsome. The same proceedings were gone through as before, and at the end the procession marched away to unrobe, and the spectators dispersed into the drawing-room and refreshment-room. The ceremony was really very beautiful to look at, and has made a good official ending to our duties here.

*Monday, 15th.*—I think I have already told you that Hermie and I were planning to desert our family and to go on a little trip into the interior. It is an expedition which has been arranged each year, and always given up at the last moment. This we feel is our one chance; and as neither D. nor Nelly will come, we have decided to go by ourselves, getting Major Cooper and Jack to accompany us.

We were anxious to make the first day's journey as easy as possible, so Lady Elliott, who lives near Mushobra, asked us to luncheon, and by driving part of the way, then going in rickshaws, and then riding a short distance, we got to her house without any fatigue.

Fāgu was the place we stopped at for the night. This was our first experience of stopping in dāk bungalows; and as we wanted to make the change from home as great as possible, we brought no provisions with us,

and resolved to leave everything to the man in charge of the bungalow. I don't know whether you understand what a dâk bungalow is. It is a house kept up by the Government for travellers. The only furniture in it consists of chairs, tables, and bedsteads, and the traveller pays one rupee a day for the use of these. The food provided by the man in charge is paid for separately, but it is not necessary to consider 'the good of the house,' and people often bring their own provisions with them. Everyone has a right to spend twenty-four hours in a dâk bungalow, but at the end of that time he must turn out if it is wanted for new arrivals. Should the house be quite full, it is ordained in the rules that half of it should be given to ladies; and travellers who are absolute strangers often have to double up together.

We found our apartments most comfortable such good fires, and such a nice dinner, and our own warm blankets on the charpoy of the country. We dined and went to bed early, and had a very good night. I had had some doubts about this, for with Hermie in my room I also had to have 'Peter,' and as before bedtime he barked loudly at every sound, I feared he would have gone on doing so all night. Happily he was sleepy too, and remained quiet.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—We breakfasted at eight, and started on our way soon after. Fagu, and the way to it, was ugly, but to-day our ride began to be very beautiful—such fine mountain scenery and such lovely weather for enjoying it. The snowy ranges in the distance were clear, the nearer mountains of various beautiful colours, and

all the little valleys and sides of the hills along which we rode particularly bright and warm-looking, with patches and small fields of brilliant orange and crimson, the colours of a particular crop, of which there is a great deal here, but for which I cannot discover the English name.

We walked and rode till about one, when we stopped by the wayside and had a very good lunch and a long rest, and then we rode on again to Mattiana, where we spent the night. The bungalow here is most comfortable, and has a lovely view from it. After we arrived we took a walk along the top of a spur, and passed by the tent of an unfortunate couple who have been turned out of the bungalow for us. This is the excuse, but the real truth is that they have been here for fifteen days, that they have paid for nothing, and that the man in charge is only too glad to get rid of them. They will have a very cold night, I fear.

*Wednesday, 17th.*—We have had a real hard day of mountain walking. There is a high road between Mattiana and Narkunda, but we had been strongly advised to climb over the range instead of going round it, and I think the views we saw did repay us for our labour. We started at nine o'clock on our horses, but very soon had to abandon them as the paths were so excessively narrow and precipitous, in many places more like staircases than anything else. We had two dandies with us, in which Hermie and I were occasionally carried, but we walked a great part of the way. The scenery was really splendid, and some of the views of the snowy ranges most extensive

and 'Himalayan.' What more expressive adjective can I find than that?

Our road lay through a fine forest, and some of the ascents we had to make were very steep indeed. We halted about twelve o'clock, and sat on a bank enjoying the rest and the sunshine while lunch was got ready. That meal was highly appreciated, and after it was over we remained where we were for an hour reading novels. Then we took up our long sticks again and determined to walk into Narkunda. Hermie managed it, but I had one lift in my dandy, for hill after hill and staircase after staircase succeeded each other; and although I was not very tired, I disliked the constant getting out of breath, which is so trying in these high mountains, and so could not climb them all without help. As we approached Narkunda the view of the snows became still finer, and from the bungalow there, which faces the whole range, it is quite lovely.

A neighbouring Rana sent me in a dolly consisting of a sheep and some fruits and spices; he had also built up a beautiful bonfire, which has just been blazing, and behind it we saw the distant snows. We rested for a couple of hours after our arrival, and then had a very good dinner and a game of cards before going to bed.

*Thursday, 18th.*—I think that on this trip, which is made by numbers of people every year, this day's excursion is considered the hardest work of all, but we found the climb up Hattoo much less severe than yesterday's walk. We had, as usual, an excellent breakfast at eight o'clock, and after it started off on our ponies. We had a

good road for about a mile, and then found ourselves at the bottom of one of those mountain staircases. I immediately got off 'No Name' and had recourse to a dandy, and Hermie soon followed my example. The gentlemen walked. It was a most beautiful road, through a fine forest of spruce and pine, evergreen oak and maple, with frequent open glades and grassy slopes, from which we looked out at the splendid range of snow-clad hills which encircled the horizon. The weather was absolutely perfect, brilliant sunshine beautifying every forest and valley as they lay before us, and making us very happy and comfortable.

When we were pretty near our destination, we got out of our dandies and walked up to the top of Hattoo. We there found ourselves on a long grass-covered spur of a high mountain, the immediate foreground broken by enormous rocks standing straight up from the earth, with patches of dark-green shrubs growing round them and out of every crevice in their sides. From a cairn, which is the remains of an old Goorkha fort, we gazed upon the wonderful view which surrounded us on every side. It is quite impossible to describe it, for the finest mountain scenery defies description. The snows formed a complete semicircle in the distance, while between them and us, and all round us, were every variety of hill and mountain, some covered with forest, some bare and bright-coloured in the sun, every one a different shape, and the sides of the nearer ones cultivated: while in the distance a distinct dark line like a shadow marked where even the hardiest tree refuses to grow. We sat looking at it all for a long time, making out the glaciers far away

and the little villages near, and then we found that Simla was visible, and that our own new house could be seen like a little beehive on a far distant hill. Hattoo is 10,500 feet high, and is about 45 miles from Simla.

