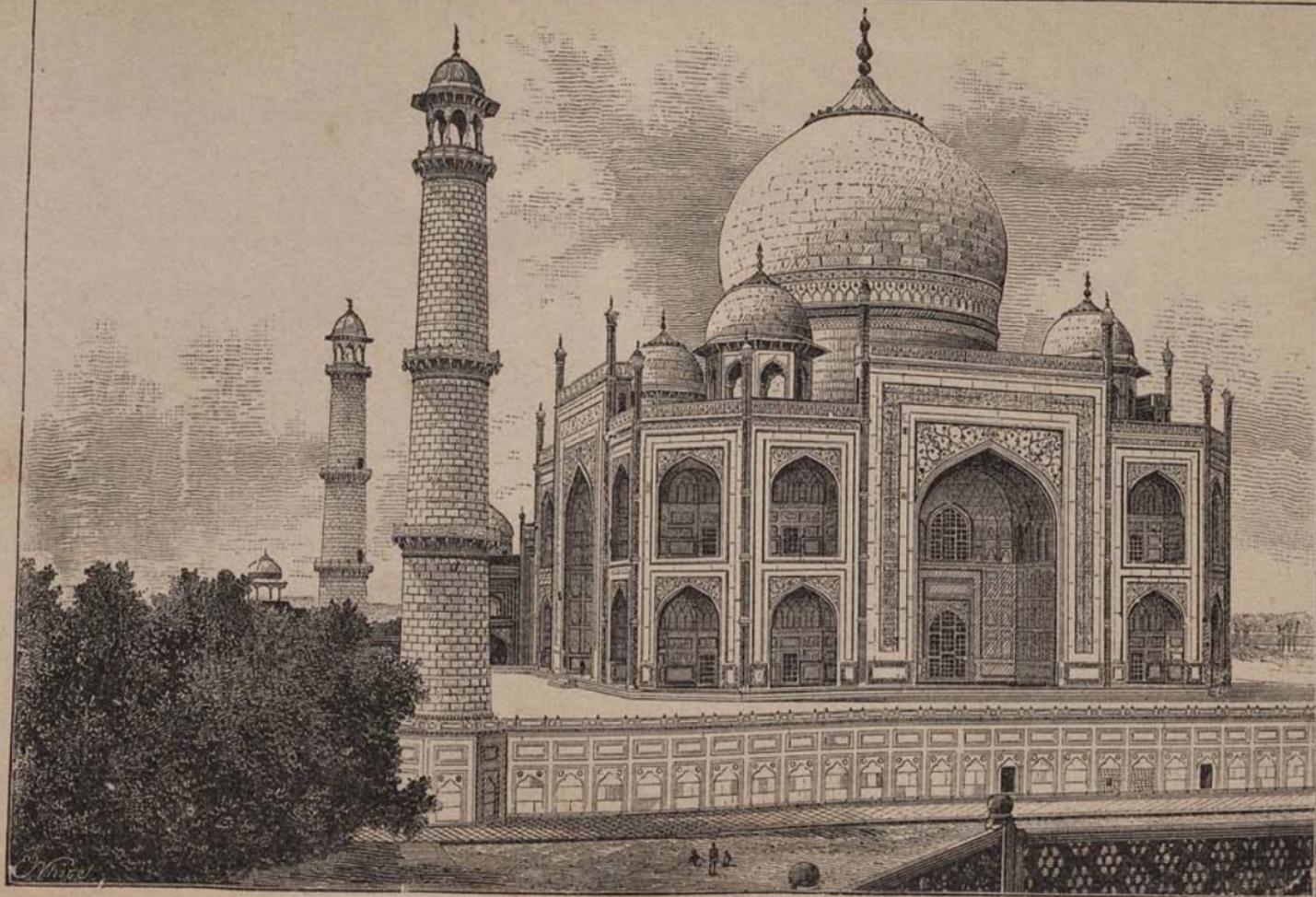




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K.K. Venugopal



TAJ-MAHAL FROM THE RIVER.

FROM HONG-KONG

TO

THE HIMALAYAS:

OR,

THREE THOUSAND MILES THROUGH INDIA.

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY E. WARREN CLARK.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

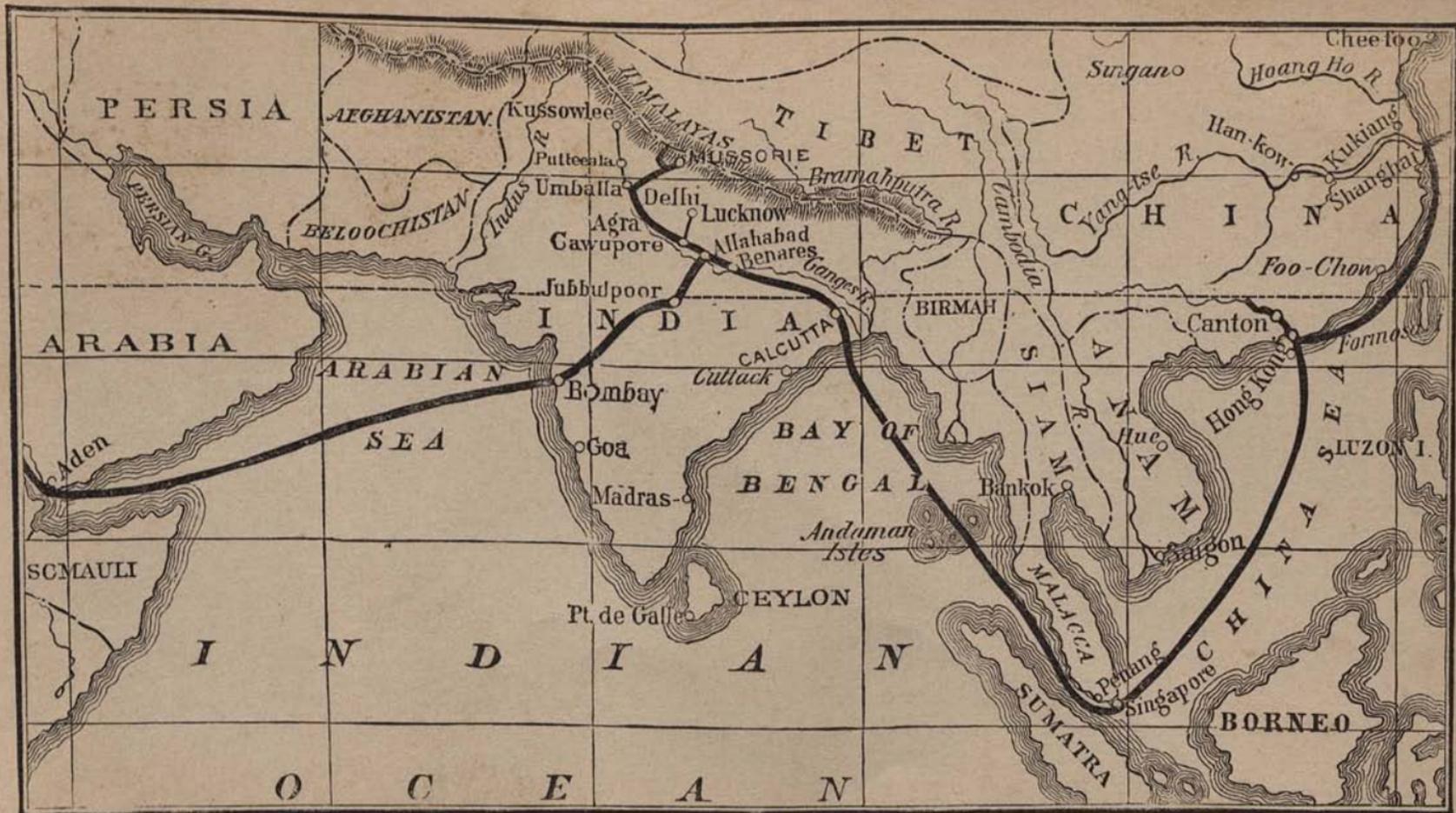
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FROM
Hong-Kong to the Himalayas.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLAND OF HONG-KONG.

“VOILÀ, Hong-Kong!” exclaimed the officer on board the French Messagerie steamer Hoogly, as we moved swiftly onward towards a bold, rocky island rising abruptly from the sea.

It was a clear morning in March, and the early dawn brightened the eastern sky, sending a gleam of silvery lustre across the waters of the wide Pacific.

Three days before, we had left the port of Shanghai, with its long line of shipping and beautiful gardens, and sailed southward through the channel of Formosa, where naught could be seen save the distant and indented coast-line of the “Celestial Empire,” and curious Chinese boats with bamboo sails,

rolling and pitching on the rough waves, through which they slowly ploughed their way.

On the morning of the third day we passed through the narrow strait separating Hong-Kong from the mainland; and the harbor, shipping, and colonial settlement were spread before us as a picturesque panorama.

The island and city belong to Great Britain, having been ceded to that country by the Chinese government. The location of the island is a little north of the mouth of the Pearl River, and nearly one hundred miles from Canton.

The city of Hong-Kong presents a beautiful appearance, rising by a succession of handsome terraces from the water's edge towards the lofty "Victoria Peak," whose rugged slope forms the background of the scene. Interspersed with the white fronts of residences and long lines of "hongs" and warehouses, are gardens, and trees with heavy foliage, the dark green tints of which, together with the shadowy slope in the rear, combine to set off the light and airy appearance of the place to advantage.

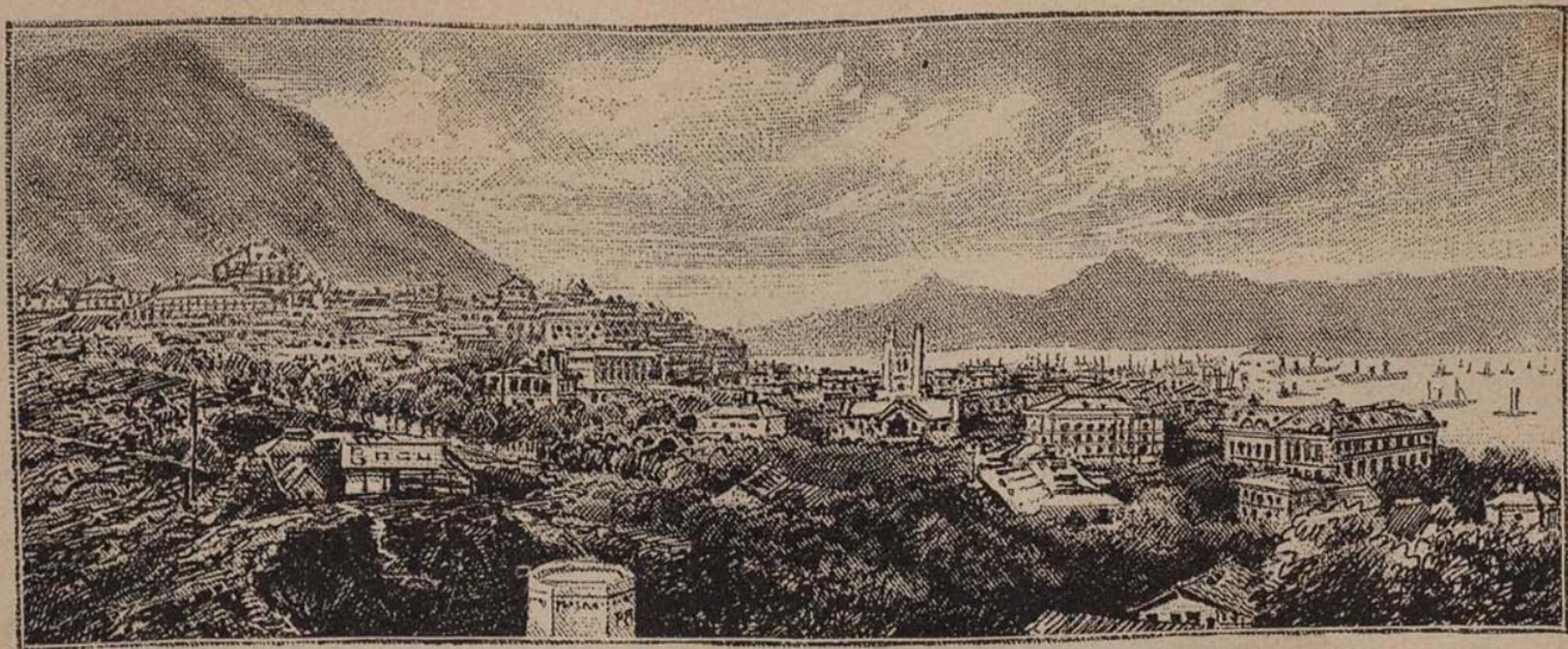
The island, as seen by one approaching it from the sea, has been compared to an "overgrown Gibraltar;" but the peculiar type of architecture pre-

sented by the buildings reminds one rather of the "Arcades" at Berne. No windows or doors are discernible, but every building has three balconies, with regular archways opening out towards the harbor. The sidewalks are covered ways, the roads are macadamized, the shops are high and spacious, and contain large assortments of foreign goods, and the general aspect is such as to impress one with the opulence and substantial character of the colony.

The shipping in the harbor is less than at Shanghai; nevertheless it comprises all varieties of craft, and the number of vessels daily arriving and departing from this port is surprising. Besides the extensive coasting trade—in which scores of native and foreign vessels are engaged, running to Amoy, Swatow, Foo-Chow, Ning Po, etc., on the north, and Manila, Macao, Saigon, Penang, and Singapore, on the south—this point is the terminus for some of the longest lines of steamers in the world; viz., the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, from Southampton, England; the Messageries Maritimes, from Marseilles, France; the Holt's line, from Liverpool; and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, from San Francisco. There are also mercantile lines of steamers run by private

companies to Calcutta, and engaged in the opium trade. With such an influx of commerce, raising it yearly in importance, it is no wonder that the barren rocks of Hong-Kong soon became beautified with the residences, villas, and business hong's of the foreign merchants, who (when the trade monopolies were in their hands) lived here in the style and opulence becoming princes. Under British auspices, and the stimulus of foreign trade, quite a flourishing native settlement has sprung up also on the island. English rule usually carries security and prosperity wherever its authority is felt.

American river-boats run daily between Hong-Kong and Canton, a distance nearly equal to that between New York and Albany. Nothing seemed more homelike than these side-wheel boats, where everything was characteristically American, and one might easily have imagined himself pushing up towards the wharves of Albany, rather than towards the dingy maze of oddities awaiting him in the most populous city of the Chinese Empire. Breakfast was served on board, in true Yankee style, as we steamed up the river; and the beefsteak, fish-balls, hot muffins, and waffles, were in pleasing contrast to the impressive, but "Frenchy" style on the *Messagerie S. S. Hoogly*. On the latter vessel



HONG KONG HARBOR AND VICTORIA PEAK.

we were served by French waiters with white gloves, swallow-tail coats, and white cravats, who presented palatable dishes with unpronounceable names in all the elegance of a Parisian café.

The only points that were not truly American about our river steamer were the name "Kiu Kian," and the two big eyes painted on the side of the boat. The Chinese say that if "boat have no eyes, no can see!" Therefore they paint great staring orbs, wide open, upon the prows of all their junks and smaller craft, and would scarcely feel secure in a "blind boat" that had no organs of vision. Out of respect to this strange prejudice, the foreign river-boats, plying between their ports, have gorgeously-painted *eyes*, in which the Chinese passengers have about as much confidence as they have in the pilot.

Our boat glided up towards Canton with an easy, rapid motion, quite free from the usual rolling accompaniments of the sea. She was a pretty steamer, light and airy as a bird. Among the foreign passengers were some Parsees, with curious coalscuttle hats and a separate eating-table; and on the lower deck were five or six hundred Chinese, who paid only a dollar a head for a trip of ninety-eight miles. On public holidays, sometimes as many

as twelve or fifteen hundred are taken up the river at once. On our forward deck a sentry with loaded musket paced back and forth, and the hatchway was secured with iron bars and padlocks ; the after-hatches were likewise closed with gratings, and a guard, with bayonet fixed, was stationed there. The pilot-house appeared like a small armory, with swords, pistols, and repeating rifles ranged on the wall, and things looked a little warlike for so peaceable a boat.

