Errata

p. 43	line	3	read	filthily instead of filthy
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Our Visit to India

(1908—1909)

A Short Account of a Trip made by myself and wife to the most interesting of all lands, in which it is hoped that something helpful may be found for the assistance of those who may intend to follow in our footsteps

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I

A VISIT TO INDIA

CHAPTER I

LONDON TO TRIESTE

On *October* 17, 1908, we left the Coburg Court Hotel, where we had been staying since August 20th, and drove to Victoria Station to catch the eleven o'clock boat train to Dover. We had only one trunk each, as most of our luggage had been sent direct to Port Said to meet us there. Several friends came to see us off, and we had very comfortable seats in a saloon carriage, secured for us by Cook's representative. There was a crowd of passengers, so two trains were necessary, and we got off at 10.55, running through to Dover without a stop, and reaching the harbour at 12.50.

We had booked a cabin on the *Invicta* in case the sea was rough, but the passage was quite smooth, and we got to Calais at 2.20, taking seventy minutes for the crossing. We prefer lunching in the carriage *en route*, as the

buffet on the station is usually very crowded, and the luncheon-car so unsteady that taking meals in it is most uncomfortable, so I bought some sandwiches and a large pear, which sustained us until we reached Amiens at 5.5, where we had some tea, which was very bad and very dear. Our tickets were taken *en route*, so there was no bother at the barrier, and we were able to go straight to the *douane*. We arrived at Paris at 6.50, and did not get clear of the Customs until 7.20, as the registration label had got rubbed off one of the trunks and it took some time to find it.

Our *voiture* rattled us over the cobble-stones to the Continental Hotel, where we engaged a comfortable room, with bath and lavatory attached, which is a great convenience, especially when time is limited. Being too late for the table-d'hôte, which is served from seven to eight, we had our dinner in the restaurant, *à la carte*, which we thoroughly enjoyed. The next morning we spent in the Louvre and returned to the hotel for *déjeuner*, after which we took a "taximetre" to the Cluny Museum, which is south of the Seine, on the Boulevard de Saint Germain, the entrance being in the Rue du Sommerard. It was built by the abbots of the Benedictine

Abbey of Cluny, as a town mansion, in the fifteenth century, and still bears the name of the Hôtel de Cluny. Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., lived here after the death of her husband, Louis XII., and as it was usual at that period for queens to wear white as mourning, her apartment is still known as the "Chambre de la Reine Blanche." Here is a collection of furniture, domestic sculpture, wood-carvings, &c., over which one can spend many interesting hours. Leading out of Room VI., which is the covered central court-yard, are the remains of some Roman baths, which were formerly attached to an ancient dwelling. Afterwards we walked to the Palace of the Luxembourg, where the Senate holds its sittings, passing on to the Museum, where the works of modern French painters and sculptors are exhibited. Within ten years after the death of an artist his works are distributed, so there is always a change of subjects going on.

The Palais du Luxembourg was built by Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., on the site of a château belonging to the Duc de Piney-Luxembourg. The gardens are much frequented by nurses and children. We returned to the hotel for tea and rested for the

remainder of the day. Our table-d'hôte dinner consisted of soup, *langouste parisienne* (cray-fish sliced in aspic, the shell being filled with chopped potatoes, peas, beans, and carrots, and served with Mayonnaise sauce), roast beef, partridge, green peas, salad, ices, sweets, and fruits, for which we paid seven francs each, including a pint of good wine.

On the 19*th* we visited the Parc Monceaux to see the new marble group erected to the memory of Chopin, who died in 1849, and walked back to the hotel for *déjeuner*. This is also a very excellent meal at five francs a head, with coffee and cognac thrown in. In the afternoon we drove to the Bon Marché, a large establishment for drapery, costumes, &c., situated in the Rue de Sevres, near the Convent de l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, where Madame Récamier retired in 1814 and lived until her death in 1849. We walked home through the Place de la Concorde, which we found being opened up for the Chemin de fer Métropolitain.

Tuesday, October 20*th*.—We had a walk out this morning to look at the shops, and F. bought me a very nice pair of Zeiss field-glasses. Left the hotel and drove to the Gare du Lyons in good time for the 2.15 train to Dijon, where we broke our journey. The country was very

beautiful all along, as the leaves had turned colour and the sun was shining. The vintage and harvest were all over and the land was being ploughed. We found the Hôtel de la Cloche very comfortable, as usual, and the food excellent. The proprietor is lessee of the refreshment-room at the railway station, which is the best provided of any that I know. The dinner at the hotel costs five francs, which includes wine, and as this place is in the heart of the Burgundy district it is excellent.

October 21*st*.—We walked to the cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Benigne, and where are some very striking monuments, one of them to Vladislas, King of Poland. The train, which was very full, left at 1.5, and stopped at nearly every station up to Pontarlier. After this the hand luggage was "visited" in the carriages, and at Vallorbes a few trunks only were taken to the *douane*, one being opened. The train reversed here, and the Central Europe time came into force, so we had to put our watches on an hour. Reached Lausanne at 6.30 and went to the Hôtel Gibbon, built on the site of the house where Gibbon lived while he wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." A hotel opposite

the station would have been more convenient, as we were staying one night only, but I wanted F. to go to the "Gibbon." It was cold and windy here, and being misty there was no view of the lake.

October 22nd.—After breakfast we walked to the cathedral, which is due north of the hotel. This is about the finest church in Switzerland, and its position is commanding, as it is situated in the highest part of the town, and from its shady terrace an extended view of the lake can be obtained. There are good shops and many excellent schools. As Lausanne is about 600 feet above the level of the lake there is a funicular railway to Ouchy, the lakeside little town at its foot. We left by the 12.12 train, calling at VEVEY, one of the most important places on Lake Leman, where Nestlé has a large factory for tinning milk. There are many schools and boarding-houses here: MONTREUX, a very fashionable resort in winter, the climate being very mild, while within easy reach visitors may indulge in winter sports of every description. TERRITET, where the cable railway ascends to Glion, joining the mountain railway to Caux, with sumptuous hotels on a charming terrace, Les Avants for skating and

ski-ing, and the Roches de Haye, from which elevated ridge a lovely view of the lake and the Savoy shore can be obtained in fine weather.

VEYTAUX is the station for Chillon, where the celebrated castle and prison of the Dukes of Savoy is situated. It was built in the ninth century, and enlarged to about its present size in 1238. Bonnivard, the Swiss patriot of Geneva, was detained here, and Lord Byron has celebrated his imprisonment by his poem "The Prisoner of Chillon," although he drew upon his imagination to a great extent for the incidents. VILLENEUVE is at the south-east end of Lake Leman, and quite close to where the Rhone discharges its muddy waters into the lake, to emerge at the Geneva end of a beautiful blue. We passed through AIGLE, BEX, crossing the Rhone to its left bank, went through a tunnel, and reached ST. MAURICE at 1.28, waiting a quarter of an hour for the Simplon train going in the opposite direction to our own. There is an abbey here, said to have been built in the fourth century by St. Theodore, and now occupied by Augustinian monks. VERNAYAZ, at the entrance of the Gorges du Trient, and MARTIGNY, the junction for Chamounix through the Tête

Noire Pass, and also the starting-point for the St. Bernard Pass into Italy.

SION, the capital of the canton Valois, with its town and castle on high rocks rising picturesquely out of the valley. SIERRE, also on an embowered hill ; LEUK, a few miles from the celebrated hot baths ; VISP, where is the railway to Zermatt, which is twenty-two miles off. Previously to the railway there was only a mule track along the valley, and the hotel-keepers of Zermatt, wishing to improve the communication between their village and the Rhone Valley, applied to the cantons for a cart-road. However, the mule proprietors of St. Nicklaus, which is about half-way, fearing they would be ruined, successfully opposed the making of the road. Not to be baulked, the Zermatt people applied to the central Government for a railway, passing by the cantonal authorities who controlled the roads, and received permission to build their railway, which quite destroyed the trade of the muleteers, who might have secured some employment in driving the carriages and carts had they assented to the building of the road.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE SIMPLON TO ITALY

We arrived at Brig at 3.40, and entered the Simplon Tunnel at 3.50, emerging at Iselle, the Italian end, at 4.8. The tunnel, which is twelve miles long, consists of a double tube, one being used for ventilation only at present, and the trains are propelled by electricity, so the atmosphere is quite pure, and no inconvenience is felt, although the natural temperature at the middle is about 83° Fahr. It took seven years to construct, the work being executed from both ends, and so accurate were the measurements that when the final wall was broken through, the deviation was found to be only $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height. (Mont Cenis tunnel is just under eight miles in length and the St. Gothard a little over nine miles.) The *douaniers* came on the train here, asked a few questions, saw our luggage ticket, and said there would be no further examination, so we

got through the frontier without any trouble whatever, our trunks not even being taken out of the luggage-van. VARZO at 4.20.

Domodossola at 4.39, where the boxes of those passengers who alighted here were examined. We called at PALLANZA-FONDO-TOCE, BAVENO, which is an excellent place for a long stay, and which possesses the most beautiful English church on the Continent. It was built for Mr. Henfrey in the grounds of the Villa Clara, where Queen Victoria stayed in 1879. We reached STRESA at 5.50, and drove to the Hôtel des Isles Borromées, a very fine building on the shore of Lake Maggiore, of which we had a view from the window of our bedroom. Dinner was at seven o'clock; during this and in the lounge afterwards we were entertained by a string band.

October 23rd.—After breakfast we crossed by steamer to Isola Bella, and looked over the château and garden, which cover nearly the whole of the island. The château has some fine salons, and we were shown, among others, the bedrooms occupied by Napoleon I. before the Battle of Marengo, by Berthier, Queen Caroline of England, and later, King Alexander of Servia. The garden is full of all kinds of trees, and there are many statues, which

look older than the building. There are terraces, and the cost must have been heavy, as all the earth was brought from the mainland, the surface of the island being only a slaty rock. We lunched at the Hôtel Dauphin and returned to Stresa by the 2.5 boat, and walked about during the afternoon. The sun was very warm, but there was a cold wind blowing.

October 24th.—It was a misty morning, which developed into a hopelessly wet day, so we sat indoors until after luncheon, and left Stresa by the train due at 2.6, but which was twenty-two minutes late. The Hôtel des Isles Borromées is a very pleasant one to stay at, but it is expensive, so for a period it would be advisable to live in lodgings or at a pension. We got to MILAN at 4.15, where it was still raining, and drove to the Hôtel Manin, which is quiet and unassuming, and within easy distance of most places of interest. It was too wet to go out, so we had a quiet evening indoors.

Sunday, October 25th.—It was a wet morning, but we walked to the celebrated cathedral, and stayed to hear High Mass, 11.0 to 11.50. The singing was good, and a sermon was preached by an old priest, but

we could only distinguish the word *carità*, which was repeated pretty frequently. But the congregation listened attentively, and there was a large attendance. We looked about the lovely cathedral, but the interior being so dark, we could not make much of the pictures, although the carving of the capitals of the columns in the nave was very attractive. Milan Cathedral was commenced in 1387 and finished in 1790. In the matter of detail it is, I suppose, the finest church in Italy, as there are thousands of marble statues, larger than life size, all over the exterior, forming pinnacles, &c. The body of the building is of brick, cased in marble, and the groining of the roof of the interior is very handsome, only it is a sham, being painted and not carved.

We drove to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, which has a beautiful nave, surmounted by a cupola by Bramante. The adjoining convent is now a barrack, but the old refectory is unused in order to preserve the celebrated fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, the Cenacolo, or "Last Supper." It is much faded, but has recently been restored to some extent by a native artist. As the rain continued, we did not go out again after luncheon.

October 26th.—We paid an early visit to the cathedral and saw the crypt, where the embalmed body of San Carlo Borromeo lies, decked out in gorgeous vestments. In the choir are many fine monuments, and in the right transept is a statue of St. Bartholomew, flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulder. Afterwards we drove to the Brera Gallery, and spent about an hour enjoying the pictures. This palace was erected by the Jesuits in 1618, and derives its name from a corruption of *prædia*, meaning a meadow. We left Milan at 1.15, having luncheon on the train, sandwiches and grapes, and passing through Treviglio, Romano, Chiari, Rovato, Brescia, Desengano, Peschiera, where we skirted the Lago di Gardi, Verona, where we stayed twenty minutes and had tea, San Bonifazio, Loniga, Tavernelli, Vicenza, Padua, and Mestre, arrived at Venice at 6.55.

CHAPTER III

IN VENICE THE SILENT

We engaged a gondola, with two rowers, at the station, and our luggage was put in with us, the journey to the Britannia Hotel taking about half an hour. On a first visit to Venice one is struck by the absence of street noises. There are no horses or carts, as all traffic is conducted by the canals, although there are numerous streets, which are, however, very narrow, although they are sufficiently wide for the use of foot passengers. A great feature are the elegant little marble bridges crossing the side canals. We dined at eight o'clock, and although the weather had cleared up soon after we left Milan, we did not go out.

October 27th.—The church bells started ringing at six o'clock, but we did not breakfast until 9.15, after which we walked to the Piazza San Marco, the centre of Venetian life. At

one end, as its name indicates, is the Basilica of St. Mark, that gorgeous building, blazing with mosaic, although St. Theodore was the original patron saint of the Venetian Republic, and his statue surmounts one of the columns on the *Piazetta* (the quay). We went into the Palace of the Doges, or Dukes, who ruled Venetia under the nominal subjection of the Eastern Emperor at Constantinople until its capture by the Turks. But the original seat of government was at Torcello, which I will refer to later on. It must be borne in mind that, unlike the rest of Italy, this cluster of islands was never under the rule of the Goth, Lombard, Frank, or Hun, but was inhabited by fugitives from the mainland, who retained their independence as republicans right down to 1797, when Venetia was handed over to Austria. In 1805 it was adjudged to Italy, in 1814 given back to Austria, with whom it remained until 1866, with the exception of a term of fifteen months, when it had temporarily regained its independence under the presidency of Daniele Manin (1848-9).

The foundation of the Eastern power of Venice was laid when Constantinople was captured by Enrico Dandolo in 1204. In

1297 some of the leading families seized the government and made their positions hereditary, forming an aristocracy, or *nobili*. All members of these families over the age of twenty formed the Great Council, and the executive was entrusted to the Doge and six councillors. In 1310 the highest authority was vested in a Secret Council of Ten (*Consiglio dei dieci*), by whom the management of the city and the foreign policy were carried out.

The glory of Venice lasted until the latter half of the fifteenth century, when it was the focus of the commerce of Europe, and numbered 200,000 inhabitants. Its fleet numbered 300 sea-going vessels, with 3,000 smaller craft, as well as a fleet of 45 war-galleys, carrying 11,000 men. In 1453 the Turks captured Constantinople, opposing a barrier to their trade in the East. The discovery of the route round the Cape of Good Hope to India also diverted the trade of Europe to a Western channel, the Portuguese securing the traffic by this route. It gradually lost its possessions in the Morea, and finally ceased to hold a prominent position in the history of Europe.

The Basilica of St. Mark, the importance of the public buildings, and the splendour of

its palaces are evidence of the opulence of Venice in its palmy days. Its style of architecture and its school of painting had a character of their own, both of a high class and of a rather florid kind, which the visitor to Venice will easily recognise and appreciate. A journey by gondola from the Piazzetta through the Grand Canal will give a good idea of the magnificence of the buildings which are on the water's edge, and a walk through the city will reveal many magnificent churches, containing splendid tombs and pictures. First, the Ducal Palace, supported by dwarf columns, forming an arcade, which was the favourite meeting-place of the Venetian nobility in the days of the Republic. The capitals of these columns are quaintly and elaborately carved, and are very interesting.

The Campanile, or bell tower, which fell in 1902, is gradually assuming its former height, the library, designed by Sansovino in 1536; the (late) Royal Palace, with its gardens; opposite, across the Giudecca Canal, is the island of that name, where the fishing population reside, and conspicuously stands the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, which derives its name from an ancient Benedictine monastery dedicated to St. George, but the

present church was built by Palladio in the sixteenth century, and the monastic buildings are used as barracks. Here are the reputed remains of St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, brought here in 1110, and over whose altar is a fine painting of his martyrdom by Tintoretto, also a "Last Supper" by him.

On the Grand Canal is the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, built in 1631 as a votive offering by the Republic on the cessation of the plague, which destroyed 94,000 persons. There is a fine altar-piece by Titian, "Venice Preserved from the Plague of 1510." St. Mark is the centre figure, and St. Sebastian and St. Rocco, the two plague saints, are represented; but the great picture is Tintoretto's "Marriage at Cana, in Galilee," in the sacristy. It is not suited to a plague church, but was brought from the refectory of the Brotherhood of the Crociferi. Farther on, the Palazzo Dario, in the Lombardi style, fifteenth century; Palazzo Da Mula, of the fourteenth century, with seventeenth-century balcony; the "Barbarigo," now the works of the Murano and Venice Glass Company; on the right the Palazzo Ticpoli-Zuchelli, now the Hôtel Britannia, with a garden; the Palazzo Corner della Ça Grande, built by Sansavino

in 1532, now the Prefecture; on the left the "Accademi delle Belle Arti," formerly the Scuola della Carità (*scuola* is not school, but a charitable fraternity), founded in 1260, and added to in 1552.

In 1807 Napoleon turned the place into an academy of art, and brought here many pictures from suppressed churches, monasteries, and charitable guilds: the "Palazzo dell' Ambasciatore," or "Loredan," fifteenth-century Gothic, of the Doge's Palace style, with two figures bearing shields; the "Palazzo Foscari," inhabited formerly by the Doge Francesco Foscari; the "Palazzo Balbi," a later building, now a furniture store; on the right, "Palazzo Contarini-Fasan," a dainty little place, called by the gondoliers "Desdemona's House"; the "Palazzo Pisani," fifteenth century, with some original arcading and with parapet and cornice worth notice; "Palazzo Spinelli," Lombardy style; "Palazzo Cavalli," with the crest of its owner, a horse; the "Palazzo Loredan," the most beautiful of the palaces on the Grand Canal, of almost pure Moorish Byzantine style, with later balcony.

It was once the residence of King Peter de Lusignan of Cyprus, husband of Caterina

Cornaro, whose armorial bearings appear on different parts of the building; now municipal offices. Here is the Rialto Bridge. The quarter about here was the business part of the city. The bridge is of a single arch of 74 feet span, and was built by Antonio da Ponte in 1591. On the right is the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, or Guild House of the German merchants, built in the sixteenth century. On the left the Palazzo di Camerbenghi (or Chamberlains), the Treasure House of the Republic, built by Bergameses in 1525, on irregular ground, which gives picturesqueness to its angles; the vegetable market and fish market are here, the latter being rebuilt; the Palazzo Corner della Regina, where Caterina Cornaro was born, and now a *monti di pietà*, or pawnshop; on the right, Ça d'Oro, a very pretty Gothic building, whose front was originally gilded. The balconies have graceful balustrades; on the left, Palazzo Pesaro, built in 1679 by Longhena, the architect of Santa Maria della Salute, a large mansion, with fine apartments; the Fondaco di Turchi, a magnificent twelfth-century palace, used by Turkish merchants in the seventeenth century, hence its name. It is an example of what the palaces on the Grand Canal were before the Gothic

and Renaissance invasions. It is now the Musco Civico ; on the right, the Palazzo Vendrami Calargi, called sometimes the "Non Nobis" Palace, on account of the inscription on its ground floor, *Non Nobis, Domine, Non Nobis*, built in 1481. It is a stately palace of the Lombardi style, and here Wagner the composer lived and died. The railway station is here.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHURCHES OF VENICE

THERE are some very fine churches in Venice, which can be reached by gondola or on foot, and we saw SS. Giovanni e Paolo, begun in 1234 and finished in 1430, a Dominican church, where the Doges used to attend service on October 7th in honour of the victory over the Turks in the Dardanelles. The Doges were buried here after the opening of the church, St. Mark's having no space left, and there are many of their fine tombs here. The artists Gentile and Giovanni Cellini are also buried in this church. Outside is the equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleone, designed by Andrea Verrocchio, but completed by Alessandro Leopoldi, said to be the finest equestrian statue in existence. Colleone left his entire fortune to the Republic on condition that a statue should be erected to him in the Piazza San Marco, meaning the square in front of

the basilica. As it was against the law to erect statues in this piazza, the Council took the money, and erected the statue in the piazza of the Scuola di San Marco, which adjoins the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paulo.

The "Redentore," or Church of the Redeemer, is on the Gindecca, built by Palladio in 1577 as a votive offering after a plague which carried off 50,000 persons. It is a large, but bare, church, with three Madonnas in the sacristy, where a very cheerful Franciscan showed us its treasures. San Sebastiano, on the opposite shore, is where Paolo Veronese is buried. The sacristan told us that Paolo Veronese took sanctuary here after having insulted a Doge by painting asses' ears on his portrait, and employed the long time he was in hiding by decorating the church. The story is not authoritative, but, anyway, there are some splendid scenes from the life of San Sebastiano, and the ceiling is decorated by Paolo Veronese. "The Supper in the House of the Pharisee" by him, now in the Brera Gallery at Milan, came from the Jeronymite refectory attached to this church, the monastery having been dissolved.

The "Gesuiti," or Church of the Jesuits, opposite Cemetery Isle, is remarkable for its

internal decorations in coloured marbles. The walls are lined with white marble, inlaid with verde antique in graceful designs, the altar has ten columns of verde antique, and the altar steps are covered with marble in imitation of a carpet. On the left of the entrance is a fine picture by Titian of the martyrdom of San Lorenzo. The saint is being broiled on a gridiron, and from whatever position you view the painting the legs of the saint point towards you. Of course, we paid several visits to St. Mark's, and admired the lovely mosaics, but I will not attempt to give any description of their beauties.

We also spent some time in the Doge's Palace, built in the fifteenth century while Venice was at the apogee of its magnificence, noticing the window of Silvio Pellico's prison, the Giant's Staircase, with the statues of Mars and Neptune at the top, the two bronze well-heads in the courtyard, and passing through the gallery connecting the palace, where prisoners were tried, with the prison on the opposite side of the canal, the passage known as the "Bridge of Sighs." On the first floor is the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, an immense room where the Great Council used to assemble. It is 55 yards long and 26 yards

broad, with windows on two sides looking over the Piazzetta. Filling up one end of the hall is Tintoretto's picture of Paradise, the largest oil-painting in the world, at the time of our visit being moved from the wall for repair. On the frieze are the portraits of seventy-six Doges, with one blotted out, that of Marino Faliero, who was executed in 1355 for attempting to overthrow the aristocratic form of government. On the wall are scenes by Vicentina, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, &c., representing the history of Venice. There are also other very interesting rooms, such as the Private Oratory of the Doges, where Mass was said daily by the ducal chaplain ; the Chamber of the Council of Ten, as well as a smaller room used by the "inner ring" of the Council ; the Sala dello Scrutino, where the votes given for the election of the Doge were counted ; the Library, &c.

This palace was the residence of the Doges during their term of office. According to historians, they were anything but despots ; in fact, they were so hemmed in by rules and restrictions, so smothered by pomp and ceremony, and so powerless to act, that they were mere puppets of the Council. One heroic character, at least, stands out prominently,

Enrico Dandolo, who at the age of ninety-four headed the Venetians in their successful attack upon Constantinople in 1204. Adjoining the palace is the Zecca, or Mint, from which the coin sequin took its name. Close by are the two columns of granite brought from the Archipelago in 1127, one being surmounted by the lion of St. Mark and the other by a statue of St. Theodore standing on a crocodile.

The Doge Sebastiano Ziani having promised any privilege to the man who erected the columns, it was claimed by Nicoli il Barattière, who safely accomplished the task, and it took the form of permission to carry on gambling within the pillars. This practice being prohibited elsewhere, the privilege was a valuable one. As the promise could not be revoked, the Council evaded it by ordering all executions to take place on the spot, so that it might be shunned. The Piazza on its eastern side is almost filled by the façade of St. Mark's, and over the porch are seen the four bronze horses which were once harnessed to a chariot surmounting one of the triumphal arches in Rome, taken by Constantine to his new metropolis at Byzantium (Constantinople), and brought thence by the

Doge Dandolo in 1204. Napoleon took them to Paris in 1797, and had them placed on the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, where they remained until 1815, when the Allies restored them to Venice.

In front of St. Mark's are three richly decorated pedestals in the form of candelabra which once supported flagstaffs for the banners of the Republic. At their bases are usually to be seen flocks of pigeons, which are well cared for and very tame. In the north-east corner of the Piazza is the Clock Tower, erected in 1496. It is over the gateway which leads to the Merceria, the principal shopping street in Venice, and by which one reaches the Rialto Bridge on foot. We lunched here one day at the "Capello Nero," and tasted a dainty dish of octopus and prawns.

Along the north side of the piazza are the palaces formerly inhabited by the procurators, and called the Procuratie Vecchie, and on the south side the Procuratie Nuove, the ground floor being occupied by shops under a continuous arcade, and the other floors used mostly for business purposes. The Piazza is the fashionable promenade, and a military band performs on most evenings and sometimes in the afternoon. There are many fine

pictures in the Accademmia, of which we noticed more particularly: Titian's "Assumption," Giorgione's "St. Mark," Tintoretto's "St. Mark Releasing a Slave," Paul Veronese's "Supper in the House of Levi," Titian's "Presentation in the Temple," with Venetian ladies as spectators (in Paul Veronese's pictures you can see what the Venetian costumes were in his time, the sixteenth century, as his characters are depicted in modern dress); Paris Bordone's "Fisherman and the Doge," his most magnificent work, and Carpaccio's series of paintings of the "Life of St. Ursula," the British Princess (who suffered martyrdom with her 11,000 virgins at Cologne), which have a room to themselves.

From the Accademmia it is easy to visit the Church of the Frate Minori di San Francesco, called the "Frari." A few of the Doges are buried here. Francesco Foscari (d. 1457), who has a fine monument, and Nicolo Tron (d. 1473), with two figures, one of him, dead, on the sarcophagus, and another erect and living. The other monuments are mostly those of great Venetians, painters, sculptors, sailors, &c. Titian, who is buried here, has a monument erected by Ferdinand I. (1838-52), with his seated figure; a very large one

to Doge Giovanni Pesaro, supported by four black slaves, over the door of the south aisle, and there is Canova's Mausoleum in form of a pyramid, with a figure entering a tomb, executed by his pupils in 1827.

The tomb of Bishop Jacopo Pesaro represents him as reclining on his sarcophagus and trying to raise himself. He was not only a bishop, but was General against the Turks under Pope Alexander VI. In the sacristy is a triptych by Giovanni Bellini, the father of the Venetian school of painting (1426-1576), called the Frari Madonna, and over one of the altars near the Baptistery is Titian's "Madonna of the Pesaro Family," painted for the Bishop Pesaro just mentioned, as a thanksgiving for his victory. The virgin sits enthroned, and the picture contains figures of saints and portraits of the Pesaro family, who were the chief patrons of the Franciscans in Venice. The church is a very fine one, and has its choir west of the transept, as in Westminster Abbey.