We found a shady spot for luncheon, and there we spent three pleasant hours before we set forth on our way to Baghi. This place is beautifully situated, and we were able to sit out in the sun some time after we got there. I am now writing before dinner in Hermie's room and mine. Two charpoys, two chairs, and a table is all the furniture in it, but we have a good fire, and are most comfortable.

We brought one ayah with us, who is carried all the way in a jhampan, holding on her knee a round plated box, in the upper tray of which she has a comb and a looking-glass, and underneath that a series of compartments like those in a spice-box for her pan, betel-nut, &c. Our train as we go along the road consists of a number of coolies who carry our baggage on their backs, of ten jhampanis in red who carry our dandies, and of our syces—Hermie's and mine also in red. My jemadar and some khidmatgars are with us, and attend to our wants and wait on us at table. But this retinue is, I assure you, a very small one, and we are supposed to be roughing it.

The view to-day well repays us for the journey, and the trees and general look of the country here is quite different from Simla. I am very sorry D. has never been here, for if he had he would feel he had seen the Himalayas, which at present he does not consider that he has done.

Perhaps you would like to know what we have for dinner in a dāk bungalow, and as each day's bill of fare is much the same as the last, it is very easy to tell you. Indeed, I may as well begin with breakfast, which is as substantial as all our other meals. Mutton-chops, chicken-cutlets, omelette, and chupatties are what we begin the day on; these support us till lunch-time, when the mutton of the day before becomes lamb, and is eaten with mint-sauce; cold chicken also graces the tablecloth round which we sit on the ground, and biscuits and very good butter finish the meal nicely. Dinner is a very solid one. First there is soup, and then follow a joint of mutton, curry, roast chickens or pheasants, and pudding. We have tried hard to see wherein lies the roughing it, and can only discover that we have to do without champagne and without cheese, and that for three days out of the five we have had no coffee after dinner. What destitution!

*Friday, 19th.*—The ride from Baghi to Narkunda is perfectly lovely. I have never seen such beautiful forest scenery. The trees themselves are very fine, and the hard-wood varieties are red and yellow, while the Virginian creeper drapes many a dark and stately fir in a temporary crimson garment. The cliffs and gigantic rocks too, through which the road lies, are most magnificent; and the glimpses of brilliant snow-covered mountains which one obtains through each opening in the wood make the whole scene one of surpassing splendour.

We rode quite slowly through this 'forest primæval' for eleven miles, reaching Narkunda about twelve. There

we rested a couple of hours, and then rode on again another eleven miles to Mattiana. Here we have just arrived, and there is a great excitement outside my room at this moment.

I have told you what the dāk bungalow system is, but when a Viceregal party is coming the Commissioner gives notice that the bungalows on the way are closed to the public on the days we want them. We manage to fill each one pretty well, but now a whole host has unexpectedly arrived, and it is too late for them to go on. The ayah says, 'Plenty people come, three big and seven little.' Hermie and I are not dressed, and cannot go out to see, but I suppose we must take less room and get them all in. The children are stamping about on the verandah, and 'Peter' is barking at them, and there is much confusion and, on our part, amusement. I must tell you the end of it all after dinner.

The party consisted of three grown-up ladies and seven children. They all squeezed into two rooms for the night, and did not seem to mind the discomfort at all. Indeed, I offered them a third, which they could have had after our dinner, but they said most cheerily 'they were all right.'

*Saturday, 20th.*—We had a twenty-five miles ride home, but we stopped for two hours in the middle of the day to rest and have lunch. I have immensely enjoyed my trip, but am very glad to be at home again.

*Wednesday, 24th.*—I gave the children of the Zenana Schools a treat this afternoon. Thirty little girls arrived



in jhampons, arrayed in brilliant clothes, and making music wherever they went with anklets and bracelets and jewels of many kinds. They were not at all shy, and we began the afternoon by showing them the house and taking them through all our rooms. Then we went out of doors, and they played running games, and enjoyed themselves immensely. It was necessary, however, for comfort's sake to take off many of the anklets, they hurt so, and the teacher was soon in charge of a large bundle of these ornaments. I asked a few people who are interested in the mission to come too, and I had tea for them. The children ate nothing, but after distributing their prizes just before they went away I gave each one a bag of sweets and a smart cracker. All the girls got dolls, and those who are about to be married received a picture in addition to a doll, as a piece of furniture for their homes.

*Thursday, 25th.*—I had a different sort of party this afternoon. Six nuns came to see me and the house. They were to be here at four o'clock, but they started off from the convent so early that, when they got half-way, they thought it best to get out and wait in a shed on the road. It so happened that a Rajah was coming to see the Viceroy, and his suite was also waiting in the same place on the other side of the road. It must have looked very funny to the passers-by to see the nuns in their robes and large white caps and the gaily dressed natives opposite them, each gazing at the other from their different corners.

They were highly delighted with everything, and we

took them all over the house, and finally into the small drawing-room, where I had some tea. They had previously told me that it was against their holy rule to have tea with anyone, but having led them to the table, I said to them that I knew they could not have a 'serious tea,' but I was quite sure they could have a cup standing, which compromise they gave in to. I had sent my rickshaws to fetch them, and I heard that when they left the men were racing down the hill with them, all the poor nuns holding on tight with both hands to the sides of the vehicles.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Such weather! The morning was rather gloomy, and we said that it was probably snowing somewhere, but did not in the least expect the storm that was coming upon us. When I looked out of my window after lunch, I saw that the houses in Simla were white with snow; and at that moment a drop or two of rain fell here, and then came on a combination of hail and snow and a tremendous thunderstorm. One crash was so loud that we thought some of the windows were broken.