On asking the captain (who was a Massachusetts man) what he meant by making things appear so fierce, he replied, "Pirates ;" and to show that these precautions were necessary, he narrated the particulars of the capture of their little steamer, the *Spark*, some time ago, on one of its regular trips from Canton to Macao. The *Spark* left the former place one morning with the usual number of Chinese passengers on board, and with only one or two Europeans. The "pirates" took passage with the rest of the Chinese, and concealed their arms and intentions until the vessel had passed some distance beyond the "Bogue" forts. Then they raised a disturbance in the general cabin, which drew the captain there. He was at once knocked down and killed, and the purser, steward, and two other for-

eigners, were either murdered or left for dead. The pirates robbed the boat and Chinese passengers of what they could get (having been mistaken, however, in the amount of money they supposed to be on board), and then left in a native junk, which had pushed off from the shore to meet them by previous agreement. Two of the firemen then crawled out from near the boiler, where they had hid themselves, and started the *Spark* back towards the nearest port.

The affair caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Some of the pirates were eventually captured and executed, others were not, and extra precautions were taken afterwards to guard against a similar occurrence, but these were more showy than sure, and if the pirates took a notion to try again, there would not be very much to hinder them on the vessel itself; and these steamers are known frequently to carry large sums of money. We had that very day nearly half a million of dollars on board.

Some years ago foreign vessels were frequently captured by the pirates who infested the coast, and little mercy was shown to any who fell into their hands; but of late the British gunboats have pretty well "cleaned out" these banditti of the sea, and

the Chinese government, having now secured some fast steam-yachts, have armed them heavily, and by vigilant watch on the rivers and coast, prevent further depredations.

We passed the forts of the "Bogue," or, rather, what remains of them, for they have been destroyed three times during the past thirty years by British squadrons. These forts are placed on each side of a narrow channel in the river, just before it empties into the broad, delta-like bay. Of the batteries, formerly famous in these parts, nothing is now left but huge masses of broken masonry and piles of stones and earth. A low wall extends over the hillslopes in the rear, and stone encasements line the water's edge. A few parapets also remain, but otherwise the forts are just as they were when last knocked to pieces, for the English stipulated that they should not be rebuilt.

Below the "Bogue" the Pearl River expands to a breadth of several miles, being joined by numerous channels of the lower "West River," until it is finally lost in the sea. The breadth of the estuary or delta is more than seventy miles. At the extreme eastern limit lies the island containing the colony of Hong-Kong, forty miles to the westward of which is the peninsula of Macao.

Approaching Whampoa, which is twenty-eight miles below Canton, we passed the United States frigate Hartford lying at anchor, with her clean spars, big guns, unfurled flag, and band of music, which played some national airs as we went by. There was on board a party of young people and merry folks, some of whom we recognized; handkerchiefs were waved and smiles interchanged as our boat steamed on its way. Ugly-looking junks were passed, with great eyes at the prow, and immense sails made of matting, supported by long bamboo strips.

One would hardly venture a description of the motley array that awaits the stranger in his first glimpse of Canton. It seemed at first sight as though half the population were afloat on the river, for such a dense mass of dingy boats could never be imagined, and how our steamer ever reached the dock without crushing scores of them was almost a miracle. There were long lines of curious, covered boats or scows on the right and left and everywhere, some moving and some motionless, and all crowded with swarms of men, women, and children. This "floating population" of Canton is the most characteristic feature of the city. Owing to the compact manner in which the place is built, and the

crowded condition of the population, thousands of the poorer people find it convenient and economical to live in boats which line the river banks. These boats vary in size and pretensions, some being quite small, and others as large as canal-boats, and gaudily painted. A covering of bamboo matting arches over the centre of the boat, forming the little "house" in which the family sleep. A small clay fireplace in the stern, and a few rude dishes packed away under the seat, form the furniture of the kitchen and diningroom; all parts of the boat may be called the "nursery," for the number of babies clambering and sprawling about the floor is surprising. These children have very limited opportunities of amusement, so they spend much of their time in splashing their hands in the water or climbing over the sides of the boat. Of course they are in constant danger of falling overboard, and their mothers sometimes tie them to the small mast, or fasten them to a floating bottle-gourd. Little fellows were seen with shaven heads and miniature "pigtales," the ends of which were fastened to an upright stick, giving them just enough tether to kick and splash without falling into the river. When the boys occasionally tumble overboard, they can be pulled out of the water by their cues; the

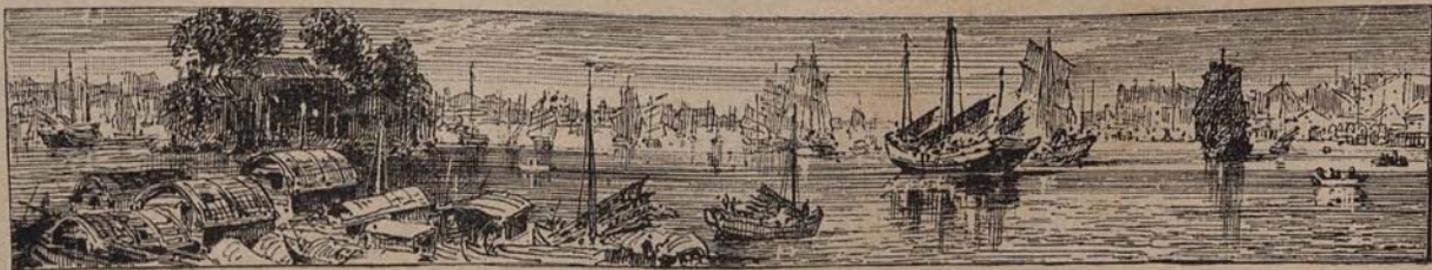
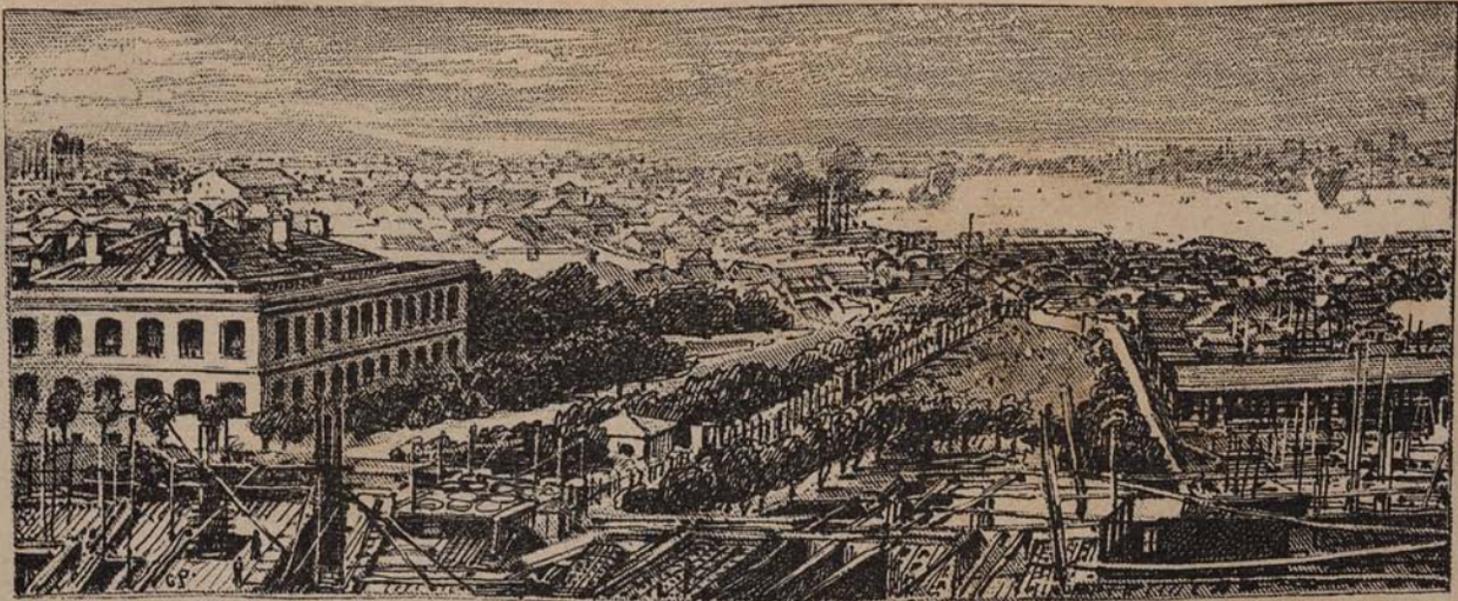
girls, however, "do n't count" for very much in the Chinese estimation, and if they fall overboard few efforts are employed to save them ; they are left to the merciless "river god," who is said to drag them down.

The swarms of boats were ranged in regular rows, and banked off in blocks, having canal-like streets running through them ; and although to a stranger it appears a bewildering maze, yet every boat has its appointed place, and the floating city of 100,000 souls has its own regulations and even its petty rates of taxation. Multitudes of people are born, live, and die on this moving flotilla : the men go ashore and work during the day, and the women "paddle their own canoe" in the midst of the river shipping, finding small jobs and picking up a few pence by carrying goods or passengers. The cheapest and pleasantest way of going about Canton proved to be by means of these boats. Round-faced and muscular women with brawny arms rowed the "sampan" (as the boat is called) from place to place. The women often had children strapped on their backs, or sprawling in their laps, as they rowed, yet they pulled steadily and slowly against the swift current, sometimes singing a plaintive sort of lullaby. Their bare feet

were large and fat, and never bound up or dwarfed like the "little feet" which characterize the Chinese *ladies*.

Flower-boats, and gayly-decorated craft of larger size, were anchored in the stream, and these were used as places of resort by the more fashionable people of the city. Here music, dancing, theatricals, and other "questionable" amusements were to be found. The occupants and patrons of these larger boats come and go, but the poorer people in the sampans remain always on the river, and know little change save the rising and falling of the tides, the splash of the oar, and the preparation of boiled rice for their frugal meals.

A few years ago a terrible cyclone swept over the city of Canton, and though the darkened sky and hazy atmosphere gave premonitions of the storm, there were few places of shelter whither the boats could flee for safety; and thousands of them were swamped, blown to pieces, or thrown helplessly on the rude embankments by the great tidal wave that came rushing up the river, carrying destruction and death in its course. Hundreds of people perished in a single night.



CANTON AND THE WEST RIVER.

CHAPTER II.

CANTON: THE METROPOLIS OF THE "MIDDLE KINGDOM."

JUMPING off the boat which brought me to Canton, I began to thread my way through the motley labyrinths before me towards the house of a missionary friend, trusting more to instinct for guidance than to any knowledge that I possessed of the locality. The first thing I tried to find was a street; and, after pushing along through an indefinite number of passage-ways, I came to a long lane, a few yards wide, in which throngs of people were going back and forth. Joining the Chinese current, I was carried rapidly along, continuing meanwhile my unsophisticated search for a "street," until at last it dawned upon me that my notion of what constituted a street was undoubtedly different from the Chinese notion, and that these narrow and dingy defiles, through which the populace were edging their way with wonderful dexterity, were really the avenues for trade and travellers, and must be taken as the celestial equivalent for streets. So, looking

as wise and comfortable as the chattering crowd and slippery pavement would permit, I elbowed my way along with perfect gravity, holding on to my pockets, and wondering why the moving and chattering crowd of celestials took things so coolly. I did not seem to be such a curiosity to them as they were to me ; and though some stopped and stared, and others ran away, yet the rabble kept on its course, and nobody cared—much less cleared the road—for a foreigner. In fact, the “get-out-of-the-way” spirit was on the other side of the affair. A mandarin procession came trotting along ; how it was going to squeeze by I could not imagine, for streets two yards wide are not over-accommodating to big chairs carried by coolies. The crowd, however, slipped into little nooks and crevices, and I took refuge in a store, while the mandarin went by, fat and serene as you please, with runners in front, and donkey-mounted secretaries behind him.

The sights of a Chinese street are a marvellous mixture of incongruities, and everything appears crowded up together, as if people scarcely had room to move or breathe. The stores are ranged thickly on both sides, and resemble great booths or stalls, being entirely open in front, and having substantial counters and chairs and shelves. Their goods are

ranged on the shelves around the three sides of the room, or else in showcases, so that the passer-by may see at a glance all that the shop contains. Every store has its own little "god-house," or sacred tablet and inscription, in a prominent place high up on the wall, and before these tapers are continually burning and incense is offered. Another little shrine, with tablet, to the "God of Wealth," is also placed at the entrance, and before this tapers and joss-paper are burned each evening, just after the shutters are put up in front of the shop. By far the most striking effect in the street is caused by long sign-boards, which hang down from iron brackets, and are so thick that you can only see a short distance ahead. These boards are colored green, blue, and red, and are inscribed with heavy gilt letters; or the names are carved and the alternate characters are colored differently, so that with its variety of hues the crowded causeway has a very gaudy appearance. The Canton streets are celebrated for their cleanliness, but of their odors on a warm day I will not speak. They are all paved with granite slabs, worn smooth and slippery by the tread of generations. These slabs are very long and about a foot wide, and they lie crosswise over the road. Directly under them are the sewers,

which open up to the air through the numerous crevices of the pavement.

The atmosphere is not usually unpleasant though, and there is always so much incense burning, so many fire-crackers exploding, such quantities of sandal-wood, spice, fruit, sugar-cane, and other odoriferous substances exposed for sale, that it takes a long time to discriminate between the scents that please and those that do not. It must be remembered, also, that most of the streets here—many of them main streets—are scarcely as wide as the sidewalk in front of an American house; and if one can imagine miles of such lanes, intersected at irregular intervals by similar crooked and twisting cross-paths, an idea may be gained of what labyrinths Canton is made up. This system is utterly perplexing to a new-comer, and one could not possibly find his way around without an experienced guide; for there are no parks or open spaces whence a general view of the situation may be obtained. Nothing can be seen above but a strip of sky between the projecting eaves of the houses; and even this opening is not unfrequently covered with boards or matting.

Canton impresses one from the first as a vast and populous city; and, indeed, it ranks, in most

respects, before any other in the Chinese Empire. There is more wealth here and a greater variety of food ; there are also better trading facilities, more general comfort and intelligence in the community, than perhaps at any other point. The Cantonese are not lacking in spirit, and have made no little trouble during past years in their foreign relations ; but the British have given them several severe lessons, by which their haughtiness and contempt for other powers were effectually whipped out of them, and they now have a wholesome respect for foreigners. In former times the East India Company had the monopoly of trade in this neighborhood, and for nearly one hundred and fifty years they sustained a similar relation to the Chinese here, with similar humiliations also, to what the Dutch traders at Dezima experienced with the Japanese during the same period. When their monopoly had ceased, in 1834, and when Chinese insolence could no longer be tolerated, hostilities became rife. During the troubles which ensued a mob attacked the old "factories," or foreign hong's and residences, and destroyed them by fire. This occurred in 1856, and for it the city was bombarded, and eventually taken by the English, who maintained a garrison there till 1861. Since then peace and quiet have reigned.

The present appearance of Canton, facing on the river, is far from prepossessing, except at the upper portion, where the English and French have constructed an artificial island on what used to be a series of mud-flats. This is separated from the mainland only by a small canal. The length of the ground filled in is nearly three thousand feet, and a wall of solid masonry extends around the whole of it. The total cost of the undertaking was \$325,000, four-fifths of which was defrayed by the British government. This spot is called Shamin, and is occupied chiefly with English residences. A splendid line of trees surrounds it, and it rejoices in long shady avenues, beautiful buildings, a fine church, flower-gardens and shrubbery in abundance. Altogether, it is called the prettiest place in China. Just off Shamin the river is broad, and affords a commodious anchorage for steamers and merchant-vessels. The Macao Passage opens up on the opposite side.