The Arsenal is situated at the extreme east of Venice, and is best reached by gondola from the Piazzetta, passing in front of the Riva degli Schiavoni (named after the Slavonic people who traded here in great number), where the

large steamers are anchored. We saw the model of the *Bucentaur*, the barge or galley used in the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, instituted by Pope Alexander III. in gratitude for the victory of the Venetians, under Doge Sebastiano Ziani, over the fleet of Frederick Barbarossa (the Emperor), and which annually proclaimed the naval supremacy of Venice; also models of the rings, of large size, which the Doges threw into the sea at the ceremony, many instruments of torture, the helmet, breastplate, &c., of Bartolommeo Colleoni, the Condottiere, ancient revolving guns and pistols, and an old mitrailleuse. In the upper hall were the banners taken at the Battle of Lepanto, 1571; the armour of Henry IV. of France, given by the Republic in 1603, &c.

We went by steam launch from the hotel to Murano, Burano, and Torcello, islands to the north-east of Venice. At Murano we saw the glass works of Pauly & Co., where the workmen were making the celebrated art glass; then to Burano, where there is a large school of lace-making, and on to Torcello, the most ancient town of the lagoons. There is very little of it left now, but there is the ancient piazza, a small square-paved space;

the campanile, the octagonal Church of Santa Fosca, surrounded by a portico of columns of pure Greek marble, whose capitals are enriched with delicate sculpture, but all on a diminutive scale; the larger church is a very plain building, with stone shutters to its windows. Inside are two mosaics, one representing the Last Judgment and the other the Madonna, and at the end is a high throne for the chief priest and semicircular raised seats for the superior clergy. The original church was built in the seventh century, of which the crypt only remains; the present church dates from the beginning of the eleventh century.

In the grass-grown "piazza" is a marble seat, called "Attila's throne." In the crypt is a curious font of the tenth century. There is no advantage in going by steam launch, as the public steamers are cheaper and more roomy.

Cemetery Island, to the north of Venice, is only reached by gondola on 364 days in the year, but on *November 1st*, "All Saints'" Day, it is connected with Venice by a bridge of boats to accommodate the throng of people who go there to piously decorate the graves of their relations and to burn candles thereon.

We joined the stream of pedestrians, which is carefully divided on the bridge by barriers, in order to prevent accidents.

Venice is a wonderful place, and it is attractive to the tourist by its being so different to any other city. After the novelty of traversing its main thoroughfares by boat has passed away, there remains its history, which is illustrated in brick and marble by its churches and palaces, and its art by its pictures and statues. Everything seems to go on so smoothly, there is no hurry, no noise or bustle, and a traveller soon accustoms himself to taking things easily. The Venetians seem to be sober, quiet people, and one never hears any tap-house squabbling such as is so frequent in Paris and other large cities.

As trade has declined, I suppose there are few rich natives, and the majority of the inhabitants must live meagrely, mostly upon the money spent by visitors to the district. The hotels are very comfortable and no more expensive than the general run of continental hotels, while the gondolas are cheap and the motion easy, and, in fact, on a warm day, dreamy. There are many good shops in the Piazza—in the Merceria and Frezzaria, where one can buy jewellery, corals, pearls, mosaics,

carved wood and alabaster, &c., and there are large show-rooms of furniture, leather-work, old and new armour, arms, lace, and pictures. I think the most pleasant time to go is the end of May or the beginning of June, as then it is not too warm.

CHAPTER V

BY TRAIN TO TRIESTE

We could have gone across from Venice by steamer to Trieste without expense, but as we are both rather bad sailors we went by train, so as to reduce the sea passage as much as possible. We left Venice on *November 2nd* by the 9.35 train, after having bought a supply of sandwiches and a small bottle of valpolicella to sustain us during the journey. Crossing the bridge of 222 arches that connects Venice with the mainland, we arrived at Mestre, where we branched off to the east, stopping at every station until we reached Trieste. San Giorgio Nogaro is the Italian frontier station, and Carmignano the Austrian, where our luggage was examined, but only one package opened, just as a matter of form.

The country nearly all the way was flat, and apparently very fertile, as the ground was thickly planted with fruit-trees, vines, and

maize, all gathered for this season. At Bibro we touched the coast, but we had caught a glimpse of the Adriatic at Montfalerne, where the soil is very rocky and broken. At Sestiana is an ancient castle of the Hohenlohes. Passing Miramar, where the unfortunate Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico, used to live, we arrived at Trieste at 2.20 p.m. We drove by droshky to the Hôtel de la Ville, on the quay, as being the most convenient for joining our ship on the morrow.

We had hoped to do a little shopping here before embarking, but we found all the shops closed and the inhabitants celebrating All Saints' Day, or All Souls' Day, perhaps. However, we managed to secure our letters at the Austrian Lloyd's office, which were doubly welcome, as it would be some time before we heard from home again.

Trieste is very picturesquely situated at the foot of hills which shelve down to the Adriatic, and consequently the streets are pretty steep. Although the district is Austrian territory, the names are Italian, and that is the language spoken generally. We managed to secure two deck-chairs from a shop in the morning, much cheaper than those offered us by the *portier* at the hotel, and had them carried on board

the *Africa*. We missed the mosquitoes here, fortunately, as at Venice they had been rather troublesome, in spite of our having curtains round our beds. Our omnibus from the hotel to the ship was pretty well filled with passengers, and we got on board before noon, the ship leaving at one o'clock on the 3*rd*.

II

TRIESTE TO BOMBAY

CHAPTER VI

ON BOARD THE *AFRICA*

We had a very comfortable cabin on the main deck, and our table was allotted to English passengers, six of us, so we had not much opportunity of airing our German, but we were able to learn a little of the German cuisine, as a good many dishes on the menu were more suited to the Austrian palate than to our own. However, the fare was ample, and we could always fall back on curries, which varied (in name, at any rate) every day. What we missed most of all was fresh milk, so we accustomed ourselves to drinking our tea flavoured with slices of lemon, of which there was a goodly supply on board.

We had a very smooth run until Friday the 6*th*, when, in passing Crete, the ship began to roll a bit, so one or two meals were missed, but by next morning it was smooth again, and we arrived at Port Said at 5.15 in the evening.

I found this place rather larger than I had expected. There are some excellent shops and some hotels, but as to the quality of the latter I am unable to testify, as we only used the verandah of the "Continental" for the purpose of partaking of light refreshment and killing time until the coaling of the ship was completed.

On arriving at the port we had some most unwelcome news: our baggage had not arrived. It was sent on in advance by the British India steamer *Golconda*, which should have been a day or two ahead of us, but it unfortunately had to put into Malta for repairs to machinery, which took several days, so we were ahead of it. This was rather a serious matter to us, as we had brought with us only the clothes necessary for a journey across the Continent in October, things not at all suitable for the passage through the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

However, on landing we found an obliging outfitter, Ephidomos, who managed to unearth 18½-inch collars and 46-inch shirts, and also some pairs of white duck trousers, fully large, which, with an alpaca jacket and a pair of white canvas shoes, did me very well until I reached Bombay. I left instructions with

the agent that our trunks were to be forwarded by the first steamer after their arrival, "P. & O. or otherwise," yet they were detained a fortnight in Port Said, waiting until the next Austrian Lloyd's boat came along; the result being that we did not get hold of our luggage until we reached Calcutta, after having travelled through Ceylon, Madras, and Burma.

This meant considerable expense as well as annoyance, as, of course, we had to have suitable garments made in Bombay; and the only allowance I was able to get from the Austrian Lloyd Company was the freight they had charged me for conveying our goods *by their own steamer from Port Said to Bombay*, and that only after some considerable hesitation on their part.

We left Port Said at three o'clock on the morning of *November 8th*, and had service in the ladies' saloon at eleven o'clock, which was very well attended. It was pretty warm in the canal, although there was a southerly breeze, and we were not sorry to get to Suez just after sunset. The passage through the canal was interesting to me, as it was my first acquaintance with the East, and I was delighted to see the natives at work along the shores of the canal, although it seemed to me

to require six men to do the work of one. We passed two or three caravans of camels, &c., and, of course, ships were going in the opposite direction to ourselves all day, which made things lively, as greetings and waving of handkerchiefs took place most heartily. The water in the canal was green, I noticed, and there I saw for the first time some flying fish. Some people assert that fish cannot fly, that they merely spring out of the water, to escape some danger presumably, and simply glide along, supported by their fins, until the momentum has subsided, when they drop into the water once more. But this is not correct, as many times I saw them move their fins as a bird does its wings, turn round after flying fifty yards or more, and come back near to the steamer before dropping into the sea.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE RED SEA

Monday, November 9th.—We are in the Red Sea now, which, by the way, is of a deep blue, and the weather is decidedly warm. We had mountains in view all day, and we had a beautiful moonrise at 6.40. Life on board ship is very pleasant if the sea is smooth, as there is nothing to do but read and smoke, or chat, or, as many of our fellow-passengers did, play bridge. The meals are welcome, not only for the food, but it is a pleasant reunion at short intervals, and the events of the day, however trivial, form topics of conversation. As a relaxation from business, or even sight-seeing, it is valuable, being a complete rest if one likes to make it so. Of course there are no newspapers between the stopping-places, and it is wonderful how soon one gets into the habit of not minding what is going on in the world beyond the

ship, showing that newspaper reading is only a habit, really. But letters are very eagerly sought at each port, and much letter-writing goes on during the voyage, especially on the day preceding our arrival at any place.

We reached Aden at seven in the morning of *November 13th*, and were immediately surrounded by boats, and a swarm of natives came on board after breakfast, selling ostrich feathers, fans, eggs, wicker bottle-shaped baskets, which are very pretty and quite cheap (the last few minutes of our stay), and other fancy articles. We landed, paying the regulation fee, fourpence each person, on the quay, and were then pestered for "backsheesh," which out here seems to be a universal prayer, offered up under every conceivable circumstance. Here I bought a solar topee, as an ordinary straw hat was not sufficient protection against the sun.

Aden is a sun-baked place, but I noticed that there was an attempt to grow trees, which I trust will be successful. On shore it was quiet enough; only a few people walking about, and here and there a small cart drawn by a big camel, but on the water everything seemed in movement; all work and no play.

We left Aden at 4.30, and had an uneventful

time up to Thursday morning, *November 19th*, when we reached Bombay Harbour. The pilot came aboard at 5.30, before daylight, and we had the pleasure of seeing a glorious sunrise. We got alongside at 7.30, and my daughter Milly was on the quay to receive us, looking very pulled down, I was sorry to see, through nursing her husband, who had had a slight attack of enteric, but was now on the road to convalescence. We soon got away, and drove to her flat in the Mayo Road, and were introduced to our apartments, a large bedroom, dressing-room, modern bath-room, and a charming verandah, where I afterwards had many chota hazris, which linger pleasantly in my memory.

CHAPTER VIII

INDIAN SERVANTS

THE Hindu caste system necessitates a larger number of servants than one would require to run a house in England, as the practice in India is "one man one job"; therefore the smallest household must have a "boy," or butler; a *hamal*, or house servant; a cook and his coolie, who accompanies him to market, carries his purchases of food, and assists him generally; a "sweeper," who performs the lowest menial duties; and a *chokra* (small boy), to run errands. Where a pony is kept, there must, of course, be a *syce*, or groom. Then for non-resident service there are the *dhobi*, or washerman; the *dirzee*, or tailor; and the barber.

If one had a garden, there would be, in addition to these, the *malee*, or gardener; the *bheestee*, or water-carrier, with his *mussuck*, or goat's skin; and the *ghass-wallah*, or grass-

cutter, who procures greenstuff for the pony. In larger establishments there would be at the head of the staff the *khansamah*, or butler, and the "boy" would be the sahib's personal attendant, to look after his clothes, clean boots and lamps, and wait at table, also to accompany him when dining out, when he would stand behind his master's chair and minister to his wants.

The lady, or *mem-sahib*, would have an *ayah*, or maid, and there would be a *mussaul*, or *masalchi*, to clean knives and wash up. When there are children, there may be several ayahs, and there would be a "bearer" to take the children out, he pushing the perambulator while the nurse, or ayah, walks with the older ones. If a cow is kept, there is, in addition, the *gowlee*, or *gwalla*. Officials are supplied by Government with *chuprassies*, or messengers. The butler and cook generally advance the cash required for household purchases, and render accounts, or *chits*, for the amount disbursed.

As nine-tenths of the visitors to India land at Bombay, there must be ample hotel accommodation, of course, and the palatial Taj Mahal Hotel is a conspicuous landmark as one approaches the city from the sea. Close by

is the Yacht Club, with its pleasant lawn and terrace, much frequented at tea-time. As it is the focus of Bombay Anglo-Indian life, every tourist who intends to stay a week or two should become a member, the subscription for a visitor being thirty-two rupees for one month or less.

The European quarter is in what is called the Fort, and here are the public buildings, shops, and residences. South of this is Colaba, where the cotton market is held, and here also are military barracks and the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central Indian Railway. The offices are, however, at Church Gate Station, in the Fort.

The native quarter and bazaars are north of the Fort, and on the way to the extensive Crawford Market is the handsome terminus of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, familiarly known as the G.I.P. The main streets in the Fort are wide, and they have a very busy appearance in the morning, when the resident ladies do their shopping and pay their calls. As the sun in the middle of the day is unbearably hot, even in the cold weather, everybody rises early to take exercise, reserving the afternoon for siesta ; excepting business men, who keep at it all day.

The Municipality very wisely sprinkle the roads with oil, reducing the dust to a minimum, an example that might be followed by other Indian towns with advantage. One notices the airiness of the English shops here, and coolness is secured in the larger establishments by the liberal use of electric punkahs. It was quite a novelty to me to sit at service in the cathedral with a punkah waving over my head all the time. The hackney-carriage of Bombay is a small one-horse victoria, and the fare per course is four annas (fourpence), and for one hour eight annas. They are generally shabby affairs, and the driver matches his vehicle.

III

BOMBAY TO CEYLON

CHAPTER IX

AT SEA AGAIN

We had intended to stay in Bombay for a week or two, then going on to the North-West Provinces on our way to Calcutta, Burma, and Ceylon, but as my son-in-law was ordered away to Newara Eliya to recruit his health, we decided to reverse our route, so as to accompany him and my daughter, so we left for Ceylon by the P. & O. steamer *Delta* on *November* 25*th*, after getting a supply of thin clothes to replace those reposing at Port Said in our belated trunks. We all had to be medically examined before going on board, as the Ceylon Government are rightly very careful about passengers hailing from plague-stricken Bombay, and their precautions have resulted in their immunity from that terrible scourge.

We arrived at Colombo on the 28*th*, after

a very pleasant voyage, only disturbed by a rather high wind and rough sea on the evening of the 27*th*. Colombo Harbour is a very fine one, and as it is exposed to the direct action of the wind and sea, the works are of a very substantial nature. Our steamer was soon surrounded by boats and catamarans, but the diving for coins appears to have been stopped, both here and at Aden.

We had to undergo another medical examination, and were ordered to report ourselves daily to the medical officer, wherever we were, until our ten days' supervision was up. Our soiled linen had to be sent to be disinfected, and then we were free to land, our baggage following us in a barge. As we were not leaving for Newara Eliya until the night train, we drove out to see the Parsee Burial Ground at Jawatta, and on to the Galle Face Hotel for luncheon. There was a delicious breeze here, and we much enjoyed, among the other items of the luncheon, the prawn curry for which this hotel is celebrated. After a short rest, we rode back to Colombo in *jinrikishas* (rickshaws) for which the charge is twenty-five cents. (The rupee in Ceylon is divided into cents, not annas, as in India proper.) It is a most comfortable mode

of conveyance, and the coolies run at a good pace.

We spent the rest of the day in making some small purchases and dining at the Grand Oriental Hotel, where they gave us an excellent meal. The male and female natives of Ceylon dress almost exactly alike, do their hair up into a bun at the back of their heads, and wear a circular tortoiseshell comb on the top in the style of a coronet; it is the moustaches of the men that define the sex. The waiting at table is quiet and efficient, almost noiseless. It was extremely hot here, but, fortunately, ice was supplied in abundance.

CHAPTER X

AT NEWARA ELIYA

We left Maradana Junction at ten o'clock in a sleeping-car, and had chota hazri served at 6 a.m., the air being at this altitude deliciously cool. At Nannaya Station we changed into the narrow-gauge train, and after a forty minutes' ride reached Newara Eliya (pronounced *Neuralia*) at 8.15. A wagonette conveyed us to the St. Andrew's Hotel, our luggage following in a bullock-cart. We are over 6,000 feet above the sea here, and the temperature is refreshingly cool, fires being very welcome in the evening.

This place is a splendid sanatorium for the Colombo residents, as it is within easy distance, and there are good golf-links for those who desire outdoor exercise. We drove out to the Hakgalla Gardens, six miles to the east, which are pretty and interesting; but good walkers would find it best to make the

journey on foot. For the more robust there is Mount Pedro, which is 8,295 feet above the sea. We enjoyed our four days' stay at Newara Eliya, as the air was cool and fresh, and there are pretty walks to take, which we did, in spite of the occasional showers. Newara Eliya is "the City of the Open Plains," and is a valley almost surrounded by mountains.

There is a legend that this space was covered with trees, and when the Monkey God, Hanuman, came here to rescue Sita, the wife of Rama, he set fire to the forest and converted it into a smiling valley. The river is called Sita Ella in consequence. The climate is delicious, as although Newara Eliya is within 7° of the equator, the temperature in the shade never exceeds 72°. Arum lilies grow wild, and there is abundance of English vegetables. We were too early for rhododendrons, which luxuriate in the peaty soil.

As we wished to see the lovely scenery, we left by the morning train, and, after three-quarters of an hour, changed at Nannaya Station into the broad-gauge train, on which we had luncheon, reaching Kandy at 2.43 p.m. We had made a drop of about 4,600 feet in the six hours, so were not surprised to find Kandy

very hot, the natives going about with very scanty clothing on them. The Queen's Hotel, opposite the Great Tank, was most comfortable, and the cooking excellent. We drove to the Government Agent's house, formerly the palace of the Kandyan Kings, not a very palatial residence, but roomy and suitable to its purpose. The Prince of Wales stayed here in 1875, and the Empress Eugenie made a stay of several weeks during this present year. There are some fine trees in the garden, among which was a Ficus Elastica, the roots of which spread out from the trunk in a curious manner, looking for all the world like crocodiles trying to climb a tree.

Then we went on to the elephants' bathing place, and saw one elephant disporting himself in the water, the others having completed their toilet. The big tusker was busy breaking up a sugar-tree for his evening meal. At six o'clock we went to the Dalada Temple, where Buddha's tooth is kept, but this is only shown on very special occasions, so we did not see it. There were a number of people worshipping there, making weird noises to the accompaniment of tom-toms, but there was little or no reverence apparent. We saw the library, which contains many ancient writings,

and among the books I noticed "The Light of Asia." The priests, who wear a yellow robe, leaving the right shoulder bare, have shaved heads, and are quiet, amiable-looking men. They showed us a crystal image of Buddha, about ten inches high. There is really not much to be seen at this temple beyond the library, and the attendants expect to be "tipped" for the very slightest service. The touts who took us to the temple are quite superfluous luxuries.

The next morning we drove to the provincial surgeon's quarters and made our last report as to the state of our health, and then went on to the Peradeniya Gardens, where we entered our names in the visitors' book, and were escorted about the place by one of the staff. This being a tropical climate, the vegetation was, of course, much more luxuriant than at Hakgalla Gardens, which are the nursery for plants and trees pertaining to temperate climes. We saw the nutmeg, clove, allspice, cinnamon, cannonball, kola, cocoa, rubber, upas, forbidden fruit, vanilla, and other trees, and purchased a small ball of rubber, as it left the tree, for half a rupee. There were flying foxes hanging from high branches, asleep; and the sun shining

on them rendered their wings almost transparent. We saw also a good many squirrels.

Close by are the gardens of the Ceylon Estates Tea Factory, where we saw the treating of the leaf from its plucking from the plant to its being packed for export. This company has five hundred acres here, and in addition to tea they grow coffee, pepper, and cocoa. We paid the hotel two rupees each for the privilege of visiting this factory.

CHAPTER XI

BY TRAIN TO COLOMBO

We left Kandy by the two o'clock train, and travelled through some superb scenery all the way to Colombo, passing the Allagalla Mountain, with its rugged peak. The cost of cutting this railway must have been enormous, but I understand that the Government derive a considerable income from their railway system. The trees here are not standing with their lower trunks bare as in England, but are overgrown with bushes and creepers, so that a forest is quite dense and difficult to penetrate. We noticed the extensive clearings made for the growth of rice, or "paddy," the fields forming a succession of verdant steps, the water flowing from one to the other in its downward course. Maradana Junction was reached at 5.40, and we drove at once to the Grand Oriental Hotel, or G.O.H., as it is familiarly called.

The next morning we drove out to a friend's bungalow for a chat, and in the afternoon went on board the *Pandua*, our steamer for Tuticorin, leaving Colombo with great regret, but it was necessary for us to curtail our stay here, as we had so many places to visit in a very limited time. From what we saw of Colombo we were of opinion that, apart from the climate, it was a delightful place to live in. There seems to be plenty of trade, and the residences in the suburbs are delightful bungalows, with large, well-stocked gardens, and the Europeans are sufficiently numerous to form a charming social circle. The air, though, is hot and moist, and week-ends at Newara Eliya must be eagerly sought for in the hot weather, although I suppose that being so near the equator there is very little variation in the temperature during the year, except during the monsoons. Sunrise and sunset are nearly always about six o'clock, and there is a very short twilight.

We were, of course, accosted on our walking expeditions by the sellers of "precious" stones, jewellery, &c., but we did not respond very freely to their blandishments, perhaps because we were beginning our tour and did not want to be loaded up with small parcels.

The stones are mostly imported from Murano, and they are set in Birmingham, as a rule. Tortoiseshell, however, is a great feature here, and some of the combs are really works of art. The bullock-carts are heavy, roomy vehicles with a tilt of woodwork hanging well over in front and at the back to protect the riders from the sun.

The little trotting bullocks, used here very generally in private carts, are pretty creatures, and really travel at a good pace. Natives wear their hair long, but it is always kept coiled up on the head in public or in the presence of a superior, as it is not considered respectful to let it hang down. The reverse obtains in China, where a servant may coil up his pigtail to get it out of his way while working, but lets it down before speaking to his employer. The shore near Colombo is fringed with trees bearing coker-nuts, a source of steady wealth to the grower. Education on the European system seems to have taken root here, and we were amused at some children, who followed our carriage, singing in shrill and rapid treble "tinkle-tinkle-littell-eestar."

IV

COLOMBO TO MADRAS

CHAPTER XII

A HINDU FESTIVAL

We left Colombo Harbour before sunset on *Saturday*, *December 5th*, and after tea retired to our cabin, as the passage to Tuticorin is usually a rough one. The *Pandua* is an old British India boat, built by Inglis, of Glasgow, about 7,000 tons, larger than the traffic necessitates, one would think, but we were glad she was not smaller. The next morning we anchored off Tuticorin, which has no harbour, and rolled about until the tug came for us at 8.20. This was a very modest craft, and we sat in rows like on an old-fashioned omnibus, sheltered from the spray by a stretch of canvas. It took three-quarters of an hour to reach the shore, and we were not sorry to get there. On landing we found my daughter's "boy," Poppa Nagoo, awaiting us, he having come overland from Bombay to

meet us and conduct us on our tour. We had no difficulty with the Customs here, not carrying firearms, and were soon on board the train, which left at 9.50. Breakfast was served on the train, and we reached Madura at 3.5, stopping at all stations on the way.

There were mountains all along to the west of us, but the railway runs along flat country, evidently subject to floods. I had written for rooms at the station, where accommodation for travellers is provided, but found on arrival that no notice is taken of letters or telegrams; the passenger must make personal application at the booking-office for bedroom tickets, and meals are served in the refreshment-room on the platform.

Fortune favoured us, and we secured our *appartement*, which opens out on to a wide corridor overlooking the station-yard. This happened to be crowded with natives, as there was a big Hindu festival going on, and we had noticed coming along that the roads were thronged with carts of all kinds and pedestrians. After a hot bath we had tea and walked towards the temple, but the streets were too full of people to be comfortable, so we soon retraced our steps. The dinner was quite a good one and very moderate in price—

two rupees, which is the standard charge at railway-stations and rest-houses.

The station was very noisy all night, as the pilgrims "camped out" in the open, and while some slept, wrapped in their cloaks, others talked, cooked, and fed themselves. The station-master told me they had conveyed 32,000 passengers that day. As the trains were got ready they let sufficient to fill it enter the station, and then there was a rushing and screaming going on, the natives evidently looking upon this excitement as part of the "outing."

After breakfast next morning we hired a gharri and drove out to the Teppu-Kalem, or great tank, in the centre of which is a temple, and the tank itself is strongly enclosed by a wall, painted in red and white stripes; then to a great banyan-tree, having a main stem 80 feet in girth and 105 subsidiary stems.

Afterwards we procured a guide and visited the great temple, which covers something like twenty acres. It is an immense building in the usual pyramidal form, decorated all over with sculptured figures of gods, men, and animals. It is one of the residences of Siva, the Destroyer, and is surrounded by a wall, having four huge stone porches, called

Mantapas, at the points of the compass. The altar and idol are enclosed on a cell, lighted only by a lamp, and there are corridors leading to the temple, used as bazaars, where all kinds of goods are sold: brasswork, pottery, dyed cotton and muslin goods, embroidered turbans, cowbells, &c.

We walked through Tirumala's Choultry, or "Hall of a Thousand Columns," which is over 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, the pillars of which are elaborately carved with different designs, all of granite, so the labour must have been tremendous. Over the great *gopura*, or entrance gate, is the figure of Ganesha, the elephant-headed god, son of Siva and Parvati, and on the right is Subrahmanya, Siva's other son. This gate leads to the Golden Lily Tank, which is surrounded by beautiful arcades, ornamented by curious frescoes, which we had not the leisure to examine. The corridor through which we passed is 330 feet long, and is lined on either side with columns carved into figures of Yali, the lion of the south.

The pilgrims always bathe in the tank before worshipping, wearing their clothes, which they have no means of drying, of course, so how they escape rheumatism or

pneumonia is a wonder; perhaps many of them don't. However clean they may be, the idols are filthy dirty, being smeared all over with oil, and blackened with smoke from the numerous lamps. Although this temple is an immense place, it was swarming with people, dressed in all colours, dark red being the prevailing hue of the saris which they wear. We were unexpectedly accosted by one of the priests, who threw a garland of flowers round our necks, and smilingly awaited the usual "tip" of a rupee each; but I had been to Kandy, and I am afraid my modest offering rather disappointed him.

Madura is the capital of the district of that name, and contains over 100,000 inhabitants of the Dravidian race: dark-skinned and hard-working. They are Tamils, Telugas, Canerese, and Malays. The temple dates from the third century B.C., but the present buildings were restored in the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XIII

WE REACH TRICHINOPOLY

We left Madura at 3.45 that day and arrived at Trichinopoly at 7.30, to find all the rooms at the station occupied. However, the station-master recommended us to Roberts's Hotel, and secured for us a guide, Daniel Pillay, a very intelligent old man who knew his business well. These details took some time, so we were rather late for the dinner at the station refreshment-room, and although we had taken dinner tickets before starting from Madura, the usual system of securing a meal, found all the good things had been eaten up by the other passengers, so had to put up with tinned provisions.