*Monday, 29th.*—I went to give prizes to several schools in the Town Hall, the garden where the feast was to have been being too cold and damp for the children to play out of doors to-day.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—I was 'at home' to receive visitors in the afternoon, but Nelly went out to play tennis, and Hermie, Elaine Roberts, and Miss Loch, with a bottle

of cold tea, had a little picnic of their own down at the glen.

So much for our afternoons this week ; but how shall I describe the mornings ? They have been one perpetual *pack*. I have had to look through every paper, at every photograph, into every cupboard, and the more I emptied the latter the more they seemed to fill up again. First of all I set apart the four corners of my room for Rome, London, Clandeboye, and Calcutta, and I filled these up as I went on, and finally transferred the heaps so collected to the same geographical positions in the ball-room, where they now await their packing-cases.

Then the rubbish ! That also had a place for itself, and has been daily sent off to Mrs. Broadbent for distribution to schools, missions, &c., who, she told me, would be glad of it. I am just now beginning to feel happy, as my room is almost bare, and it seems an impossibility that many more things should unexpectedly turn up to be provided for. It is a most wearing task, I assure you. Most people make these moves once or twice in their lives, but we have to do it four times a year here—two packings and two unpackings—and at Rome our fate will be much the same, and things do accumulate so. Photographs alone become a cargo in a very short time.

## CHAPTER XVI

## OUR LAST TOUR IN INDIA

NOVEMBER 13 TO DECEMBER 14, 1888

*Tuesday, November 13th.*—We were ready at eight o'clock this morning, and, having had some breakfast, went down to the drawing-room to see a large assembly of friends who had come to say good-bye to us. Everyone who was left in Simla was there, and all were very kind, and expressed themselves very sorry to see us go. We spent nearly half an hour with them, and then took our last departure from this place—guards and bands in attendance, and the salute resounding in the distance.

It was a lovely bright day, and the first part of our drive was pleasant. When, however, one gets into the ninth, tenth, and eleventh hours of a drive, one begins to feel very tired and shaken. We had a few small adventures. First of all we came to a standstill before three men who lay full-length across the road, and who crawled back to their positions every time they were dragged away, shouting to the 'Lord Sahib' about something. They wanted to present a petition, and it was some time before we could pass them. Then our policeman had a fall from his horse, and Lord William's carriage was upset, but he was not in it at the time.

The girls' horses next fell down, and as they appeared to be dying there was a long delay while others were sent for to replace them. Finally, however, we arrived at the Umballa railway station, and sat down to dinner in our carriage, a very fatigued party.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—We slept in a siding, and only moved on this morning, travelling to Lahore, which place we reached at five o'clock. A number of smart Rajahs and British officers met us at the station, and an address from the Municipality was presented to the Viceroy. We drove to Government House, where the Aitchisons are also staying, with Sir James and Lady Lyall. There was a big dinner of forty people, and a party at the Montgomery Hall afterwards. A band played, and we walked about and talked to many friends who have just come down from Simla, and to several native gentlemen whom we know here.

*Thursday, 15th.*—D. received deputations and replied to addresses for a couple of hours in the morning. Besides his written replies, he made an impromptu Persian speech, which seemed to give great pleasure to his hearers. At twelve we opened the Lady Aitchison Hospital. I was delighted with the building, which seems in every way to be appropriate, well-designed, large, and comfortable. I went all over it, and in one room met some purdahnishin ladies, who came there on purpose to see me. We soon adjourned to a large tent, where a great assembly of natives and Europeans were gathered together. D. and I, the Lyalls and Aitchisons sat on the

dais and listened to a long account of the hospital, read both in English and in Urdu. I then stood up and declared the building open, and D. followed, replying for me to the address. Sir Charles Aitchison thanked us for coming in a very nice speech, and after that Dr. Brown gave some particulars about the students at the University, and I gave away the prizes. An English girl was the head of the whole medical school, and took all the great prizes, but in every class there were one or two native girls who were prize-winners. One of them came in a burka, which completely covered her. It is a thick white garment thrown over the face and figure, and there is just a little open-work for the eyes to see out of. The tent was rather hot, and we were glad of fresh air after this long ceremonial.

D. went on to the Veterinary School, and I to the Victoria School for native girls. The pupils were very prettily dressed, and looked like flower-beds as they sat on the floor to do their lessons. They gave me a pretty photograph of the schoolroom.

The girls went in a camel carriage, and on elephants, to the city, and I took a short walk with D. and came back to see the Aitchisons off. There was a large dinner, and some music afterwards.

*Friday, 16th.*—I had such a very fine deputation this morning. Men from all the different districts of the Punjab came as ‘representatives of the men and women of the Punjab’ to thank me for what I have tried to do here, and to say good-bye to me. I read them an answer, and they showed me a bundle of papers with 25,000

signatures to the address, which they said they would get bound and send to me.

My second deputation consisted of three gentlemen, who came to represent the women of Gujranwalla. They asked, before leaving, to be allowed to walk round me, and when I afterwards inquired into this custom, I could only learn that 'they walk round temples and other sacred things.' D.'s comment upon the compliment thus paid me was, 'They never get round *me*.'

A third address was presented by the purdanishin women of Lahore. These ladies were shown in by a back-door, and all men were kept out of sight. The address was read by one of them in English, and after I had replied each lady put a wreath round my neck, and then we had a little conversation. These deputations were of course all on the subject of my Fund, and I have done a good deal of business connected with it since I came here with Lady Lyall, Miss Bielby, and others.

At one o'clock I drove off to see the Lady Dufferin Christian Girls' School, and after lunch to the Museum. Then there was a garden party at Government House, at which we said our last good-byes. There were no guests at dinner, and we left directly after and got into our train, which journeyed on till the middle of the night, when it stopped by the wayside till morning. I don't like good-byes at all.