The appearance and striking characteristics of a great city in China are so totally dissimilar to anything seen by the traveller in the neighboring country of Japan, that no amount of experience in the latter country, or familiarity with its customs and city life, could prepare his mind for the strange scenes and peculiar phases of Chinese life which

constitute the scope of his bewildered studies in Canton.

If I ever imagined that a four years' residence among the Japanese had sufficiently orientalized my powers of observation to enable me to comprehend their neighbors "the celestials" at a glance, I was soon to learn that this was far from being the proper conclusion.

Canton is no more like Tokio, or any other Japanese city, than it is like New York. Its streets, houses, shops, social life, etc., are entirely different; and there is little reason why the two countries, China and Japan, should be so persistently confounded by foreigners. The Chinese are Mongolian, but the Japanese are not; and they are unlike in most of their national and individual traits.

There are certain peculiarities common to most Orientals, which make them appear similar to us; just as the Jap or Chinaman will insist that all foreigners are alike, whether they call themselves Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or Americans. But the distinctions of race, religion, physiognomy, and national characteristics are frequently more marked in the case of the Asiatic than of the European. We have less reason, in fact, for thinking

the Orientals "all alike" than they have for considering us so.

On my first arrival in Canton, I seemed in such a maze of sights and oddities, that it required fully a month of diligent research to initiate myself into the mysteries of Chinese life, and accustom the mind to all the novel scenes presented.

Under the experienced guidance of a missionary friend, Rev. J. C. Nevin, who had resided in Canton for ten years or more, and whose hospitality and kindness made my sojourn there a perpetual holiday, I was enabled to "do up" the city very thoroughly and systematically, and also to accomplish a trip of one hundred miles into the interior of the country.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of one or two chapters, to give more than a casual glance at the objects and places of interest in so great a city as Canton. The city has a circuit of eight or ten miles, and, including the suburbs, the population on land and water is estimated by Dr. S. Wells Williams to be nearly a million. The older and central part of the city is still enclosed by walls, which run through the most compact and closely-built portions; their presence would never be suspected, were it not for the massive gateways

of solid masonry occasionally met with in traversing the city. There are no parks or open places whence one may obtain an effective view; but an endless succession of alleyways form an infinite series of crooked labyrinths, where a stranger becomes hopelessly lost in less than five minutes. Nor can one see the city to better advantage by climbing the "five-storied pagoda," where a bird's-eye view is obtained. Canton looks, from a lofty perch of observation, like a wilderness of roofs and wooden railings, where chimneys, clothes-lines, and cupolas are prominent features of the landscape. No public buildings, broad avenues, or stately trees relieve the monotony of the scene; but massive temple-roofs, tall pagodas, and heavy square towers are seen here and there at intervals. These square towers appear quite feudalistic in the distance, but their imposing character rather loses its charm when we learn that they are "pawnshops," and are built in this manner to protect the goods stowed away in them against robbers and outlaws. On top of the towers stones and hand-grenades are kept in readiness to drop upon the heads of persons attempting to pilfer these belligerent "pawnshops."

On the highest eminence in Canton the French

have established several Roman-catholic institutions, and are now engaged in erecting a splendid cathedral. Its length is 236 feet, width 98 feet, and height of nave and transept 75 feet. The arched roof and graceful spires of this new cathedral are very conspicuous from the river, as the traveller approaches Canton; and the chaste work in solid granite, with its imposing Gothic architecture, seems in striking contrast to the general shabbiness of the Chinese surroundings. The Cantonese say that this cathedral is a "fort," and that the large round windows high up in the transepts are for cannon (!); when the "fort" is finished, they say, the French Jesuits are going to capture the city. The Romanists are shrewd and far-sighted, here as elsewhere, and, judging from the progress they are making, one might believe the prevailing fear had some ground of truth in it, although the ecclesiastical "canons" employed would scarcely be of the character suspected.

An ancient Mohammedan minaret is seen in the old part of the city, and near it a mosque and school for teaching the Koran in Arabic. The minaret is perfectly round, and cracked near the top; a small tree is growing in the crevice (from a seed lodged there by the wind or by a bird); its roots will

strengthen and expand, causing the tower ere long to crumble. The minaret is very different from the Buddhist pagoda. It suggests that Mohammedanism once had a strong footing in China. There are three other mosques in Canton.

The old mythological name for Canton is the "City of Rams." Archdeacon Gray, who is quite an authority on Chinese traditions and history, tells us the story which originated this title: "Five genii, clothed with garments of five different colors, met at the capital. They came riding through the air upon five rams. Each of the rams bore in his mouth a stalk of grain having six ears, and presented them to the people of the district, to whom the genii said, 'May famine never visit your markets.' Having pronounced this blessing, the genii departed, and the five rams were turned into stone."

These stone rams, somewhat battered and broken, are still standing (or lying in fragments) in front of five images of the genii, at the temple dedicated to their memory. It is approached by a flight of steps, at the head of which a tower with an arched passage-way is placed; in the tower is suspended a large bell, said to weigh ten thousand pounds. The bell has no striking beam or clapper, and a large semi-circular piece has been knocked

out of it at the rim. On inquiry, I learned that it also has an interesting history. Tradition said that this great bell should never toll unless to sound the doom of the city. Accordingly, it was looked upon with superstitious awe, and many precautions were taken to prevent it being rung. When the British gunners bombarded the city, in 1857, they were made acquainted with the locality of the temple and the tradition connected with the bell. They fired with unerring precision, and struck the bell! It sounded in deep tones the doom of the city; for the superstitious fear of the people, combined with the science of modern gunnery, led to an unconditional surrender. Of course, the Cantonese were thereby more confirmed in their belief concerning the truthfulness of the tradition.

In the second story of the temple are three gilded images of Buddha, representing his three states of serene contemplation, viz., the Past, Present, and Future. Incense is kept continually burning before the large images, and an elaborate altar is beautifully decorated with vases and bronze lotus-lilies. The incense tapers are very long, and coiled in the form of a spiral slow-match; they resemble an old-fashioned "hoop-skirt," suspended over the altar. They smoulder very slowly at the lower

end, and are marked with graduated wires, telling how many hours and days they will burn.

At the Temple of Longevity we saw an immense gilt image, termed the "Laughing Buddha," sitting back in a great armchair, jolly and fat, and apparently enjoying himself hugely.

The temples of Canton have a substantial and sober look, but are not usually so attractive as those in other countries of the "Far East." They are built of lead-colored bricks, and their tiled roofs are ornamented with dragons and gilt devices.

The Chinese worship less at their temples than other Orientals, but more at their household shrines and tablets found scattered throughout the city. Every evening the tapers are lighted, and the joss paper burnt before the shrines at the side of each doorway; at twilight it fairly makes the eyes smart to walk the streets while these numberless sticks of incense are burning.

One of the most characteristic temples in the city is called the "Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha," and is noted for its wealth and extensive patronage. The long hall, or temple, contains five hundred life-size images, ranged upon elevated platforms; no two are alike, and such a variety of expressions and costumes it would be difficult to

describe. Some of the faces are stern and stoical, others are comical and merry ; a few represent warriors, with spears and bows, and others symbolize the saints, with golden halos around their heads. But confusion reigned in the hall as Rev. Mr. Nevin and myself entered it, for "house-cleaning" seemed to be the order of the day. A Chinese contractor had engaged to regild the images which had become dingy and dusty with age. The process cost several thousand dollars ; but this amount was paid by the wealthy patrons of the temple and the worshippers who resorted thither with their ancestral offerings. The scale upon which repairs and improvements were carried on at this temple showed that paganism was not passing into very rapid decline in *that* locality.

But the feelings of sadness with which we witnessed the evidence and strength of foolish superstition could not but be mixed with a sense of the ridiculous, as we saw scores of these old and grim-visaged images sprawling around on the floor, or tumbled over on their backs, preparatory to the process of scraping and regilding. Most of these images are made of clay, others of wood, and not a few are carved in the most grotesque attitudes, rendered all the more striking by their being tempora-

rily and unceremoniously upset. One colossal idol lay on his back, with his heels kicking in the air, while another crouched in the corner with his big fists pressed against his stomach, and an indescribable expression of agony on his face, as though he had been seized with a spell of colic! Still a third had fallen upon his nose, while near him a group of hideous fellows had been rolled together, and were vainly striving to stand on their heads. Near the doorway two or three of the most comical images had been seated on stools, and were being brushed and scraped. One of these held his knee in his hand, and wore a dubious expression of fear and pain upon his freshly-rubbed face.

We asked the men scraping the images whether their gods ever "squealed" or made a fuss in being scrubbed and scraped and rolled about on the floor. They laughingly replied that the spirits had "gone away to heaven" for a little while, until the cleaning and regilding were finished; then they would come back again! We quoted the 115th Psalm to them, about the foolishness of having gods with eyes that see not, mouths that speak not, ears that hear not, and noses that smell not, etc.; and we told the men that "they that make them are like unto them." But they laughed and continued scraping; for, like

Demetrius the silversmith, they "got much gain by this craft."

On the south side of the river are the extensive and beautiful grounds of the Temple of Honam, covering six acres, and occupied by one hundred and fifty priests. This temple was founded in the year 1600. It is approached from the river bank through a long avenue of shady banyan and cotton-wood trees. Two gateways are passed before reaching the main temple, where three gilt Buddhas are seated. Near it is a marble pagoda, and behind the labyrinth of buildings there is a curious stone court, where "sacred" pigs, ducks, hens, and other creatures live at their ease and grow fat. It is a virtue, according to the Buddhist doctrine, to save or preserve life, even of the lower animals. If one rescues a pig, therefore, from being butchered, and places it where it will be well cared for, the act is commendable and pleasing to the gods. Attached to the temple is a large garden, where flowers are cultivated and dwarfed trees are trained into curious shapes, resembling men, junks, and animals.

Beyond the garden is a path leading to a secluded spot, where cremation is performed for priests only. The cremation-furnace is a square brick hut, with domelike top, having a large hole for a chim-

ney, and openings below to increase the draught. After a body has been burned, the calcined bones and ashes are carefully collected in an earthen jar, and deposited in a temporary receiving vault. I went into this vault, the door of which is left swinging open, as no Chinaman would dare molest "dead men's bones." Here were wooden shelves, upon which were placed two or three dozen jars containing preserved priests! Some of these jars were sealed with clay and lime, and had the names of the priests upon them, with the date of their death and cremation; others were open to the air. Taking down one or two jars, I put my hand in and took out some of the clean white ash and fragments of calcined bone. The bones were perfectly clean, but crumbled easily. When a sufficient number of jars have accumulated in this vault, they are taken and emptied into one common sarcophagus. Several of these stand near the cremation furnace; they are twelve feet high, eight feet in diameter, and are like colossal urns. Each mausoleum represents many defunct generations of priests; for it requires the bones and ashes left from hundreds of cremation fires to fill one large vault. They are tightly sealed, to protect the ashes from moisture and the air.

Of the one hundred temples in Canton, that of Honam is the most celebrated for its historical associations and the beauty of its grounds.

There is nothing so interesting in Canton, however, as Canton itself. The streams of people pouring through the streets are an endless source of study. In other cities of the world the number of human beings often excites one's amazement; but in Canton the thoroughfares are so narrow and the population so compact, that the people simply *swarm* to and fro from morning till night. They are all dressed alike, or so nearly so, that fashion has little chance for change. The Chinese dress about the same from year to year and century to century. The plain blue blouse, the black plaited queue and dangling tassel, the smoothly-shaven head and blue silk cap, the little fan in hand, and noiseless shoes on the feet, are all that constitute the essential costume of the upper classes. The coolies and lower classes are more poorly clad, and their heads are not shaven so neatly; but none of them go so nearly naked as the corresponding classes among the Japanese.

The means of locomotion in Canton are decidedly limited. No omnibuses, horse-cars, carriages, or vehicles of any sort are to be seen; not even a



CHINESE "PUSH-MAN" CAR.

truck or cart for carrying merchandise. The streets are too narrow to admit of any wheeled vehicles whatever; the aristocracy are carried, therefore, in sedan-chairs, and all goods are transported on the shoulders of men.

In China, coolies are cheaper than horses, and human labor replaces that of the beast of burden. The only conveyances I ever noticed (for city travel) were the rude wheelbarrows of Shanghai—like the one that is seen in the accompanying picture. Here a sort of framework is built over the clumsy wooden wheel, upon which one or two persons may sit as comfortably as the jolting character of the cart will admit. A strap passing over the coolie's shoulder is attached to the handles of the wheelbarrow. This primitive method of "getting around" is more convenient than would at first appear, though not nearly so pleasant as the Japanese *jin-riki-sha* (or one-man-power carriage), which is being slowly introduced at Shanghai. As for railroads in China, the people still have a strong prejudice against their introduction, and it will probably be a long time before royal permission is freely granted for their construction.

In "shopping" at Canton, the tourist finds stores of one sort grouped together in the same street.

For example, an entire street is given up to the beautiful jade-stone ornaments, which are a specialty in this place; necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and exquisite carved work, made of agate, crystal, and jade-stone, are exposed for sale in great profusion.

Jade is very hard and heavy, difficult to cut, and very expensive. It is sawed into circular pieces by means of a fine wire, and is the most fashionable article of jewelry among the Canton belles; the most popular color being that which shades from milky white to clear green.

Another street was devoted to silk-weaving establishments, where the most exquisite patterns and colors were produced from the rudest sort of machines. The looms were located in the basement of the shop, as the dampness of the ground is said to impart a peculiar gloss to the silk. One operator sat in a square hole in the ground and guided the threads, while another sat among the intricate maze of sticks, shuttles, and silk threads, the movements of which he directed with hands and feet over the head of the first operator.

We purchased two pairs of silk slippers, which were the most brilliant in color and design we had ever seen. We also invested, before leaving Can-

ton, in some beautiful "bird's-beak jewelry," and a few "bird's-nests" (at 50 cts. apiece), from which the Chinese make their famous bird's-nest soup.

The jewelry is carved, in the form of breastpins, earrings, etc., from the beak of a large bird found in the East Indies. The color of the beak is of deep amber or light orange, and the delicate workmanship far exceeds any carvings in ivory. Flowers, figures, and artistic devices are produced with exquisite effect, and sometimes the whole forehead and beak are carved in one elaborate design of temples and picturesque landscapes.

The "bird's-nests" purchased were not composed of sticks and straw, as some people may suppose, but consisted of a whitish sort of gelatine, brittle to the touch, insipid in taste, and about the size and shape of an ordinary clam-shell. These nests are found attached to the most inaccessible cliffs and rocks among the islands of the south China Sea, and are obtained with great difficulty by suspending men and boys by ropes over the cliffs. After gathering the nests, they are carefully cleansed by picking off all the bits of feathers, etc., and are shipped to Canton, where the wealthy epicures purchase them, and make the soup which they consider a great delicacy. We did not make soup of

our bird's-nests, however ; first, because it would cost about five dollars to make an average-sized dish ; and, secondly, because we could have produced a better flavor with five cents' worth of gelatine and salt !

My missionary friend frequently offered to treat me by the wayside to various culinary commodities, exposed for sale in the restaurants, or boiling in open pots in front of the shops. I usually declined with dignified reserve on finding that the tempting joints of roast pork, as they appeared to be, were choice cuts of canine "bowwows" already cooked ; or that the other appetizing advertisements, suspended in front of the "restaurant," were large *rats* (!) freshly caught, skinned, cooked, and hung up in rows by their tails. Snakes, "nicely browned," were also seen occasionally, instead of eels ; but notwithstanding these slight "peculiarities" of taste, the markets of Canton were unusually well supplied and clean.

On the southern side of the city is a manufactory of Canton ginger and preserved sweetmeats. While making some purchases, the proprietor brought us the most delicious "samples" of preserved fruits, plums, citrons, syrups, and delicate ginger-roots, served up in tiny little saucers. We

smacked our lips over the discovery that Canton offers greater delicacies than rats and canines, and that, after all, its bill of fare may suit the most fastidious taste. Much of this ginger is exported to England and America.