Our guide was ready for us with a gharri in the morning at seven o'clock, and we started off for Srinagam, the Temple City, the only one in India, about two miles off. There are five walls dividing the city into five

enclosures, the outside ones being for the lower caste people, artificers, &c., and the two inner ones for the priests and Brahmins; the centre of all is reserved for the residence of the high priest and the shrine, whose copper-gilt dome may be seen from the roof of the "Hall of the Thousand Columns." There were three *gopuras*, or gate towers, but only one of those, in the outer wall, remains. It is built of granite, but the figures which cover its surface are modelled in plaster. To give an idea of the size of this enclosed city, I mention that the resident inhabitants number 21,000. It is self-governing, and possesses a large revenue, derived from land that has been bequeathed to the city. Inside the gate we saw the immense car which is used in the processions which take place at the yearly festivals. The passages are full of booths, as at Madura, and the two outer enclosures are peopled with bazaar-keepers and workers of all kinds, who ply their trade in full view of visitors.

The "Hall of the Thousand Columns" was built to shelter the higher caste pilgrims. It has only 960 pillars, really, but for the festivals the deficiency is made up by using wooden logs; granite pillars are, however, now being carved. Although this work is only

about two hundred years old, it is quite barbaric in its style, the older designs being adhered to in spite of the general improvement in artistic skill. This was the same in Egypt, their artists representing figures in the old and obsolete forms, although surrounding nations were moving with the times.

In front of this hall is a row of bracketed columns, eight in all, and in front of each is carved a stallion reared up on its hind legs, with its fore feet resting on a monster which is attacked by an armed man, and its head supporting the bracket, above which is the entablature. It stands free of the column except at the tail, which is divided, one half being carved on each side of the column. The group is about 15 feet high, and figures and column are carved out of one piece of granite. We saw a small procession here of a sacred painted elephant, a camel, a cow, and a few priests. One rupee sufficed for all the tipping necessary at this temple, our guide having secured a collection of the smallest coins from a money-changer in the outside court. The Temple of Srinagam, or Seringham, is half a mile each way in extent, and is dedicated to Vishnu, the Preserver. It was founded about two thousand years ago.

On the way back to our hotel we drove across the bridge crossing the Cauvery River, built by the English in 1846-9. The River Cauvery is sacred, like the Ganges. Two white streaks, with a red one between them, is the mark impressed on the foreheads of Hindus dedicated to the worship of Vishnu. We drove to the Temple of Jambukeshwar (about a mile away, and on the same island as Srinagam), which is about three hundred years old, and, having fallen into decay, is being restored. It was now getting very hot, and we were not sorry to return to the hotel for breakfast at 10.20, and to rest until four o'clock, when the gharri and guide called for us again.

We drove to the great Rock of Trichinopoly, 256 feet above the land and 500 feet above sea-level, which we mounted by the 402 steps. In approaching the Siva Temple there is a covered passage, and in 1849, 250 people were crushed or trampled to death through a rush of pilgrims down the steep stairs. After this accident the roof of the archway was pierced and some light let in. The doors of the Siva Temple were opened for us, and we saw the idols. At the top is a small temple to Ganesha, and from here there is a very extensive view.

Afterwards we drove to the Sessions House, in the compound of which is a bath where Bishop Heber was drowned, and near by is St. John's Church, where he is buried. Trichinopoly has about two hundred cigar factories, the tobacco for which comes from Dindigul, and we were in hopes of seeing the manufacture of the celebrated cheroots, but nobody was working, the day being a Hindu festival. I bought two hundred of them from Pillay's for five rupees, post free to Bombay. Our guide kept the gharri until we had finished our dinner, which was excellently cooked, probably by Mrs. Roberts, and a great improvement on our meal at the station last night: tinned soup, tinned salmon, tinned tongue, tinned fruit, tinned coffee, and tinned milk. Our bill at the hotel was a very moderate one, considering the excellence of the food, and the coffee was the best we had had hitherto in the East. Old Daniel Pillay insisted upon seeing us off by the night train, and respectfully bared his bald head as we moved out of the station.

CHAPTER XIV

EN ROUTE FOR MADRAS

Our compartment had been reserved for us by the attentive Babu booking-clerk, and we had a moderately comfortable journey to Madras, which we reached at 7.30 a.m. We found a gharri for ourselves and a bullock-cart for our trunks awaiting us, and we drove at once to the Prince of Wales Hotel, where we breakfasted, and then had a victoria out to see the sights of Madras. Fort St. George was built by the Hon. East India Company about 1640 on a piece of land given them by a native prince, and one tries to imagine how an important town could have arisen on such an unpromising spot, there being no river and no natural harbour. In the fort are the arsenal, council-house, and St. Mary's Church, containing a monument to the missionary Schwartz, also the European barracks, all looking very clean and neat.

We did some shopping and then drove along the Marina, which is pleasantly laid out with flowers and shrubs, to St. Thomas's Mount, and back to the hotel. Madras is a very hot place, but there is always a breeze about six in the evening, which is very refreshing. The next day, as it was so hot, we did not go out until it was time to go on board the *Palamcotta*, which was to convey us to Rangoon. This left the harbour about six o'clock, and as the sea was rather rough we retired early and had some light refreshment in our cabin.

These old British India boats have the first-class passenger accommodation aft, so the motion of the vessel and noise of the screw are accentuated. The reason given for this is the number of natives they carry, and this arrangement enables them to keep all the coolies in the waist and fore-part of the ship, an explanation which hardly satisfied me. We had no less than 1,500 deck passengers, each paying twelve rupees, and there seemed hardly room for them to move about, but they appeared to be quite happy, spending their time between meals in sleeping, talking, and playing cards.

Large numbers of them go across to Burma

to work in the factories and to gather in the rice crop. Their wages are one rupee per day, and most of them return to their homes after a few months' work, although some of them, and an increasing number, remain in Burma.

V

BURMA

CHAPTER XV

WE ARRIVE AT RANGOON

It took us three days and four nights to reach Rangoon, taking up the pilot at 6 a.m. on *December 14th*, and getting alongside the quay at 10.30. The sea is very muddy for miles out, showing the immense quantity of river water that comes down. Our good friend was waiting to welcome us, and after calling at his office in town we drove out to his bungalow in the suburbs, where we were received with great kindness by his partner's wife.

Rangoon is situated on the left bank of that branch of the Irrawaddy called the Rangoon River. Moulmein, to the east, is on the Salween River, which runs through Burma from north to south parallel to the Irrawaddy. The banks are low, so the approach to Rangoon is not picturesque, and the channel is evidently an intricate one at low water, owing to the immense deposits of mud brought

down by the river, so that powerful dredgers are kept busily employed upon the work of keeping pace with the forces of nature and the actions of men in the shape of ever-increasing tonnage of steamers. As the city is approached the chimneys of the mills of Poozoondoung come into view, and farther still, to the north, is seen above the buildings and trees the gilded and tapering dome of the Shway Dagone Pagoda. This was built in 588 B.C. by the Talaing brothers Taposa and Palecka on the Thehn-goothara Hill, the only piece of high ground in the neighbourhood, a spot held sacred on account of its possessing relics of the three Buddhas preceding Gautama.

The relic-chamber contains the drinking-cup of Hankhathan, the robe of Gaunagohng, the staff of Kathapah, and eight hairs from Gautama's beard. This stone chamber is encased in brickwork, and has been added to at various times, until it attained its present enormous bulk, about 400 feet in diameter at its base and 370 feet high. It is covered with plaster, and richly ornamented with tiles of pure gold on the upper part of the cone and with gold-leaf on the lower part. It is surmounted by a *htee*, or umbrella-shaped pinnacle (studded with precious stones which

glitter in the sunshine), from which hang numerous little bells, tinkling merrily in the breeze. This *htee* was presented to the pagoda by King Mindohn-Min, and erected in 1871. It is said to have cost £50,000.

The Shway Dagone Pagoda is surrounded by monasteries, rest-houses, and temples, of most beautiful and fanciful design, some of them costing many thousands of pounds. There are a number of images of Buddha, standing, sitting, and reclining; all bearing that peaceful, benevolent expression which is characteristic of him. The platform upon which the pagoda stands is fortified. There are quite a number of bells suspended from wooden frames, and these are struck by means of stags' horns when the worshipper has finished his prayer, to call attention to the fact. They are of various sizes, the largest, which has a lofty shrine to itself of three roofs, weighing over twenty tons. It was given by King Tharrawaddy in 1840. After the war in 1852 the British forces removed the bell, with the object of conveying it as a memento to Calcutta; but it fell into the river, and although several attempts to raise it were made by English engineers, they failed, but later on the Burmans received permission to

recover it, and they were successful in restoring it to the pagoda.

There are four stairways to the platform of the pagoda, but the southern one only is generally used. At its foot are two enormous figures, leogryphs, guarding the entrance from *nats*, or spirits, and recently an ornamental porch has been erected between them, which, however, somewhat mars their effect. The stairways are roofed over, and the sides are filled with rest-houses and stalls for the sale of candles, gold-leaf, images, &c. These are kept by pagoda slaves who were originally prisoners of war, and their descendants are considered outcasts.

A great festival is held here on the first day of the full moon of Taboung (end of March), when many thousands visit the pagoda, and all around are fairs and amusements, including the national *pwés*, or open-air plays. In a corner of the upper platform are several graves of British officers who fell in the storming of the hill in 1852. One would never tire of visiting this pagoda, as the brilliant mass of the tapering spire is most fascinating against the blue sky, and the elaborate carvings on the roofs of the temples are worth careful examination. The columns are usually

encrusted with glass and gold mosaic, which, however strange and barbarous they may appear to our eyes, must command admiration for the rich effect they produce. When we were there the place was almost deserted, but we saw a few kneeling worshippers holding flowers in their hands.

A Burman believes that the building of a pagoda will ensure his happiness in the next world ; but after his death, except in the case of a pagoda covering sacred relics, nobody troubles to keep the edifice in repair, as no merit attaches to preserving it, which accounts for so many of them being in a state of ruin. The favourite offering to the Shway Dagone Pagoda is gold-leaf to cover its sides.

Close by is Dalhousie Park, containing the Royal Lake, a favourite piece of water for boating. The park is beautifully planned, the trees being left where they are most effective, and its winding drives give delightful views of the ornamental waters. Rangoon, which is quite a modern town, is well laid out in broad streets, and contains many handsome buildings, which testify to the increasing prosperity of the place. The cathedral is near Phayre Street Railway Station, and close by are the college and Central Jail. The General Hospital, now

being built, is the largest in the East, and is somewhat on the same plan as St. Thomas's in London. To the north-west, beyond the railway line, are the barracks and English bungalows, in the district called the Cantonment, following the Anglo-Indian nomenclature.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GAY RANGOON STREETS

The streets are very gay with the costumes of the various nationalities that throng them: Burmans, Indians, Chinese, &c., in their distinctive costumes. The Burman wears a *pasoh*, or petticoat, reaching to his knees. This is formed by winding a strip of cotton stuff or silk several times round his waist and bringing the end through to hang down as with a sash; a white cotton jacket, and a brightly-coloured handkerchief tied turban fashion round the head, with leather slippers, complete his costume.

The Burmese woman wears also a white cambric jacket with sleeves, and a *tamehn*, which is a petticoat of three strips, the upper one being of black cloth, the middle piece of coloured fabric in some pattern, and the lower one a pink strip, usually touching the ground. This *tamehn* is fastened by hitching the ends over one another at the hip. The

hair is black, thick, and glossy, brought up to a coil on the top of the head (as is also the men's), and decorated on one side with a bunch of flowers.

These Burmese women are very coquettish in their manner; they have a bright, cheerful expression, and walk with a slight swaying motion. Their features are of the Mongolian type, but they seem so happy that they are very attractive. When well off, they delight in jewellery, and wear large ornaments in their ears and brilliant rings on their fingers. One of the great sights of Rangoon is the Silk Bazaar, and we went there one evening just before closing time, when the women, who conduct most of the business in Burma, were preparing to leave. They were putting on their most attractive dresses, powdering their faces, and smoothing their ebony tresses, adjusting a false tail here and there, and fixing flowers in them to the best advantage. No wonder the Burman marries young!

Want of money is seldom a deterrent to marriage, as the young Burman usually lives with his father-in-law until his own family grows up, he paying his share towards the general expenses if he earns any wages, or living free of expense if devoid of funds.

There is no caste in Burma, so there are no restrictions, and divorce being quite easy, the Burmese girl enters the wedded state quite free from anxieties. She marries anybody: an Englishman, an American, or an Indian—even a Chinaman. In the latter case, when there are children, the boys dress and are brought up as Chinamen, the girls as Burmese.

Not half of the inhabitants of Rangoon are Burmese, as most of the work in the mills, on the quays, and in the streets is done by Indian coolies, and the domestic servants are practically all from India. The Burman does not take kindly to domestic service; the work is too regular to suit his taste. Growing rice is more in his line, as during the summer rains there is nothing to do but smoke cheroots, and when they are over he stirs up the soil with a primitive kind of plough, drawn by a buffalo. Meanwhile a supply of young rice-plants have been growing in a nursery bed, and when the ploughing is finished the cultivator takes a handful of them in one hand and a forked stick in the other, and, tucking up his *pasoh* above his knees, wades into the water and thrusts the plants one by one into the mud. This process completed, he has nothing more to do until his crop is harvested

by the Madras coolies, while he looks on and smokes, and then he burns his stubble on the ground, the ashes acting as a fertiliser, nothing more requiring to be done until after the rains.

Burmans do not make good soldiers, as the drill is irksome to them, and their notion of "standing at ease" is to squat down and light a cheroot; but I understand they can profitably be employed as pioneers, &c., to cut roads through the jungle. Every Burman must be a priest, or *hpoongyee*, for a portion of his life, even if only for a day, and many have the head shaved and wear the yellow robe only for a few months, but others adopt the priesthood as a calling and live in the monasteries, collecting food in the mornings and teaching children or performing other duties during the rest of the day.

Before the British occupation the monasteries, or *hpoongyee kyoungs*, were supported by the Crown, but now the priests have to depend upon voluntary gifts, which seem to be freely given, however, for there are swarms of the yellow-robed ones all over the country. Each carries a palm-leaf fan, to protect his head from the sun and his eyes from maidens' glances, a begging-pot, and a strainer for drinking-water.

CHAPTER XVII

EN ROUTE FOR MANDALAY

We left Rangoon by the 6 p.m. train, having had our compartment secured for us, so we were as comfortable as circumstances would permit during our long journey. The Burmese railway-carriages, like the Indian, have the seats placed lengthwise, so that they may be used as couches during the day and sleeping berths during the night. Reaching Pegu at eight o'clock, we stayed half an hour for dinner, which was served in the station restaurant, and a very good one it was, considering the price, two rupees (2s. 8d.). Pegu has a very fine golden pagoda, and there is also a colossal figure of Buddha near the station, but of course we could not see these at night.

Pegu was besieged and taken by Alompra in 1757, the year of Plassy, but became British in 1852, Arakan and Tenasserim in 1826.

Pegu is an ancient Talaing capital and is 1,300 years old. Alompra, or Alaungpayu, was a man of low birth who founded the dynasty of Burmese kings in the eighteenth century, with an inland capital at Ava and a maritime capital at Rangoon. Up to here the country is flat, but now the hills begin. After a good night's rest, the train, fortunately, not travelling very fast, we had chota hazri at 6.30, and arrived at Yamethin at 8.10 (275 miles), where we stayed a quarter of an hour. The Burmans bring all sorts of food to the trains—rice, curry, chupatties, and fruit, and they carry these viands in shallow baskets slung from a pole resting on one shoulder, and this is the usual method in this country, whereas in India everything is carried on the head, except babies, which sit a-straddle on their mothers' hips. We bought twelve sweet oranges for six annas, which was, of course, a fancy price, the value being about one rupee per hundred, really.

At Thazi Junction, which we reached at 9.50, we stayed for breakfast, a very welcome and abundant meal. Then we went on to Myohaung Junction, where we got out and waited for the train from Mandalay (1.55 until 3.10), the place being well warmed up

by the sun. Why we could not have gone into Mandalay, which is only three miles farther on, I don't know, but I am sure it would have suited us better. We got to Amarapura Shore Station at 3.50, and crossed the Irrawaddy by the ferry steamer *Daca* to Sagaing. Ava, which is opposite, was founded in 1364, and was the capital from 1636 until 1783, when Amarapura was built. This was in turn abandoned for Mandalay in 1857.

Both Ava and Amarapura are now pretty well overgrown with trees and creepers, but a good deal of silk is woven still at Amarapura. The situation of Sagaing is very picturesque, the river bank being very high and steep and the cliff dotted by pagodas. The largest of them, Kaung-hmu-daw, is shaped like a bell, but has no tall spire. Stairs lead up to it from the river. Sagaing was founded six hundred years ago, after the extinction of Pagan through a Chinese invasion. We left Sagaing at 5.45 and reached Shwebo at 8.45, where we stayed to dinner.

We had another night in the train, and reached Naba Junction at seven o'clock, where we had to change trains, ours proceeding on its way to the northern terminus at Myitkyina, 724 miles from Rangoon. The buildings at Naba

Junction had recently been wrecked by a runaway train, which overpowered its brakes and ran down the steep incline. We had chota hazri here, and then got into a small train for Katha. The carriages in this were like those in Switzerland, with a central gangway and vestibule at each end.

Our run was fifteen miles over a wooded hill, with creepers and ferns in abundance, which took us one hour to do. We noticed that the women were doing most of the heavy work, loading boats with paddy, &c., and the men were tatooed from the waist down to the knees with dragons, lions, tigers, &c. The operation is called *htokwinsayahgye*, and the artist's fee is about eight rupees. A boy is usually tatooed at the age of twelve to fourteen, and he is heavily dosed with opium to deaden the pain. The instrument used is a brass rod, 2 feet long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, having four needle points at one end, and the operation lasts several days, as swelling takes place, and there is danger of fever if too great a surface is covered in one day. Black ink is used.

At Katha we went on board the steamer *Tokio* for our day's journey to Bhamo, where we were to join the Mandalay steamer. Katha is 228 miles from Sagaing and 606 from

Rangoon. We were the only passengers on the *Tokio*, so were not crowded, and we had jungle fowl for dinner. Towards dusk we went through the Second Defile, where the river narrows considerably and flows between cliffs of 200 feet in height. Bhamo was reached at 10 p.m., and we slept on board.

Saturday, December 19th.—We had chota hazri at seven o'clock, and the weather was very cold and damp, with a thick fog hanging over the river. However, it cleared up by 9.30, and we went on board the steamer *Momein*, where we were very kindly received by Captain Beresford, who afterwards took us into the town of Bhamo, which is a very straggling sort of place.

The market is a large one, crowded with people, Burmans, Shans, and Chinese, in a great variety of costume. The Shans wear woollen clothes, with a highly decorated bag hung round the neck containing all their belongings, food, tobacco, money, &c. All kinds of utensils, food, vegetables, fruit, &c., were on sale, very much as they would be in an English market town, only the purchasers were infinitely more picturesque.

There is one large store, where tinned articles and sundries are sold, but I did not

succeed in procuring any curiosity, although I made a bid for a jade-mounted opium pipe. The Captain, however, secured a knife (or *dah*) in a silver-mounted sheath. Bhamo is within forty miles of the Chinese frontier, and it is through here that the trade is carried on, pack-mules, ponies, donkeys, and oxen carrying the goods over the mountains. Their camp is near the river and is well worth seeing. They carry cotton goods back with them, and bring jade, wax, skins, &c. There were a few Kachins about, a hill tribe, a dirty, untidy-looking lot.

The Shans are very like the Burmese, only the men have moustaches, which are unusual with the Burmese. Their dress is nearly the same, only warmer, and their skirts are divided. The Shan women dress like the Burman women, but they wear a long coat over their jacket, as it is much colder here than in Mandalay or Rangoon.

There is a Chinese quarter, a long street, with houses on either side, well-kept and tidy; and I noticed that the iron pots for cooking were cast very thin and well. We went into the Joss-house, which consists of a double-walled court, with the temple at the farther end. The first court has a tree in the centre,

and it is usual for the men to congregate here to smoke and talk after their day's work. The next court has a theatre over the gateway, so that plays may be performed, some of them lasting several days. The temple is guarded on each side of the entrance by a warrior with his steed, and inside are wooden models of their gods, mostly looking very ferocious.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE IRRAWADDY

We had to leave Bhamo at 11.50, and got to Katha at 6.45, after dark, but we went on until nine o'clock, the steamer's path being illuminated by a powerful searchlight. The channel is marked by poles, which are attached to stones and sunk along the edges of the sand-banks, the poles nearest the left bank having small squares of tinplate hanging from them, which glitter in the strong light and greatly aid the pilot in his navigation of the steamer. In the winter the water is very low, so the steamer must not draw more than 4 feet 6 inches of water, any extra cargo being carried in flats, which are fastened alongside. The channel is continually changing, so the Flotilla Company have about two hundred men always on the watch, and sounding the depth of the river, so as to move the poles to the deep places. At times we were close to a

densely-wooded bank, with the water eating away the soil, showing that it had not been running on that side for perhaps thirty or forty years, as the trees which were being undermined were full grown.

The other side of the river was being converted into a sandbank, which in course of time would probably be covered with forest, unless the river changed its course again before the trees had time to grow. The next day we stopped at Thabitkyin, the nearest pier to the ruby-mines, which are sixty miles off to the east. There is a motor-car running now, so the journey can be done in about four hours. The mines are in the Mongok Valley, and have been worked since before 1600. The natives wash the sand by hand, but the Burma Ruby-mines Company have machinery for the purpose, and the work is carried on continuously, night and day.

Besides the ruby, there is the spinel, a stone resembling it, but not nearly so valuable. Sapphires, too, are sometimes found here. We moored for the night at Kyonkmoung, where they make artistic pottery, but the dealers had all gone home to their village, three miles distant, so we were not able to see any of it. The large jars in which the

Burmese keep their water are made at Shwegu, and I was anxious to see how they managed to turn out such large pieces of glazed ware, but was unable to visit the place. We did see a large raft, made up of jars and planks, being floated down the river, though.

Monday, December 21*st*.—We got off at seven o'clock this morning, as there was no fog, and at ten o'clock we landed at Mingoon to see the ruined pagoda and the great bell. The pagoda is an immense mass of cracked brickwork, 453 feet square, as it was destroyed by an earthquake before it was finished. The great bell is now slung on strong wooden supports, and has a roof over it, so that it can be examined easily, both inside and out. It weighs eighty tons, and is supposed to be the largest sound (perfect) bell in the world. It is swung about 3 feet from the ground, and is 12 feet high and 16 feet wide. We reached Mandalay at 11.30 and drove to our hotel, Salween House, about three miles inland.

Leprosy is prevalent here; two nuns called on us and said they had two hundred patients in their hospital. After lunch we took a gharri, a ramshackle vehicle, as they all are in this country, and drove to Fort Dufferin. This is the city built by King Mindohn in

1856-7, when he gave up Amarapura. The walls are $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile square, surrounded by a wide moat, 235 feet wide, ornamented by water-lilies, and crossed by several bridges which lead to the principal gates, but not directly, as the gates are screened by a wall, so that two turns are necessary before entering the city. The walls are 30 feet high, and between them and the moat is a strip of turf, about 20 feet wide. The ground inside slopes up to within a few feet of the top of the wall, and there are at intervals watch-towers of the usual ornamental Burmese pattern. There are four principal gates, facing north, south, east, and west, and eight others.

It was usual in building a city to bury people alive at the gates and angles of the walls, to propitiate evil spirits, but it is believed that Mindohn Min was too kind-hearted a man to follow this practice, jars of oil being substituted, which were examined from time to time to see if they leaked or not, the former being considered unlucky.

CHAPTER XIX

A PALACE OF TEAK

The palace is in the centre of the fort, a large building, built of teak and painted in red inside, and profusely gilt. It has the usual number of roofs for a royal building, seven. It now gives one the idea rather of a big travelling theatre, but when the red lacquer and gilding were fresh, and the place full of brightly-dressed officers and members of the Court, the effect must have been very brilliant and satisfactory to the artistic eye. At one end of the audience-chamber is a raised daïs on which was placed the King's Lion Throne, approached through doors at the back. In giving audience to his feudatory princes and ministers, the King was seated on his throne, with the heir-apparent in a kind of cradle in front of him, while all others were kneeling.

This palace was brought from the old capital of Amarapura, and consists of about 120

buildings, resting on a raised platform of about 900 feet long by 500 feet wide. Another chamber for the private and informal reception of ambassadors was called the Duck Throne Room, and it was here that golden images of the King's ancestors were kept. In the *Bye-daik*, or Council-chamber, was the Elephant Throne, used by the King when he appointed or dismissed officials. But this building, as well as many others, has been pulled down to make room for the British garrison.

The Queen had a chamber called the Lily Throne Room, where she and the King received the homage of the ladies of the Court. The Queen's Golden Monastery is a superb building, highly decorated with carving and profusely gilt. On the verandah of a pretty little garden house King Thebaw surrendered to Sir Harry Prendergast and Sir Douglas Sladen on November 28, 1885, and a few days later he and his Queen, Supaya-Lat, were on their way to exile.

The most wonderful object, perhaps, in Mandalay is the Kutho-daw, or Lawka Marazein Pagoda, surrounded as it is by avenues of temples, 729 in number, each covering a stone upright slab, on which is

carved a chapter of the Buddhist scriptures. Close by are the charred ruins of the Incomparable Pagoda, an enormous building of seven terraces, which contained a colossal figure of Gautama. The Arakan Pagoda is still in good preservation, and it has a large statue of Buddha with a gilt head. It is looked upon as the most sacred of all images, because it is believed to be the very likeness of Buddha himself, made during his lifetime. About the temple are hung curious garlands, shaped like gigantic Christmas crackers. Here, too, are a large number of bronze bells, and there is a tank in which swim lazily the sacred turtles. A curious feature here and at other buildings in Mandalay are the glass balusters of various colours in the verandahs, made, I presume, locally. We saw also the *Swédaw Zin*, or Clock Tower, a tall erection of solid white masonry, with stairs leading to the top. Here a water-clock was filled from hour to hour, and a drum beaten to announce the time to all within the palace.

King Mindohn's Tomb is a square building, ornamented by coloured stones in mosaic, with the royal roof of seven tiers, and is surrounded by iron railings. There are not many shops in Mandalay, but there is one kept by Mah

Kin, the widow of the late commander-in-chief of King Thebaw's forces, where we bought a brass model of the Shway Dagone leogryph, &c.; but, generally speaking, her prices were as high as her former rank. The silk bazaar is quite a fascinating place, and we spent quite a pleasant morning there buying silks.