*Saturday, 17th.*—We moved on at ten o'clock, and reached Patiala in less than an hour. The Rajah, whose wedding festival we are now attending, was a young boy when we came to India, and was one of those

we met at Rawal Pindi. He also came the first year to receive us at Pinjore. He was really married eight months ago, but the season being then unpropitious, the festivities were postponed till now.

The silver and gold carriage was at the station to convey the Viceroy to the camp, and the girls and I drove on first, so as to get out of the dust of the escort. We passed through crowds of natives, elephant carriages, troops, silver sedan chairs, &c., all displayed on the way, and at last through an arch and a decoration like a palisade, with figures drawn on panels of white calico. This led to the camp, which is most beautifully arranged. The Viceroy has one, the Lieutenant-Governor another, and the general visitors a third. These are quite close to each other, but have separate entrances. There is a street of tents leading to each, with a coloured gravel garden in the centre, plants in pots, fountains, &c.

At the head of our street there is the durbar tent, and through it you pass into a square of tents with a garden in the middle. These are our apartments. We each have one tent to ourselves, as well as a drawing-room tent and a study, and it is all extremely pretty and comfortable. The only trying thing is the climate. The mornings and evenings are very cold, furs and wraps of every description being required, while in the middle of the day the sun is very hot. Heat and cold are accentuated in a tent, and we must begin to take quinine regularly.

Three Rajahs are here, two as guests, and while I write D. is receiving their visits in turn, and the guns are firing, and the bands playing, as each one comes and



goes. The Maharajah of Kapurthalla is one guest, and Jhind, a boy of eight, is another.

I suggested that after the state dinner all the visitors in camp should meet in our tent, and invitations were accordingly issued.

At four we drove to the palace, to be present at the durbar. Lady Lyall and I had thrones behind the Viceroy's and Maharajah's, on a raised place, from which we had a good view. But the room, the ceiling of which is thickly planted with low hanging chandeliers, is a very dark one, and a large canopy in front of the chairs of state made it difficult to see the extent of it.

The Maharajah wore white and gold clothes, a pale green turban, with a magnificent fringe of diamonds round it, and a large aigrette in front of it. D. sat on a green and gold sofa, and Sir James Lyall and the Maharajah in red and gold chairs.

There are the most magnificent seats here that I have ever seen. They are very large, and the decoration of them is very elaborate. In one tent there are two big ones, with lions for arms, the animals having massive chains wound round them.

But to return to the durbar. The Maharajah read a speech, the principal point of which was that, in memory of this occasion, he had determined to build a female hospital, and to give 10,000 rupees a year to maintain it. D. replied. He took this occasion of announcing the plan he has made for utilising the offers of the native Princes to contribute to the Frontier Defences. He said it was considered better not to receive pecuniary aid, and that it had been resolved to get each Prince to

put a certain portion of his army in a serviceable condition, drilled and kept up like a British corps, we to give them some guns and to lend them the necessary officers, &c. The Viceroy also expressed the congratulations of the company upon 'this auspicious occasion,' and presented the wedding gifts from the British Government.

When the durbar was over, we drove home to tea, and then returned to the city to see the fireworks and illuminations. We were also shown the durbar hall, with its forest of chandeliers lighted. There were 4,000 candles burning, and the room looked much better than by day. Before we left we sat on the thrones and watched some nautch-girls dance.

We had to hurry back to dress for the state dinner. There were 200 people at it, and the Maharajah came in at the end to propose the Viceroy's health. He did it very nicely. D. replied and proposed his, and then we went into the big tent and got a few people to sing and play, and one to whistle, and so the evening passed very pleasantly.

*The night.*—That was exciting! Being known as chilly people, fire-places had been built in all our tents, and we were delighted with our warm quarters. I had just gone to sleep, when I was awoken suddenly by a voice outside, which said, 'Mamma, get up, my tent is on fire!' Up we jumped, and looking out I saw Nelly's tent a mass of flames, and she, in her dressing-gown, flying across the garden. The inside of my tent was dark, and I could find no cloak or extra garment of any kind, so I simply remained at the door and looked on.

D. rushed to the rescue, and a number of gentlemen ran into our square from the mess-tent, calling out, 'Is anyone in the tent?' 'Cut the ropes,' 'Throw down the kanats,' &c.; and as quickly as it had blazed up the whole thing went out, and nothing was left but a charred square of ground. It was a merciful escape for Nelly and for the whole camp; had there been a wind there might have been a general conflagration.

She had suspected fire, and when D. went to bed he had put out a bit of canvas that was smouldering, and had made everything safe as he thought. Nelly and her maid had still felt nervous, and the maid had remained with her; but both had gone to sleep, and had been suddenly awakened by a blaze of light over their heads. Nelly rushed to give the alarm, and Henrietta seized a jewel-box and one evening-gown which had some diamonds on the body, and that was all that was saved. Nelly has not a single thing left of her clothes, and she is dressed out in mine this morning.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Anything more melancholy-looking than the charred remains of gowns, habit, fur cloak, and boots you never saw. I particularly regret the fur cloak, for it is wanted on the way home, and I don't see how it is to be replaced here. Henrietta, too, has lost her watch, and a suspicious circumstance is that a common one was found among the ashes which belonged to nobody. All the Rajahs came over to inquire after us this morning.

At eleven o'clock we had a very nice service in the big tent, with some very good singing.