To stroll through the streets day after day, and watch the interesting processes and industries always going on, was a continual source of amusement and instruction. The glassblowers were specially expert in their art, and fashioned ships, trees, and birds, with great dexterity, handling the most fragile articles of glass as though they were made of iron.

The great varieties of porcelain and ceramic ware, and caryed ivory and ebony, would repay hours of study. The silks, crapes, and embroideries, were of the most ingenious patterns and delicate texture. Goldbeaters, crystal carvers, block and type cutters, lacquer-ware manufacturers, and scores of other employments, kept one's powers of observation exercised continually.

One street was devoted to the sale of incense-sticks and sandal-wood; another was lined with coffin-shops. Chinese coffins of peculiar construction were displayed. They were formed of four thick slabs of wood, rounded on the outer surface

and strongly fastened together. They were made airtight, for the bodies are frequently kept a long time before burial, until some "fung-shui," or "lucky spot," for interment is found. Near the coffin-shop street is a district where the *dyeing* process is appropriately conducted (!), and beyond this is the street occupied by blacksmith-shops. To go through this latter street at night was to enter a perfect pandemonium of sights and sounds. Blazing fires and blast-furnaces were in full operation, and red-hot bars of iron emitted a dazzling brightness as they were withdrawn from the glowing furnaces. In the midst of the smoke and showers of sparks were the begrimed bodies of naked Chinamen, shining with perspiration, blackened with soot, and dancing like demons, while they struck scores of blows per minute upon the red-hot bars of iron.

With the exception of this neighborhood, the great city presents at night an appearance of complete silence and solitude, in strange contrast to the busy hum and life of the daytime. No noisy promenading or boisterous behavior is possible, and the burglars have a poor chance in Canton. Soon after sundown, the narrow streets, in the business part of the city, are blockaded by upright bars and

fences placed at intervals of half a square or so, and utterly impassable to the late pedestrian, until he has rapped on the bars and told the Tartar watchman who approaches what his name is and whither he is going ; then the functionary slowly opens the gate and allows him to pass. The stillness of the streets at night becomes almost oppressive. A mile may be gone over, at a late hour, without meeting a person, except the lonely watchmen, with their dark lanterns and long sticks ; and the benighted and belated traveller is kept waiting at successive gates, until his patience is well nigh exhausted, before the guard comes and permits him to pass. His feet echo on the stone pavement, under which the hollow drains are placed. The houses and shops are all closed with tightly-fitting shutters. Here and there a light glimmers through the cracks, and subdued sounds may be heard, either of Chinese voices, or of work that is still going on within. A strip of sky is seen above the irregular line of roofs, and a few stars twinkle overhead. The brick walls and wooden shutters rise up on either hand, and in front of each doorway a taper, or incense-stick, is burning before the household shrine, in which a little image of the god of wealth, or of mercy, sits, and before whom packs of

firecrackers have been exploded at sundown, the remains of which still clutter the sidewalk.

These dumb images and burning tapers are the only things to be seen by the wayside, and a stranger would never suppose, while walking these deserted streets at night, that he was in the very heart of the most populous city of the Chinese Empire.

CHAPTER III.

PRISONS, EXECUTIONS, AND EXCURSIONS IN CHINA.

THE French heroine Madame Roland, when led to the guillotine, exclaimed, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" The sorrowful truth thus expressed finds a fitting counterpart in the groans of the wretched captives, who, waiting in the loathsome prisons of Canton, come forth at last to the torturing ordeal of the mandarin who sits sternly in the "Hall of Justice," and renders it the opposite of all that its name would rightly imply.

The Chinese people designate their prisons as "Hells," and woe to the poor creatures thrown into them, whether they deserve their fate or not.

I gained access to some of these prisons, and also inspected the torturing tribunal, the execution ground, the place of burial for criminals, and other localities, illustrating the means and ends of such justice as the vicinity of Canton affords. The first place visited was the receiving cell, where prisoners are incarcerated previous to their being brought

forth for "trial." I was accompanied in my explorations by Dr. Kerr of Canton. We found a cage-like den with blackened bars, so deep and dark that it was difficult to see into it. But the jailer pulled back the rusty bolt, and I entered the cell, when my friend playfully turned the key of the lock upon me. In an instant I found myself surrounded by a crowd of fifty or sixty wretched-looking men, nearly as naked as they were born, who were astonished at the ingress of such an unwonted visitor from the outside world, and began amusing themselves by fingering me all over, to see what I was made of. The sultry, pent-up atmosphere of the place was very oppressive, and it was no wonder the poor fellows were unable to keep any clothes on. The room, or rather den, was twenty feet square, so that the inmates could scarcely lie down on the dirty floor. Black brick walls were on three sides, and a little hole in the roof, formed by removing two bricks, was supposed to admit light. Heavy wooden bars served as a grating, through which a little air and a glimmer of daylight were admitted. Here the prisoners, arrested on suspicion only, are left in close confinement, bewailing their fate until brought before the mandarin for examination. This judicial farce is conducted with-

in an open court, situated close to the Kwong-chau-Fu, or local governor's Yamun.

The courtyard for the trial of criminals is sixty feet long, enclosed on all sides, and has a roof at the farther end, under which the judge and his assistants sit; numerous secretaries and reporters are also ranged on either side, law-books are scattered about on the tables, waiters are in attendance, executioners squat sullenly near the wall, and everything is conducted with silent deliberation.

As we entered the judgment-hall four persons were kneeling before the mandarin's table, two of them having iron chains wound about their necks; the latter had just been suffering some severe ordeal, and the various implements of torture were close at hand. Bamboo rods bent double were hanging on the wall, and were evidently well used; ropes, thumbscrews, grooved sticks for pinching ankles and fingers, heavy iron chains for kneeling upon, and large wooden frames, or canques, with holes in the centre, through which the heads of culprits are thrust, form the ordinary furniture of these judicial halls.

The article most in use was a narrow bench of thick wood, through which two holes were bored, one at each end: the accused is placed on this, his

pigtail pulled through one hole, and a rope pushed through the other ; his legs are then drawn up by the rope, so as to bend and cramp them, and he is enjoined to "suffer or confess."

Some of the charges brought against the culprits were of a novel character. One young fellow was accused of disobeying his parents : he plead guilty and begged for mercy. The judge sentenced him to fifty blows with the bamboo and a short term of imprisonment.

Even the death penalty is not unfrequently pronounced in China for continued disobedience to parents ; and I was told of one incorrigible youth, who, after repeated disobedience and unfilial conduct, was publicly drowned by his parents in the river. Respect to parents, and reverence for one's ancestors, are the primary requirements of civil and religious life in China ; and the politeness and deference resulting from it, among all classes of Chinese youth, might with profit be emulated by the "Young America" of our own clime.

The canque, or wooden collar, is not very painful, but decidedly disagreeable : one fellow we met looked as if his head were stuck through the middle of a barn-door. The wearer cannot feed himself, is unable to lie down, and though he looks

comical enough, his condition becomes, after many days, quite a poor joke, at least for him.

In Chinese law, the accused is presumed to be guilty unless he can prove his innocence; this is just the contrary to our ideas of law, in which a man is treated as innocent until he is proved guilty. No criminal can be condemned, however, until he *confesses* his crime. Of course, he will not confess if he can possibly avoid it; torture is therefore employed to help his judges in the matter.

Truthfulness is not a very prominent element in the Chinese character, especially when personal interest would suffer thereby; and the argument for torturing them is, that it is the *only* way to extort from them a confession. That the innocent are sometimes unjustly forced to confess themselves guilty cannot be doubted; but—as the commission of crime makes men cowardly—the guilty will usually give up, while the innocent hold out. Much depends, however, on the nerve and endurance of the unlucky victim.

The prisons proper are of considerable extent, for many criminals are sent up to Canton from the interior of the country, and large accommodations are required. The main prison is situated on the "Street of Benevolence and Love," but is, on the

whole, as unlovely a place as one could easily imagine. There is no regular building, but simply a vast collection of brick walls and huts.

The rooms of the jailers and turnkeys are near the entrance, and seem dismal and comfortless; narrow passages lead from them to smaller courts, paved with stone, containing cage-like stalls. These stalls contain fifteen or twenty men apiece, and in them they eat, sleep, and cook their own food. The doors are open in the daytime, and locked at night. The prisoners came streaming out of the stalls with their chains clanking on the stones, and were quite as free in gazing at us as we were in looking at them. Some were "hard cases," and their shackles seemed quite becoming; while others were pleasant and harmless, and appeared out of place in such an abode. Their cells contain a few raised boards, on which they sleep, and one or two cooking implements. In each courtyard there is a well, and the open spaces contain little contrivances by means of which the more industrious are enabled to pursue such work as they have skill for, and they can thus get the means of improving their condition.

The extortions practised upon prisoners by their jailers for the purpose of making money out of them, are quite common. Torture is frequently

resorted to, and if the victim is known to be a person of any means, he must finally succumb to whatever demands are made upon him. The processes are various for reducing him to terms. Sometimes he is "put to bed," which means laid flat upon a plank platform, with grooved boards pressed upon the neck, wrists, and ankles, and fastened tightly through holes beneath the "bed;" a long stick projects against the chin, throwing the head back, and in this condition he passes as many nights as his jailer pleases. For daytime amusement he is slung up on a horizontal bar by strings attached to his toes and thumbs. He may also kneel upon bits of broken crockery, holding his arms at right angles to his body; when the arms can be held out no longer, he gets a bamboo beating for letting them fall down.

Prisoners who are poor and have no friends are stinted in their rations almost to starvation: nominally they should be allowed three pounds of rice per day, but the jailer gives them about a third of it, and steals the rest. Persons who have friends and means to aid them are treated with more consideration.

Some apartments of the prison were evidently occupied by individuals of the better class, and

more liberty was allowed them; while other portions were crowded with large numbers of chattering creatures, to whom the advent of a foreigner was evidently a great and unexpected novelty.

The compartments assigned for women were smaller than those for men, and were not so well filled. Some of the female prisoners were very respectable, and all took their fate resignedly, occupying their time as best they could.

One old woman, who was known to my companion, we found lying sick and weak upon her bed of boards in one of the cage-like cells. She was a relative of the chief in the Tai-Ping rebellion, and solely for this reason she and her family were seized and thrown into prison, though none of them were engaged in the rebellion itself. For twenty years she has lingered in the dreary hole in which we saw her; her son also was in a neighboring prison, and there was little hope that either of them would ever get out.

When prisoners are condemned to death, they sometimes are not notified until an hour before the execution takes place. They are then marched to the Fu-t'ai Yamun, or Governor's Office, where the death warrant is exhibited. Immediately their arms and legs are pinioned, they are placed in baskets

slung upon poles, and carried by coolies to the execution ground. This is located in the midst of the new city, with a dense population about it. The open space is not fifty yards long, and is eight yards wide at one end, and less than five at the other ; yet this miserable patch of earth has soaked up the blood of more victims than any spot of equal size the world over. The number who have from time to time perished here is simply incredible. In 1855 it is reported that not less than fifty thousand rebels were beheaded, and within more recent years the average annual executions have reached nearly fifteen hundred. The greater part of the sufferers have been members of the land-banditti gangs and river pirates, and many are those who formerly belonged to the forces of the Tai-Ping rebels, and have since lived among the mountain fastnesses as professional brigands. Ordinary criminals condemned for murder, robbery, arson, or other offences, are carried to the grounds with a stick placed in their hair, on which is a piece of paper marked with their name, crime, and penalty. From twenty to forty persons are usually dealt with at once.

The method in which they are conducted to the place of execution is thus described by the local guide-book : "Two magistrates precede the mourn-

ful procession, and take their seats in front of a shop which faces the execution ground, while the coolies, hurrying up the narrow passage, successively jerk their burdens on the ground and retire. In the twinkling of an eye the sufferers are ranged in one or more rows, kneeling, the ligatures of the arms and legs causing the head to be stretched out almost horizontally. Not a sound is uttered, nor does the movement of a muscle betray, in most cases, the slightest consciousness of the fate impending over the silent pile. An assistant runs rapidly along the line, bringing each neck into the most effective position, and snatching away the ticket with which each man is marked.

“In less than a minute from the time the procession first appears on the scene, the order to proceed with the execution is given from the magistrate’s bench, by loudly shouting the command, ‘Pan’ (execute!), and with the rapidity of thought the dull, crashing blows of the headsman’s sword are heard falling along the line.

“A Cantonese executioner seldom requires to give a second stroke to sever the head completely from the body.

“In as many seconds as there are criminals to despatch, the inanimate bodies and gaping heads

of the guilty wretches are lying bathed in pools of gore. Another quarter of an hour suffices to remove the bodies in rough coffins to the criminal burying-ground outside the East Gate, the heads being usually carried off in cages, to be suspended in various localities, where the crime for which each suffered was committed."

There is a pottery warehouse at the side of the grounds, and when the executions are completed, potters continue their work, and fill up the space with their freshly-made ware.

While thus encumbered with pottery, one would scarcely suspect that he stood on such an Aceldama of bloody associations. On groping along the wall, however, earthen jars may be seen, some of them containing heads all clotted and wet, and other jars are sealed up.

One of my friends happened in this enclosure one day when forty criminals were brought in for execution. He turned pale and felt very nervous, and tried to get out; but the gate was so quickly closed, that he was obliged to stand there and involuntarily witness the awful sight. In an incredibly short time forty heads lay gaping on the ground; the gate was then opened, and the bodies were quickly removed.

After inspecting the torturing hall and the execution grounds, we visited the "Temple of Horrors," where various states of torment, in the Buddhist hell, are depicted with tragical effect. The idol at this temple is guardian of the city; the shrines are visited by multitudes who offer their prayers, and keep busy the pedlers, fortunetellers, and quacks, who frequent the place. Near the gateway the stalls are ranged, representing various forms of punishment in the next world, prepared for the unfaithful who do not worship Buddha, pay the priests, and offer prayers and incense. The first stall depicts the process of transmigration, in which men are turning into dogs, foxes, goats, and snakes. The manner in which their horns, hair, and tails begin to grow is ludicrous.

In the second, a man is being ground up in a mortar, and the blood is spurting over the side. In the third, an unfortunate individual is boiling alive in oil, while two or three fiends stir him up, and still another is being placed under a red-hot bell. Beheading, beating, and sawing a man between two upright boards, are other forms of punishment. In most of the scenes, devils and demons are pulling the guilty victims down a hill to their miserable doom, while the faithful are escaping and

following the shaven-headed priests to the realms of Buddha.

A large image of the "Goddess of Mercy" stands on the other side of the temple and in front of the altar. I waited, and watched the manner in which prayers were offered. A poor woman knelt upon the floor, and took up two oval pieces of wood lying at the foot of the altar, which fitted together in the shape of an egg. After repeating a certain number of prayers, she threw the two oval pieces upon the floor. Both of them fell flat-side up, showing the answer to be neither negative nor affirmative. More prayers, and more tapers of incense were lighted, and then she threw them down again. This time one fell flat-side down and the other flat-side up. This answer was satisfactory, but the woman, to make it doubly sure, shook a dozen incense-sticks in a bamboo case until one jumped out; this she carried to the priest for an interpretation of its meaning.

Some of the grim-looking idols have bits of red paper pasted over them, with names inscribed on each; these papers were placed there by parents, who thus presented their children to the care and guardianship of their favorite deity.

The "Temple of Horrors," like the prison

and torturing hall, is located on the "Street of Benevolence and Love!" and most of the streets in the neighborhood have similar inconsistencies in their nomenclature. The street of "Refreshing Breezes" is narrow, close, and perfumed with a variety of odors. The street of "Accumulated Blessings" did not show any extraordinary evidence of affluence; but "Old Clothes" street was true to its name, and had foreign goods in addition. The street of "Ninefold Brightness" was dark and dingy; and "Ascending Dragon" street sent up enough firecracker-smoke to float two or three dragons. "Great Peace" street possessed a peppermint shop and distillery; and the avenue of a "Thousand Beatitudes" exhibited sufficient poverty and distress to use up all the imaginary blessings which the name implied. The number of babies and children playing about in the "Street of One Thousand Grandsons" showed that socially this prolific title was not inappropriately applied.