The attractive little Burmese girls sit there, smoking their cheroots, and seem to enjoy the bargaining as much as any one, raising their eyebrows and looking shocked at an offer lower than the price they have asked, but finally accepting it with many smiles. These silks are said to be the strongest of any that are made. Along the streets are seen the Burmese women busy weaving by means of their old-fashioned hand-looms; but, judging by appearances, the most flourishing trade is the manufacture of strong wooden, cane-seated chairs—for European use, of course. Boxes, too, inlaid with brass, are made here in large quantities, and are very cheap. Purchases can be made in the verandah of the hotel, too, but as the proprietor charges a commission on the sales, and the major-domo has to be propitiated, it is difficult to get a bargain. On Christmas Eve we drove along the three-mile dusty road in a Mandalay gharri, the meanest

of hackney cabs, to the shore, where our down-river steamer, the *Ceylon*, was loading. We had an excellent dinner and were allotted a very comfortable cabin.

CHAPTER XX

CHRISTMAS ON A STEAMER

CHRISTMAS Day was spent very quietly with the other passengers, and we sat on the forward part of the deck and talked of those at home. We moored up at six o'clock for the night. We stopped at several places during the day, taking on and landing cargo and passengers, but wherever it was, the villagers came down in crowds to see what was going on, and there was the inevitable Chinaman checking off his goods and paying his charges. We ran aground to-day and got rather a severe bumping from the "flat" which was moored to us, and there was very little delay, but the next day we had a much more serious accident, as we were aground for seven hours, and that made a difference in our arrival at Rangoon of twenty-four hours.

The Burmese are excellent swimmers, and on arriving at a calling-place four or five of

them spring into the water, carrying a rope, which is attached to the mooring cable, and quickly fasten the end to a post or a tree on the bank. One man, I noticed, had six fingers and six toes instead of the usual five, well formed, too, and Captain Terndrap, our host, told me it was not at all unusual in Upper Burma. We landed at Prome at one o'clock on December 28th, and took our luggage to the station in readiness for the night train, then we went to the club and read some papers, taking tea and dinner at the dak bungalow. Prome is very prettily situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, and on the opposite shore are picturesque wooded hills.

We walked to the Shway Sando Pagoda, a very large one, solid and gilt all over like that at Rangoon. Round it are eighty-three niches, joined together to form a kind of wall, each containing an image of Buddha. Two of the four approaches to the platform of the pagoda are roofed over with carved teak-work, gilded and painted. There are some large bells here, one measuring 10 feet across. The pagoda itself was built by King Minbin about 1535. As our train did not leave until 9.30 we had plenty of time to walk about, but could buy no native curiosities, as the only store we

came across sold nothing but European goods, which were, no doubt, curiosities to the natives.

The streets are attractive, as there are so many trees, and the houses are constructed of bamboo poles filled in with matting, each having a kind of first-floor verandah, which is evidently the living-room. The roof is of thatch of palm-leaves, and I should think a fire would spread very quickly here. However, I believe a Burman treats such a catastrophe with philosophy, if not with mirth, and when his house is burned down straightway organises a *pwé* on the smouldering ruins. Outside the house is a large glazed jar, such as we see depicted in the courtyard scene of "The Forty Thieves," which holds water for family use.

The Burmese are very clean people, and are constantly bathing; but one boy we saw having the evening clean-up did not at all appreciate the national custom, as he was howling loudly while his mother poured cold water from a lota over his shrinking, and, as yet, untatooed little body.

By the kindness of the station-master at Prome we were able to travel in comfort by the night train, and reached Kemmendine at 6 a.m., where our good friend was waiting

for us. The journey was only 160 miles, and we took $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do it in, so I suppose we must have stopped at some of the thirty stations along the route. After a refreshing bath and good breakfast, we drove into town and made some purchases, and in the afternoon did a little bargaining in the verandah of the bungalow with a box-wallah. The silver-work is very good. While staying at Rangoon we were conducted over a rice-mill, and saw the processes gone through before the grain is packed ready for export, but were not fortunate enough to see the elephants moving and stacking the logs of timber, the delay on the river having shortened our time rather seriously.

We left Rangoon with much regret, as, although the heat is rather trying to newcomers, the life is extremely pleasant, there being a good club gymkana, where informal dances take place after sunset, and a hall, where we attended a highly-successful theatrical and musical entertainment.

VI

CALCUTTA TO BOMBAY

CHAPTER XXI

THE CITY ON THE HOOGHLY

Going on board the British India steamer *Bengala* at ten o'clock on December 31st, we moved off at 10.50 and waited down the river for the mails until 1 p.m. We shipped our pilot at the mouth of the Hooghly between 2 and 3 a.m. on *January 3rd*, waiting until six o'clock before starting up the river. Calcutta was reached at two o'clock, and we took up our quarters at the Grand Hotel. The voyage was very pleasant as the air was pretty cool, but we rather suffered from mosquitoes the first night out. We were delighted to see our luggage here, which had left London before us and had been detained at Malta.

Calcutta is a large city of over a million inhabitants, and stretches four or five miles along the Hooghly, with Fort William prominently situated near the river. Government House is built on the model of Kedleston

Hall, Derbyshire, and the post-office, a fine building, is on the site of the old Fort of Calcutta, the Black Hole having been where its north-eastern corner now stands. Gardens are plentiful, but until one reaches the bazaar the effect is hardly Oriental. There are plenty of good European shops, too, and prices did not seem high for anything we wanted to buy.

We left Calcutta by the Eastern Bengal State Railway at 4.36, Madras time (5.6 Calcutta time), *en route* for Darjeeling, changing at Damakdea into the steamer that crosses the Ganges to the Sara Ghat. The crossing is long enough for dinner to be taken on board, and the table was pretty crowded with rather a rough-looking lot—planters' assistants, probably. We had a sleeping-car from Sara Ghat, leaving at 9.50 p.m. and reaching Siliguri at 6.15, when we had chota hazri. Here we changed into the little mountain train, with open cars, but being well wrapped up we were quite comfortable, in spite of the change in temperature from that of Calcutta. At Kurseong we waited half an hour for breakfast, and at Ghoom we reached the highest part of the railway, 7,400 feet, dropping down to 7,000 feet at Darjeeling, where we arrived at 12.45: so we had been travelling twenty hours.

The Woodlands Hotel is close to the station, and is very prettily situated among the pines, our bedroom having a full view of the Kinchinjunga Range, covered with perpetual snow. The cold here was intense, and we had to keep a fire going in our room night and day. We walked to the bazaar, which was the more interesting as most of the things sold there were new to us, being Tibetan or Nepaulese, and the people were a quaint mixture of the hill tribes, with Mongolian features, ruddy faces, and warm clothing.

They were a dirty-looking lot, water being scarce about here, but they were none the less a cheerful group, the women crowding round us and offering their personal adornments for sale, such as beads, pendants, ear-rings, &c., mostly studded with turquoises. Dinner is at 7.30 here, and the waiters are dressed in dark blue coats and turbans, trimmed with gold lace.

CHAPTER XXII

A RIDE IN DANDIES

The next morning we started off at four o'clock in dandies carried on poles, supported on the shoulders of six men (I had eight of them on account of my fourteen stone odd), to Tiger Hill, across Senchal, from where the best view of Mount Everest can be obtained. The night was clear, but bitterly cold, and the ride was anything but comfortable, although we wore our thickest clothes and were covered up well with rugs. For a time our road lay through the woods, where the trees were only indistinctly seen, but in about an hour we came into the open, and were delighted with the view of the Kinchinjunga Range, showing up white in the clear moonlight and penetrating the mass of fleecy clouds which filled the valleys.

It was six o'clock before we reached Tiger Hill, where there is a small observatory, and

after a welcome cup of tea, made on the spot, we waited for the sun to appear. His approach was heralded by a golden pink forming on Kinchinjunga, and then gradually the light came, and looking to the left, we at last saw the cone of Mount Everest lighted up. Kinchinjunga is about forty miles away and Mount Everest over a hundred. We got back at 9.30 with excellent appetites for our breakfast.

The view from Observatory Hill in Darjeeling is very striking, as there are so many high peaks to be seen, and the difference between the depth of the valley and the height of the tallest mountain is about four miles. The Darjeeling ridge rises to 7,893 feet at Jalapahur, falls to 7,372 at the saddle, is 8,163 feet on the summit of Senchal, 8,514 feet at Tiger Hill, and 8,600 feet at Bara Senchal. Kinchinjunga is 28,156 feet and Mount Everest 29,000 feet. On Senchal we saw the remains of barracks, which were abandoned after a time, as the situation was so bleak and lonely that several suicides took place. The barracks are now at Jalapahar, at the south end of the town.

Darjeeling was founded in 1839 as a sanatorium, and it then took eight or nine days

to reach it from Calcutta. The town is at the end of a long wooded spur of Senchal, and consists of a bazaar, or market, lying in a basin on the side of the mountain, which descends abruptly to the Great Rungeet River. Villas and other buildings are dotted about on the slopes to an extent of three miles or so. The usual material for roofing is galvanised iron, but one shed in the bazaar was entirely covered with squares cut from kerosene-tins. Market day is Sunday, when the bazaar is crowded, but we were not able to see this interesting gathering.

The aborigines of the place are the Lepchas, but they are gradually being displaced by Nepaulese, who are a laborious race and are much employed on the tea plantations. Bhutias do the dandy and rickshaw work. Bhutia women are strongly built, with good-humoured faces, which they coat with a varnish of some kind. They wear a circlet of beads on the head, large ear-rings, several necklaces of amber, coral, and turquoise, with a relic-box or charm suspended on the breast, and a silver girdle with hanging ornaments. They generally have several husbands.

The trade through Sikkim into Tibet consists of sugar, rice, dried fruits, tobacco, spirits,

cotton goods, lac, ivory, and indigo ; and from Tibet tea, salt, musk, woollen cloths, skins, ponies, cows, sheep, and brass goods which are sold as curiosities.

The manager of the Woodlands Hotel accompanied the late expedition to Tibet in some capacity, and collected many interesting articles, but we were unable to see them, as he was absent during our stay.

The Mall is the chief promenade, and it goes round Observatory Hill, which is the site of a Tibetan Lamasery, destroyed by the Ghoorkas. There are tombs still there and many praying flags, which are long bamboo poles to which streamers are attached. It is considered a holy spot, and we saw several squatting figures there at their devotions, or dreaming their time away. To the north is "The Shrubbery," the summer residence of the Lieutenant-Governor.

There was a very serious landslip in 1894 and several lives were lost. The European shops are mostly in the Auckland Road, and just above the market is a good shop for Tibetan curiosities, kept by Paul Mévis, a German, who has been trading here for twenty-six years.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE RAILWAY FROM DARJEELING

We left Darjeeling by the two o'clock train on January 7th, wrapping ourselves up well, as it was bitterly cold and the clouds covered the hills. It is very interesting to sit in an open carriage near the rear of the train, facing the engine, so as to watch the twists and turns that the little 2-foot line takes. We are sometimes on the edge of a precipice, sometimes creeping through thick jungle infested with tigers; but mostly we follow the road built by the Government for the trade through Sikkim.

The tiny engine turns about almost to the end of its own train in parts, and the line at one place is in the form of the letter **S**; at others we stop and reverse and then go on again. We climb up to Ghoom, and from there the descent is rapid. At Sonada, 6,552 feet, the up and down trains meet. Toong,

5,656 feet, is famous for its tree ferns. At Kurseong, 4,864 feet, the Bhutias and others from the bazaar meet the trains to offer ornaments and other curiosities for sale. The plains are visible from here on a clear day. Near Gybari, 3,516 feet, are reversing stations, the last leading down to Tindharia, 2,822 feet, dropping us several hundred feet. Chunabutti is very near Rongtong (1,404 feet), and passengers may walk down the 800-foot drop and wait for the train, which has to make a long loop, then down to Sukna (533 feet) and Siliguri (398 feet), where we left the mountain railway, and after dining at the station secured our sleeping compartment in the 3-foot-gauge train. Leaving here at 8 p.m., Madras time, we reached Sara Ghat at 5 a.m. We had our chota hazri on the ferry steamer and purchased sandwiches to eat later on in the Calcutta train, which left Dumukden at 6.30 and arrived at Calcutta at 10.20.

The railway journey from Darjeeling down to Siliguri is very pretty, as the trees are covered with creepers and orchids, and the view of the plains is extensive as we near the end of the ride. Of course, we see nothing of the animal life of the jungle, as the train frightens them away: elephants, tigers,

leopards, antelopes, peacocks, parrots, hawks, and everything else.

We stayed with some friends during our all-too-short rest in Calcutta, and on one afternoon went by steam-launch to the Botanical Gardens, which are nearly three hundred acres in extent, where we saw the great banyan-tree, one of the finest in the world.

It is only a little over a hundred years old, yet its trunk is more than 50 feet in circumference, and nearly two hundred roots have descended to the earth from its branches. From one extreme to another it covers a space more than 250 feet across. There is an ornamental lake, in which are fine specimens of the Victoria Regia water-lily. Coming up the river we saw the palace of the late King of Oudh on the left bank. Of course, we drove across the extensive Maidan and along the fashionable Red Road. There are many fine shops, among them being the famous Petiti's, where sweetmeats and ices are to be obtained.

We left Calcutta by the 9 p.m. train on *January 9th*, having had a sleeping compartment reserved for us, with plenty of room and a bath attached, so we had a comfortable night, and reached Bankipore at 8 a.m., where we had our chota hazri. At Moghul Serai,

479 miles, we had breakfast in the restaurant-car, and, leaving here at 10.35, crossed the Ganges by the Dufferin Bridge, and arrived at Benares at eleven o'clock, driving to the Hôtel de Paris, where we were made very comfortable. Here we were joined by a lady, the wife of a civilian, through whose influence we received more attention in our rambles than we could have claimed had we been alone. After a rest and tea, a carriage was placed at our disposal, and we drove into the city to see the Cow Temple and the Golden Temple, the famous sanctuary of Siva, the destroyer.

We were only allowed to see this from the threshold, but we obtained a good view of the gilded domes from the first floor of a shop close by. This is the most holy (and most dirty) of shrines, the temple being full of bulls and cows, besides pilgrims. It was built in the eighteenth century, and its roofs and domes covered with plates of gold at the cost of Ranjit Singh. Near by is the *Gyan Kup*, or Well of Knowledge. When the old temple of Bisheshwar was destroyed the chief priest concealed the idol of Siva at the bottom of this well, which gives it its great sanctity. The well is surrounded by a colonnade of forty

pillars, presented in 1828 by a widow of the Maharajah Sindhia of Gwalior. Every pilgrim visits this well and drinks of its water, and as flowers are constantly being thrown into it, the beverage is simply putrid.

The Beggars' Temple, the shrine of Annapurna, the goddess of plenty, is crowded by mendicants, holding out their bowls for offerings of grain and rice from the passing worshippers. When we drove to the Monkey Temple the animals were consuming their evening meal, so we were not so troubled with them as we might otherwise have been.

CHAPTER XXIV

BENARES—WHERE HINDUS ARE CREMATED

THE most conspicuous building in Benares, the holy Hindu city, is the Mohammedan mosque built by Aurungzeb on the site of the magnificent Khrisna Temple, which he utterly destroyed. It is a high, square building, rising from the edge of the river, with a domed roof, and two graceful minarets soaring to 150 feet from the floor of the mosque. Of course, the great attraction to tourists is the *ghauts*, or steps, leading down the steep bank to the river, where the pilgrims perform their devotions, bathe, and, when dead, are burned, their ashes being cast into the water. A banker, Moti Chand, had kindly placed his barge, the *Pearl*, as well as his carriage, at our orders, and we went at night to see the bodies cremated.

The corpses are covered with billets of wood, and while the fire is being kindled the relatives sit round and watch the proceedings, which to us appeared rather unduly prolonged, as the lighting up of the fire is done by dry rushes or reeds of some kind, no small wood being used, so it takes some time for the thick branches to become ignited. During the burning the outline of the body is distinctly visible, and at a certain moment the skull is cracked by the chief mourner, in order to enable the soul to escape.

When the ashes are cold they are gathered up into a sack and taken lower down the river and thrown into the water. Sometimes it happens that the relatives are too poor to afford a sufficient supply of wood to wholly consume the body, and then the remains are swept up with the ashes and disposed of as stated above.

Early next morning we again used the *Pearl* to see the bathers, of whom there were some thousands, washing in the river and drinking the water. On the steps were holy men under huge umbrellas, advising and blessing the devotees, and, no doubt, receiving their oblations. One man in a kind of sentry-box was squatting down, listening to a poor woman, at

whom he shook his head, so I suppose her petition, whatever it was, was not granted. He always remains in this position, and thereby gains holiness, but he seemed a robust man physically. We were not able to see the fakir who reclines on a bed of spikes.

While passing the burning ghaut we saw a corpse landed from a boat, and then *poojah* was said over it, and it was carried to the steps to be cremated. A little child, too, was brought down, wrapped in a white cloth, and was thrown into the river without being burned. Animals seem to be thrown in without wrapping or ceremony. Priests are not burned, but are placed sitting in a stone box and lowered into the water.

Benares was the place where Gautama Buddha preached his first sermon twenty-five centuries ago, and made it the centre from which he sent forth his disciples to Ceylon, China, Japan, Burma, Nepaul, and Tibet, but now Buddhism has succumbed to Brahmanism, and has been swept out of India altogether. Benares is the metropolis of the Hindu faith, and is probably the most ancient city of India, dating back to the first Aryan colonisation. What Mecca is to the Mussulman, Benares is to the pious Brahman. It has a population

of about 200,000, three-fourths of whom are Hindus. An immense amount of brasswork is made here, famous over the world, and there is a constant demand for images of the many Hindu gods, in brass (mostly), gold, silver, stone, wood, and clay. The gold images must not be less than one *tola* (nearly half an ounce) in weight, and in the Shastras great praise is bestowed on those who worship images made in the precious metals. An alloy of eight metals is highly prized. In the beautiful gardens of Queen's College is a monolith that was brought from Sarnath, where Buddha began to preach.

From Benares we went on to Lucknow, and there we stayed with some civilian friends. I had my first experience here of living in a tent, and very comfortable it was, only the centre part was rather dark, owing to the tent being lined for warmth. The corridors, however, were very airy and light. Of course, the great attraction of Lucknow is the Residency. It stands now as it did after the great siege, and we saw the room where Lawrence was wounded mortally, the sad event being recorded by a tablet let into the wall. His grave in the cemetery is covered by a marble slab, on which are the words: "Here lies

Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul. Born 28th of June, 1806. Died 4th of July, 1857." There is also a large marble cross on a mound, erected to the memory of Lawrence and those who fell with him. Altogether two thousand victims of the Mutiny are buried here.

Sir Henry Havelock, who died from dysentery, is buried in the Alum Bagh, a large square garden, surrounded by high brick walls, and enclosing a building which was once the residence of one of the King of Oudh's wives. The Sikandra Bagh is also a walled garden, where the British troops, led by Sir Colin Campbell, found two thousand rebel soldiers in possession, and slaughtered them to a man. During the siege the women and children lived in the cellars of the Residency, and there they were cooped up for eighty-seven days. One shell only penetrated the walls, high up, leaving a large hole. The Martinière College, for boys, was founded by General Martin, a Frenchman, who enlisted in Clive's army and afterwards entered the service of the Nawab of Oudh. Sir Colin Campbell's relieving force occupied these buildings early in November, 1857, and then

"Dilkusha," a hunting palace of the Kings of Oudh, situated near the Gumti River. On his return in 1858 to stamp out the Mutiny in these parts, "Dilkusha" was fortified, and formed the rallying point from which operations were carried on, leading to the final capture of Lucknow and the dispersal of the rebel army. The battered walls and tower of the Residency still stand, but they are now covered with creepers, which partly hide the havoc caused by the enemy's shot and shell.

The Jumma Musjid, with its tall minarets, is a beautiful building, standing on a raised platform, with a fine gateway. The Great Imambara (Patriarch's Place) was built in 1874 as a relief work during a famine, and is used during the feast of the Mohurram in celebration of the martyrdom of the sons of Ali, the immediate descendants of Mohammed. The mosque is not aligned to the other building, as the worshippers when praying must face towards Mecca. The Husainabad Imambara was built by the third King of Oudh as a mausoleum for himself. In the great hall is a throne, covered with thin sheets of beaten silver, and from the ceiling hang numerous crystal chandeliers.

The Moti Mahal, between the Clyde Road

and the Gumti River, which formed part of the rebel fortifications, is now a rajah's palace, and through a gap in the surrounding wall Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the Khurshaid Manzil, where he met Outram and Havelock on November 17, 1857.

Wingfield Park is near the Martinière College, and in it are several white marble pavilions removed from the Kaiser Bagh. The fish ornament which one sees on many of the gateways and buildings in Lucknow is the crest of Saadat Khan, originally a Persian merchant in Naishapur, who afterwards became Nawab of Oudh. North-west of the Residency is the Machchi Bhawan, a fort built by Safdar Jang, the second Nawab. The old gateway, the Rumi Darwaza, still exists.

At the interesting museum one can buy metal-ware, &c., at moderate prices, the makers paying the authorities one anna in the rupee for their trouble.

Lucknow is the fourth city of the Indian Empire, and about half of its inhabitants are Mohammedans. Its suburbs are full of bungalows, with pretty compounds, and it has several parks and large gardens.

A large quantity of jewellery is made here, and the cloth bazaar is a large one, as in

addition to the native-made fabrics, an immense quantity of cotton goods is imported from England, and patterns are imprinted by means of small hand blocks. There are some good European shops also.

CHAPTER XXV

WE REACH CAWNPORE

We left Lucknow by the 5.30 train, and were lucky enough to procure some ripe mangoes at the railway-station, the only ones we came across during our tour. On our arrival at Cawnpore, at half-past seven, we were disappointed to find there was no room vacant at the Civil and Military Hotel, but we managed to find comfortable quarters at the "Empress," where the cooking was excellent. The next morning we hired a gharry and drove out to the Massacre Ghaut, on the banks of the Ganges, where Nana Sahib treacherously murdered the British garrison who had withstood the attacks of his troops for three weeks. He had promised them a safe convoy to Allahabad, but on reaching the boats the fugitives were fired upon by sepoys posted in ambush on the river banks. Only one boat escaped, and in the end four people arrived

in safety; those who were not killed, mostly women and children, to the number of two hundred, were taken to a building in Cawnpore called the Bibi-garh, and here they were huddled together for eighteen days.

On July 15th Nana heard that the British troops were approaching, and he then determined to kill his prisoners. First of all the five men who were amongst them were shot in Nana's presence, and then his sepoys were ordered to fire on the women and children, which, however, they refused to do, so men were sent into the house, and with long knives they hacked their victims to pieces. In the morning the bodies were brought out and thrown down a well, some living children with them. Nana fled before Havelock's troops, and his hiding-place was never discovered, although it is believed that he escaped into Nepaul. This Nana was the adopted son of the last Peshwa of the Mahrattas, Begi Rav, and he was incensed against the Hon. East India Company because they would not continue the Peshwa's pension to himself. Over Wheeler's entrenchment is built a memorial church, the site of the Bibi-garh is marked by a cross, and over the well is a mound, around the top of which is a marble screen enclosing a figure

of an angel, by Marochetti. No native is allowed to approach this monument. We visited also the old graveyard of the cantonment. Cawnpore is a modern town, and has many factories for leather goods, but we saw only their chimneys.

Leaving Cawnpore at 4.53, we reached Agra Fort at 10.20, dining *en route* at Etawah Station. The peon from the Hôtel Cecil met our train, and we were provided with comfortable rooms. The history of Agra is divided into two parts; one of the ancient city on the east or left bank of the River Jumna, going back into the legends of Krishna and the heroes of the Mahabhârata, and the other of the modern city, founded by Akbar the Great in 1558, on the right bank of the river, known still by Mohammedans by the name of Akbarabad, which is associated with the Great Moguls and renowned as the City of the Taj. Of ancient Agra little now remains except a few traces of the foundations.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MOGUL DYNASTY

In 1505 Sultan Sikandar Lodi, the last but one of the Afghan dynasty at Delhi, rebuilt Agra and made it the seat of government. Sikandra, the burial-place of Akbar (to be referred to later on), is named after him, and there he built a garden-house, which subsequently became the tomb of Mariam Zâmâni, one of Akbar's wives. The son of Sultan Sikandar, Ibrahim Lodi, was defeated and slain by Babar at Panipat, near Delhi, in 1526, and from that time Agra became one of the principal cities of the Mogul Empire which Babar founded. Though few remains of Babar's city still exist, his life forms an important part of the Mogul dynasty. He was the founder of the long line of Moguls who sat on the peacock throne of Delhi for three centuries, until the Mutiny ended them and "John Company" together.

He was descended from Tamerlane, or Timour, on his father's side, and on his mother's from Chinghiz Khan. In 1494, at the age of twelve, he became King of Farghana, in Central Asia, now known as Khokand. Twice in his teens he took Samarkand, the capital of his great ancestor, and twice he lost it again. Having given up all hope of re-establishing the empire of Timour, he turned his face towards India. After several attempts, he at last, with only ten thousand men, defeated the hosts of Ibraham Lodi, as mentioned above. He fought Raja Sanga of Chitore, chief of the Rajputs, in 1527, near Fatehpur Sikri, and against the Afghans in 1529 near Buxar, and the next year he died in his garden-palace at Agra. His body first rested in Ram Bagh, and was afterwards taken to Kabul, to be buried in one of his beloved gardens, which, according to Tartar custom, he had chosen for his tomb. Babar planned, and his successors completed, the great road leading from Agra to Kabul through Lahore, parts of which still remain. Some of the old milestones can be seen on the road to Sikandra. Humayun, who succeeded Babar, had many of his father's amiable qualities, but none of his genius as a leader of men. He failed to

consolidate the great empire which Babar had left him, and in 1539 he was completely defeated by Shere Khan Sur, an Afghan nobleman.

He became a fugitive and took refuge with the Shah of Persia. In 1555 he returned with a Persian army, after having recovered Kabul, but died soon afterwards through a fatal fall from a staircase in his palace at Delhi. His son Akbar, who succeeded to the throne, was born in 1542, while his father was being driven from place to place by the adherents of Shere Shah, who was then ruling at Agra. Trained in the hard school of adversity, and inheriting the best qualities of his grandfather, Akbar was not long in restoring the faded fortunes of the Mogul dynasty. He was in Sind when he heard of his father's death, and accompanied by Bairam Khan, the ablest of Humayun's generals, he pushed on to Delhi against the forces of Himu, a Hindu general, who had assumed the title of Raja Bikramajit, and defeated him on the historic plains of Panipat. Akbar spent his long reign in elaborating the administrative reforms which have made him famous as India's greatest ruler.

With the aid of able ministers, both Hindu and Mohammedan, he purified the administra-

tion of justice, enjoined absolute tolerance in religious matters, abolished oppressive taxes, and reorganised and improved the system of land revenue introduced by Shere Shah. The most remarkable of all this remarkable man's intellectual activities were his attempts to bring about a reconciliation of all the religious elements of his empire. Near to his palace at Fatehpur Sikri he built an *ibâdât khana*, or hall of worship, for the discussion of philosophy and religion. He even allowed the Jesuits to build a church at Agra. Finally, he proclaimed as the State religion a kind of eclectic pantheism called *Dîn-i-ilâhi*, or Divine Faith, with himself as the chief interpreter. He simply recognised one God, the Maker of the Universe. But the influence of this Divine Faith ceased with the death of its founder, which took place in 1605. He was buried at Sikandra, in the mausoleum commenced by himself and finished by his son Jahangir.