In the afternoon we drove over to look at the Museum. The collection consists of odds and ends bought wholesale by the late Maharajah. There are cages, and watches, and clocks, and alabaster candlesticks with alabaster candle-ends in them, and the most primitive of mechanical toys, blotting-books, and ink-stands, coloured prints, and every sort of knick-knack. The most curious were two enormous dressing-bags; they stand three feet from the ground, and hold every conceivable thing. The best of them, in which the bottles are all silver, cost 10,000*l.*—a lakh—and we were shown all its contents. Of course the ordinary fittings came first, and were complete, from a looking-glass and a magnifying glass down to a dentist's tooth-glass. But besides all these there was a paint-box, a large box of mathematical instruments, a very large luncheon service, a beautiful set of writing-table things, a case of surgical instruments, and many other articles which I cannot possibly remember, all inside the bag. The gentleman showing it off remarked with pride that it had never been used. Indeed, the Maharajah died before the two were finished.

*Monday, 19th.*—I drove off at three o'clock to lay a foundation-stone of the Lady Dufferin Female Hospital, and found the Maharajah and a number of other people collected under a Shamiana. After a short address, we walked up to the stone, put a glass bottle containing some money and a little golden serpent, for luck, in a hole, and then I shovelled on some mortar, and the stone was let down, and I hit it with a solid lump of

silver and pronounced it to be 'well and truly laid,' took up my hammer and my trowel, and drove off with the Maharajah to meet the Viceroy and to see a review.

This military event over, we proceeded to a Gymkhana ground, where there were all sorts of native sports; it was a great pity that darkness was coming on and we could see very little of them.

Of the new things I observed, I will tell you a few. There were a troop of clowns on horseback, but they only rode backwards and forwards in helmets, breast-plates, and striped cloths, and seemed to have no idea that anything comic was expected of them. Then there were people with swords tied to their waists, who flung themselves about, the swords passing between their legs, and over their heads, and round their bodies in a fearful way. Other men held knives in their hands, and fought and wrestled together without ever cutting themselves. Some lay down and put swords into their eyes—a very nasty trick.

One man balanced a heavy bundle on the top of a pole; out of it there stuck three great spear points, and all of a sudden the man fell flat, the pole dropped, and the bundle came down on him with a thud, one spear between his legs and one on each side of his body. He repeated this most creepy performance lying on his face, which was still more dangerous, as he could not see the horrid thing coming down on him, and could not help himself in any way should the points be at all out of the proper line. These 'sports' were only the padding of the entertainment, tent-pegging, camel and elephant

races being the backbone of it, but, as you may observe, the frivolous part made the most impression on me.

We dined quietly; that is to say, as quietly as we can on such occasions—a party of over twenty. The girls and I departed first, and went off by special train to Agra; a few minutes later the Lieutenant-Governor went to Umballa in his special; and lastly the Viceroy started in his, but soon stopped and spent the night by the wayside.

We have very much enjoyed our visit to Patiala, and like the Maharajah very much.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—We breakfasted at Alighur, and had a most cheerful encounter there with the Collector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. They came down laden with lovely flowers for us, and then, apparently to his great amusement, and certainly to ours, Mr. Kennedy pressed upon the girls the little pieces of pottery and watchstands made with boars' tusks, which are sold at the station. He insisted upon presenting them each with some, declaring that 'as I have an account,' it does not matter. I told him when that bill came in he would remember us disagreeably, but he thought not. I may mention now that in the afternoon D. arrived here and visited the Mahometan College, and had an address, and presented the school with medals.

About noon we reached Agra. The Maharajah of Bhurtpore had most kindly come up to meet me, and had insisted upon entertaining me; that is, upon providing house and lunch and tea for me for the day. After

speaking to him for a few moments I drove on with Sir Auckland Colvin to the Medical School, and saw the girls, and the buildings, and Miss Maurice, M.D. (whom we have just got over from England), and Miss Yerbury, and in fact did as much as could be done on a hot sunny morning.

We had a very nice luncheon, the Maharajah coming to the house to lead me to the table and then disappearing. The lady doctors were there, and I had a talk with both of them, as well as with Dr. Rice, the Surgeon-General of the North-West Provinces, all of which was bad for my voice, which I felt was gradually going.

In the afternoon there was the function for which I came here, the laying of the foundation-stone of the Lying-in Hospital, for which my Committee provides all the money. A Shamiana and a daïs, a hanging stone, a hammer, a trowel, and a speech, all as usual. Sir Auckland made the speech, and he always gives the Association an impulse when he does so. He is such a true friend to the work. As soon as the stone was laid we paraded the grounds once more, and everybody was shown everything, and then we went back to the station, and the kind Rajah again appeared there, and we had tea, and said good-bye to all the Agra people, and went on to the next station, where D. rejoined us. Sir Auckland dined with us, and we were very sorry to have to say farewell to him.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—Voiceless and altogether miserable, faint, and wretched, I had to remain in bed all day, and missed Reginald Hart, who came a long way to see me.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—Still dumb, but obliged to get up, for we leave our own train to-day, and it goes to Bombay to meet Lord Lansdowne. There was a grand luncheon at one place, but of course I did not go to it, and later I was safely conveyed to a large barge called the *Rhotas*, where we are to spend some peaceful days. It is delightful, though I shall not be allowed to enjoy it fully till my voice returns, for Dr. Findlay takes every possible care of me, and the 'damp river' alarms him much on my account, so I am made to sit in a cabin when I might be on deck. These remarks are, however, premature. When I got out of my train two bouquets were presented to me, one by a European and one by a pretty native child. I received them in gracious silence, if such a thing is possible, and I felt ashamed of myself, but could whisper no explanation. Then we walked down through decorated and illuminated ways to the boat—such a nice boat, with no engines, towed by an accompanying steamer, large cabins, and a splendid deck.

We are on the Ganges, and the water is as smooth as glass, and there is no vibration, and the weather is lovely, and there are no functions and no visits or return visits, and no social duties of any kind. I enjoy it immensely, and begin to think that the doctor may have been right when he said I was overdone and overworked (though nothing, as a rule, makes me more angry with a doctor than his suggesting such an idea), but I do like the calm and rest of this river voyage. I will not go into detail about it; we are never far from shore, and always very near a sandbank—sometimes on one. It is so nice for D., too, to have this peaceful time, though his is a



modified rest, as he has much work to do ; still, freedom from interruptions makes work comparatively easy.