In the southeastern corner of the old city is an immense enclosure known as "Examination Hall." Here triennial examinations are held, and ten thousand students, not unfrequently, present themselves at once, from different parts of the empire. There are 9,537 stalls, where the contestants are separately

confined during the examinations. At the farther end of the grounds are rooms where 3,000 officials, copyists, police, and servants, may be accommodated. These rooms have high-sounding titles, similar to the streets. At the "Hall of Perfect Honesty" essays are handed in. At the "Hall of Restraint" the titlepage of each essay is sealed. The multitude of essays are finally examined in the "Hall of Auspicious Stars;" here are private apartments for the imperial commissioners, the governor, the assistant examiners, and the scribes and copyists. A temple of Confucius, a library of Chinese classics, and a gate of literature are on the grounds. The "Examination Hall" covers several acres, and is the most extensive institution of the kind in the world. The students, who congregate here once in three years, are of all ages, young and old. They have already passed one examination in their own provinces, and here they come to be tested for the second degree. Each applicant is stripped, searched, and placed in a brick stall scarcely four feet square; two plain boards serve as a table and seat. Pen, ink, and paper are furnished him, and a subject, or series of questions in Chinese classics, assigned, upon which an essay must be prepared. One day and night are allowed for writing. During this time

no communication is permitted with the outside world, and the diet is just sufficient to keep the candidate from starving. There are three sessions, with three days' interval between. The endless series of stalls, located on either side of the long stone walk, are kept quiet and closely guarded, while the busy workers within are silently preparing their essays. In the final examination of the essays, the standard is very severe; a mistake in a single character is sufficient to cause the whole to be rejected. It is said that, out of the ten thousand contestants, only seventy-five can secure the coveted degree. The remaining nine thousand, nine hundred and twenty-five must go back disappointed. The names of the successful students are publicly announced, with marked demonstrations of honor and respect. They are afterwards sent to Peking, where a third competitive examination must be passed, which of course thins their ranks still more. The few, who finally get through this three-fold ordeal, are admitted to the highest literary class, from which all government appointments are made.

China is perhaps the only country possessing a literary aristocracy; only those who have passed these examinations are eligible to public office. It

has been suggested that this system of civil service might profitably be introduced into our own country; and when candidates for political office swarm at Washington, after a presidential election, they should be shut up and fed on bread and water for a few days, until they prove themselves capable of filling satisfactorily the positions so loudly claimed!

At a conference of missionaries in Canton, the proposition was made of preparing a brief statement of the doctrines of Christianity, in the form of a Chinese tract, and circulating it among the thousands of students who would attend the next triennial examination. Many of the most intelligent men, from remote sections of the country, would thereby be reached and influenced, and they could carry the tracts to their homes and to the people of their own provinces.

The English and American missionaries at Canton seemed to me deeply in earnest in their work, yet gravely conscious of the extreme difficulties in their way in winning the Chinese to an intelligent acceptance of Christianity. The customs and ideas of paganism have had such full sway for scores of centuries, and the Chinese character is naturally so conservative, that progress in changing the prevail-

ing religious sentiment of the country is exceedingly slow.

China stands as chief patriarch in the family of nations ; she has a history dating back to the time of the Deluge, and possesses a literature which flourished before the art of printing was known in Europe. The extent of her territory is larger than that of our own republic, and her population may be nearly ten times that of the United States. Her people are proud of their history and antiquity, as well as of their magnificent geographical facilities. Their country produces all that their frugal wants require, and they are in nowise dependent upon western nations. In ancient times the Chinese named their country the "Middle Kingdom," supposing (as the Romans did of the Mediterranean) that it was the middle of the earth. Confucius, the great Chinese sage, was contemporary with Socrates ; and his teachings have influenced the mind and moulded the character of the Chinese during the past twenty centuries. Chinese civilization is peculiar, when contrasted with Occidental ideas ; yet it has served its purpose well, and the people look with suspicion upon whatever threatens to disturb their social or religious system. It should not surprise us, therefore, that missions make little

progress at first, when we consider how reserved, conservative, and unsympathetic the Chinese are, compared with some other nations of the East.

Rev. Mr. Preston took me to his preaching-service in a small hall on one of the principal streets. As soon as the doors were open, the people, attracted by curiosity, came in and seated themselves. He preached to them earnestly in the Chinese language, and was followed by a Chinese assistant, who continued the preaching an hour or so after we went away. Mr. Preston spoke the difficult language with wonderful facility, and I judge with accuracy; he had labored here for over sixteen years, and told me he expected to work on in the same way until the end. Since my leaving Canton he has been taken away by death; he was greatly respected by all who knew him.

Dr. Happer has a large Presbyterian chapel in the city, where Sabbath service in the Chinese language is regularly conducted. The chapel was well filled, and the services were solemn and impressive. All the men sat on one side of the room, and the women on the other; they were screened from each other by a wooden partition passing down the centre of the chapel. This was rendered necessary by Chinese etiquette and ideas of propriety. It

was a little novel to a new-comer, however, and I once took my seat innocently, by mistake, on the wrong side of the room! Seeing the Chinese ladies somewhat astonished, I made a dignified retreat, and was safely piloted to the proper side by a fair member of Dr. Happer's interesting family. The singing (considering the difficulties experienced in teaching music to the Chinese) was very fine, and the whole spirit of the service was beautiful. Other services, which I also attended, at the Wesleyan chapel and the English Missions, were interesting and encouraging, and showed that substantial missionary work was really being accomplished.

A work which greatly interested me in Canton, was the Medical Mission carried on by Dr. Kerr, and combining the benefits of the highest surgical skill with the free presentation of the gospel. The medical hospital was established by Dr. Peter Parker in 1839, and is largely supported by the foreign residents of Canton. It is greatly appreciated by the Chinese, whose knowledge of surgery is entirely inadequate to cope with certain prevailing forms of disease. I frequently went through the plainly-furnished wards of the hospital, and also witnessed many severe surgical operations. Cancerous and syphilitic complaints were very common, and the

surgeon's knife was kept in constant use ; but the unfortunates usually suffered with fortitude and patience. Chloroform was given in extreme cases, and the surprise and gratitude of each patient were great on waking up and finding that the terrible operation was all over.

One woman, to whom I administered the anæsthetic, while the doctor removed an unusually large cancer, was accompanied by her female friends, who stood in the courtyard holding up their hands towards heaven and imploring the gods. On hearing that the operation was successful, their gratitude knew no bounds. Patients, after being healed, would manifest their thankfulness by bringing presents and provisions to the doctor, whose larder was thereby kept well stocked.

In passing through the woman's ward, I noticed some lady-like persons with "little feet," which were bound in the style prevalent among Chinese ladies. At my request, the doctor politely asked one of his fair friends to show me one of her feet ! He gravely explained to her that the modest exhibition would be a great novelty to me. She kindly handed me her shoe, which was about two and a half inches in length, and neatly embroidered. After removing her very ornamental, but peculiar-

ly-shaped stocking, she proceeded slowly to unwind the long black bandage with which her foot (or what remained of it) was tightly wound. The bandage was several yards in length, and under this were other colored strips. When all were removed, the foot had a wedge or stump-like appearance, that almost destroyed its identity. The heel was elongated, the instep highly arched, and the great toe was very prominent. The other toes were drawn in under the foot, and so tightly and perseveringly compressed, that the bones were absorbed, and no vestige of the toes remained, but four flat pieces of skin. Although the foot was so small that one's hand could easily cover it, the ankle was proportionately thickened, and the whole had an appearance far from beautiful. This strange custom of "little feet" has prevailed in China for centuries. The painful process of binding the feet is commenced at six or seven years of age, when the child's foot is fully formed. The little girls present a pitiable sight, as they are sometimes seen on the street, richly dressed and attended by a servant, but hobbling slowly along, crippled for life by this unnatural and cruel fashion. When the feet have been bound for several years, the young woman is forced to continue the habit; for the

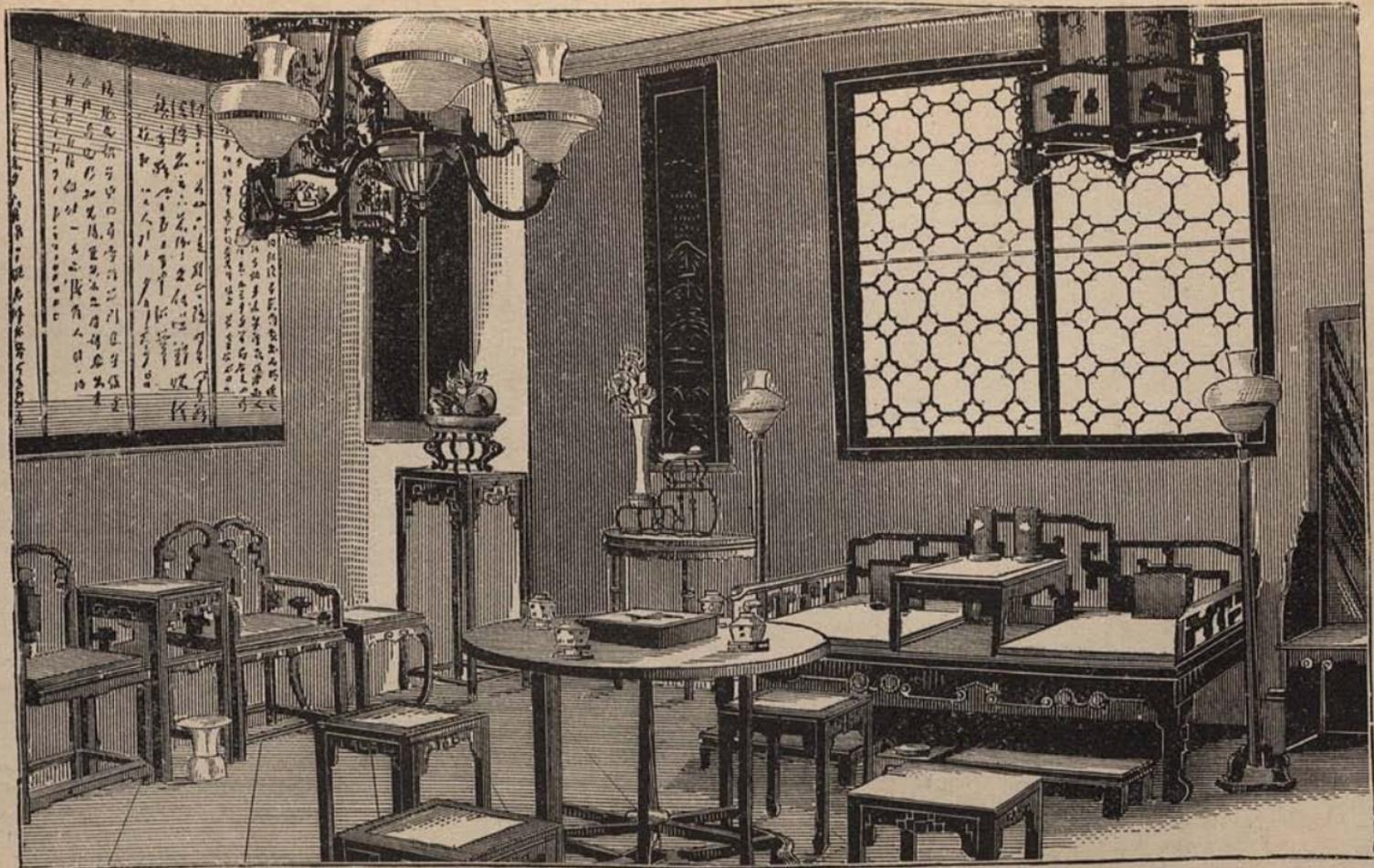
under side of the foot is rendered so sensitive and pinched, that she cannot stand up when it is left unbound.

Medical missions have proved a most effective means of reaching the respect and appreciation of the Chinese, and indeed of all the Asiatics. Modern surgery and medicine may just as well go with the gospel, as the gift of healing went with the apostles. In the joint work of curing men's bodies and saving their souls, we have the example of the Great Physician, who not only taught the people, but "healed all their diseases." In presenting the benefits of modern surgical skill to the Chinese, we are all the better able to lead them into an acceptance of the truth and teachings of Christianity. Connected with the dispensary is a chapel where preaching is conducted, while the patients and their friends are waiting. Their sense of gratitude for the kindness shown leads them to listen to the gospel gladly, because it has prompted such help and succor to their physical as well as their spiritual infirmities.

While in Canton, the Chinese admiral made me several calls, and left his card, which was ten inches long, of bright red color, and had his name, "Chow-Ching," inscribed upon it. He invited me with

much ceremony to visit his own house, where he wished to make many inquiries concerning the progress achieved by Japan in naval affairs during the past few years. War had very nearly arisen between the two countries, a short time before, on questions of dispute connected with the island of Formosa, and military and naval preparations had been made on a large scale. The war was happily averted, however, by Minister Okubo's skilful diplomacy at Peking. The admiral sent his sedan-chair for me, and another for my friend who was to act as interpreter. The eight bearers carried us briskly through the city, clearing the way through the narrow and crowded streets by a peculiar cry that the people seemed to understand, for they slipped out of the road and into the nooks and corners with far more meekness and respect than would have manifested itself had we tried the same style of rapid transit through a crowd in Broadway, N. Y.! The sedan-chairs were carried on elastic poles, which gave an easy, springing motion as we jaunted along. The interior was furnished with silk curtains, bamboo slats, and a cosy little seat. The occupant can look out upon the world, without himself being seen.

Arriving at the admiral's house, we were ush-



ROOM IN A CHINESE MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

ered into a reception-room, and seated upon marble-topped chairs, which were cool, but not very soft. Tea was served on ebony tables, richly carved, and tiny opium-pipes were offered ; these we gravely declined. After the admiral had introduced his sons and friends, we all chatted around a table in the library, eating fruit and picking nuts. The admiral seemed quite scientific in his tastes, and chemistry was his favorite topic, especially that portion of it that pertained to the manufacture of explosives. He induced me to give him the receipts of various dangerous compounds for torpedoes, shells, fuse-compositions, and pyrotechnic displays ; and if he ever succeeded in making them afterwards, without blowing himself up, he was more fortunate than I had frequently been in my own laboratory. In this particular he probably learned that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing !"

After an hour spent in talking over scientific and military matters, the admiral conducted me through his house, showing everything I cared to see, and even frightening his wife and the women who occupied the rooms up stairs by allowing me to peep in upon them while they sat embroidering or engaged in sundry domestic operations. The timid ladies ran away as fast as their "little feet"

could carry them, and hid behind bureaus, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture! The general appearance of a Chinese house is much more like the prevailing style in our own country than any Oriental residences I had seen. While the Japanese have no furniture whatever in their houses, the Chinese have their domestic arrangements very much like Europeans. The old admiral seemed to enjoy the fun of witnessing the astonishment and trepidation of the fairer members of his household as the unexpected visitor was presented to them. Notwithstanding his coaxing assurance that it was "all right," they fled from me as they would from a ghostly apparition. The sons of the admiral and their wives all lived under the same parental roof, and yet domestic felicity seemed to prevail. They were happy and harmonious, and when our visit was over we retained quite a pleasant impression of the sights and surroundings of Chinese domestic life.

The country about Canton is so flat that foreign residents desiring a change from the sultry atmosphere of the city, are forced to go eighty miles up West River, where fresh mountain scenery and a beautiful waterfall may be found. The latter is located within a deep gorge, surrounded by verdure-covered cliffs. I took a week's excursion up the

river in company with a missionary friend, and studied the various phases of Chinese country life on the way.