Jahangir was passionate, cruel, and a drunkard, but not without ability and force of character. His wife was Nur Mahal, who for twenty years was almost the supreme power at the Court. He affectionately changed her name from Nur Mahal, "Light of the Palace," to Nur Jahan, "Light of the World."

She was very charitable, and provided marriage portions for no less than five hundred orphan girls out of her private purse. Her father, Itmâd-ud-daulah, became Lord High Treasurer and afterwards Wazir. On his dying his daughter built his magnificent tomb. Jahangir's violent temper was inherited by his son Shah Jahan, who in 1623 actually sacked Agra, but failed to capture the fort, which contained the treasury. Jahangir died in 1627 and was buried at Shahdara, near Lahore, in a tomb built by Nur Mahal. Jahangir for a great part of his reign held his Court at Lahore or at Kabul.

Shah Jahan speedily disposed of his brothers by means very commonly employed in Oriental royal families, and was enthroned at Agra in 1628. Immediately afterwards he destroyed the Portuguese settlement at Hughli, as they had acted against him in his rebellion against Jahangir. The next year, while on an expedition to suppress disorder in the Deccan, he lost his favourite wife Mumtaz-i-Mahal, for whom the Taj was built. Agra Fort is a solid mass of red sandstone relieved by battlements, and is a splendid specimen of a fortress. Its walls are a mile and a half long (in circuit) and are 70 feet high. It was built by Akbar when he removed from Delhi.

CHAPTER XXVII

THROUGH THE DELHI GATE

ENTERING the Delhi Gate, near the railway station and Jumma Musjid, we pass through the Hathi Pol, or "Elephant Gate" (so called from two elephants which stood one on either side, but which were thrown down by order of Aurungzeb), an imposing structure, containing the music gallery, where kettledrums announced the Emperor's arrival or departure. (We saw a lot of these kettledrums rusting away in one of the corridors.) The first building we arrive at is the *Moti Musjid*, or Pearl Mosque, the exterior being of red sandstone, but the interior is of marble, not ornamented but very beautiful in design. The three bulbous domes are of marble, and on the façade are extracts from the Koran in black letters. It was erected by Shah Jahan, and is 159 feet in length internally.

Turning to the right, we traverse the Minar

Bazar, where the merchants brought their wares for sale, and go through a gateway into the great courtyard of the *Diwan-i-Am*, or Hall of Public Audience. It is formed by a triple row of colonnades, and its interior dimensions are 192 feet long by 64 feet wide. It is constructed of red sandstone covered with polished stucco, which is highly ornamented in colour and gilding. The throne of the Emperor was in an alcove of inlaid marble at the back of the hall. On the right and left of the throne are chambers with perforated marble windows, through which the ladies of the zenana could watch the proceedings. In front of the Diwan-i-Am is a great stone cistern, cut out of a single block, with steps inside and out, known as Jahangir's Bath.

The Gem Mosque is a beautiful little white marble building with three domes having gilded spires. This was the private mosque of the zenana. Close by is a small chamber, where it is said that Shah Jahan was confined during the last eight years of his life by his son Aurungzeb, but as he died in a chamber overlooking the river, and in view of the Taj Mahal, it is probable that he was permitted to move about freely in certain apartments of the palace. Through the lattice-work

of the windows the ladies could look down into the *inner* Minar Bazar, where merchants sold jewellery, silks, and costly brocades to the inmates of the zenana.

The Machchi Bhawan, or "Fish Square," is a courtyard which was laid out in marble compartments of flower-beds, water channels, fountains, and fish-tanks, but all is dry and grass-grown now. Here are the famous Chitor Gates, brought by Akbar as trophies, as a memorial of his capture of that great Rajput stronghold in 1557. On the river side of the Machchi Bhawan is a black stone on which Jahangir knelt to pray. The Dîwan-î-Khas was built in 1637, and is very beautiful; not so large as the one at Delhi, but not inferior to it in its proportions and design.

On the side of the terrace directly opposite to the Dîwan-î-Khas are the baths, or the *hammam*. The water was brought up from a well outside the walls, 70 feet below.

On a terrace overlooking the river is a bastion projecting from the walls, surmounted by the most beautiful boudoir ever designed. It is called the Jasmine Tower, or *Samman Burj*, probably built by Jahangir, and intended for the use of the zenana ladies. It is ornamented with a flattened dome supported by

columns, and must have been the most airy place in the palace. It is in full view of the Taj, and it was here that Shah Jahan died, attended by his loving daughter Jahanara.

In front of the Jasmine Tower is a raised platform laid out in squares of black marble for the game of *pachisi*. The Golden Pavilion is roofed with gilded plates of copper, and the ladies' bedrooms have holes in the walls, into which their jewellery and valuables were placed at night.

The Khas Mahal was constructed in 1636, part of the zenana forming the east, or river side, of the Grape Garden. The beauty of the material and the perfect taste of the ornament make the apartments very attractive, and one can imagine their being peopled by lovely and daintily-dressed women, and furnished with brocades and carpets. The ceilings are gilded and painted, and on the walls are niches in which were placed portraits of the Mogul Emperors.

A staircase to the south of the Khas Mahal leads to some underground chambers in which the Emperor and his zenana found refuge from the summer heat. There are also gloomy dungeons.

The Anguri Bagh, in front of the Khas

Mahal, is a typical specimen of the old Mogul Gardens, laid out in geometrical flower-beds, with four terraced walks radiating from the centre platform and fountain. Three of its sides have shady arcades, which were occupied by the British officers and their families who were shut up in the fort at the time of the Mutiny, the Pearl Mosque being used as a hospital. During the Mutiny the European and native Christians were murdered, but the city was not occupied by rebel troops, who concentrated at Delhi. The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Province, John Colvin, was shut up here with other refugees, and died, his tomb being in the Armoury Square.

On the north side of the Anguri Bagh is a passage that leads to the Shish Mahal, or palace of glass, which was the bath of the zenana. It is decorated with glass mosaic.

Akbar's apartments were a set of small rooms, richly decorated, with the upper part of the walls carved into cuspings by Moorish and Arabian artists.

The inner courtyard of the Jahangir Mahal is of red sandstone and stucco, surrounded by a corridor having doors leading from the apartments, and having a covered balcony with

its roof supported by carved brackets, with pierced panels to its parapet, wonderfully striking in its general effect. On the roof are several cisterns, and in the side of one of them are pipes leading to the different parts of the palace, each one having a tablet indicating where the water flowed to. One of Jahangir's wives, Johd Bai, lived in this suite of rooms, and the building was probably erected in Akbar's time.

In Agra Fort we get two styles: the stately solidity of the Hindu architecture with elaborately carved ornament, and the airy elegance of the Mohammedan with smooth walls and inlaid coloured stones.

Nearly opposite to the Delhi gate of the fort is the *Jumma Musjid*, or Cathedral Mosque, built by Shah Jahan in honour of his eldest daughter Jahanara, who shared his captivity, and is buried at Nizam-ud-din, Old Delhi. It is built of sandstone, and its great domes are ornamented by zigzag stripes. It was completed in 1644 and its cost was five lakhs of rupees.

Here, as is usual in visiting Mohammedan mosques, we had to put canvas slippers over our shoes. Formerly it was necessary to take off one's boots or shoes, so the present arrangement is a concession.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AGRA

AGRA is a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, its extent being about eleven square miles; and it is, perhaps, the most interesting place in India, as it marks the crowning period of the great Mogul dynasty, which, beginning with Babar the Lion, sixth in descent from Timour the Tartar, has sat on the throne of Delhi until it was finally cut off by Hodson when he slew the young princes after the siege of Delhi. After the dethronement of Shah Jahan, Aurungzeb removed the seat of government permanently to Delhi.

Agra was attacked by the Jats, and in 1764 was actually taken by the Bhartpur forces, under Suraj Mall and the Swiss Walter Reinhardt, known as Samru. In 1770 the Mahrattas ousted the Jats, and were themselves driven out by the Imperial troops in 1777, under Nazaf Khan, who resided here as Imperial

Minister until his death, in 1779. He was succeeded by Mahammond Beg, and in 1784 he was besieged by the Emperor Shah Alam and Madhuji Sindhia. The Mahrattas held Agra until 1803, when it was captured by General Lake.

A relic of the capture of Agra by the Bhartpur forces is the Hindu temple leading out of the inner Minar Bazar.

About a mile from the fort, on the bank of the Jumna, is that lovely building the Taj Mahal, the tomb of Mumtaz-i-Mahal. It stands in a garden with a magnificent gateway, from which the best view of the Taj can be had. In the foreground is a canal lined with cypresses, with fruit and other trees on either side. This garden is a third of a mile square, surrounded by a beautiful wall, and a marble pavement extends from the gateway to the tomb. At the end is a paved court, with a mosque on each side, and in the centre is a marble platform, 18 feet high and 313 feet square, at each corner of which is a tapering minaret, 135 feet high, and between them is the tomb, glistening in the sun like polished ivory. The central dome is 58 feet in diameter, and the spire rises to a height of 235 feet above the court.

The cenotaph of Mumtaz-i-Mahal is in the centre of the floor on a level with the platform, and near by is that of her husband Shah Jahan. They are surrounded by a pierced screen 6 feet high, delicately carved and inlaid with coloured stones, cornelian, jasper, agate, turquoise, &c., as is the chamber itself. The bodies lie in a vault below, approached by marble stairs. The lower walls of the building are covered with tulips, oleanders, lilies, and other flowers, carved in low relief on the white marble, and is probably the work of artists of the Persian school. Over the tomb of Mumtaz-i-Mahal used to be spread a carpet of pearls, valued at several lakhs of rupees, but this was carried off by the Amir Husein Ali Khan in 1720 as part of his share of the spoil of Agra.

The Taj used also to possess a pair of silver doors, but these were looted by the Jats in 1764 and melted down. Sir Edwin Arnold says the Taj is

> "The proud passion of an Emperor's love
> Wrought into living stone."

The lady for whom this poem in stone was erected was the wife of Jemel Khan, whom she deserted, and married Prince Khurram,

Jahangir's third son, afterwards known as Shah Jahan. She bore him seven children, and died in giving birth to the eighth in 1629, the year he became Emperor. The building of this monument occupied eighteen years, and twenty thousand men were employed in the work. The design was the result of a conference of all the best architects and builders of the time, called together by Shah Jahan for this pious purpose. Austin, of Bordeaux, is said to have made the plans. He was employed by Shah Jahan at Delhi in making the celebrated Peacock Throne.

Shah Jahan had intended to construct a mausoleum for himself on the other side of the Jumna, and to connect the two by a bridge, but the project was interrupted and abandoned owing to the usurpation of Aurungzeb shortly after the foundations were laid.

Across the pontoon bridge to the north of the city is the beautiful tomb of Itmâd-ud-daulah, Lord High Treasurer to Jahangir, and father of Nur Mahal, Jahangir's favourite wife. Mirza was a Persian from Teheran, and was penniless when he reached Akbar's Court at Lahore. There his talents won for him speedy advancement, and under Jahangir he became first Lord High Treasurer, and afterwards

Wazir, or Prime Minister. He was, according to Jahangir, "a good scholar, with a pretty taste for poetry, possessed many social qualities and a genial disposition. His accounts were always in perfect order, but he liked bribes, and showed much boldness in demanding them." On his death his son Asaf Khan, the father of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Lady of the Taj, succeeded him.

The tomb is a square building of one story, having a pavilion in the centre of the roof and an oblong flattened dome with two spires, and there is a domed turret in each corner. The pavilion is enclosed by panels of lovely marble tracery, and it contains replicas of the tombs which are in the main building. This mausoleum is built entirely of white marble, inlaid with coloured stones, and is a veritable jewel-box. The work is the same kind as was also adopted later on at the Taj Mahal. In the central chamber are the tombs of Itmâd-ud-daulah and his wife, as well as five other tombs.

Near by is the ruined *Chini-ka-Rousa*, or China Mausoleum, a brick building covered with stucco, part of which is enamelled. In a broken dome may be seen a number of chatties embedded in the concrete to give strength with

the minimum of weight. The three gilt-topped domes are faced with marble. It is supposed to be the tomb of Afzal Khan, a Persian poet, who entered the service of Jahangir and afterwards became Prime Minister to Shah Jahan. He died at Lahore in 1639.

On the same side of the river is Ram Bagh, one of Babar's pleasure-grounds, laid out with fruit-trees and flowers on the river's bank. It has terraces and fountains, and the chequered little watershoots that one finds all over India, supplied by a stream that runs through the garden. It was the temporary resting-place of Babar's body before it was taken to Kabul for interment in another of the gardens he loved so much. Later it was the garden-house of the Empress Nur Mahal, and it has always been kept up by succeeding Governments. It is said that it derived its name from the Mahrattas in the eighteenth century.

Here we saw bows and arrows used for shooting depredating birds.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE TOMB OF AKBAR

FIVE miles out, on the Delhi Road, is Sikandra, the burial-place of Akbar the Great. It was commenced by himself, and completed by his son Jahangir. On the way can still be seen the *kos-minars*, or stone pillars, marking the intervals of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the old highway to Lahore. We pass the Delhi Gate of the old city walls, and a mile farther on a walled enclosure, named after Ladli Begam, the sister of Abul Fazl, Akbar's Prime Minister. It formerly contained her tomb and that of her father, Sheikh Mubarak, and of Faizi, her eldest brother; but the site is now occupied by a pavilion built by some wealthy Hindu merchants of Muttra. Not far off is the Kandahari Bagh, where the first wife of Shah Jahan, a daughter of Mozaffar Hosein, is buried. A mile farther along the road is a statue of a horse in red sandstone, said to

have been put up by a nobleman in memory of a favourite horse which was killed here.

Akbar's tomb stands in a large garden enclosed by high battlemented walls, each having a gateway 70 feet in height. The principal one has mosaics of coloured stones, and an inscription stating that the mausoleum was completed by Jahangir in 1613. The four minarets were destroyed by lightning, and were recently restored. Above the gateway is the Nakkar Khan, or musicians' gallery, where at dawn and one watch after sunrise the drums and pipes sounded in honour of the dead. The original design provided for the usual dome over the mausoleum, but Jahangir altered it.

The mausoleum is a square building of over 300 feet each way, of four stories, each diminishing in size, so that it is rather pyramidical in shape. The three lower stories are of sandstone, but the upper one is of white marble, and in the centre is the cenotaph, open to the sky. It is surrounded by a colonnade having lovely pierced panels, all of different patterns, and at each corner is a marble dome. The actual tomb is on the lowest floor. A few feet from the cenotaph is a short marble column in which used to be set the diamond known as the Koh-i-Nur. It was found in

Golconda, passed from Gwalior into Akbar's possession in 1525, and descended from father to son in turn from Akbar down. When the Persian monarch Nadir Shah captured and sacked Delhi in 1739 this diamond was included in the loot, and was valued at thirty-two millions sterling. Nadir was assassinated in 1747, and the Koh-i-Nur fell into the hands of Ahmed Shah Durain, the Afghan, who got himself crowned at Kandahar, and nine years later entered Delhi as a conqueror. His grandson Shuja-al-Mulk brought the stone to India, and in 1813 it was secured by Ranjit Singh, the founder of the Sikh Kingdom of the Punjaub.

In 1849, when the Punjaub was annexed, the Koh-i-Nur, which had become reduced by successive cuttings from 793 carats to 186 carats, fell into the hands of the British, and was presented to Queen Victoria. The Orloff diamond on the Russian crown jewels weighs 195 carats, and is believed to have formed part of the original Koh-i-Nur. In the same chamber in which repose Akbar's remains are the tombs of two of his sons and two of his grandchildren. The entrance to this chamber is through the central archway of the lower story, which opens out into a vesti-

bule ornamented with raised stucco-work and coloured in blue and gold. An inclined passage leads down into a high vaulted room, which is dimly lighted from above, and here is the sarcophagus of white marble.

Outside the enclosure of Akbar's tomb is a two-storied building known as the Kanch Mahal, supposed to have been built by Jahangir as a country house.

A short distance farther is the building believed to have been the garden-house of Sikandar Lodi, in which Mariam Zâmâni, one of Akbar's wives, is said to have been buried. It is now a printing establishment for a mission orphanage.

CHAPTER XXX

THE CITY OF VICTORY

FUTEHPUR SIKRI is twenty-three miles from Agra, and can now be easily reached by motor-car at a cost of forty rupees. This city was founded by Akbar on the site of a village where Babar, his grandfather, in 1527 defeated the Rajputs. He called it "Fatah-pur," the City of Victory. The name of the village was Sikri, celebrated as the abode of Sheikh Salim Chishti, a Mohammedan *pir*, or saint. In 1564 as Akbar was returning from a campaign, he halted near the cave in which the saint lived. The twin children of his Rajput wife, Mariam Zâmâni, had recently died, and he was anxious to have an heir.

He consulted the holy man, who advised him to come and live at Sikri. The Emperor did so, and nine months after, Mariam, who was taken to Chishti's cell for her confinement, gave birth to a son, afterwards the

Emperor Jahangir. Akbar, regarding the village of Sikri as fortunate to himself, made it his capital, and in the course of fourteen or fifteen years the hills and deserts, which abounded in beasts of prey, became converted into a magnificent city, containing numerous gardens and elegant edifices. Akbar held his Court there for seventeen years, and then removed it back to Agra ; some say on account of the badness of the water supply, others that the saint, disturbed in his devotions by the bustle and gaieties of the great city, declared that either he or the Emperor must go ; so the place was thereupon deserted.

Although the smaller houses are in a state of ruin, the principal buildings are still in a good condition, probably through the city being off the main highway and therefore not liable to be used as material for later erections. The city is six miles in circuit, surrounded on three sides by a high battlemented wall, the other, or north-west side, being protected by an artificial lake, which is now dry. Entering by the Agra Gate in the east wall, we come to a large quadrangle, surrounded by a ruined cloister, which was probably used as barracks ; the road beyond this was lined on both sides by the shops of the bazaar.

We then pass through the inner gateway, called the Naubat Khana, or Music House, where, as is usual in Mogul fortresses, the Court musicians played to announce the arrival or departure of the Emperor.

Near here is the *dâk* bungalow, recently built for the accommodation of visitors. Farther on is the Mint, a large square with workshops on all sides. Opposite is the Treasury. Passing across the great quadrangle of the Dâwân-i-Am, we come to the *Daftar Khana*, or Record Chamber, which used to be, until lately, employed as a *dâk* bungalow. Across the road, on the right, is the Kwâbgâh, Akbar's private sanctum, and the principal buildings of the Imperial Palace, called the Mahal-i-Khas. On the left is a two-storied building containing Akbar's own apartments, the room on the ground floor having numerous recesses for keeping books, documents, or valuables.

The walls here are decorated with paintings of tulips, poppies, almond, and other flowers. A door in the west wall leads to the cloisters connecting Akbar's apartments with Johd Bai's palace. The *kwâbgâh*, or sleeping chamber, is a small apartment on the roof, and is decorated by fresco paintings, which are now nearly

obliterated by a coat of varnish put on to protect them. Over the eastern doorway is a painting of a winged figure in front of a rock cave, supporting a new-born babe in its arms. This is probably a representation of the birth of Jahangir in Chishti's cell. Akbar took great delight in painting, and his Court was doubtless a paradise for artists. Opposite to Akbar's apartments is a large square tank with a platform in the centre, approached by four narrow stone paths. This tank was filled with water from the works near the Elephant Gate.

In the north-east angle of the Mahal-i-Khas quadrangle is a small picturesque building, one of the gems of Futehpur, called the Turkish Sultana's house. It contains only a single apartment, surrounded by a verandah, but every surface is most elaborately carved, the dado panels being especially remarkable for the charming conventional rendering of trees, flowers, birds, and animals, although they are mostly mutilated by Aurungzeb's fanatical followers. A staircase leads down to some baths outside the south-west corner of the Dâwân-i-Am quadrangle, which were probably for the Turkish Sultana's use. Nothing is known with certainty of this lady.

In the northern half of the palace quadrangle is a *pachisi* board, cut on the pavement, similar to the one in Agra Fort. Slave girls were employed as living pieces in this game. In the centre of the board is a small platform on which the dice were thrown. Farther north is the *Diwan-i-Khas*, or Hall of Private Audience, a square detached building with a remarkable central pillar having handsome brackets as its capital, supporting a platform on which Akbar's throne was placed. Half-way up this vaulted chamber is a gallery with four railed pathways leading to Akbar's throne. His ministers attended at the four corners of the gallery, while the nobles and others who were admitted to the audience thronged the floor beneath. (There is a full-sized model of this pillar in the Indian section of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington.) Close by is the *Ankh-Michauli*, or blind-man's-buff house, probably so called because of the intricate arrangement of the rooms, which were most likely used for the safe-keeping of valuables.

At the corner of the Ankh-Michauli is a square platform, covered by a domed canopy. This was the seat of one of the *yogis*, or Hindu fakirs, who enjoyed the Emperor's favour, as

he devoted much attention to the occult powers claimed by these men. The Panch Mahal is a curious five-storied building, approached by a staircase from the Mahal-i-Khas. As each story was enclosed by pierced stone screens, and as the building overlooked the palace zenana, it seems pretty conclusively proved that it was used as a promenade by Akbar and the ladies of the palace. The ground floor is divided by screens into cubicles, and may have been intended for the use of the royal children and their attendants.

The principal styles of Northern India, the Hindu, Jain, and Saracenic, are indiscriminately combined in the columns. Another door in the west side of the palace quadrangle leads to "Miriam's House," a very elegant two-storied building, which has a verandah with curiously carved Hindu brackets. It seems to have derived its name from Mariam Zâmâni, Akbar's Hindu wife, the mother of Jahangir. The whole building was originally covered with fresco paintings and gildings, and was hence called the *Sonahra Makân*, or Golden House. The paintings are all in the style of the Persian artists who were employed by Akbar to illustrate his books and to paint the portraits of his Court. Over the doorway in

the north-west angle of the building is a painting called by the guides "The Annunciation," but the winged figures are of the type usually found in paintings representing scenes from Persian mythology. In one panel is the portrait of a lady.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE PALACES

We come now to the spacious palace known as Jodh Bai's Mahal. It is a square building, surrounded, within the spacious quadrangle, by numerous apartments ornamented in the Hindu style, and contains a Hindu temple. It is the most important of all the palaces. On the north side is a pavilion, projecting from the main building, enclosed by pierced screens. Here the ladies could enjoy the cool breezes and the view over the lake. This was called the Hawa Mahal, and below it was the zenana garden.

Just outside Jodh Bai's Mahal is a pretty two-storied dome-covered building called Birbal's daughter's house. Rajah Birbal was a Brahman minstrel, who came to Akbar's Court in the beginning of his reign, and by his wit and abilities gained the Emperor's

favour. He was first created Hindu Poet Laureate, and later raised to the rank of Rajah, becoming one of Akbar's most intimate friends and advisers. He perished in an expedition against some unruly Afghan tribes. This house is one of the most richly decorated of all the adjacent buildings, and next to Jodh Bai's palace, the largest of the Imperial residences. The architecture is Hindu, but the decorations are Arabian or Persian in character. To the south of this are the camel and horse stables.

Close under Birbal's daughter's house is the main road leading down to the now dry great lake, the embankment of which formed the north-west boundary of the city. It passes through the Hathi Pol, or Elephant Gate, so called from the two stone elephants, mutilated by Aurungzeb, which stand at the entrance. On the right are the remains of the water-works which supplied the city, and on the left the building called the Pigeons' House, and an unfinished bastion. At the end of the block of buildings is a tower called the *Hiran Minar*, or Deer Tower, 72 feet in height, bristling with stone models of elephants' tusks. Returning to the city, we pass, on the right, the great *Karwan Serai*, or Travellers' Rest-house,

in ruins, and farther on the two houses of Abul Fazl and Faisi, two of Akbar's intimate friends, which are now used as a school.

We now come to the *Jumma Musjid*, or Cathedral Mosque, entering the extensive quadrangle by the Emperor's Gate. On the right is seen the magnificent tomb of the Saint of Futehpur, Sheikh Salim Chishti, a building of white marble, with curious serpent-like brackets supporting the roof of the verandah. The sarcophagus inside is beautifully inlaid with coloured stones. Women tie pieces of cloth to the trellis-work as a token of their intention to present an offering to the shrine if their wishes are granted. Close by is a plain, but larger, tomb of his grandson, Nawab Ilam Khan, who was made Governor of Bengal by Jahangir. Behind this is the Zenana Rausa, a vault for the women of the Sheikh's family. The mosque is in three chapels, crowned by domes, and was completed in 1571. The colonnades dividing the chapels are of Hindu or Jain character.

The triumphal gateway called the Baland Darwaza is 176 feet in height from the roadway, and is a magnificent building. The best view of it is obtained by descending the outside flight of thirty-five steps to the road. The

front of the gateway has a square framework, surmounted by three domed turrets, and this has a screen pierced by three doorways. On one of the doors are nailed a number of horse-shoes, placed there by owners of sick animals in the hope of obtaining the favour of the saint. This gateway was erected many years after the building of the mosque to celebrate Akbar's victorious campaign in the Deccan.

Outside the mosque is a graveyard, containing the tomb of an infant son of Sheikh Salim. Beyond this tomb is a small mosque built on the site of the cave where the sheikh lived as a hermit. It is called the Stone-cutter's Mosque, and its brackets formed the model for the more elaborate mausoleum of the saint. Abul Fazl was the author of the celebrated "Akbarhâma," a history of the Mogul Emperors down to the forty-seventh year of Akbar's reign. He was for a long time Akbar's Prime Minister. Faizi, his brother, was the Persian Poet Laureate and tutor to the royal princes. To the south of the Baland Darwaza is the extensive Turkish bath. No cicerone is necessary for seeing Futehpur Sikri, as Havell's "Handbook to Agra" gives every information, and I have used it pretty freely in my description of the buildings. Luncheon can be

taken in the motor-car and enjoyed at the *dâk* bungalow, where tea, coffee, soda-water, &c., can be obtained at cheap rates. There is a charge of eight annas per person for service.

Before leaving Agra we drove to the Central Jail, and ordered two of their excellent carpets, which reached us in London later on.

CHAPTER XXXII

DELHI AND THE OLD CITIES

We were made so comfortable at the Hôtel Cecil that we engaged rooms at the hotel of the same name and proprietorship at Delhi, but had to sleep one night at Maiden's Hotel, as there was so great a demand for accommodation.

Delhi was founded by Shah Jahan, who reigned from 1628 to 1658. It lies in the south-east corner of the Province of the Punjaub, to which it was added after 1857, and is situated between the River Jumna and the northernmost spur of the Aravalli Mountains, which here rise to a height of 80 to 110 feet above the surrounding country, and disappear from the surface at Wazirabad, three miles north of Delhi. It is the most northern and most modern of a number of capitals and fortresses built on the plains between the years 700 and 1550 of the Christian era, from the Lal Kila of Rai Pithora

at the Kutab Minar, eleven miles south-west of modern Delhi (or "Shahjahanabad"), to the Jahanuma Palace and quarter, built by Firoz Shah Tughlak on the ridge, slightly in advance of the Mogul capital.