*Monday, 26th.*—I ought to have landed with the others at Naraingunge to-day, but was persuaded not to do so, lest I should lose my voice again if I had such a long day of conversation as a visit there would entail upon me. So I only saw the outside of the place—the river gay with steam-launches and boats, the shores covered with flags and decorations, the vegetation most luxuriant, and the houses large and comfortable-looking. I went on in the barge to Dacca, and when D. and the girls came there by train they said they had had a pleasant day. They lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, they received addresses, and went over a jute manufactory, and they brought me back a beautiful address all to myself in a silver box from the natives of the place, which made me sorry that I had not landed, as I fear they will have been disappointed.

The place here looks so pretty from the boat. There are such quantities of flags, and such beautiful triumphal arches, and some picturesque mosques and buildings. We dined with the Nawab and drove through the town, where the illuminations were lovely. There were palisades of light, and buildings picked out in fire, and chains of lamps, and when we reached a long avenue leading to the Nawab's house it was lighted by candles the whole way—12,000 candles. His garden was literally transformed into a garden of light, all the beds marked out by lines of fire. We thought 'Ave Ava' in gold letters on an arch was a very happy thought.

'The Nawab' may be said to consist of two persons, a very old father and a middle-aged son. The son has all the power and does all the business, but both are devoted to each other, and the son is so attentive to his father, who can scarcely bear him to go out of his sight. He cannot go out shooting, or be away half a day from the old man, and it is nice to see them with each other. The son dined and took me in to dinner. He speaks English quite well, and the entertainment was exceedingly well done and nice in every way. After dinner we had native music and a nautch. Have I yet succeeded in instructing you as to the extreme propriety and dulness of a nautch? There is never any incident in it, and no apparent purpose, and it is a most incomprehensible amusement, though I like a little of it.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—The girls went ashore in the morning to see Mr. Saunderson's elephants. He is employed by Government to catch and train elephants, and he was able to show them a great many. I was sorry I had not gone with them. They were very much amused by the fury of a baby elephant when taken away from its mother. It rampaged about, and rushed at the bystanders, and showed every symptom of a violent temper.

The Viceroy meantime received deputations, and in the afternoon we all went ashore. We drove through the town of Dacca to the ruins of an old fort, and there 130 elephants were gathered for us to see. They 'marched past' in a line, four deep, and looked very magnificent and somewhat antediluvian. Then two babies were

exhibited, and it was seen that the angry one of the morning had not yet recovered its equanimity, and could scarcely be induced to come from under the shelter of its mother's great body.

We next drove on to the polo ground, our escort being composed of the Surma Valley Light Horse, a volunteer corps composed of Kachar planters, who had come some four days down the river, bringing their horses with them, to meet us. A very interesting game was to be played. The Nawab had brought down from Manipur two teams of native players with their own ponies. Polo is their national game, and as they live so far away, few people ever have the chance of seeing it as they play it. Manipur is on the border between Burma and Assam. When we drove on to the ground we were received by the two Nawabs, and found a Shamiana, where the society of the place was collected, and where a very smart set of thrones was arranged for us. On the other side of the ground there was a great crowd looking on.

We first inspected the players. The men are of a Mongol type, and each side was smartly dressed, the one with green velvet jackets and yellow turbans, and the others with violet jackets and white turbans; they both had short white lower garments and bare legs. The ponies were tiny, just like little children's ponies, and they had a good deal of harness on. Besides cords and tassels, which hung about, they bore lacquer saddles, and on either side of them a large shield of lacquer curled in at each side, which protected the rider's legs. As the Viceroy approached to inspect them, all the men went down on their knees.

When the play began it looked like a toy game, the funny little ponies and the bright-coloured riders rushing about and the ball flying. The lacquer shields rattled as the men urged on the ponies by pressing on their sides, or when they knocked up against each other. I do not suppose the players got so excited as they do in their homes, though they were playing for a Rs. 500 prize, but in their own hills their friends and relations come and look on, and hoot the bad player and encourage the good, and show much tribal agitation over the events of the game.

In the evening we had a ball, which we reached with difficulty. The river is low here, and there are sandbanks in all directions, and we went aground, and then had to turn back when we were just opposite our destination, and to go round quite a different way. Even then we could not get up to the house, and a small boat had to be sent for us. The view from the river was quite lovely. The town was again illuminated, and the shapes of all the buildings shown in lines of light against the sky made it look like a fairy city.

The dance was given by the Club in a house lent by a native gentleman; the house and gardens were all illuminated. There were about twenty ladies and double the number of men, and a band from Calcutta, and the most exquisite silver programmes for us. Solid silver books, with my initials on one side and D.'s crest, collars, &c., on the other. What do you think of that!

At supper D.'s health was proposed by Mr. Hopkins, the Commissioner, and as we left the ladies cheered from the balcony, and all the men from the quay, till we

were out of sight. The ball was very well done, and was very pretty, and the Viceroy danced ten dances without stopping, while I talked to all the ladies in turn.

*Wednesday, 28th.*—We are going back to Calcutta now, and spend this day in our barge and to-morrow in the railway.

*Thursday, 29th.*—We had such a very kind reception at Calcutta. The station was most beautifully decorated, there were two large guards of honour, the streets were crowded, and at our house a large number of native and European friends collected to greet us. The ladies had telegraphed to ask if they might come, and it was very pleasant to find so many there to welcome us back. We went slowly up the steps, shaking hands on either side, and when we had quite finished saying ‘How do you do?’ we took a few people in to tea. We are all so glad to come back here, and wish we were going to stay two months and enjoy this delightful winter life, but we only have a week! That fact is brought home to us every moment, for the drawing-rooms look bare, and we are no longer occupying our own rooms, which are now ready for Lord and Lady Lansdowne, while we are in the guests’ chambers.