The tourist, having in mind the immense population of China, is surprised at the unsettled appearance of the country along the shores of the great rivers. Villages are few and far between, and isolated farmhouses in this region scarcely seem to exist. The reason assigned is, that towns situated on the river-bank would be insecure, owing to their liability to piratical attacks. They are built, therefore, well inland, and we could see their tiled roofs clustered among the trees, or on some strong and elevated position. Large districts are thus rendered little better than waste land; and when the people are asked why they do not cultivate the fields or use the hills for pasture, the reply is that their cattle or sheep would be stolen, and their isolated farmhouses would be plundered. Suspicion and insecurity appear to be the prevailing feeling, and for this cause the Chinese crowd together in the cities, instead of scattering through the country. They cultivate every scrap of earth near the large towns, and manage to eke out a miserable existence, while whole acres lie untouched not many miles away. If the peasantry were better

protected, and the farming districts were cultivated to their full extent, famine would not so frequently devastate and decimate the country.

Lepers were seen occasionally, as we passed along the river bank. Not being allowed to live in the towns, they make little huts of branches and straw, and beg a few pence from boatmen and travellers. We approached one lonely straw pile, that looked like a small haystack, from which a poor creature crawled out, extending his two stumps of hands for some pennies. His feet and hands were nearly gone, and his body was terribly emaciated, yet his face had a pleasant expression as he smiled and thanked us for the pennies we gave him. The leper village, which we had previously seen near Canton, contained scores of unfortunates, who crowded around us and exhibited all the stages of their terrible disease. Their faces and bodies were horribly disfigured, and some had lost their ears, noses, arms, and feet, which drop off or become absorbed as the disease progresses. Many of the children were healthy and playful; but their parents were lepers, so it was deemed only a question of time when they would become the same. Whenever a case of leprosy is discovered in the city, the person is removed to the leper village, where he

must waste away his life with the slow and loathsome disease.

As we approached the mountainous region near the waterfall, flocks of ducks and geese were seen, tended by small boys with long sticks. Bunches of feathers were fastened to the end of each stick, for beating the ducks into the water and keeping them together. The ducks and geese are raised here in great numbers; the eggs are hatched by artificial heat, and the little fowls and big ones are led about and watched over by "duck boys," as sheep are cared for by a shepherd. Sometimes they are kept in duck-boats, which are long and flat. In the daytime the boat is moored near the bank of the river, and the ducks go off among the irrigated rice-fields. At sundown the duck-boy gives a shrill whistle, and all the feathered flock come floundering and quacking through the mud, and then plunge into the river. After swimming awhile, they follow their leader in regular order, and march up an inclined board into the flat-boat. The boy then poles the duck-craft, with its cackling cargo, up the river to a place of safety. The following day the ducks go foraging again, and repeat the same swimming performance in the evening.

The cattle in this region are as amphibious as

the ducks. "Water-buffaloes" were seen rolling and tumbling about in the water in the same way as the rhinoceros. They are gray, stupid animals, and are used in ploughing instead of oxen. Pigs also predominated; they ran wild, and wallowed in the mud. Women worked in the fields with long hoes, at the same time carrying babies slung on their backs in queer-shaped bags.

After ascending several hundred feet among the hills, we came to the cataract, which dashes over the rocky cliff and falls into a deep oval basin below. Continuing up the hill, we came to the Buddhist temple and the monastery of "Auspicious Clouds." It is a solid building of stone, well kept, and possessing all the usual paraphernalia of heathenism. The summit of the hill is 2,800 feet high; near the top is the lake which supplies the fall with water.

Returning towards Canton on the fifth day, we passed many curious craft upon the river. Most of the junks were heavily armed; some carried eight or a dozen cannon, and all appeared ready to fight. Our own boat was not backward in its little armament. Over the table where we sat were stacked spears and swords, and near by were a couple of cannon. Our means of propulsion on the river was varied and suggestive. Six coolies tugged at a

long rope, made of twisted bamboo, extending from a stout mast of the boat to the shore. The rope had six strands at the end, and each strand was attached to a canvas belt, through which a man put his head and shoulders; the six coolies then ran along a pathway on the bank. This is called "tracking it." Two other coolies "poled" on one side of the boat with long bamboo sticks, while on the other side a ninth coolie "sculled" with an oar made of two heavy pieces, spliced and resting on an iron pivot. The "captain coolie" steered with an oar in front or a rudder behind, as the exigencies of the case required, and directed his heterogeneous crew from the frail top of the boat. Whenever a fair wind occurred, the coolies were called on board, and two masts were raised in the shape of the letter V. Upon this an immense sail of bamboo matting was placed, like that used in covering tea-chests, and with this filled by the wind we scud along at a lively rate. When darkness came on, all the boats and junks in the neighborhood clustered together at the most sheltered spot near the shore, and arranged themselves in the best position for mutual defence. A "police boat," with well-armed crew, and carrying heavy cannon, would usually be moored near the bevy of boats, and all

night long we could hear the tap of the drum, showing that the police were on the watch. If the much-feared "pirates" had really attacked us, however, they might have made short work of the promiscuous crowd of boats. When the Chinese can show a bold front, by numbering a great many cannon and making a great noise, they think themselves comparatively safe.

But no pirates captured us on the trip, and the next day we landed below *Sha-min*, the beautiful and shaded grounds occupied by the English and French residents at Canton.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP THROUGH THE TROPICS.

IN travelling around the world, no contrast or novelty strikes the tourist with more marked effect than the constant transition from ship to shore; and from the settled-down sort of life on land back again to the new experiences and excitements of shipboard. One has no sooner accustomed himself to the place and habits of the country visited, and begun to really enjoy the new friends he has made, than—*presto!* change—he must leave them all, embark on the steamer, sail for other climes, and begin a new series of experiences among total strangers. The journey thus becomes a constantly-changing, yet ever-progressive panorama, with new scenes and new adventures unfolding at each successive step, until the “globe-trotter” (as the traveller who makes the Grand Tour is nicknamed in the East) feels convinced that both his mind and body have become charged with some new element of perpetual motion. One ocean is no sooner crossed, than another lies beyond; and one continent has no

sooner been explored, than still another awaits the onset of the intrepid and enthusiastic traveller.

No part of the world appears to block one's way so abruptly as the long reach southward of the Malay Peninsula. In most of the school-maps of Asia, it looks like a convenient "jumping-off place", appended to the southeastern corner of the continent. But not until the tourist attempts to sail *around* it, and finds the time and distance almost that of two trips across the Atlantic (and the fare double also), does he realize what a respectable voyage it is.

In going from Canton to Calcutta, for example, the distance in a straight line on the map appears short, for both cities are seen located a little below the twenty-fourth parallel of latitude. But, as China is not yet the land of railroads, the traveller is forced to sail nearly two thousand miles to the south, and after touching at Singapore, only one degree and a quarter from the equator, to turn northward and sail two thousand miles farther to Calcutta. By connecting the three points, Canton, Singapore, and Calcutta, with straight lines, it will be observed that, in sailing from the former to the latter, the traveller journeys over two sides of an equilateral triangle. But the trip is a very pleasant one, for it

takes one through the tropics, with all their freshness, novelty, and variegated scenery.

The steamer *Hindustan*, bound for Calcutta, was lying at anchor in the harbor of Hong-Kong as I arrived there, after bidding farewell to kind friends in Canton. My trunk was transferred to the steamer by a Chinese sampan, and after putting my stateroom in order, preparatory to the long voyage, I looked around the city, and then visited some of the ships in the harbor. The United States flagship *Hartford* was riding gracefully at anchor, with spars trimmed and flag floating aloft. She seemed like an old friend, for I had frequently been on board of her in the harbor of Yokohama, and inspected her heavy armament and neatly-kept decks. A sort of historic halo surrounded the old ship, to whose maintop Commodore Farragut was lashed during the naval action at Mobile. The vessel did excellent service during the civil war.

I went on board the *Hartford* and called on Captain Harmony; he welcomed me cordially, and as we walked the deck he talked kindly and appreciatingly of a faithful Christian relative and friend of whose death we had learned by the last mail. The captain was called away to receive Admiral Pennock, who had just paid an offi-

cial visit to the Russian frigate. As the band played and the marines presented themselves in uniform, we expected to hear the salute of twenty-one guns usually paid as a compliment to the admiral, to which the Hartford would have replied with an equal number. But somehow the Russians were saving of their powder this time. Salutes were quite frequent, however, from the various ships-of-war. The Kearsarge was also with the Hartford at Hong-Kong. I went on board of her, and stroked with special pride and interest the big gun that is her chief boast. The vessel has been entirely rebuilt and repaired since the war. The British iron-clad *Audacious*, sister-ship to the *Iron Duke*, reposed solidly on the water, looking as immovable as a rock. She appeared the very picture of strength, with her heavy armor, splendid Armstrong guns, and defiant man-of-war ensign flying at the stern. Two or three of the old line-of-battle ships were lying dismantled, covered with canvas roofing, and used as ammunition storeships. One of Holt's large steamers came sailing up the bay, just arrived from Liverpool.

On Sunday I attended service at the Cathedral of Hong-Kong. Chaplain Lewis of the Hartford preached the sermon, from the text, "First the

blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The singing was very fine, especially one hymn, "For those in peril on the sea." The well-trained choir and solemn strains of the organ rendered this hymn a well-timed and appropriate prayer, in which we all joined, for it was a special favorite in the far East.

Several months afterwards, when in a terrific storm on the Arabian Sea, this verse was continually coming to my mind, with the music that so beautifully gave it expression :

"Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea."

After church I walked across to the foreign cemetery, and was surprised at its extent and beauty. Many of the monuments were very elaborate and costly; but hundreds of graves were unmarked by headstones, showing that many unknown persons, dying in a foreign land, had been brought and buried here.

The steamer Hindostan sailed on Monday afternoon. All was bustle on board up to the time of

departure; the captain was sick, and confusion reigned for awhile. The vessel was an opium-steamer, belonging to Sassoon Sons & Co., an Indian firm. Coming from Calcutta, she carried a valuable cargo of opium, which is worth its weight in silver. Returning to Calcutta, she carried a few first-class passengers, general merchandise, and specie. It was no unusual occurrence for her to take back two hundred tons of silver. On this trip she carried five hundred Chinese in the steerage, bound for Singapore. The sailors were Chinese, and the servants and waiters were turbaned Hindoos.

The south China Sea has usually a bad reputation for storms, and I anticipated a rough time of it. But the voyage proved the calmest I had ever experienced. The sail down the bay was beautiful, and Victoria Peak was soon left far behind; a smooth sea and cloudless sky lay before us. Day after day we went on, the ocean appearing like a limitless lake, and the water and sky touching all around the vast margin, both blue and peaceful, as though storms were never known here. At night the moon came up over the sea in full glory; its broad, silvery pathway upon the water was superb.

The heavenly constellations shifted somewhat as we approached the equator, and new stars came

continually into view. The Dipper gradually dwindled in size, and finally passed below the northern horizon. The north star also disappeared. Orion and the Pleiades seemed to move over us nearer than before, and went down in the west, while the "milky way" was ever bright and beautiful. The Southern Cross was seen, and other trans-equatorial constellations; but the former disappointed me in its brilliancy, and none of the latter were equal in beauty and lustre to the starry clusters in our own hemisphere.

The solitude of the sea appeared at times almost oppressive as I sat alone on deck during the long moonlight evenings; not a breath of air rippled the surface of the ocean, and the ship moved silently onward through the calm waste of waters, while scarcely a jar could be felt from the pulsation of her machinery. Hour after hour was lazily spent in brooding over the beauties of the scene, and in wondering, with Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," at the limitless expanse before me.

"Alone on the wide, wide sea,
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be."

But the least enjoyable part of my reflections was that pertaining to a mysterious robbery, of

which I had been the victim a few days before. I had not been captured by the pirates who infest the high seas of this region, but some of the "land-sharks" of Hong-Kong harbor had gained access to my stateroom, and run off with quite a batch of private property. Just before the steamer sailed, while arranging my trunk and the articles in my room, the Hindoo steward called me away suddenly to dinner. Expecting to return in a few moments, I closed the trunk and merely removed a few articles from within reach of the window. Then I took a seat at the table, near the door of my stateroom. When I returned, everything appeared as I had left it, and not until the steamer was moving down the bay, and I went to find my large field-glass, did I discover the robbery. The thief had not touched the bulky articles, but had helped himself to my field-glass—a very valuable one, a large leather pocketbook, containing letters of introduction and others intrusted to me for delivery in India and London, and a canvas bag containing silver dollars and some gold pieces. He was also shrewd enough to steal the nickel-plated and ready-loaded revolver that reposed snugly on the money-bag!

Nothing vexed me so much as the loss of my letters, which had been intrusted to me by friends.

But, inasmuch as the rascal had evidently mistaken the pocketbook for money, and had kindly discontinued his search just at the moment when his hand was within a few inches of nearly two thousand dollars' worth of English drafts, and my letter of credit, why, I thought I had better forgive him!

However, I reported the case to the first officer, who said nothing about it until the fourth day at sea, when he suddenly caused the whole ship to be searched. The Hindoo servants and Chinese passengers were surprised at the unexpected descent made upon them; but nothing was found. Had the thief been caught on board, it would have fared ill with him; for the mode of punishment, which I saw illustrated once or twice on the voyage, was terrible. It consisted in stripping the culprit to the waist, and tying him up by the wrists to the rigging; then fifty heavy blows were administered with a thick, knotted rope. The poor fellow might cry for mercy, but no mercy was ever shown. The first-mate vowed that if *my* thief were captured, he would receive one hundred blows, and close confinement for the rest of the voyage.

But I afterwards learned that the fellow had slipped ashore as our ship was leaving Hong-Kong, and was caught by the police the next day as he

was trying the same little game on another British steamer! He was safely lodged in jail, and some of my property was found upon him. Although I lost the letters, etc., the *money* was returned to me in due time by the chief of detectives at Hong-Kong, who sent me a check for the full amount, which I received the day I arrived in Albany, N. Y., after my trip around the world! I think the honesty and efficiency of the Hong-Kong detectives might profitably be emulated in some other police quarters nearer home!

We passed several large steamers on our way south, but lost sight of the *Thales*, another opium-steamer that left Hong-Kong with us, and which raced us all the way to Calcutta. A French vessel crossed our bows, bound evidently for Saigon, a short distance to the west. The Philippine Islands were passed about one hundred miles to the east; of course we saw nothing of them. The fourth or fifth day out we observed land to the right of us; it was the mountainous border of Anam and Cochin China, which forms a great promontory or shoulder projecting from the Asiatic coast. When it was left behind, no more land was seen until the evening of the sixth day, when one by one the islands of the archipelago began to appear.

Towards midnight we were slowly steaming along the channel leading to the inlet of Singapore. Now and then a solitary Malay fishing-boat floated lazily past, with peculiar-shaped sails and a flickering light at the mast ; and at three o'clock the main lighthouse at the entrance of the straits was left behind. For twenty or thirty miles before reaching Singapore, the channel lies broad and well-defined between a long, flat coast on one side, and an endless succession of thickly-wooded islands on the other. As we moved silently along on a calm sea, with morning stealing upon us, and the luxuriant, tropical vegetation coming out by degrees on either side, it was like a dreamy panorama, which became more and more real as the full light of day came on. Our course, which heretofore had been directly southward, was now due west, and the water of the sea was gradually changing from dark blue to murky green. The neighborhood of Singapore had a singular haze and rosy light hanging over it as we approached ; but this soon scattered, and the distinct outlines of white, square-built houses, a church with tall spire, and thatched-roof native huts mingled with lofty palms, cocoanut-groves, foliage rich and variegated, and all the softer shades of a tropical clime, came out with great beauty, and seemed

like fairy-land compared with the monotonous views of the sea to which we had been for some days accustomed.

A large number of junks, Malay boats, and smaller craft were anchored off the city, but steamers and vessels of large size pass around a promontory some distance beyond, where long lines of wharves and storehouses were seen.