These old cities from north to south were:

1. Firozabad of Firoz Shah Tughlak, adjoining modern Delhi on the south.

2. Indrapat of Humayan and Sher Shah, two miles south of modern Delhi.

3. Siri (now Shahpur), four miles south-west of Indrapat.

4. Jahanpanah, or the space between Siri and Old Delhi, which gradually became occupied, and was ultimately connected by walls with the cities north and south of it.

5. Old Delhi or the Fort of Rai Pithora, the original Delhi of the Pathan invaders of the twelfth century, and containing the Kutab Minar, south-east of Siri.

6. Tughlakabad, four miles south-east of Siri, and five miles east of Old Delhi, built by Muhammad Tughlak Shah.

Modern Delhi dates only from 1650; Agra and Lahore, therefore, are before it as great capitals of the descendants of Babar. The Royal Palace was first built between 1638 and 1648, then the city walls, which rise 110 feet

above the moat, and the Jumma Musjid. Aurungzeb left it in 1680 and never returned. It was sacked by Nadir Shah in 1739. For the second time, Delhi was sacked by Ahmed Shah about 1761, and after the defeat of the Mahrattas at Panipat he placed Shah Alam II. on the throne. Delhi really ceased to be an imperial city with the death of Muhammad Shah in 1748, or a hundred years after the completion of the palace by his grandfather's grandfather. The present city extends for about two miles along the banks of the Jumna, nearly one-third of the frontage being occupied by the river wall of the palace. The northern wall, so famous in the history of the siege in 1857, extends three-quarters of a mile from the Water Bastion (Badar Rao Burj) to the Shah or Mori Bastion. The length of this wall to the Ajmir Gate is $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and of the south wall to the Wellesley Bastion almost the same distance, the land circuit being three and a quarter miles.

The celebrated Kashmir Gate is in the north wall, the Lahore Gate in the west wall, and the Delhi Gate in the south wall. The Chandni Chauk, which is a wide street, having two rows of trees throughout its length, and an electric tramway, runs east and west from the

bazaar at the Lahore Gate of the city to Lahore Gate of the fort, dividing the city into two unequal parts. On the east side of the city a road runs from the Kashmir Gate to the Delhi Gate, passing the old magazine, the fort, and the palace, the Jumma Musjid being on its west side, and south of the Chandni Chauk.

The Civil Station lies beyond the north wall, and is approached by the Kashmir and Mori Gates, and is bounded on the west by the Ridge, beyond which on its west side were old Rajpur cantonments. Here are the cemetery, the Nicholson and Kudsia Gardens, and half a mile west of the southern end of the Ridge are the Sabzi Mandi and Roshanara Gardens. The old cantonment was occupied by British troops during the siege of 1857, and their batteries were on the Ridge. The Coronation Durbar of 1903 was held on the Bawari Plain, three and a half miles beyond the Kashmir Gate.

Approaching the Kashmir Gate from the north, we cross No. II. Siege Battery and obtain a full view of the breach at the Kashmir Bastion and of the battered face of the bastion itself. On the gate is a memorial commemorating the blowing in of the right-

hand door by Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, together with a devoted band of British and native soldiers, on September 14, 1857, which enabled the besiegers to carry the position. Entering the city, we come to St. James's Church, built by Colonel Skinner at a cost of Rs.80,000, whose high dome makes it a conspicuous landmark when viewed from the ridge. The graves of Colonel Skinner and of some of the members of his family, &c., lie to the north side of the church, one being that of Mr. William Fraser, Commissioner of Delhi, who was murdered in 1835, and in the south-east corner is that of Sir T. T. Metcalfe, the builder of Metcalfe House; and lying on the ground are the old ball and cross which surmounted the dome in 1857, pierced and dented by bullets. Inside the church are a number of memorial tablets.

Farther on is a large building, well known as the Delhi Dâk Bungalow and now the telegraph office, in front of which is an obelisk erected to the memory of the members of the telegraph service who fell in the Mutiny. Adjoining the telegraph-office is the north-west gate of the old magazine, with a tablet commemorating the gallant defence of the place by nine resolute Englishmen, under the com-

mand of Lieutenant Willoughby, who fired the magazine when all hope of succour had gone, five of whom were killed by the explosion.

After passing the post-office we cross the Queen's Road, in which are the railway-station and the Mor Serai, and 500 yards farther on the Lahore, or Victoria, Gate of the fort is reached. This is very fine, with its great central arch and massive flanking towers. This entrance is at the east end of the Chandni Chauk, and, entering the portal, we come to a vaulted hall, 375 feet in length, lighted in the centre from the roof, with shops on either side on the ground floor, only two or three being used for trading, among which, however, I found a book store where I was able to replenish my stock of stationery, the others being used for military purposes, as well as the upper floors. Beyond this is a courtyard, in which is a tank, and stretching across from wall to wall is the *Haubat Khana*, or Minstrels' Gallery, and its flanking buildings. Two of the rooms of this gallery are utilised as a museum. In the second great courtyard is the *Diwan-i-Am*, or Public Audience Chamber, 100 feet by 60 feet, similar to that at Agra, only much larger.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CELEBRATED PEACOCK THRONE

On a raised platform at the back of the hall once stood the celebrated Peacock Throne, which was valued at $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of pounds sterling, and which was carried off by Nadir Shah in 1739. Along the river bank is the *Diwan-i-Khas,* or Private Audience Chamber, a very beautiful building, supported, like the Diwan-i-Am, by columns connected by scalloped arches, and profusely decorated with inlay-work, the precious stones originally there being now missing. On two panels above the smaller side arches is the inscription:

> "If there is a Paradise on earth,
> It is this, it is this."

In the later days of the Mogul Empire the Peacock Throne stood in this hall, and it was here that Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah were received by their vanquished hosts; here the

Jats and Mahrattas and Rohillas set an example for the mutineers of 1857 of disregard to anything due to royalty; here Ghulam Kadir, the Rohilla, blinded the Emperor Shah Alam; here in 1803 the latter received his rescuer, Lord Lake; here in May, 1857, the mutineers declared Bahadur Shah King *de facto;* here in September of that year Queen Victoria's health was drunk; here the Thanksgiving Service for the capture of Delhi was held, September 29th; here the trial of the ex-King Bahadur Shah took place between January 27 and March 9, 1858; and here his Majesty King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, was present at a ball given in his honour in 1876.

To the south are the King's private apartments, known as the *kwâbgâh,* or sleeping-room, the *tasbih khanah*, or private chapel, and the *baithak*, or sitting-room, all of which are profusely decorated with coloured stones. Underneath is a staircase leading to the river. Through these apartments is a channel in the centre of the floor by which water ran to the royal baths, consisting of three chambers, richly decorated with inlay-work, from which all but one of the precious stones are missing, and close by is the beautiful *Moti Musjid*, or

Pearl Mosque, built by Aurungzeb in 1659, covered by three marble domes set closely together. The bronze door leading to the small enclosure is a handsome piece of work.

Near by is the Rung Mahal, formerly one of the principal apartments of the zenana, and until recently used as an officers' messroom. It has very fine pierced screen-work, but its beautiful decoration has been obliterated with whitewash. The palace when complete occupied an immense space, measuring 1,000 feet each way, covering twice the area of the Escurial or any European palace, but now there is very little left beyond the buildings just mentioned. In the palace grounds are some huge, unsightly barracks, erected for the accommodation of British troops. At the time of our visit, however, the open spaces were being converted into gardens.

The Jumma Musjid is an extensive building, approached by three flights of steps, and over the eastern series is a noble gateway, although not so grand as the one at Futehpur Sikri. In the centre of the courtyard is a large tank for bathing, and on three sides are cloisters, over which is a terrace, whence one can look down on the immense gathering of worshippers that attend at the Mohammedan festivals. Its

three striped domes, flanked by lofty minarets, make it a striking object when viewed from a point of vantage, such as the Ridge. In the north-east corner of the cloister we saw some relics of Mohammed; his slipper, a piece of the canopy that covers his tomb, a piece of stone bearing the impress of his foot, &c., on which occasion a rupee changed hands. This mosque is the largest in the world, 261 feet long, and the minarets are 130 feet high. It is said to have cost ten lakhs of rupees.

The Chandni Chauk, which runs east to west of the city, is a broad thoroughfare planted with trees, with an electric tramway running along it. Here are found the shops in which may be purchased jewellery, ivories, boxes of carved sandal-wood, embroideries, and other artistic products. The silver workers are numerous and their ware is very attractive, but I noticed that new work is valued more highly than the old, of which I was able to secure a bowl at a very moderate price. North of the Chandni Chauk are the Queen's Gardens, in which is a statue to her late Majesty; also the municipal offices.

An interesting walk can be taken to the Ridge, going along the road that leads from the Kashmir Gate to the Flagstaff Tower, where

the ladies of the cantonment gathered, with their children, on the afternoon of the eventful 11th of May, 1857, in vain expectation of receiving relief from Meerut. This was the left of the British position at the siege of Delhi, until a determined attack by the rebels on the British forces on June 12th obliged them to occupy Metcalfe's House, which lies nearer the River Jumna. Coming towards the city again, we see the Chanburji Mosque, the Observatory, Hindu Rao's House, King Asoka's Pillar, Sammy House Battery, and the Mutiny Memorial, which was the extreme right of the British position, and from which an extended view over the city and surrounding country can be obtained. Returning to the Kashmir Gate, we come to the cemetery, in which John Nicholson is buried, the brigadier-general who fell at the storming of the city on September 14th, and died nine days later.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE RUINS OF FEROZABAD

The ruins of the citadel of Ferozabad are half a mile beyond the Delhi Gate, where the Buddhist *lat* (or column) placed there by Feroz Shah still rises, and one mile farther south is Indrapat (or Puranakila), the most ancient of all the dead cities of the Delhi plain. It was founded 2,000 years B.C. by Yudisthira, the first King of the Pandu dynasty of Indraprastha, whose subjects were the earliest Aryan immigrants into India. Neglected and allowed to fall into decay by its Mussulman conquerors, it was at last rebuilt by Humayun, whose capital it became.

The gateway through which we drive is an imposing one, with solid round towers; and passing through a squalid village, we come to the beautiful mosque of Sher Shah, built in 1541. Behind it is an octagonal building of

red sandstone, 70 feet high, which was Humayun's Library.

Humayun's Tomb is about four miles from Delhi, and it was built about 1560 by Akbar the Great in memory of his father. It took sixteen years to build and cost fifteen lakhs of rupees. It is raised on a double platform, and is surmounted by a large dome of white marble, the building itself being of red sandstone.

In addition to Humayun himself, five of his successors to the crown of Delhi lie here, as well as eleven other viziers, generals, and statesmen. It was to this tomb that two sons and a grandson of the last King of Delhi fled in 1857, and here they were discovered by Hodson (of Hodson's Horse) and taken back to Delhi, but upon approaching the city the concourse of people who met them assumed so threatening an attitude that Hodson shot all three as they sat in the carriage. Their bodies were exposed in front of the *kotwallee* (police-station) for twenty-four hours and then thrown into the Jumna.

The cemetery of Nizam-ud-din is a short distance from Humayun's tomb, and here lies buried, in a marble tomb, enclosed within a superb building, having a pillared verandah of

white marble and beautiful dome, Shah Nizam-ud-din, Ala-ud-din's general, reputed to be the founder of Thuggism, and the murderer of Tughlak. Here also is the tomb of the poet Khusru, the laureate of Tughlak's Court, whose songs are still popular in India. The ceiling of the chamber is painted in floral designs, the gilding of which has been restored. There are fine marble grilles, and there is a canopy of cloth over the tomb. Everything connected with this tomb is well cared for, although the poet died as long ago as 1324.

In one of the enclosures in this cemetery lies buried the Princess Jahanara, who shared the captivity in the Palace of Agra of her father, Shah Jahan, whom she survived fifteen years. On her tomb, which is of white marble and filled with earth in the upper part, is an inscription in Persian :

"Save the green herb, place naught above my head ;
Such pall alone befits the lowly dead."

Her wish has been fulfilled, as grass alone grows on her tomb.

It was in this cemetery that Hodson captured the King of Delhi, his Begum Zenat Mahal, and her son, Prince Jumma Bukht, and took them back to the city.

From Nizam-ud-din's *baoli*, or well-house, men spring into the tank, a drop of 70 feet, feet foremost, in return for a small gift from visitors.

As we left the cemetery we noticed a potter squatting down among the heaps of bricks, making chatties. The rim of his primitive wheel was loaded with soft clay, daubed on to give it weight and so add to the momentum. Quite half his time was occupied in working up the wheel to the required speed.

On the way to Old Delhi, where the Kutab Minar stands, are the ruins of Muhammed Tughlak's city of Jahanpuna, *circa* 1330, and of Siri, *circa* 1300. As these cities have been used as stone quarries for five hundred years, there is little left of them.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE KUTAB MINAR

The Kutab Minar is a tower of five stories, reaching to the height of 238 feet, with 379 steps to the summit. Formerly it had a canopy over the top story, but now it is quite open to the sky. It rises from the centre of the old Hindu fortress of Lalkot, and was built about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The first story has round and angular flutes; then comes a cornice; the second story has circular flutes only, the third story all angular flutes, the fourth story is a plain cylinder, the fifth partly fluted and partly plain. It is 47 feet wide at the base and 9 feet at the top, and from whichever side you look at it, it appears to be inclining away from you. It is built of red sandstone and white marble. (There is a good model of it

at South Kensington, Indian Section.) Giotto's Campanile at Florence is 292 feet high.

The adjacent mosque of Kutab has cloisters of highly ornamented pillars, the spoils of Jaina and Hindu temples. The domes of the mosque are built in horizontal courses, each layer of stone overlapping the other until they meet at the top. The whole façade of the mosque has been elaborately carved by Hindu workmen. In the courtyard is a pillar of wrought-iron, believed to have been erected in the fourth or fifth century.

On the road home we passed Saftar Jang's Mausoleum, a red sandstone building in the same style as the Taj Mahal, but of a hundred years later date. There is a *dâk* bungalow at the Kutab Minar, so refreshments can be obtained there. We provided ourselves with luncheon from the hotel, so only required tableware and drinks, for which the charge was very moderate. We found Kunjimull & Co. in the Chandni Chauk good people for pearls, turquoises, and silver. They send many things to Liberty's and other shops in London. Another place for jewellery and brassware is Schwaiger's, near the Kashmir Gate, but most of their novelties were Japanese and Tibetan.

Our stay in Delhi was a very pleasant one;

the Hôtel Cecil being everything that could be desired in an unassuming way, and what made it particularly enjoyable was the visit of my wife's brother, whom she had not seen for many years. Our sight-seeing in the city was generally finished by luncheon-time, and we spent the afternoons in bargaining with the box-wallahs in the verandah for silks and other dainty fabrics. The afternoons were hot, but the evenings were so cold that we were glad to sit before a wood fire.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A RAJPUT CEREMONY

LEAVING Delhi by the 10.15 p.m. train on *January 27th*, 1909, we reached Jeypore at 6.30 the next morning, and having been shunted into a siding, we were able to dress quickly and enjoy our chota hazri before driving to our hotel. We had, fortunately, stumbled on to the most important ceremony of the year, the visit of the Maharajah's family to the effigy of the Sun God, from whom he traces his descent! The figure was dressed up in embroideries and carried on a canopied car, with its attendant priest and two boys waving fans over its head. The Maharajah himself could not be present, owing to illness caused by the death of his favourite eunuch; but his family was well represented. There were elephants, very fancifully painted and covered with housings of embroidered cloth; camels, horses, bullocks, and every kind of

vehicle in the procession, which was a noisy one, drums being much in evidence.

There were hundreds of soldiers, carrying rifles and muskets of all dates, even to flint-locks, and very poorly habited, as a rule. The British Resident, Colonel Herbert, seeing us in our carriage, kindly sent to invite us to ascend to the roof of the Library, where we had a splendid view of the spectacle, without inconvenience. Jeypore, the Pink City of the Rajputs, was founded by Siwai Jai Singh in 1728, and has a population of 160,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by a crenellated wall, 20 feet high, and pierced by seven gates. The streets are very wide, set out at right angles to each other, are well paved, and have sidewalks. It is lighted by gas, and the rubbish of the city is conveyed to the outskirts by a tramway.

As a rule, the houses are not detached, but run in straight and uniform lines, and are faced with chunam or stucco, and coloured pink, the outlines of the doors, windows, and copings being marked in white. It is quite unlike any other Indian city, not only in its colouring, but in its absence of dirt.

The most noticeable building is "the Palace of the Winds," which is very ornate. Its

front has five stories, with oriel windows, and it has numberless rooms. (A beautiful gilt model of it is in the Indian Museum at South Kensington.)

We visited the Maharajah's Palace, where we saw the Diwan-i-Am, but as they had recently had some kind of ceremony there, the building was rather encumbered with rolled-up carpets, &c. There are several fine tigers, one or two of them having shockingly bad characters as man-eaters. We were conducted to the tank where the alligators are kept, but the animals had either been just fed or the day was too warm for eating, as it was with difficulty that one of them could be induced to wake up sufficiently to swallow the bundle of entrails that a boy had brought for him. The Maharajah's stables are very extensive, the stalls being built on the inside of a vast quadrangle, which is used as a riding-school, and we stood in a central pavilion while two of the princes were putting their steeds through their paces, *à la haute école*.

There is a very fine museum, built in Oriental style, of two floors, rising to five in the centre, and having turrets at the four corners. The park is laid out on the English plan, so is not so shady as one could desire

it to be in this climate. We visited the School of Art, where we saw the various art processes being carried on, and we also bought some specimens of their inlaid brassware, which we thought very cheap. What we particularly admired were the hanging lamps.

Jeypore streets are peculiarly favourable to the carrying on of the local industries, as there is room for everything and everybody, so one can watch all kinds of work—weaving, dyeing, drying or setting the colours, rope-making, metal-chasing, &c.—while driving or walking about. We had a pair-horse carriage, with driver or syce (who preceded us, shouting, as we approached any gateway), for about a rupee an hour. The next morning we drove to Amber, the ancient but deserted city picturesquely placed on the slope of a rocky spur, dominated by a large fort. After about four miles we had to dismount from our carriage, and the remainder of the journey was made in a bullock tonga, the most uncomfortable conveyance I have had any experience of; in fact, I walked most of the way to the gate of the palace. Some visitors prefer an elephant, but except as a novelty there is not much advantage.

The walk up to the royal buildings is a

pretty steep one, but the rooms very well repay the fatigue one is put to. The doors are very fine, some being of brass and others inlaid with ivory and ebony. There were also some delicately pierced marble screens. The view from the terraces is grand, and one regrets that such a beautiful place should have to be deserted, through shortness of water, it is said. There is a temple of Kali, an avatar of Parvati, the wife of Siva, a bloodthirsty goddess who can only be appeased by sacrifice, so a goat is killed before her image every day.

One graceful feature of Jeypore is the number of pigeons that throng the streets, strutting about in the roadway or circling about in the air. The Jeypore Hotel (Rustom's) is a short distance from the station, and is pleasantly placed near a large garden and in full view of the mountains overlooking the city, commanded by the massive Tiger Fort on the edge of the cliff. Our rooms opened out on to a terrace, which was delightfully cool towards sunset, and we were much amused by watching the antics of some large monkeys who resented being driven from the garden, where, no doubt, they had been doing damage.

Some reluctantly jumped the wall and

sauntered down the road, with their long tails curled like handles over their backs, but others climbed the taller trees, and seemed to know exactly how high a man could throw a stone, as they looked down quite unconcernedly at the efforts of the gardeners to dislodge them.

There is a brisk trade in old swords and daggers done on the verandah of the hotel, and I procured several specimens which exactly corresponded with those borne by the Maharajah's bearded warriors in the procession.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LIFE IN JEYPORE

My wife and her brother had an interesting chat with a jeweller who had brought his wares for sale to the visitors. As I remained discreetly silent and the others talked in the vernacular, we were able to get some information about the life in Jeypore.

The Maharajah seems to be revered by all, and every encouragement is given to the inhabitants to live in peaceful industry. We were shown the difference between real rubies and their imitations, and the gullibility of "ge-lobe-trotters" was duly remarked upon. As my brother-in-law's train went to Delhi after midnight, and ours to Ahmedabad at 5.30, we thought it best to remain at the station after seeing him off, and had secured two long seats in the waiting-room, as we fondly imagined; but as it turned out, two other passengers had the seats, which evidently were

comfortable enough to allow them to sleep soundly, while I had to get as much rest (?) as I could on a sloping wooden bench brought in from the platform.

My wife got no sleep at all, as a restless woman kept coming in and out of the ladies' waiting-room and persistently leaving the door open. However, the night came to an end at last, and we were able to get some tea before we started.

It was a fourteen hours' journey to Ahmedabad, and a very hot and dusty one at that, besides being more uncomfortable than usual, owing to the line being a narrow-gauge one, and not too level. However, we were able to secure rooms at the railway-station, and, after a bath, enjoyed our dinner in the refreshment-room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

AHMEDABAD

Ahmedabad, January 30, 1909.—When Ahmed Shah, flushed with victory, marched down to the banks of the Sâbarmati, he was pleased with the fair prospect of the country, but still more pleased with the beauty of Siprâ, the daughter of Assa, the Bheel chieftain. The result was that he removed his capital from Anahslavada to this place and named it after himself. The wall, which is nearly six miles in circumference, having round towers at intervals of fifty yards, with eighteen gates in it, was built later on by Mahmud Shah.

It would be an advantage to tourists if Ahmedabad had a tariff for ticca-gharries, as the demands for hire are very elastic, one driver asking nine rupees for a one-horse victoria for the day, while we finally settled upon a pair-horse carriage for the whole morning at two rupees, the driver acting as

guide. There are numerous mosques and temples in Ahmedabad, but we could only visit a few of them.

Hathi Singh's Temple, with its fluted domes, was built by a rich Jain merchant in 1848 at a cost of £100,000. It is just outside the Delhi Gate, and stands in a vast corridor, which is divided up into rooms for the use of pilgrims. The whole building is a mass of elaborate carving, marble pavements, and coloured decorations. It is dedicated to Dharmanatha, the fifteenth Jina.

The Jumma Musjid was built by Sultan Ahmed, and finished in 1424. It is situated in the Manik Chauk, in the centre of the city, and has no imposing entrance gate, but you enter a vast quadrangle, 382 feet by 282 feet, at one end of which is the mosque, with its 260 pillars and 15 domes, the three central ones being large. It had two minarets, but these are broken off short. Ahmed's tomb is on the east side, flanked by those of his son and grandson. Although the west side of the mosque is Mohammedan in style, being quite plain, the other parts of the mosque are richly carved, showing the employment of Hindu workmen. In the cloisters are extracts from the Koran carved in the stone in large letters.

In the remains of Sidi Sayyid's mosque is a wall pierced with several windows of carved trellis-work, one of which is in the form of a tree, a most delicate piece of handicraft. Close by is Ahmad's mosque, built in 1414.

The Queen's mosque is close to the town bungalow. It has three domes surmounting lofty arched entrances, and has the stumps of two minarets, which are elaborately sculptured in the Hindu manner.

The mosque and tomb of Rani Sipri, the daughter-in-law of Ahmed, are beautiful buildings, approached by a flight of steps leading on to an elaborately decorated verandah of carved stone. There are two minarets tapering to the top, and they are about 50 feet high.

The mosque of Muhafiz Khan, a governor of the city, was built in 1465, and is similar in style to Rani Sipri's mosque.

Huthi Singh's tomb is also a piece of elaborate carving and design.

(In the Indian Section at South Kensington are two copies of the lovely carved windows mentioned above.)

One of the glories of Ahmedabad is the carved woodwork of the houses: balconies, beams, pillars, doorways, and whole fronts are beautifully carved. So little is the work

appreciated by some of the inhabitants that where a balcony has been damaged or broken away the gap is repaired by any piece of material; in one case a length of cheap cast-iron railing was employed to fill up the space. A charming peculiarity of the Ahmedabad streets is the number of stone and wooden elevated shelters like miniature temples erected for the purpose of placing therein food for birds. From nearly every balcony, too, is suspended a tray for the same purpose. The Jains respect all forms of animal life, and there is a large hospital, called the Panjrapol, where sick and ownerless cattle, dogs, &c., are cared for. I was told that there was even a rest-house where fleas are cared for, poor men being paid to sleep there in order to provide food for them. During the great festivals the roads are carefully swept, in order that insects may not be trodden on or run over by the throng of worshippers.

Driving over the River Sâbarmati we noticed the number of coloured cloths spread out on the sands to dry; part also of the river bed is used during the winter (or dry) season as a vegetable garden. We went to a large tank outside the city, and on our little syce giving a peculiar call a number of monkeys came

down from the trees to be fed with the grain we had brought with us. Many of them carried young ones, which held on with hands and paws so tightly that the mothers' backs had four abrasions of the skin where the youngsters gripped them. One of the monkeys amused us very much by grasping the boy's wrist to retain him while he fed out of his hand.

In 1571 Ahmedabad was conquered by Akbar the Great, but his son Jahangir disliked it extremely on account of its dust, although Nur Jahan, his wife, was called its Lady Governor, and coins were struck here bearing her effigy. Prince Khurram, who afterwards became the Emperor Shah Jahan, the builder of the Taj Mahal, was made Viceroy of the city in 1616. In 1753 the Mahrattas entered Ahmedabad and held it until 1780, when the British forces, acting with Fateh Singh Gaikwar, marched on the city and captured it. It was handed over to the Gaikwar, but in 1817 it was ceded to the British in exchange for some territory at Baroda.

Ahmedabad has now about 185,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Hindus, about 202 Mussulmans, the rest being Jains and Parsees. It has many cotton and silk mills,

and is famous for its art manufactures. The trades are managed by guilds, and, as a rule, the son follows his father's craft. Brass and copper-work, leather-work, and jewellery are largely made here. While at the station we saw men carrying a number of *tarsias*, or models of Mohammed's tomb, which were for use in the coming festival, the Mohurram. After carrying them in the processions, they take the tarsias and throw them into the river. It was far too hot for us to venture out in the afternoon, so we rested until dinner-time.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BOMBAY AGAIN

We left Ahmedabad by the 9.15 broad-gauge train for Bombay, and had a very comfortable night, arriving at the Church Gate Station at eight o'clock, where my daughter and her husband were awaiting us.

We spent the next fortnight in Bombay very pleasantly, staying at my daughter's beautiful and airy flat. Our time was taken up with shopping, dinners, lunches and teas at the Yacht Club, entertainments at the Gymkana, &c. The shops are so inviting that we were constantly in and out of Tarrachand's and Challaram's shops, purchasing specimens of Oriental work in one form and another. A Japanese shop, too, had great attractions for us. But shops and stores are plentiful in Bombay, so nearly everything one requires can be obtained. One morning, having procured a special pass, we drove along Queen's Road,

which skirts Back Bay, to the Towers of Silence, where the Parsees dispose of their dead. Our carriage was allowed to enter the gates, and we were received by a janitor, who conducted us up a flight of steps, at the top of which we were handed over to an extremely polite official, who showed us a model of one of the towers and explained the ceremony.