*Friday, 30th.*—Breakfast on our lovely balcony in such heavenly sunshine; we all shuddered at the thought of London fog, especially as Fred, who got back here yesterday from England, gave us a most gloomy account of it, and said he wouldn’t live there for the world!

This is St. Andrew’s Day, and D. having been

invited to the great Scotch dinner, we had hurried back to Calcutta on purpose for it. In his speech D. justified his presence in this assembly by saying that he himself was a Scotchman, much improved, it is true, by a 300 years' residence in Ireland; that other Scotchmen were the raw material, while he and Mr. Barbour, also from the north of Ireland, represented the manufactured article.

There were 300 people at the dinner, pipers playing, heather decorations, haggis to eat, whiskey (and other things) to drink, and during the speeches a number of ladies to listen. We went over about ten, and were first placed on a daïs, where we could not hear a word, and then came down behind D.'s chair, where we could hear a little.

*Monday, December 3rd.*—Archie arrived to stay with us, and is looking extremely well. Nelly had some people to play tennis in the afternoon. D. was very busy all day seeing people. His speech, which was political, has been taken very well, and all seem to think it a useful one. Sir E. Watkins, who came to breakfast with us, says it has 'cleared the air.' I saw Mr. Cotton, the secretary of the Bengal Branch, and some ladies who called upon me.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—The ladies of Bengal, Orissa, and Behar presented me with an address to-day. When I heard of the 'deputation,' I vaguely imagined a group of twenty or thirty ladies, and did not at all understand what a big thing it was going to be. As many of the ladies would object to seeing men, I had all the A.D.C.s

and all the servants sent away, and arranged for Nelly and Hermie to meet the deputation at the door, and to bring them up to the throne-room. As matters turned out, it was very difficult to manage the affair at all. First of all, five o'clock was the hour named, but about four, carriages began to drive up, and my female A.D.C.s, who were out, did not return till many people had already arrived. Then the ladies came in crowds, and there were no chairs for them, and no servants to bring any, and the very greatest confusion in getting them all into the room. Nelly and Hermie had the hardest work over it. When all were assembled Lady Bayley and I went in, and she read the address and presented it to me in a very pretty bamboo and silver box, and then I read my reply.

Another difficulty now became evident. It was getting rapidly dark, and I wanted to speak to the native ladies and to show them the house, but it was quite impossible to light the chandeliers without servants. When this was felt to be serious, I was allowed to get a man in, but every servant had been sent off to such a distance that it was long before I could find a single one.

Meantime Hermie and Nelly were taking groups of ladies through the house and up to their bedrooms, and they say the sight was much appreciated. When my guests wanted to go, the staircase was pitch dark, and there were no men to call the carriages, and I wondered how they ever would get away. All the ladies were most good-natured and kind about it, but I felt that I had very imperfectly understood the situation beforehand. This address is one I shall always value very much; no such thing has ever been done here before.

We had a few people to dine with us: General McQueen returned from the Black Mountain, Sir Charles Crosthwaite over from Burmah, Mr. Harry Gladstone, Mr. Scoble, Colonel and Mrs. Gatacre, and Mr. and Mrs. Hewett. Mr. Hewett is acting as D.'s Private Secretary just now.

*Wednesday, 5th.*—In the afternoon I laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Dufferin Zenana Hospital. D. came with me, and all the notabilities of the place, native and European, were present. The trowel, which is a gold one, was presented to me by a gentleman of Madras. D. made a short speech, and we both made our last appearance at a public function in Calcutta.

We dined with Sir Alec Wilson. This we did in our character of departing guests and 'pale shades,' for as full-blown Viceregal personages we did not dine out. The Wilsons are very kind friends, and we had a pleasant dinner there.

*Thursday, 6th.*—I went out directly after breakfast to visit my little hospital and the medical students at the Surnomoyi Home. Both visits were satisfactory, and I am especially pleased with the twenty-seven students, of whom I get the best accounts. There were girls from Burmah, Oude, and the Central Provinces, in addition to residents of Bengal. One young lady (native) has come out at the head of all the students, male and female, in the first M.B. Examination, and another has taken the gold medal in Dentistry. Dr. Coates said that



three years ago it was almost impossible to get female students, and now they may be said to flock in.

Our whole afternoon was spent at Miss Bayley's wedding. She marries Mr. Elliot Colvin.

We went on to see the Maharanee of Kuch Behar. She had several native ladies to meet me, and it was very pleasant. The children all appeared, and we saw the Queer's present to her godson Victor. He is a magnificent baby.

We had a small dinner party in the evening.

*Friday, 7th.*—A very busy day. D. had deputations in the morning, and in the afternoon I had one at three, and then a garden party at four, and my Committee meeting at six. We said good-bye to most people at the garden party, and felt very sorry to do so.

This ended our official receptions and our business connection with Calcutta, and to-morrow our successors arrive.

*Thursday, 13th.*—You will see from this date that I have not written a line for many days, and yet I have much to tell you, for during the interval D. has laid down his great burden, and we are now Viceroy and Vicereine by courtesy only.

On Saturday afternoon, the 8th, bands were playing, flags flying, guards of honour ornamented our lawn, red carpet lay on our stairs, and at five o'clock a number of spectators were collected on the steps, and D. and I stood at the top of them awaiting our successors. The escort rode by, then the body-guard, then appeared the

first postillion, and finally the carriage stopped and we looked upon Lord and Lady Lansdowne. Sir Steuart Bayley and Sir Donald Wallace conducted them up the steps, where we greeted them and led them into the house. Lord Lansdowne remained in the Throne-room, and I took Lady Lansdowne to the drawing-room for tea.