We were boarded by a pilot, who came in a light shell-boat, native made, manned by black men, wearing turbans around their heads, and with oars shaped just like broad, flat spears. As we approached the wharf, little boats of various sorts dodged in and out about us. The first of these were simply shells of wood, like long troughs, made by hollowing out logs and sharpening their ends. They were propelled by short paddles in the hands of little black urchins, who came around to dive for pennies. Two or three were in each boat, and when pieces of money were thrown at them, over they went like ducks, always returning with a comical look of triumph on their dripping faces, and clutching the pennies in one hand. Sometimes three youngsters would dive at once for a single penny. One plump little fellow, six years old, came so persistently to me for pennies, and scampered around

the deck so lively, that I could not resist the temptation of dropping him overboard ! He screamed a little, but took his ducking with good grace, and climbed into one of the dug-outs, where a few more pennies quieted his fears. Boats, rowed by long poles with round pieces of tin on their ends, like dinner-plates, pulled up towards us, filled either with corals and shells or delicious fruits.

But soon we were in at the dock, and, jumping ashore, I bargained with a Malay driver for his carriage. Of course he wanted two dollars, but I offered him thirty cents to take me two miles and a half to the city, and he gladly accepted. A nice little carriage it was, with a wee bit of a pony that trotted along at a lively rate, while I sat back like a nabob on the softly-cushioned seat. The road was good, and we made the dust fly, and soon entered the city, or rather the settlement. I dismissed the coachman, and ascended the sloping embankment of a fort behind the town. Here were ramparts and old-fashioned guns, but the British flag was drooping on the staff, showing who held sway over the region. From the top of the embankment I gained a picturesque view of Singapore and its surroundings ; it was a rich treat in both novelty and beauty. In the distance, and bordering the

opposite side of the straits, were the green isles of the Archipelago, or East Indies. The Straits of Malacca opened up to the right, a calm and silent sea lay in front, while to the left stretched the flat but cultivated expanse of country which forms the southernmost extremity of Asia. In the foreground was a green slope with short-horned cattle browsing upon it, and just below the pretty houses and villas of the settlement, almost hidden from sight amid the palms and rich vegetation which surrounded them. The roofs of the houses, both native and foreign, were made of brownish-red tiles, and though this gives an old-fashioned air to the place, yet it contrasts prettily with the bright green of the thick foliage.

Singapore proper is not large, though it is considerably extended in either direction by long streets of dingy little houses. The latter are occupied almost exclusively by Chinese immigrants, who come hither in vast numbers, and displace the aboriginal element, owing to their superior tact and skill, and aptness for all manner of work. "John Chinaman" is yet to be an important factor in the East, and is yearly making his quiet, simple influence felt more and more beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire. He goes to Australia to dig gold, cultivate the land,

or turn his hand to anything and everything that offers ; he frequents the open ports of Japan, and becomes banker, trader, or "compradore," as suits his convenience ; he comes to Singapore, Penang, and other settlements near the straits, and glides into all the little nooks where he thinks an honest or dishonest penny can be earned ; he runs over to the Philippine Isles, and other places on the Pacific, and is the omnipresent sailor, cook, cabin-boy, or steward on all or nearly all the ships running from China westward to Europe, or eastward to California. His quiet, inoffensive ways make him easy to get along with, though he carries little civilizing influence with him, and simply shows how he may mould himself to circumstances without bettering them very much.

The weather was simply perfect ; that is, it was neither rainy nor bright, but nice and cloudy. A slight breeze was stirring, withal. The luxury of a cloudy day can be fully appreciated only by one in the tropics, where the sun has a power not easily understood in other zones, and the clouds serve as the best of shields.

From the eminence I saw an extensive cocoanut grove in the distance, skirting the seashore. As it was not more than three miles away, I ventured to

stroll out to it, for cocoanut groves were something I had never before seen. Descending the embankment on which the fort is situated, I found my way slowly out of the settlement, and walked the road leading towards the seashore. Natives of both sexes, some black and some a tawny yellow, dressed in red turbans and petticoats, or wrapped in loose white robes, passed at various intervals and looked at me curiously. Finally, I arrived at the grove, and, entering, wandered alone among the beautiful maze of tall cocoanut-trees. A pathway led through the plantation, but no houses were near save one or two thatched sheds, about which a dark Malay could now and then be seen gathering sticks and dried palm branches. The trees were all loaded with rich clusters of cocoanuts, and the appearance of the grove was as peculiar as it was beautiful. The trunks of the trees were smooth and straight, and entirely devoid of branches. At the top, about thirty feet from the ground, long leaves were thrown outwards and upwards, each leaf being from fourteen to sixteen feet in length. The top of the tree was, therefore, like an immense plume, and just where the spreading stalks converge hung bunches of great green cocoanuts, each one larger than a man's head. A single tree is pretty; but a whole

forest has an effect particularly pleasant. A multitude of long, pendant stalks and waving leaves intersect each other in one vast network of green, and to the observer looking up they seem like a gigantic piece of tapestry.

I sat down under a thatched roof, upheld by poles, close by a small pond, and watched the approach of a thunderstorm whose mutterings could be heard from afar. I thought it would soon blow over, and resolved to wait and see it pass through the grove, trusting to my little retreat, ten feet square, to protect me from the pelting rain. Soon the big drops began to fall thickly; the wind swept through the trees in gusts and squalls, causing the palm-plumes to rustle and sway to and fro, tossing their long, sword-like leaves into the air. Now and then a dried and brown stalk would come sailing down, its heavy butt striking the ground with a dull thump. The noise which the wind made in the grove was singular, being a kind of "buzz," as the sharp, stiff leaves rubbed violently against each other. No cocoanuts fell, as they were firmly attached by thick green stems. In fact, I wondered how they could ever be reached, until I saw a black, turbaned fellow with a sharp knife in his belt appear suddenly from a hut, and, taking hold of the trunk of a small tree,

begin to ascend like a monkey. The native had to hug the tree tightly as he neared the top, but when once there he jumped among the branches, and began chopping at the cluster of cocoanuts.

A thunder-clap made me look away towards the storm, and the darkening sky told me that my little roof of thatched leaves would not keep me from a drenching if I were imprisoned there long. So, seeing an empty carriage passing along the road, I hastened out of the gate and stopped it. When fairly inside, the driver pulled up the little windows and shutters, and though he and the pony were thoroughly soaked, I was effectually protected. We rode back six miles to the steamer, and as we reached it the storm cleared.

Our vessel did not leave until five o'clock the next afternoon, so I improved the time by taking another excursion in a carriage to the beautiful Zoological and Botanical Garden, five miles from Singapore.

As we were leaving the town, the carriage was delayed by an immense Chinese funeral procession, which occupied a long time in passing and blocked up the main street. The first part was composed of men carrying banners and playing on gongs, fifes, and various nameless musical instruments.

The sounds produced were strange and weird, and the combination of colors made by waving banners was exceeding brilliant.

The hearse was gorgeously ornamented with curtain hangings of blue and gold, and the coffin with embroidered work of the same material. A special guard attended the hearse, and various insignia were held up in front. A large multitude of friends and retainers followed, all carrying blue and white umbrellas; it seemed as if the whole Chinese population had turned out on the occasion. Bringing up the rear was a troop of hired mourners dressed completely in white, with sheets thrown over their heads and held extended in front. Their wailing and crying seemed piteous, until we remembered that they were paid for it. The procession was followed by a line of empty carriages.

We drove on, and passed a house where there had evidently just been a death. A long red cloth was stretched across the doorway, and a Chinese ceremony was going on before a little altar raised in front of the house. Incense was burning in abundance, and offerings were made of fruits, rice, and large cocoanuts. The neighbors had gathered around and seemed to be joining in the ceremony.

On one side of the road a large field was liter-

ally covered with white clothes, showing laundry processes on an extensive scale. In a stream flowing by stood black Malays, each with a large flat stone in front of him, against which he dashed the clothes with a force that did away with the necessity of soap and scrubbing. I bought a cocoanut on the road, tapped it, and drank the milk, but finding it doubtful for digestion, contented myself with eating a pineapple or two. I invested also in some large bananas. The coachman complained that they were too dear (two cents apiece). Pineapples are the cheapest, and, I think, the best fruit that can be obtained; one does not tire of them so readily as of bananas. They grow wild all about this region, and may be obtained in the country districts at two for a cent. The average price for a very large one at Singapore is three cents. This brings them within the reach of all, and the poor people seem to relish them very much in the heat of the day. At home, one person scarcely thinks of eating a whole pineapple at once; but here it is just as common as eating an apple is with us. For myself, I always thought an apple or orange was too small to be satisfactory, but a pineapple comes just up to the mark. It is juicy and high-flavored, easily eaten when properly peeled, and is here so fresh and

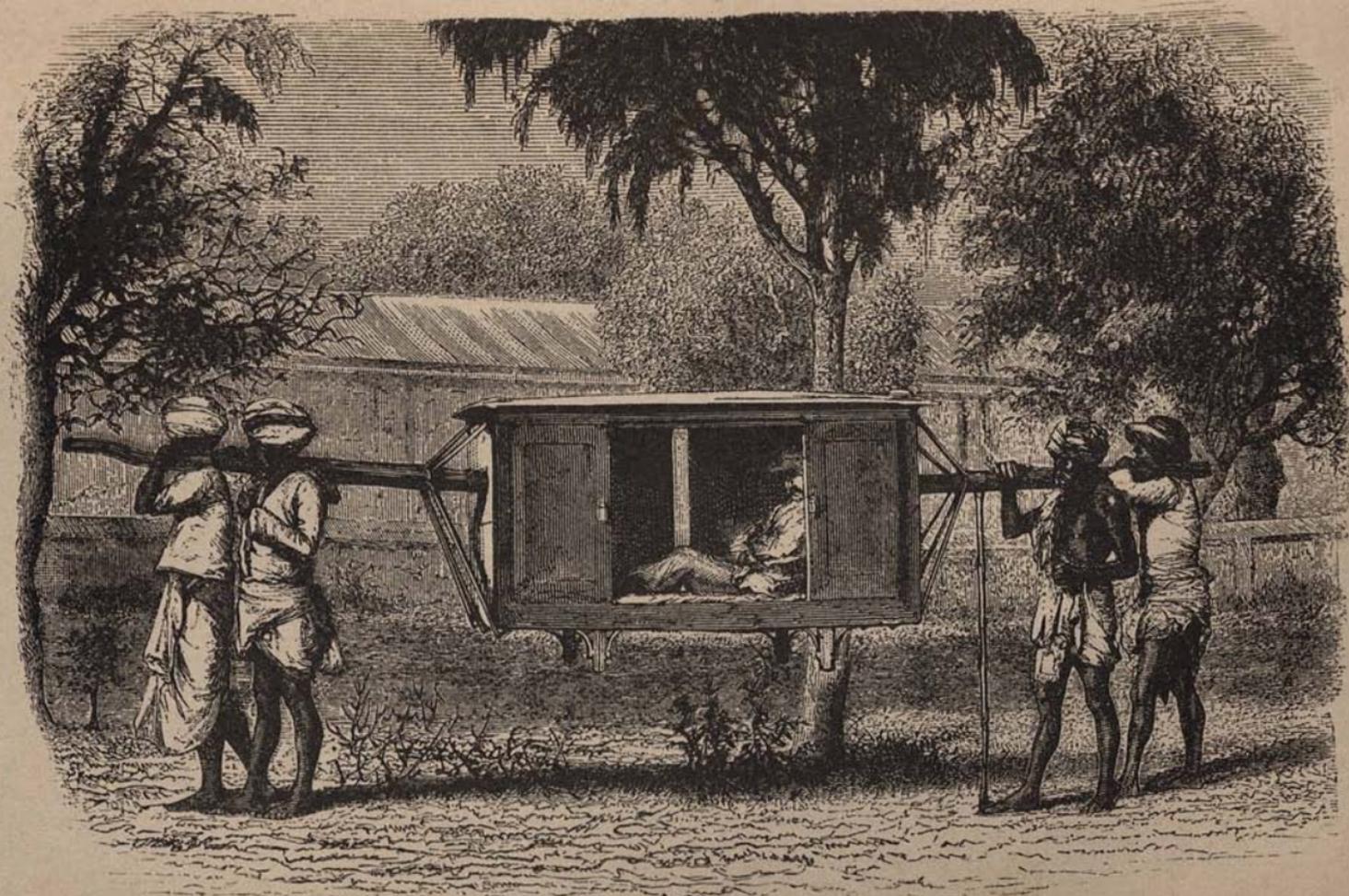
sweet that no such evil effects follow from over-indulgence as do in the case of bananas and coconuts.

The entrance to the Botanical Garden was reached ere long, and, leaving the carriage at the gate, I sauntered through the grounds for nearly three hours. The garden is very extensive, covering an area of several hundred acres; it is laid out in walks, grottoes, groves, flower-beds, and clumps of shrubbery. Just on the outskirts are the English barracks, where troops are usually quartered. Flowers and ferns of species entirely new to me were seen in great profusion, and the woods were filled with fragrance and the songs of birds. A peculiar species of "fan-palm" flourishes here, remarkable for its shape and the size it attains. It is shaped like a great palm-leaf fan. Its flat stalks are joined at the base, just as in a fan of small dimensions, and it attracts the attention of a stranger by its characteristic shape and great size. In a small pond near the entrance were lilies with enormous leaves, several of which were like large green tea-trays, with edges turned up two or three inches. A very pretty lake is near the centre of the garden, and on its margin are fenced-in parks with spotted deer, black and white swans, tall gray storks, and

cranes with long necks. Wild ducks swim around a little island in the centre. Wire cages and enclosures are also found, with monkeys of all sizes, birds of bright plumage, ostriches, kangaroos, and parrots. The kangaroos are not pleasant creatures to look at, for their hind legs and long, thick tails seem out of proportion to the rest of their bodies. The parrots are large and have brilliant plumage of white, green, red, and purple colors. Two hideous birds are kept here. They have enormous beaks, too large for their little black and red bodies to support. Such creatures seem almost caricatures upon nature; and why they were afflicted with such huge bills appears hard to understand, unless it were to furnish the Canton carvers with material for their exquisite "bird's-beak jewelry."

In returning to the steamer, various kinds of vehicles were met with, characteristic of tropical climes; but none appeared more comfortable (at least for the rider) than the peculiar-shaped *palanquin*, borne along briskly on the shoulders of four native bearers. The accompanying picture shows how easily the traveller may indulge in a quiet *siesta* while pursuing his journey in a warm, tropical climate.

After leaving Singapore we sailed northward



A PALANQUIN.

through the Straits of Malacca. The route intervening between Singapore and Penang has the breadth of a sea, as Sumatra is scarcely visible, and very few small islands are seen; but the low, flat, Malay coast is near at hand on the right for the whole distance. The second night after we left a fearful rainstorm came on. It poured in torrents for six hours, and the thunder and lightning were terrific. One tremendous crash came right over the ship, and some of us thought a mast had been struck. I was sleeping on the deck—or trying to sleep, rather, and as I had a thick awning above me, I tried to stay the storm out. But the floods of water came down with such force as to beat through everything, and this, combined with the continuous glare of the lightning, soon drove me below, drenched to the skin. The long night wore away, while the ship kept steadily on, not heeding the deluge descending upon it; in fact, the heavy rain seemed to beat down the sea entirely. When the sun had risen, the storm cleared, and we made up towards Penang Harbor, leaving a few islands on our left. A pilot came on board and directed our course along the shore, and we were soon anchored among the rest of the shipping.

Penang is a small town situated on a flat prom-

ontory projecting from the eastern side of an island of the same name. The island, which is considerably larger than that of Hong-Kong, is situated near the Malay peninsula, at the upper end of the Straits of Malacca. The town itself formerly bore the name of Malacca, but is now held by the English. In extent and importance as a port it is not equal to Singapore.