The mourners follow the corpse on foot, and they, as well as the bearers of the bier, are dressed in white. While the body is being carried to the tower by a special set of men, who by reason of their employment are practically outcasts, the mourners remain in a waiting-room, praying, but the funeral ceremony usually takes place at the house of the deceased person. The body is laid in a trough which slopes to the centre of the floor of the tower, and directly the attendants leave the vultures swoop down and pick the flesh from the bones. After an interval, the attendants re-enter the tower and rake the bones into a central pit, where they gradually crumble and are washed away by the rains.

The Parsees are followers of Zoroaster, who taught the Magian religion to their Persian ancestors. Their deity is Ormuzd, the Spirit of Good, and their religion forbids them to

defile the elements, therefore they expose their dead to the devouring vultures. They were driven from Persia in 720 by the conquering Mohammedan Arabs, and migrated to Western India. There are less than 100,000 Parsees in India, and the vast majority live in Bombay. The men are well-formed and active, with light olive complexions, aquiline noses, black eyes, thick lips, usually surmounted by a curling moustache. They wear a head-dress of oilskin, slightly tilted backward, shaped in imitation of a bullock's foot. The women, who appear freely in public, are graceful and beautiful, with abundance of black, glossy hair. Every Parsee, man and woman alike, must put on the *sadaro*, or sacred shirt, of cotton gauze, and the *kusti*, or thin woollen cord, of seventy-two threads, representing the seventy-two prayers from the Yásna, a portion of the Zand Avestá. The men wear a long coat and pyjamas, or long trousers, and the women have a white cloth hanging from their heads under the pink or violet silk sari. They are all well educated, the ladies being very accomplished, and, of course, all speak English fluently. The men are keen in business, being at the same time renowned for their probity, benevolence, and sociability. Many of them reside

on Malabar Hill, the most fashionable part of Bombay, where is also Government House.

On our way to the Victoria Gardens, which contain the "Zoo," we passed the magnificent terminus of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway and the Crawford Market, at the entrance to which are posted lists of the various articles of food on sale and their prices. Meat, in the form of quadruped or feathered biped, is generally alive at the time of sale, to suit the exigencies of the climate. The bazaar, or native quarter, is densely thronged, and, the streets being narrow, progress is very slow, so that the coachman and syce are continually shouting to the pedestrians (who seem to prefer the middle of the road for walking) to get out of the way. We also visited a silk-mill, where we saw all the processes from spinning to the lovely finished article. To see the tiny shops in the bazaar one would never imagine the enormous trade that is done in Bombay, but most of the bargaining takes place in the street.

CHAPTER XL

THE CAVES ON ELEPHANTA ISLAND

We made an excursion one Sunday afternoon to the caves on Elephanta Island, about an hour's run by steam-launch. We landed at the Port Trust Pier, and had a fifty minutes' walk across the island to the caves. The Great Temple, hewn out of the solid rock, is 250 feet above the sea, and is about 130 feet each way, and 16 feet in height. There are twenty-six columns, all carved out of the solid, square half-way up, then fluted up to a cushion-shaped capital. The sculptures have been much knocked about by Portuguese iconoclasts, and some of the columns are broken.

These are now being repaired by masonry to prevent a fall of the roof. It is a Siva-Linga temple, and it represents Siva in the all-productiveness of Nature. Round the walls are massive figures carved out of the rock,

one being a gigantic statue, called the Ardanarishwâra, one side being male and the other side female, representing the god Siva and his wife Parvati. Another is a three-faced bust, or Tri-Murti, representing the Hindu trinity, or Siva in the three manifestations of Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva, or Rudra, the destroyer. There is also a four-faced figure of Brahma on a lotus. The fee for admission to the temple was four annas (4d.) each person.

We walked back to a village near the pier and had a most enjoyable tea, reaching the Apollo Bander soon after eight o'clock. The sunset was very grand over the sea, reminding us of one we saw on our way back from Torcello to Venice, the smoke overhanging Bombay adding to the coloured effect.

CHAPTER XLI

A RECEPTION OF NATIVE LADIES

BEFORE leaving Bombay my wife was invited to a Purdah party, or reception of native ladies, in which, of course, I was not included, so I will give her own account of the function :

"Although I lived for several years in India, it was not until I went out there as a 'globe-trotter' that I had an opportunity of attending a purdah party. The wife of one of the High Court Judges in Bombay was 'At Home' to about sixty native ladies of high rank, and a few English ladies were invited to meet them, among them my husband's daughter and myself. When we approached the house we saw a great many closed carriages drawn up, and lengths of silk were being held up from the carriage doors to the entrance to the house, thus screening the native ladies as they alighted. When we got indoors we

found refreshments being served, and, in addition to the usual tea, coffee, &c., there were many different kinds of Indian sweets and cakes, which looked very tempting, although those we tasted were rather too luscious for European palates. After this light repast we went upstairs, and were introduced to some of the native ladies, with whom we chatted in the intervals of music, recitations, &c. One of the pianists was a native girl, and she certainly was talented and had been well taught. A Mohammedan girl, to whom we were introduced, told me she was learning to play the piano and also to paint; but she said her favourite occupations were motoring and doing needlework. She told me she had herself embroidered the beautiful sari which she was wearing—a lavender-coloured, silky muslin, with beautiful designs worked in coloured silks and gold and silver thread. She said she was eighteen years old, and was to be married in six months' time to a gentleman who had been partly educated in England, and whom she had not seen except once, when she was twelve years of age. The fact that he had already one or two wives seemed to her to be an advantage, as she would have companions and not be always dull. We asked

her if she would not like to be emancipated, and go about as she pleased. She replied, 'No, not in India,' but she hoped her husband would before long take her to England, and then she would throw off the Purdah. All the ladies wore the most lovely jewels, pearls being the favourites, and I never saw such beautiful pearls before. Enormous pear-shaped drops were much *en evidence* as ear-rings, and a lot of the ladies wore long strings of most exquisite ones. Through never being exposed to the sun, these ladies are very fair, and their skins were mostly cream-coloured, not brown; their hands being particularly pretty in some cases, and all covered with rings. Two or three of the ladies had their hair dyed red, and this, we learned, was a sign of their having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. In consequence of this they were highly esteemed and respected."

Bombay is a singularly attractive city, with its beautiful buildings: the Secretariat, the post-office, the university, Elphinstone College, &c. It has the most artistic railway-station, the best marble statue of Queen Victoria (given by the Gaekwar of Baroda), and a bronze statue of King Edward VII. has been presented by Sir Albert Sassoon. The chief offices of

the Bombay, Baroda, and Central Railway are collected in a graceful-domed palace of red stone, designed in harmony with its surroundings. The streets are full of life, electric trams being mixed up with ox-wagons, ekkas, and dainty rubber-tyred victorias, while the foot passengers represent English men and women; Parsees, with their characteristic costumes; Hindu men and women, the latter with red, purple, and blue saris and bare legs; Mohammedan men and women, the latter veiled and wearing trousers; an endless variety of nationalities.

The sun, even in winter, is very strong, so it is advisable to get the shopping over before noon; and social calls are made before 1.30, leaving the afternoon for indoor occupations. At sunset the roads begin to assume new life, and there is a gathering of carriages about the band-stand, where Anglo-Indians congregate to chat in the cool of the evening.

VII

ON TO EGYPT

CHAPTER XLII

GOODBYE TO INDIA

We went on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Praga* in the afternoon of *February 15th*, and at five o'clock we were warped out of the Victoria Dock. Steaming along the shore, we passed the Mint, the Castle, the Government Dockyard, the Yacht Club, where we had enjoyed several teas on the terrace, and the magnificent Taj Mahal Hotel, dropping anchor opposite Colaba Point, where we stayed for the night. Weighing anchor at six o'clock the next morning, we started on our first stage of 1,660 miles to Aden, which we reached at noon on Sunday, the voyage being quite cool and pleasant and our time being spent in reading, watching the flying-fish, dolphins, and gulls, as well as playing deck quoits. As the steamer was to take in a supply of coal, we went ashore in the agent's steam-launch, and drove out five miles to see the

water-tanks which are constructed in the cleft of a rocky mountain-side.

As Aden is a rainless district, water is very precious, and is carefully stored here, some coming from the rocks and some from wells. There are several tanks, the largest of which holds $4\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons. We passed on our way the old town of Aden and the Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan cemeteries. We had tea on the verandah of the Hôtel de l'Europe, and then did a little shopping, returning to the *Praga* at seven o'clock to find all cleaned up after the coaling. There was a young lion kept as a playmate on Cowasgee's balcony, but it was growing rather too big for romping with, I thought.

At midnight we set off again and in a few hours were in the Red Sea, where we were rather troubled by a southerly wind, which made us feel very hot and made the sea rough. For our comfort we dined in white clothes while going through the Red Sea, which was a great relief. We anchored at Suez at 8.40 on *February 26th*, and awaited the visit of the port medical officers, one of whom was a lady. Coming as we did from Bombay, they were rather afraid of us, but we got off at 10.15 in charge of Cook's Arab dragoman, and

were taken to the disinfecting station, where we left our bundles of soiled linen, with a man in charge, who had to bring them on to us later at the station.

Then we went on to the Custom House, where the examination was soon over. A little local train took us to the Suez town station, the luggage following us in a cart. Here we procured some light refreshments with the aid of an English-speaking Arab ; but the rascal kept back until the moment of starting the train, and then flourished gleefully some silver coins which he boasted he had done me out of. It was here that we first heard in its full strength the universal cry of "backsheesh," which was to ring in our ears until we embarked at Alexandria. The colour of the sea in the Gulf of Suez was a beautiful peacock blue and that of the canal ultramarine. The harbour of Suez is called Port Tewfik.

We left Suez town at 12.15 and reached Ismailia Junction, which is about half-way along the canal, at 1.40. Here we changed, two of our fellow-passengers going on to Port Said and four of us awaiting the Cairo train, which leaves Port Said at 12.30 and calls at Ismailia at 2.10. From Abu Hammad to Cairo there is plenty of water, and the ground as

far as we could see was vividly green. A fresh-water canal runs from the Nile to Ismailia, and on it are many Persian wheels which carry on their rims earthenware chatties to lift the water from the canals and pour it over the land, and these are worked by blindfolded bullocks, although on the smaller farms "shadoofs" are usually employed. These are buckets attached to a long pole which is supported on a simple frame, and at the other end of the pole is a stone to balance the full bucket.

CHAPTER XLIII

ARRIVAL AT CAIRO

Calling at Zagazig Junction at 3.30, we reached Cairo at five o'clock, having taken tea in the restaurant-car *en route*. An omnibus was waiting to carry us to Shepheard's Hotel, where our rooms had been engaged. We chose this hotel on account of its position in the busy main street, where a congeries of nationalities can be seen from its roomy terrace. There is a kaleidoscopic procession all day of motor-cars, victorias, landaus, donkeys, and camels. On the pavement below are vendors of ostrich-feathers, fans, post-cards, beads, and jewellery, so that between breakfast and dinner there is a continual market going on.

There are Arabs, Nubians, Sudanese, Turks, and Syrians, as well as Europeans, so that one is frequently seeing a strange costume and an unfamiliar type of face. The women mostly

dress in black, with their faces half hidden in the yashmak, although occasionally a white veil is seen. Although Cairo is well supplied with good water, the itinerant vendor is met everywhere, with his jar or skin of water, clanging two brass plates together in order to attract attention.

This part of the city is quite French in its style of architecture, with attractive shops and palatial hotels, but a little farther south, beyond the Esbekiya Gardens, one comes to the semi-modern Rue Mooski, where shops are not so large, but of the European pattern. Between this and the tombs of the Caliphs, which are outside the Bab-el-Ghoraib, lies the native quarter or bazaar, with the Suk-en-Nahassin as its central thoroughfare, where time and money can be delightfully spent.

We engaged a dragoman at Cook's office, one Husanen Faid, who has a little property near Cairo, on which he passes his time when not engaged in conducting tourists. He called for us on our first morning in Cairo at eight o'clock, and took us to the Place Mohammed Ali, under the walls of the citadel, where we found an immense gathering of people assembled to witness the reception of the *Mahmal*, or Canopy of the Sacred Carpet. A

carpet is sent to Mecca every year to decorate the tomb of the prophet, and it is placed within the Mahmal on the back of a camel, attended by a large military escort, with field guns, &c. On receipt of the new carpet at Mecca the old one is cut up into shreds and distributed among the faithful. The ceremony of the reception of the Mahmal on its return to Cairo is an imposing one, thousands of troops keeping the ground.

The Khedive, Abbas II., drove up at ten o'clock, and the camel was brought before him and paraded backwards and forwards seven times, and finally the halter was placed in the Khedive's hands while the Sheikh made his report of the safe arrival of the carpet at Mecca. Then the Khedive and his suite drove back to the palace, followed by the various regiments, whose marching was excellent.

We then drove through the Bab-el-Azab, a Saracenic gateway, to the citadel, which is garrisoned by British soldiers. From the courtyard an extensive view over Cairo and the desert is obtained. It was in this court-yard that the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali in 1811 took place. Then we entered the mosque of Mehemet Ali, called the Alabaster Mosque. It is richly decorated and

has a large number of glass bowl-shaped lamps hanging from the ceiling, while the floor is covered with praying-carpets. Its court-yard is covered by a large dome, and it has two tall minarets, which make it a conspicuous landmark. Its pulpit, or *mimbar*, is unusually high, and it contains the tomb of Mehemet Ali, by whom the mosque was built.

The mosque of Mohammed Naar, or the Old Mosque, was built in 1318 and was formerly the royal mosque, but is now very much out of repair, having been used as a storehouse and military prison. There is still another mosque within the walls of the citadel, called the mosque of Sulieman Pasha, the Ottoman conqueror of Egypt, the interior of which is lavishly decorated. The well called "Joseph's" is named after Saladin, whose Arabic name was Yuzuf, and is 300 feet deep. A sloping path winds down to the level of the water, but it is not now used, the citadel being supplied by the Cairo Water Company.

Leaving the citadel, we went into the Sultan Hassan mosque, which is an immense building, and is reputed to have cost £600,000. It has a square courtyard, with a deep recess on each side, roofed in with a great pointed arch, giving the floor the form of a cross. Near

the centre are two places for ablution called "Mawda," or in Turkish "Haneftyeh." The tomb of Sultan Hassan is placed under the dome, which is nearly 200 feet high. The outside walls are 100 feet high, and they have a prominent cornice projecting 6 feet. The chief portal is 66 feet high, and the bronze doors are ornamented with gold and silver inlay. This mosque is used as a meeting-place in times of popular excitement, such as the so-called National Movement in 1881, which culminated in the defeat of the Egyptian Army, under Arabi Pasha, at Tel-el-Kebir on September 3, 1882. The larger of its two minarets rises to a height of 280 feet.

CHAPTER XLIV

OLD CAIRO

In the afternoon we drove out to Old Cairo, three miles south of the citadel, and visited the Amon mosque, the oldest one in Cairo, built on the lines of the Mecca mosque. It is partly in ruins, but has been restored from time to time, so that little remains of the ancient seventh-century fabric. The cloister has plain columns with ornamental capitals. There are two placed near each other, and the space between them was called the "Needle's Eye," through which only men of the highest integrity could squeeze themselves. The Khedive Imail, whose form was portly, had the space built up (fortunately for me, perhaps). There is the usual well in the centre of this courtyard. Close to the *mimbar* (pulpit) is a pillar which tradition says was miraculously transported here by the Caliph Omar from Mecca. The column is said to

have at first disobeyed his command to move, so he struck it with his *kurbash* (whip), and the outline of his whip is visible on the stone.

There are several Coptic churches here, where the old Egyptian Christians worship. The wooden screens are elaborately carved, and there are usually paintings of the Holy Family. The crypt of the church built by Abon Sirgeh probably dates from the sixth century. The legend is that the Virgin Mary concealed herself and her Child here, so the crypt is dedicated to Sitt Miriam (the Lady Mary).

We saw the Greek church here, but no services are held at the present time, as it is undergoing extensive repairs.

A ferry-boat took us over to the Island of Roda, where we saw the Nilometer, or instrument for measuring the rise and fall of the water in the river, and also the spot where it is asserted that Moses was discovered in the bulrushes. At the rise of the Nile in August a ceremony takes place of cutting the dam of the Khalig Canal to allow the water to inundate the land, and this is celebrated by an important festival called the Kalig Fête.

The next morning we drove to the Egyptian Museum, near the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, paying five piastres each on entering. There we saw

the green diorite statue of Klephren, the builder of the second pyramid, seated on a throne. This was found in the well at the Sphinx Temple; the wooden statue called "the Village Sheikh"; two colossal statues, of sandstone, of Ptah, the God of Memphis, found there by M. de Morgan in 1892; the limestone statue of Ti of the fifth dynasty; the mummy of Rameses II. (the Pharaoh of the Oppression); the mummy of Menephtah (the Pharaoh of the Exodus); the mummy of Seti I.; the mummy of Rameses III., and that of Rameses V.

In glass cases are displayed the jewels of Queen Aah-Hetep, wife of King Sequenen Ra, found in her coffin in 1860, and the jewels of the Princess Hathor Sat and Ita of the twelfth dynasty, found by M. de Morgan at Dakshur, most beautiful in workmanship and design. There are also mummies of dogs, cats, and other animals, and models of boats and ancient chariots. The Israel Stela, a slab of black granite on which is inscribed an account of the wars of King Sati with the Libyans and Syrians, in which occurs the phrase, "The people of Israel is spoiled; it hath no seed," the first allusion to the Israelites ever discovered. This stela was found by Professor Petrie at Thebes in 1896.

There is a full-sized model of La Vache d'Athos and its tomb. (Of course, there are many other objects of great interest, but our time was limited.)

CHAPTER XLV

WE VISIT THE PYRAMIDS

In the afternoon we drove out to the pyramids of Ghiseh, and climbed up to the passage leading to the interior of the Great Pyramid, but did not go in. We saw several tourists making the ascent, being hauled and pushed up by lusty Arabs. We went into the Sphinx Temple, where the statue of Klephren was found, and there is also a tomb at the base of the Great Pyramid (called "Campbell's Tomb," after the British Consul-General at the time of its discovery), unearthed by Colonel Howard Vyse. Four sarcophagi from here are in the British Museum.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops is about 760 feet square at the base, and is 450 feet high, covering an area of 535,000 odd feet. A French savant has calculated that the stones of which it is built would be sufficient to

erect a wall 4 feet high and 1 foot thick round the whole of France!

The sphinx is a colossal image of the Egyptian deity Harmachis, the God of the Morning, and it is older than the pyramids. It is carved out of the natural rock which here juts out from the desert plateau. It is 140 feet long, and the face is 30 feet from the forehead to the chin, and 14 feet across. Its stone cap had fallen off, and was found buried at its feet by Colonel Raum, an American, in 1896. After taking tea in the garden of the Mena House Hotel, we drove back along the shady road to the city.

On Monday morning we drove out to the (so-called) tombs of the Caliphs, outside the Bab-el-Ghorab, or Eastern Gate. It is also called the Cemetery of Kait Bey. They are buildings, mostly in a ruinous condition, with tall domes, delicately carved on the outside. We entered the mosque of Kait Bey, a Saracenic erection of moderate size, more ornamental on the exterior than inside, built in the fifteenth century.

The mosque of Barkuk has twin domes and twin minarets, the domes covering the burial-places of the male and the female members of Sultan Barkuk, the first of the Circassian

Mameluke dynasty. A stone column close by the Sultan's tomb represents his statue, and by this he must have been a very tall man. This mosque was built by Barkuk's son early in the fifteenth century. (There is another mosque in Cairo built by Barkuk himself.) We also went into the mausoleum of the Khedivial family and saw the handsome tomb of the present Khedive's mother, and that of the late Khedive Tewfik, enclosed in a wooden case covered by a pall.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE LAST OF AN ANCIENT CITY

In the afternoon we drove out by the railway-station, through Abbassieh, where are the barracks, past the Qubba Khedivial Palace to Heliopolis, where we saw the only remaining obelisk of the ancient capital. It is of Assouan red granite, is 70 feet high, and is the oldest in the country. It was erected by Thothmes III. (That which we have on the Thames Embankment, called "Cleopatra's Needle," came from here, and it stood for some thousands of years in front of the Temple of the Sun (Ra). It was removed by Constantine the Great to Alexandria, and lay there until it was brought over to England, at the expense of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in 1879.)

The obelisk in front of the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is 104 feet high (originally 150 feet), and was also brought from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, where

it was erected in memory of Thothmes IV. It was transferred by Constantine the Great to Alexandria, and taken to Rome by Constantius, his son. That standing in the Place de la Concorde at Paris came from the Great Temple at Luxor, and was presented to King Louis Philippe in 1831 by Mohammed Ali. It is 76 feet high.

There are no other remains of the ancient city to be seen. At Matarieh, close by, are the famous "Virgin's Tree and Well," where it is said that the Virgin and Child rested after their flight into Egypt. Of course, there is no pretension that the tree is the original one. The peculiarity of the well is that the water is sweet, whereas that from neighbouring wells is brackish. We went to the ostrich farm, where we saw about a hundred birds in mud enclosures, but did not consider that we had value for the ten piastres (2s.) each which we paid for admission.

On returning, we drove through the new town of Heliopolis, which is soon to be the fashionable suburb of Cairo. It is built on the desert sand about 150 feet higher than Cairo, and has magnificent streets and a palatial hotel; is connected with the city by railway, and electric trams are shortly to run. The

scheme is due to Baron Empain and Boghas Nubar Pasha, son of the great minister.

The Arabic Museum in the Boulevard Mohammed Ali in Cairo is extremely interesting, containing as it does specimens of Saracenic art in the form of lamps, in copper, brass, and glass ; elegant lampstands, windows of plaster tracery, filled in with coloured glass ; inlaid doors of old mosques ; inlaid boxes for holding the Koran, divided into thirty compartments, one for each chapter ; coloured tiles for lining walls ; specimens of the *mush-rabiyeh*, or wooden lattice-work for windows, much in evidence in the older parts of Cairo ; large copper pans for the preparation of food for pilgrims, &c.

CHAPTER XLVII

UP THE NILE TO MEMPHIS

On Wednesday we drove to Cook's landing-stage on the left bank of the Nile, and embarked on one of their saloon steamers for Memphis, taking provisions with us from the hotel. Leaving at nine o'clock, we reached the pier at Bedrechein (where there is a railway-station) at 11.5, after having had an early luncheon. Here we each mounted a donkey and rode to Memphis, where we saw the ruins of the city and the two large recumbent figures of Rameses II. which formerly stood in front of the Temple of Ptah. One of them is enclosed in a shed, and a stairway erected over the statue allows one to examine the figures easily. It is 40 feet long, and the face is quite perfect still. This was presented to the British Government by Mehemet Ali, but no steps have been taken to remove it, probably because of

the national prejudice against the removal of these ancient monuments.

Two miles farther on is Sakkarah, where the Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls is situated, called "the Serapeum," containing twenty-four cells for sarcophagi, which are about 13 feet long and 11 feet high. King George V., then Prince of Wales, and his suite took luncheon in one of them on the occasion of a recent visit, but they must have been very uncomfortable, as even in the passages we found the atmosphere almost unbearable. This mausoleum was discovered by Mariette in 1860, but no remains of the sacred animals were found, the sarcophagi having been rifled at some earlier date. The sacred bull was worshipped at Memphis as "Apis."

We descended to the tomb of Ti, the priest-king of the fifth dynasty, which consists of a series of subterranean chambers and corridors, the walls being profusely decorated with paintings, which retain a good deal of their original colour. Our dragoman amused us in describing the hieroglyphics by saying: "Here we see the masons *trying* to build the temples; here are the carpenters *trying* to make the doors; there the butchers are *trying* to kill the bullocks so as to offer the 'mutton' to the

priests," &c. (They appear to have been quite successful in their efforts.)

There was also the tomb of Ptah-Hetep, in which the coloured reliefs are in excellent condition, and that of Mera. This is the latest one discovered (by M. de Morgan in 1893), and it contains thirty-two chambers, all elaborately decorated. Mera was a high official of King Teta (whose pyramid is close by), and he is represented as playing chess (or, according to our dragoman, "*trying*" to). The date is about 3300 B.C. The Step Pyramid is at Sakkarah.

We got back to the steamer pier at 3.35 after our tiring donkey-ride, and reached Cairo at 5.10, having emptied our baskets on the way.

The next two days we spent among the shops in the bazaars and motoring out to the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, a magnificently-appointed edifice on the left bank of the Nile, built by the Khedive Ismail as a residence, and enlarged and decorated at enormous expense for the accommodation of his imperial and royal guests who attended at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. We had tea here and listened to the excellent orchestra which plays daily. The hotel belongs to the same

company as Shepheard's, and a motor 'bus goes backwards and forwards at intervals during the day.

We enjoyed our stay at Cairo immensely, the more so, perhaps, because we had two of our fellow-passengers on the *Praga* with us. The hotel was bright and comfortable (though the charges were rather high); the weather was perfect, sunshine combined with light breezes, and the scenes both novel and entertaining. The Savoy Hotel in the Sharia Gasr-en-Nil, on the way to the Egyptian Museum, is more English and much quieter than Shepheard's; the Continental, opposite the Esbekiya Gardens, is very large, and, as indicated before, the Ghezireh Palace is sumptuous.

VIII

FROM CAIRO TO LONDON

CHAPTER XLVIII

WE BOARD THE "CLEOPATRA"

We left Cairo on *Saturday, March 6th*, for Alexandria, a journey of $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; and having despatched our luggage to the Austrian Lloyd's mail steamer *Cleopatra*, we drove to the Savoy Palace Hotel for luncheon, a good sort of place, but unsuccessful and about to be closed, I was told. The *Cleopatra*, which had a full complement of passengers, moved out of the harbour at four o'clock, and we reached Brindisi on Tuesday morning at two o'clock, an unearthly hour, and we had to wait until seven o'clock for our train to Rome. We stopped at every station on the way, our route being via Bari and Foggia (where the train reversed), and then we crossed the mountains to Caserta, the junction for Naples, and on arrival found we had lost the connection for Rome and had a wait of $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours before us. We walked up to the Victoria Hotel and had

tea to fill up part of the time. The Royal Palace, near the station, was built for Charles III. of Naples, and is an immense place, 830 feet long and 134 feet in height. It has a theatre with large doors at the back of the stage, which can be opened so as to include the gardens in the scene when required. At present the palace is unoccupied.

Leaving Caserta at 7.45 (19.45 according to Italian time), we reached Rome at 11.50, and walked across to the Continental Hotel, where we had supper, and retired at 1.30, thoroughly tired out after our very long day.

In order to make the most of our limited time we engaged a guide and carriage from the hotel, driving past Marcus Aurelius's column, erected in 174 A.D. to the Emperor, the adopted son of Hadrian. It is surrounded by bas-reliefs representing the conquest of the Marcomanni. It was found on the Monte Atoria in 1709 and was re-erected in the Piazza Colonna. We saw the Dorian Palace, and went into the picture-gallery, consisting of four rooms in the Barberini Palace, noticing particularly Guido Reni's (so-called) "Beatrice Cenci."