In the evening D. gave a great man's dinner, which was arranged in the ball-room, as the Marble Hall was the scene of the reception so late in the afternoon. D. had such dreary recollections of his first dinner here that we took pains to make this one more lively, and Nowell had done his best to make the table pretty, though all our own plate and ornaments had gone. We ladies dined together and spent a quiet evening.

On Sunday we sent the Lansdownes in state to the Cathedral and we went humbly in a two-horse shay to the parish church, and in the afternoon I took Lady Lansdowne to the Zoological Gardens, and D. shut himself up with Lord Lansdowne and talked to him for four hours without stopping.

Our last evening was a little melancholy. We did not feel particularly cheerful, and our own Staff certainly did not, and we were all rather unsettled, so we went early to bed, and on Monday morning our departure took place.

We breakfasted early, and at nine went into the Council-room, where a great number of people were collected, and there we remained to hear Lord Lansdowne sworn in. There is no swearing about it. The Commission is read, and the chief people make little bows, and that is all. After this we put on our bonnets and

went downstairs to have an 'Historic group' photograph done. Lord Lansdowne had put on his Star of India, and appeared as the Viceroy, and we took lower places at once. When this inevitable ceremony had been gone through, we went up again and began to say good-bye to many friends who had come to see us off. All seemed really sorry to lose us and we felt sorry to see no more of them, and so we parted almost in tears, and finally made our way down the great steps, shaking hands all the way and followed by hearty cheers from those we left behind. Lord and Lady Lansdowne came to the station with us. The streets were lined with troops and filled with people, and the arches, which on the other side bore 'Welcomes' to them, had 'Sorry to part' and 'Safe home' for us as we looked at them. All the arrangements in the way of guards of honour and escorts were the same as for Lord Lansdowne's arrival.

We leave behind Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who as Private Secretary to the Viceroy has been quite invaluable to D.: in him we have both found the truest and kindest friend, and the pleasantest possible inmate of our home; Lord William Beresford, who both officially and unofficially has won our warmest friendship; and Fred, who here, as before in Canada, has ever been that admirable combination—a first-rate A.D.C. and a perfect brother.

Major Cooper, Captain Burn, Dr. Findlay, Blanche and Guy, and Mr. McFerran go home with us.

Of our journey I need not say much. Still wearing the disguise of Viceregal personages, we had collectors and railway officials to travel with us, guards of honour,

and some old friends to meet us at stations, and all the comforts of our special train. We travelled on from Monday morning till Wednesday afternoon, when at five o'clock we reached Bombay.

There the Duke of Connaught met us, looking so well in his smart uniform, and a crowd of officials and friends was collected to greet us. The station, which is a perfectly magnificent one, was decorated with flags; and in the ticket-taking place, which is a beautiful hall with marble pillars and carved capitals and galleries, more crowds were assembled. There the Municipality presented an address to D., and after he had replied to it we drove off through the streets, which were lined with troops and with people, and we saw once more the picturesque aspect of Bombay and of its people on a day like this.

Lord and Lady Reay received us most kindly, and we are staying with them at Malabar Point. There was a dinner party, and a drive back to town for a play. The house was large and full, and as the proceeds were to go to my Fund, I hope it will receive a good sum.

I must not omit to mention that Lady Lansdowne will carry the Fund on as I have done.

This morning (13th) I have received a very large deputation of ladies and a very charming address from the ladies of Bombay. It was a purdah presentation, and was pretty and interesting. The address itself was very nice, and, in addition to a silver box to hold it, I was given a sandalwood box and two pretty bags full of the signatures of the Hindu, Mahometan, Parsee, Portu-

guesse, and English ladies who had joined to present it to me. There also came with it an address from the ladies of Surat, which the same deputation presented. I had had to get up early to write my reply, and having read it to them, I shook hands with all and spoke to them. When D. heard of this assembly, he asked leave to come in, and there was a great flutter in the dove-cote for a few moments; then the ladies made up their minds that, as he leaves India for ever to-morrow, no great harm could come of it, and so they consented to see him. Rakmabai, who has fought the infant marriage case here, was one of the ladies present. She is going to England to study.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Sir John McNeil and Asman Jah came to luncheon, and Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Lyttleton's sister, is staying here. Guy makes his appearance at all the meals, his first introduction to society.

I went with Lady Reay to see the Cama Hospital once more. Everything there seems well ordered, gay, and bright. We also looked in for a few moments at a school of which D. laid the first stone the day after our arrival here, when he was 'Viceroy Designate.' While we were so employed D. was receiving an address from the Chamber of Commerce. He was very much pleased with it, and thinks it one of the nicest and most satisfactory that has ever been presented to him. After these functions we had a nice little trip in a steam-launch in the beautiful harbour, and enjoyed it much. In the evening a great banquet was given to D. at the Byculla Club. He was most enthusiastically received, and it was a pleasant

ending to his Indian life. He made an 'after dinner' and not a political speech.

*Friday, 14th.*—I have reached my last day in India, and the chapter closes this afternoon. We have a quiet morning before us—no more Viceregal functions to perform. At four we leave this house and depart in state, our farewell being finally made under a beautifully decorated pavilion erected on the Apollo Bunder. Salutes, guards of honour, and escorts will be ours for the last time, and a less public and a quieter life will begin.

I want to send this off now, and shall not write any fuller ending to my journal unless something interesting occurs between this and Aden. Nor will I attempt to describe the complex feelings which fill our minds as we step down from this great position and look back upon all the cares, all the pleasures, all the interests, and all the friends we leave behind.

THE END.

Chitral



VICE-REGAL TOURS  
 in  
**INDIA**  
 to illustrate  
 Lady Dufferin's Journal  
 1884-88.

English Miles  
 0 50 100 200 300 400

North Latitude

Longitude 80° East of Greenwich