CHAPTER XLIX

THE SIGHTS OF ROME

Crossing over the Bridge of S. Angelo, we reached the Vatican, adjoining S. Peter's. This huge palace is said to have no fewer than 11,000 rooms, and became the residence of the Pope in 1378, when the Lateran had fallen into decay. The entrance is at the end of the right-hand colonnade in the Piazza of S. Peter, and visitors ascend by the magnificent staircase called the Scala Regia, built by Bernini, which is guarded by the Papal Swiss in their picturesque uniforms.

In the Sala Rotunda and the Gallera delli Statue are noted pieces of sculpture which I will not enumerate, and in the Cortile del Belvidere is the well-known group of the Laocoon, discovered on the Esquiline Hill in 1506; also the "Apollo Belvedere," found in the sixteenth century at Antium, and purchased by Julius I. for the Belvedere Palace (a garden

pavilion adjoining the Vatican), with the "Boxers" and "Perseus" by Canova. In the fourth cabinet is the "Antinous" (or Mercury), supposed to be the finest statue in the world, found on the Esquiline Hill.

In the vestibule is the "Torso Belvedere," found in the Baths of Caracalla, carved by Apollonius, son of Nestor of Athens. Michael Angelo declared that he owed to this Torso the power of representing the human form, and in his old age, when nearly blind, he used to be led up to it that he might pass his hands over the marble. The Pinacoteca, or Gallery of Pictures, was founded by Pius VII. to receive the pictures carried off from the churches by the French, and restored after Waterloo. There are four rooms filled with the works of the Old Masters.

The Sistine Chapel is now entered by a stairway and underground passage. It was built by Sixtus IV. in 1473. On festivals it was hung round with Raphael's cartoons, the upper portion of the walls being decorated in fresco by the great Florentine masters of the fifteenth century. The ceiling, of the shape of a flattened arch, is painted with scenes from the Old Testament by Michael Angelo. Pope Julius II. summoned him from Florence to

undertake this great work, although he had never before handled the brush, and he shut himself up in the chapel for five years, with the poems of Dante and the sermons of Savonarola for companions, and succeeded so well that the plain ceiling appears to have bold architectural features. It was opened in 1512 again, and about thirty years later he had completed the vast fresco of "The Last Judgment" on the wall over the altar.

We were not able to see Raphael's "Transfiguration" or Domenichino's "Last Communion of S. Jerome," as a new room was being prepared for them.

In the gallery of tapestries are Raphael's pictures woven in Flanders by order of Leo X. to adorn the Sistine Chapel. The original cartoons of some of them are at South Kensington, having been bought by Charles I. and placed in a special room at Hampton Court, where they remained until recent years. The tapestries were first hung as intended on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and after eight years were carried off at the sack of Rome by the Imperial Army, under the Constable of Bourbon, and were not recovered for twenty-six years. Again in 1798 the French seized them and sold them to a

Genoese Jew, and it was another ten years before they were repurchased by Pius VII. They are shown on Wednesdays only.

The Pantheon is the most beautiful pagan building in the world. It is circular, and is lighted from the top by an opening in the dome. Built by Marcus Agrippa, the bosom friend of Augustus Cæsar, and second husband of his daughter Julia, it was intended to form the conclusion of his *therme* (hot baths for public use), but it was used as a pantheon as early as 59 A.D. It suffered from a fire in 80 A.D., and was restored by Hadrian, who raised the level of the floor by some feet. Pope Boniface IV. consecrated it as a Christian church, under the title of S. Maria ad Martyres, on November 1, 830. In 1087 the building was used as a fortress by the anti-Pope Guibert, whence he made excursions against the lawful Pope Victor III. Pope Urban VIII. in the seventeenth century added the two campanile by Bernini, and did not scruple to strip off the gilt bronze ceiling of the Corinthian portico to make the baldacchino over the high altar in S. Peter's. The sixteen columns of the portico are of Oriental granite, 36 feet in height, the earliest examples of the Corinthian order in Rome. The ancient bronze doors remain.

Raphael, Annibale, Caracci, Taddes Zucchero, Baldaresse Peruzzi, Pierino del Vaga, and Giovanni da Udine, all painters, are buried here; also, in the wall over the high altar, King Emmanuel II. and Humbert I. Their ancestors lie in the splendid "Superga," near Milan. The remains of the theatre of Pompey, near where Cæsar fell, still exist, and the houses built on its site have curved fronts, following the line of the theatre.

The Capitoline was the hill of the kings, as the Palatine was the hill of the emperors. Its sides are abrupt and precipitous, and the summit is approached by steps as well as by a roadway. In the centre of the square on the top is an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the finest piece of bronze-work of ancient times. It formerly stood in front of the Lateran, having been placed there in 1187, when it was removed from the Forum. Here, too, are the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, found in the Ghetto.

The mayor's residence, the Museum of the Capitol, and the Halls of the Town Council are buildings erected by Michael Angelo in 1444-50. Here stood the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

One of the cliffs of the hill was called the

Tarpeian Rock, from being the burial-place of Tarpeia, and it is the spot from which traitors were hurled off in sight of the people in the Forum.

On the north side of the Capitol is the monument to Victor Emmanuel II., the liberator of Italy (not yet completed).

Descending, we come to the Arch of Septimus Severus, leading to the Roman Forum, a spot teeming with history, and worthy of weeks of examination and study. This arch was erected in 205 A.D. in honour of the Emperor and his two sons. The sculptures represent his victories over the Parthians, Arabians, and Adiabenes. The horses now standing over the portico of S. Mark's in Venice were harnessed to a chariot which originally rested on the top of this arch.

Between the Forum and the Colosseum is the Arch of Titus, erected after his death to the conqueror of Jerusalem.

Standing in front of the Colosseum is the triple Arch of Constantine, dedicated to commemorate the victories of the first Christian Emperor. An Arch of Isis was utilised for the purpose, as well as reliefs from the Arch of Trajan, &c., to which were added some sculpture referring to Constantine himself.

The Colosseum, or Flavian Amphitheatre, was begun in 72 A.D. and finished in 80 A.D. It is 157 feet high and 1,900 feet in circumference. The captive Jews after the fall of Jerusalem were employed in its construction. When perfect, it consisted of four storeys, the lowest of the Doric order, the second Ionic, and the third and fourth Corinthian. It was for a long time used simply as a quarry to furnish stone for the building of the Roman palaces.

The Palatine Hill is in the centre of the city, and on it were built many of the palaces of the Emperors. Cæsar's palace supplied the materials for that now used as the French Embassy.

The Forum of Trajan was the largest of them all, and part of it is now opened up. The ashes of the Emperor were buried under the pedestal of the column which bears his name. This column is 127 feet high, having a spiral band of bas-reliefs over its shaft, illustrating the Dacian War. On its summit is a statue of S. Peter, placed there in the sixteenth century.

The Piazza del Popola is a circular space at the extreme north of the city, and was the entrance to Rome on that side in the old days.

In the centre is an Egyptian obelisk, brought to Rome by Augustus after the death of Antony and Cleopatra. It is 78 feet 6 inches in height, and originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. It has the names of Seti, who went blind, and of Rameses, his son. In the Piazza is the Church of S. Maria del Popolo, founded in 1099 by Paschal II. It has an octagonal dome decorated by Bernini. Opposite, one on each side of the end of the Corso, are the twin Churches of S. Maria del Miracoli and S. Maria in Monte Sacro.

Entering the Porto del Popolo, the visitor had on his left hand the Monte Pincio and Borghesi Palace; then the Via del Barbuino, leading to the picturesque Piazza di Spagna, once an artificial lake made by Domitian for the representation of naval fights. Here at the foot of the Spanish stairs, leading to the Church of Trinite de Monte, is the fountain, La Baraccia, by Bernini, where the flower-sellers congregate. In this piazza lived Monti the poet, at No. 9, Shelley at No. 25, and Keats at No. 26. Following on, the road leads through a tunnel made under the Quirinal Hill to the handsome new street, the Via del Quirinale.

The next opening from the piazza is the

Corso, which is on the line of the old Via Flaminia, the great highway running from the north to the Capitol. The horse races during the Carnival took place along the Corso, which is about the width of our Bond Street. At the southern end, on the Capitoline Hill, towers the monument to Victor Emmanuel. It consists of a series of steps and terraces, ornamented with statues, leading up to a piazza, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of the King.

The street to the right is the Via Ripetto, leading to the Tiber, across which the Ponte S. Angelo leads to the castle of that name, and to S. Peter's. The castle was the tomb of Hadrian, but it was turned into a fortress in 423 and connected by a covered way with the Vatican. During the sack of Rome by the German and Spanish soldiers of the Emperor Charles V. in 1527, Pope Clement VII. defended himself here, with Benvenuto Cellini, the great gold and silversmith, as his chief engineer.

The present great Church of S. Peter is built on the site of the one erected in the reign of Constantine, which stood on part of the Circus of Nero, where S. Peter was crucified head downwards, and was the place of

slaughter of martyrs by order of that tyrant. Pope Nicholas V. in 1480 conceived the idea of building a more important church, and the splendid fabric as now completed is the result of the labours of various architects and artists. It was not until 1508 that the foundation-stone of one of the enormous pillars was laid by Pope Julius II., who employed Bramante as his architect, Michael Angelo designing the dome; and it took a hundred years to complete.

It is 669 feet long outside, the height of the nave is 152½ feet, the transepts are 446½ feet across, and to the base of the lantern to the floor is 440 feet. St. Paul's Cathedral in London is 500 feet long outside, and the height to the top of the cross is 365 feet.

Among the interesting works in S. Peter's are Carlo Fontane's monument to Christina, Queen of Sweden, who died in Rome in 1689, after having been converted from Protestantism, and who bequeathed to the Vatican the splendid library her father had acquired by the capture of Prague and other cities; the bronze tomb of Sixtus IV.; the grave of Julius II., whose monument is in S. Peter's in Vincoli; the mosaic copy of Domenichino's "Last Communion of S.

Jerome"; Canova's tomb of Clement XIII., which took eight years to execute; the tomb of Urban VIII., with a bronze statue by Bernini; the figure of "Justice" by Bernini (with tin drapery); the tomb of Alexander VII. by Bernini, with figures of "Justice," "Prudence," "Charity," and "Truth" (the latter draped in tin); the tomb of Pius VII. by Thorwaldsen; the mosaic copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration"; Canova's monument to the Stuarts, "the Old Pretender"; Charles Edward and Henry, Cardinal of York, whose graves are in the crypt; the monument to Maria Clementina Sobieska, the wife of the Pretender (near this is the door through which one ascends the dome); and the monument to James II. of England.

The Treasury is open to the public, and is well worth a visit. In the Church of S. Peter in Vincoli, just off the Via Cavour, are kept the chains worn by the saint when in prison; as well as the colossal statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, with figures at the sides of Rachel and Leah. The columns in this church came from Nero's villa. The house of Lucrezia Borgia is quite close to this church.

S. John Lateran, so called from its occupying the site of the palace of Plautus Lateranus,

the senator, who suffered under Nero, is really the cathedral church of Rome. In the magnificent portico, decorated with twenty-four pilasters, is the colossal statue of Constantine, found in his baths. The bronze doors came from the Senate House in the Forum. In the church are twelve niches, containing the statues of the Apostles. The Corsini Chapel, executed by Clement XII. in honour of S. Andrew Corsini, was designed by Galilei, and the porphyry sarcophagus came from the Pantheon, and was supposed to have contained the remains of Agrippa. There is also a Colonna chapel.

Pope Leo XIII. erected a monument to Innocent III., who excommunicated our King John. S. John Lateran is on the edge of the south-east wall of the city, and just outside the church is the walled-up ancient Porta Asineria, through which Belisarius entered Rome. In the crypt is a marble group of Jesus and Mary, executed by Bernini when he was only fifteen years old. In a building close by is the Scala Santa, or holy steps, supposed to have been those by which Christ descended in leaving the judgment-hall of Pilate, brought here by the mother of Constantine. By ascending these twenty-

eight steps on the knees one is granted a thousand years of indulgence. We saw several votaries making the ascent.

The Appian Way leads out of Rome southwards through Capua to Brindisi, and was made in 312 B.C. of hard stone, closely jointed. This road was lined for miles on either side with tombs, as it was the practice to bury all dead outside the city walls. We passed the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, an immense place, where it is said a thousand persons could bathe at one time, the water being supplied by the Antonine aqueduct, destroyed in the sixth century.

The remains of this aqueduct are seen on the left as one drives out. Among the works of art discovered at these baths are the "Farnese Hercules," the colossal "Flora," the "Farnese Bull," the "Two Gladiators," and the "Venus Callipyge."

Outside the Porta Appia (or Sebastiano) S. Sebastian met his death.

The catacombs of S. Calixtus are about two miles beyond the Porta Appia, and are underground passages lined with recesses in which the dead were placed and shut in by stone slabs. (There are about sixty of these catacombs around Rome, called after the particular

saints who were buried in them.) S. Cecilia's body was placed here after her martyrdom in 179 A.D. and removed in 820, being conveyed to the church bearing her name in Trastevere (over the Tiber), which was originally her home; it is across the Sublician Bridge. These catacombs contain many curious inscriptions and frescoes.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of Lucius Cornelius Sylla, is a circular tower 70 feet in diameter on the Appian Way, dating from 79 B.C. This tomb was converted into a fortress by Boniface VIII. In the Farnese Palace is a white marble sarcophagus, found here.

The Porta S. Paolo is a double gateway flanked by two towers, and close by is the pyramid of Caius Cestius, 115 feet high. Inside the Aurelian wall is the Protestant cemetery, now closed. In it are buried Keats the poet; Joseph Severn the artist, his friend; and Augustus William Hare, one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth." A new burial-ground was opened in 1825, and in this is buried the heart of Shelley; Gibson the sculptor lies here also.

Outside the wall is the Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul, marking the spot where they separated.

The magnificent Church of S. Paul beyond the wall is the successor of one built in the time of Constantine to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Paul, which took place here. This church was destroyed by fire in 1823, and the new building was at once commenced and opened in 1854. The principal entrance is now being completed. S. Paul's is the finest of the Roman churches, and is one vast hall of marble, having eighty Corinthian pillars forming the nave. Around the church, above the pillars, are mosaic portraits of the Popes from S. Peter to the present one. The Malachite altar, inlaid with lapis lazuli, was given by a former Czar of Russia, and the altar canopy is supported by four columns of Oriental alabaster, presented by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, while beneath it is the tomb of S. Paul. This church is the headquarters of the Benedictine monks.

The Quirinal, or Royal Palace, is at the north end of the city, and was founded by Gregory XIII. in 1574. Here the conclave used to assemble for the election of the Popes; that of Pius IX. being the last. At the top of the ascent leading to the Quirinal, called Monte Cavallo, are two marble figures of horse-tamers, supposed by some to be the work of

Phidias, by others of Praxiteles. These groups were presented to Nero by Tiridates, King of Armenia.

Modern Rome must be a pleasant place to live in, as there are many fine streets, lately built, with handsome shops filled with attractive wares, and the means of locomotion are as plentiful and cheap as in most cities; only they have no "tubes" or *sousterrains* at present, as in London and Paris. There are a number of first-class up-to-date hotels also for the accommodation of visitors.

CHAPTER L

FROM ROME TO FLORENCE

We left Rome by the nine o'clock train, and reached Florence at 2.35, where we found a motor-omnibus from the Grand Hotel awaiting us. Arriving so early, we had time to visit the Baptistery, where all babies born in Florence must be christened if of the Catholic persuasion, and we saw one being baptized as we entered. We had our tea at Gilla's, the favourite confectioner's shop, whose chocolates and candied fruits are excellent. It had been a stormy day, hail when we left Rome, and much rain during the journey, but when it cleared up we found the sun very warm. It finished up with a thunderstorm at night.

In the morning we chartered a guide and cab for the day, so we were able to use our time to advantage.

We first visited the cathedral, Santa Maria della Fiore (formerly S. Reparata), so-called

in allusion to the lily in the city arms, which marks the tradition of Florence having been founded in a field of flowers. The cathedral was begun in 1298 by Arnolfo di Cambio, and in 1313 the work was entrusted to Giotto, the shepherd-boy artist, who designed the adjoining lovely campanile. The façade is modern. Brunelleschi built the enormous dome early in the fifteenth century, and it is said that this gave Michael Angelo the idea for his dome at S. Peter's.

There is a monument in the cathedral to Giovanni Aguto, or Sir John Hawkwood, who was a famous *condottieri,* or captain of a body of soldiers, who fought for anybody who paid them. For thirty years from 1364 he fought in turns for nearly every large town in Italy; at times fighting for his own hand in order to maintain his troops, but he was mostly in the service of the Florentines. He died in 1393 at his house in the street called "Pulveroso," near Florence, and he had almost a royal funeral. His body lay in S. Reparata for some time, but was brought to England at the request of Richard II.

Behind the altar is a marble "Pieta" by Michael Angelo, carved when he was in his eighty-first year. Under the central altar of

the apse is the shrine of S. Zenobio, on the front of which is a relief representing the restoration to life of a widow's son. In this cathedral Savonarola preached his famous "revival" sermons in the fifteenth century. Until S. Peter's was built it was the largest church in Italy.

The baptistery of S. Giovanni, just opposite, was formerly the cathedral. The entrance is through Andrea Pisano's gates, erected in 1320. The northern doors are by Ghiberti, and also the celebrated eastern doors, designed in 1447, a full-sized model of which is in the Crystal Palace. They are best seen in the early morning, when the sun strikes upon them.

Santa Maria Novella, near the railway-station, is a Dominican church, out of which grew "the Inquisition," and all the members wear black and white robes. The façade was erected in 1456, and is a good specimen of Early Renaissance architecture. The arcades, in black and white marble, were used as a burial-place. The Rucellai family were the chief patrons of this church, and over the altar in their chapel is Cimabue's famous "Madonna," which was borne in triumph, when finished, from the painter's studio to the church. Another chapel is that of the Strozzi family,

whose palace, resembling a fortress, is in the Via Tornabuoni, the best street in Florence. It is decorated with frescoes by Filippino Lippi. The bust which stood on the tomb of Filippo Strozzi is now in the Louvre. The frescoes in the choir are by Ghirlandajo, one of them representing the Life of John the Baptist, the patron saint of the city. In the cloisters are numerous mediæval and modern tombs, with frescoes on the walls, a series of them, in various shades of green, describing the history of Genesis. The "Spanish Chapel" has beautiful twisted columns at its entrance, and was built in 1340 for the celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi, but assigned to the use of the suite of Eleanor of Toledo by Cosimo I., her husband, hence its name. The interior is profusely decorated with frescoes, one of which is "The Way to Paradise," as shown by the Dominican Fathers.

The Piazza della Signoria was the centre of Florentine life, as was the Forum of Rome. In it are the Old Palace of the Signoria, the Loggia de' Lanzi, and the great Fountain of Neptune. There is also an equestrian statue of Cosimo I.

The Loggia de' Lanzi was so called because it was the stand of the Swiss lancers who

were in attendance on Cosimo I., and in it are the "Judith and Holofernes" by Donatello; the "Perseus and Andromeda" by Benvenuto Cellini; the "Rape of the Sabines" by Giovanni da Bologna, and other pieces of sculpture.

In the piazza Savonarola and two of his followers were burned. The Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria has a lofty square tower, 330 feet high, built by Arnolfo di Lapo for the Guelphs.

The group of Hercules and Cacus by Baccio Bandinelli was carved from a block of marble brought by Michael from Carrara, but which he was unable to use through being summoned to Rome to decorate the Sistine Chapel.

The court of the Palazzo is surrounded by a colonnade, the pillars of which are richly decorated. In the centre is a fountain by Verrocchio; a boy playing with a dolphin.

On the first floor of the Palazzo is the Sala di Cinquento, built at the desire of Savonarola for the use of the Council after the expulsion of Pietro de Medici. It is 170 feet long and 77 feet wide. The frescoes illustrate the exploits of Cosimo I. In this room Victor Emmanuel II. opened his first Parliament, Florence for a time having been the capital of United Italy.

The ground floor of the Palazzo degli Uffizi, as its name indicates, is occupied by public offices, but its upper floor is a vast art-gallery, containing the most important and valuable collection in Florence. It has works by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo, Mantegna, Titian, Giorgione, and others, besides German, Flemish, and Dutch works of art. One room, called "the Tribuna," contains what are generally accepted as the gems of the collection: Raphael's "Madonna del Cardellino," his "St. John in the Desert," "The Fornarina," attributed to him, but believed by some to be the work of Sebastiano del Piombo, and his "Julius II."; two "Venuses" by Titian; Paul Veronese's "Holy Family"; Dürer's "Adoration of the Magi"; Perugino's "Madonna and Child" with a wounded Sebastian; Michael Angelo's "Holy Family"; Correggio's "Repose on the Flight into Egypt" and his "Nativity"; and Luini's "Herodias's Daughter." There are five celebrated pieces of sculpture in this room: "A Satyr Playing the Cymbal"; "The Wrestlers"; the "Medici Venus," found in Hadrian's villa in Tivoli in 1680; a "Scythian Sharpening His Knife to Flay Marsyas"; and "The Young Apollo."

In 1797 the Grand Duke of Tuscany, fearing

a second invasion of his territory, sent this precious collection, consisting of twelve statues and about the same number of pictures, to Palermo for safety. In 1802 Queen Caroline of Naples sold them to Napoleon, and they were placed in the Louvre, but restored in 1815.

A long passage, leading from the Uffizzi to the Pitti Palace, crosses the Ponte Vecchio over the jewellers' shops, and here is a collection of pictures ranking third in those in Florence (the "Belle Arti" being the second), among which are Andrea del Sarto's "Assumption," his portrait of himself and his wife; Fra Bartolommeo's "Madonna Enthroned"; Titian's portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, his "Musical Concert," and his "Magdalen"; Sebastian del Piombo's "Martyrdom of Saint Agatha"; Raphael's "Madonna del Granduca," his "Madonna del Baldacchino," his "Madonna della Sedia," his "Madonna dell' Impanata," and his portrait of Leo X. and two Cardinals; Giulio Romano's "Apollo and the Muses"; Perugino's "Entombment"; Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I and Henrietta Maria; Rubens' "Holy Family"; Allorio's "Judith"; Tintoretto's "Venus and Vulcan"; and Paris Bordone's copy of Titian's portrait of Pope Paul III.

The Accademia delle Belle Arti is in the Via Ricasoli, and contains a splendid collection of the Tuscan and Umbrian schools. Under the cupola is Michael Angelo's "David," taken from the door of the Palazzo Vecchio. Simon de Fiesoli commenced to carve out of a block of marble a statue of a giant. It lay unfinished for a hundred years, when Michael Angelo used it for his "David," which was his first great work in sculpture. There are also casts of all his plaster works. A room is devoted to Perugino's works, among them a "Descent from the Cross." In another room is Botticelli's "Primavera," one of those representing the seasons, said by some to be the most beautiful pictures in the world, also his "Coronation" from the monastery of San Marco. Among the early Umbrian pictures is Fra Angelico's "Descent from the Cross," his best work outside fresco, and his "Last Judgment."

Near the Accademia is the Piazzo San Marco, where is the public library, and, filling one side of the square, the monastery of San Marco, associated with Savonarola and Fra Angelico. The cloister is decorated with frescoes by Fra Angelico and others; the Great Refectory has one, by Giovanni Antonio Segliani, of the angels bringing food to S.

Dominic, and the Chapter House has a "Crucifixion" by Fra Angelico. The dormitory is divided into cells, and these have beautiful frescoes, on one side by Fra Angelico and on the other side by Fra Benedetto. In the prior's cell are two frescoes by Fra Bartolommeo, painted when the sermons of Savonarola had so impressed him that he had assumed the monastic habit, and henceforward painted only religious subjects. Savonarola was prior of this monastery, but his celebrated sermons were delivered in the cathedral.

The Church of S. Lorenzo was built by the Medici after the destruction of the old one in 1423, from designs of Brunelleschi, and completed by Michael Angelo, excepting the façade, which is unfinished. The Campanile was erected at the expense of the Electress Palatine Anna Maria Louisa de' Medici, sister of the last Grand Duke of that line, Gran Gastone, in 1740, as a thanksgiving offering at the birth of a son, "to the glory of my race," the old bells being re-cast for the new tower, and named after S. John the Baptist, S. Joseph, S. Lawrence, SS. Ambrose and Zenobius, and SS. Cosimo and Damien. This is the Medici Church, close by the prison-like Palazzo Riccardi (1430), the old residence

of the family; and here are the Medici tombs. The church is plain and simple, with its two rows of slender columns, its round arches, and flat, carved ceiling. The old sacristy is by Brunelleschi, and it contains the marble monument of Giovanni de Medici by Donatelli. The new sacristy, which is secularised, and is reached from outside the church, contains the tombs of the Medici family, executed by Michael Angelo, who also designed the building, under the order of Pope Clement VII., who was a Medici. It was begun in 1523, and occupied twelve years in building. (Copies of the groups by Michael Angelo are in the Crystal Palace.) Leading out of this is the Medicean Chapel, built as a mausoleum by the Grand Duke Ferdinand in 1604, the walls of which are covered with precious marbles and "pietra dura" work. The decorations are the armorial bearings of the principal towns in Tuscany. The cenotaphs of the Medici family stand around, two, those of Ferdinand I. (d. 1608) and Cosimo II. (d. 1620), by Giovanni da Bologna.

The Church of S. Croce, at the eastern extremity of the city, was begun in 1297. The façade, by Nicola Matas, was finished in 1863, and was the gift of an Englishman, Mr. Francis Sloane. It is a large church, with good stained

glass, but it has no side chapels. It has many frescoes, but most of them were destroyed in the sixteenth century. It is a Franciscan church, an order bound by vows of poverty, and it was one of the two churches where preaching to large congregations was usual; and on account of the number of illustrious persons who are buried here it has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Galileo, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, the Countess of Albany, Rossini, Ghiberti, Machiavelli the statesman, and Lanzi, who wrote a History of Painting, lie here. There are monuments to Dante and Cherubini, Manin, the Venetian patriot, &c. The finest tomb is that of Carlo Marsuppini, Chancellor of Florence, Secretary to Pope Eugenius IV., who died in 1455. It is delicately and richly carved, and is by Desiderio de Settignano. A flat tomb in the centre of the nave covers the body of John Ketterick (or Cattrick), Bishop of Exeter, who died here in 1419 while on a mission from Henry V. to Pope Martin V.

We were fortunate in obtaining a very good guide from Cook's office in Florence, as he knew exactly where to go and how to show us the utmost possible in our limited time. His name is Zacequini.

CHAPTER LI

HOME ONCE MORE

We left Florence at 9 p.m. and travelled through the night, having an hour's stay at Milan for early breakfast. Continuing our journey at 7.25, we went by the S. Gothard route, and arrived at Lucerne at 1.50, after lunching on the train. For convenience we stayed at the S. Gothard Hotel, close to the station, and found it quite comfortable, but nearly empty. Snow was falling, and the mountains all round were white, while the water on the lake looked grey, quite unlike its summer appearance. Spending a day in shopping, we left Lucerne early next morning and went through to Paris, where we stayed one day only, and then came home via Calais and Dover, reaching London on *Thursday, March 18th*, after an absence of five months.

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