I went ashore and took a carriage to drive to the Penang waterfall, which is the chief sight of the place. It was distant about five miles, and for nearly the whole way the road was lined with cocoanut-groves, the trees being planted in long rows, with leaves arching over so as to form a succession of green avenues with great clusters of nuts on either hand. The banana appears particularly abundant here, and grows on a thick stalk, which shoots forth broad leaves fifteen feet in length, while from the midst of the clump a tall, green bough droops over, bearing a heavy load of two or three dozen bananas in a single cluster. The whole bunch is usually cut off green and allowed to ripen while hung up for sale; the cocoanuts also have a thick green husk about them when plucked, and this has to be chopped off with a sickle-shaped knife before the brownish shell is reached. We

passed several fields with tall, bean-like vines trained upon sticks ; these were betelnuts under cultivation ; they are largely used for chewing by natives throughout the East. The betelnut is something like the nutmeg in shape, though larger and softer. The natives cut it into small pieces, which they wrap in a leaf with a taste of lime, and then chew it. It produces an intoxicating effect, and enables the chewer to get along with very little food without the discomforts of hunger. The betelnut is used very largely in China, India, and the Siamese peninsula. There are coffee plantations on the island, and nutmeg-trees, cinnamon, and spices of various kinds.

Some of the houses, especially those built on low or marshy ground, were propped up on posts, and reached only by ladders or steps ; they were usually small, thatched sheds, and their surroundings were very primitive. They did not lack picturesque effect, however, when shaded by broad-leaved palms and thick, tropical foliage. Even the better class of houses, built by foreigners, were supported by brick pillars, with airy, open spaces on the ground-floor, in imitation of the native style.

Finally, the carriage stopped in front of a small hotel, where cool baths were advertised. I walked

up towards a deeply-wooded gorge in the mountain range, which was now close at hand. The roar of the waters in the wood directed me, and soon I came where the noisy cataract was tumbling over the rocks.

An artificial basin had been made at the foot of the torrent, whence a long series of pipes conduct the cool, fresh water to the town; supplying not only Penang and the people by the wayside by means of faucets, but affording an excellent place for ships to obtain fresh water. A steep ascent leads up the right of the cataract, and, climbing this, I passed through thick woods bordering the edge of the gorge, along the bottom of which the waters tumbled. Birds were singing in the trees, and as I neared the top a monkey jumped along a branch in front of me, swung down through the bushes and foliage, and disappeared across the gorge. A few minutes more brought me to the waterfall itself, which starts from a rocky height of nearly sixty feet, and ends in an oval basin below.

To the left of the fall was a small white shrine, six feet square, built of stone, and whitewashed. The door was locked, but while I stood there six or eight fine-looking black men, with shaven heads, and white sheets thrown loosely over them, came

slowly up the mountain-path, bearing a large copper vase with fruits to offer at the shrine. One man, who seemed to be the priest, had a necklace of beads hanging over his shoulders; his hair was not cropped like that of the rest, but hung loosely down his neck and back. He unlocked the door of the shrine, and, filling the copper vase with water, poured it upon the head of a little, black, stone idol which stood in a corner; he then swept out the place, and poured more water over the floor. Next he cleaned a small stone altar that stood in front of the shrine, rubbing it very devoutly with his hand, and, filling the copper vase again at the waterfall, emptied its contents upon the altar and all over the stone steps. This he repeated two or three times; then he rolled a black paste in his fingers, and stuck three pieces on the altar, on the head of the stone idol, and also on a flat disk of stone which was suspended in the centre of the shrine. After various incomprehensible gesticulations, the fruits were prepared for an offering, the cocoanuts had their green husks chopped off, the bananas were hung up, and a fire was kindled before the altar.

By this time the deep mutterings of an approaching thunderstorm were heard, and dark clouds went sweeping up towards the hillside, so I left the dusky

worshippers and descended the gorge. Just as the big drops began to patter down, I entered the carriage, which was closely shut up, and rode back through the rain to the wharf, where I took a boat for the steamer.

The next day I took another excursion, but as the number of hours allotted me by the first officer was uncertain, I induced the chief engineer to go along, knowing that the ship could not very well steam off without him.

Learning that there was an immense banyan on the island, known as the "great tree," we started out in a carriage to find it. The Malay driver mistook our directions, and drove up to the "central prison." Here we got one of the guards to direct him, and off he started again and took us about a mile to an "ice manufactory." One person here said the big tree was more than twenty miles distant, and that it would take all day to go to it; but the ice manufacturer informed us that it had been dead for two years!

The steamer sailed in the afternoon. The northern shore of the island appeared perfectly charming, with all its bright tints of green and gold, as we left it slowly behind and steamed out through the straits. The next morning we were

rolling on the broad, clear waters of the Bay of Bengal.

Two weeks' consumption of coal caused the steamer to be somewhat lighter, so that her motion was not so steady. Still, the weather was all that could be wished, and we sailed quietly over a smooth sea. Now and then a long swell came up to us from the Indian Ocean. Fewer clouds were seen as we got farther from the equator. We passed a solitary mountain isle in the sea, shaped like a black cone, and called "Norcan-Dam," which marks half the distance between Penang and Calcutta; several hours afterwards we passed a very long and narrow island, covered completely with cocoanut-groves, and inhabited only by wild boars. A small island to the north of this had a lighthouse. It was a lonely retreat for the poor beacon-keeper. As darkness came on we could see when he lit the lamp, and the little beam of light came flickering after us far across the water.

The sunset was beautiful; the great cloud-piles in the west were tinged with purple and gold, and there was every gradation of color streaking the sky, giving at one time a most peculiar combination of green, gray, and violet, and at another a brilliant outburst of crimson floods of light.

We had just crossed the meridian line, which, carried a sufficient distance southward, passes through the antipodal point to New York; and as I looked at the setting sun, I imagined it just rising on the people at home. But, though the same sun, it seemed to have an increased power in these latitudes, and we were always very willing to dispense with its shining face, except when in the act of setting.

Since leaving Hong-Kong we had been very fortunate in the temperature experienced. Our immunity from excessive heat was due to the continuous cloudy weather. The few days spent at Singapore and Penang were delightful. These places are far pleasanter and more comfortable than any in India, and the heat is not nearly so great, notwithstanding their proximity to the equator. In these equatorial regions it is always summer, never winter, and the frequent rains temper the climate, moderating the weather to an extent beyond the comprehension of Northern people. In regions considerably above the equator the excessive heat is most felt; and as we approached India, the Calcutta people on board consoled us with the intelligence that the month of May was the hottest month of the year in India. We left Burmah on our right, and had time permitted I should have been glad to

visit the land where the missionary Judson labored. Beyond Burmah was Farther India, where British rule is already felt, and beyond that is the Kingdom of Siam, the land of the white elephant.

The Bay of Bengal treated us with moderate weather to the end; no cyclone engulfed us, and though a squall blew over at intervals, a little rolling is all we had to bear. We sighted the light-ship, stationed one hundred and forty miles from Calcutta, about ten o'clock at night; but long before it was visible we were made aware of its proximity by a broad glare of light seen against the sky, occasioned by one of the "maroons," or firework illuminations, which are set off at every hour during the night, and may be seen across the sea at an immense distance.

Soon after, the steamer stopped and took two pilots on board from the pilot-brig which made towards us; a boat was lowered and sent for them, and as it pulled off, the phosphorescence which shone on the sea and gleamed from the oar-blades was beautiful. The water presented a livid appearance, like liquid fire. Lights were scattered about on the horizon, as many ships were anchored off the "sand-heads," as the shallow flats are called here, waiting for the day.

We steamed slowly up the river Hoogly, which is a branch of the Ganges. The river became narrower as we advanced inland, and the fields were covered with vegetation. No villages of note were passed, but natives were seen at intervals along the banks; they appeared for the most part lazy and listless.

The tide was high, and many steamers and ships passed us, going down over the "sand-heads;" the ships were towed by strong, double-funnel tug-boats. Navigation here is very difficult, and in bad weather dangerous. Our steamer pursued a zigzag course, first passing to one side of the river and then to the other, in order to avoid the numerous shallow flats and sand-bars. A rain-squall came on to cool things a little.

The whole region was exceedingly flat, the water being so close to the level of the fields that a small rise of tide would easily inundate them. In the terrible cyclone which occurred here some years ago, the river rose twenty-five feet; fifteen thousand natives were swept from their homes and drowned, the whole country was devastated, and nearly all the ships in the neighborhood were either wrecked or carried for miles into the interior, where they were left high and dry by the receding tide.

CHAPTER V.

CALCUTTA AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

CALCUTTA is called the "City of Palaces," and certainly its broad streets and elegant buildings are a pleasant surprise to the traveller who approaches it from the east, and has seen no place so European-like among the other cities of Asia. Nevertheless, it is scarcely more palatial than some other cities of India, and in public buildings and imposing effect Bombay may fairly be said to rival it. Many private residences combine the substantial characteristics of European architecture with the graceful verandas and columns of the Orient. The city is spread over a large area, and the streets are wide and well sprinkled with water, gardens surround the houses of the wealthy, and broad balconies, shaded by Venetian blinds, look out upon green lawns and pleasant walks.

On the banks of the river Hoogly, approaching Calcutta, are a succession of castles and splendid estates, owned and occupied by some of the native princes who formerly ruled the provinces of Hindostan. Deprived of their princely possessions by

the British government, they still keep up the same pretentious display as that in which they formerly indulged ; for their incomes are still large, though they have none of the expense and responsibility of state affairs. The most magnificent estate in this neighborhood is that of the king of Oude, who once ruled the great province of the same name, which has Lucknow as its capital. He joined the mutiny against the British in 1857, and was subsequently deprived of his possessions ; he was allowed to retain his rank and a munificent pension, but was obliged to reside near Calcutta, under the surveillance of the government. His palace, seen on coming up the Hoogly, is the most beautiful of all the stately residences passed. Within the grounds are large aquariums, flower-gardens, and one of the finest menageries in the world.

Menageries are old established institutions among the estates of Oriental princes, and much pride is taken in making them as complete and extensive as possible. The Bengal tiger is of course seen here in full glory, stalking up and down his capacious cage, with easy, cat-like tread, and glaring at the stranger with his great eyes, as though the strong bars alone prevented his seeking a closer interview. The serpent-charmer exhibits

his wriggling pets of live snakes, handling them regardless of the venomous fangs with which they are armed. Birds of paradise are kept here, and also the ostrich, pelican, eagle, flamingo, swan, and many species of pigeons. Great green tortoises sun themselves on the margin of the artificial lakes, and goldfish, and other members of the finny tribe, shoot to and fro beneath the water.

The royal residences of the king of Oude consist of nearly a dozen edifices, with colonnades and open porches. In these buildings a small army of servants, retainers, and native soldiery are quartered. All the elegance and affluence of a court are kept up, even though it is all an empty show of sovereignty; for the "king" has seen his kingdom wrested from his hands, and he is little more than a magnificent prisoner and pensioner, under the eye and power of the government.

The other princely residences and villas along the river bank are exceedingly beautiful, and in sailing slowly up the Hoogly they lend a picturesque effect to the landscape not unlike the feudal castles on the Rhine. But the tropical foliage and gorgeous colorings of light and shade are more striking than the scenery of Europe. The river channel is difficult of navigation, owing to the swift

tides, shifting sands, and sudden turns. Near Calcutta, however, the river is straight and broad; the shipping is very extensive, and on account of the current the vessels anchor in a continuous line near the shore.

A broad view is presented to the traveller at once across the grand esplanade, or "Maidan," as it is called, stretching in an unbroken sweep of two miles along the river, and reaching from Fort William and the Landing, up to the Government House and the elegant mansions of Chowringhee Road. This great park is deserted during the heat of the day, but in the evening, when the sun declines, and a cool breeze sets in from the sea, it becomes fairly alive with the people of the city. All classes resort here for fresh air and recreation, but the aristocracy are largely in the majority, and the carriages and livery displayed would rival those seen at the famous drives in Hyde Park. The native princes, occupying the palatial estates on the river, vie with the foreign residents in the splendor of their equipages and elegance of their dress. Officers on horseback, accompanied by ladies in English riding-habits, dash gayly along, while strains of martial music are supplied by the band of Fort William.

Government House stands at the farther end of

the esplanade, and is surrounded by a large lawn. Bronze statues of England's heroes are scattered about the grounds, the whole being enclosed by an iron balustrade. Over the gateway the lion and the unicorn stand staring at each other, bearing on their necks the scroll and motto, "*Dieu et mon droit.*" The cross of St. George is emblazoned on the ensigns, while the waving British flag betokens the power that holds authority in the land.

The Government House is the residence of the viceroy of India, besides containing the various state departments designed for government business. The building is somewhat the shape of the Capitol at Washington, about one-third the size, and is surrounded by a dome. It looks out upon the Great Eastern Hotel, and other fine buildings, situated directly opposite the square. Representing, as it does, the British power and supremacy in India, its halls are hung with the portraits of those whose civil and military service have added lustre to the British name in the country. Among these are the pictures of Warren Hastings, General Burgoyne, General Wolfe, Lord Clive, and Lord Cornwallis. The latter personage is notable in English history, not so much for surrendering the last of the British troops at Yorktown, as for his subse-

quent brilliant career in India, where, as governor-general, he retrieved his name and fortune. His countrymen prefer to remember his achievements and services in the East, rather than his previous defeat and disaster in the American colonies. The rules of etiquette and ceremonies at Government House are copied from the courtly regulations of Buckingham Palace. Distinguished visitors and state officials are sometimes entertained here in grand style.

Calcutta derives its name from "Kali-Ghat," the famous Hindoo temple in the suburbs of the city where worship is carried on, and pilgrimages are performed to Kali, the goddess of evil, wife of Shiva the Destroyer. The temple consists of a miserable cluster of shrines and stone altars, which a stranger might imagine to be a series of butcher-shambles, owing to the number of slaughtered sacrifices. The principal idol, Kali, is a small, black image, hideous in appearance, with three eyes, four hands, and a broad, golden tongue protruding from the mouth, and dripping with blood. The goddess wears a necklace of infants' skulls, carries a chopping-knife in one hand, a human heart in the other, and a decapitated head in the third. She is profusely ornamented with jewels and precious stones, and sits



HINDOO TEMPLE AND TANK.

back in a dark alcove, with a flat, paved court in front. Forked sticks, in the shape of the letter Y, are thrust into the ground; in the crotch of each the head of a kid, or some other animal, is placed, and struck off with a sharp knife. The kids are little black creatures, brought to the grounds bleating piteously, and sold to pilgrims or worshippers who wish to offer a sacrifice to the goddess. Each one is dipped in the sacred waters of the river, to purify it, before being brought to Kali. Sometimes large bullocks are sacrificed, and portions of the offering are purified by fire. The best part of the sacrifice goes to the priest, and the rest to the worshipper. When bullocks are killed, the devotee rolls himself in the blood, and then presents his besmeared body before Kali. On ordinary occasions, however, the worshipper, after cutting off the head of the poor little kid, dips his hand in its blood and smears the blood over his face, and then goes in and stands before the goddess. The efficacy or value of the blood differs in each of the various sacrifices offered. The blood of a pigeon or other bird is of small account; that of an animal is greater, and the more valuable the animal the greater the merit. The blood of a human being is of far greater account than that of many animals,

and horrible as it may seem, human sacrifices have, in former times, frequently been offered to Kali.

A sect of religious fanatics, called "Thugs," once composed a secret organization, and by deception inveigled unwary travellers into their haunts, and coolly murdered them in sacrifice to Kali. Robbery very rarely appeared the motive for these dastardly crimes, and so secretly were they committed, that it was difficult for the authorities to gain any clew concerning the mysterious disappearance of the victims. Blood, and not money, was the object, and for several years the Thugs carried on their ghastly work so quietly and successfully, that the British government could only suppress them by the most rigorous and persevering efforts. At present this religious banditti are well nigh exterminated.

The question may naturally be asked, for what purpose are the sacrifices of animals, and even of human beings, continually made to Kali; and why are her altars ever running with the blood of kids, goats, and bullocks? Has the pagan rite of sacrifice the same idea of propitiation for sin underlying it which the Jewish rites of the Old Testament possessed? At first sight it looks as if it were so, but on closer examination we will find a marked and

radical difference. When we watch the worshippers, they seem in real earnest, bathing themselves in water, and coming up the river-bank clothed in white, they make their offering, and stand before Kali with the blood of the sacrifice upon their hands and foreheads. They cannot enter in acceptably without the blood, and their prayers and hopes depend upon its efficiency.

But however much the external rites of Hindoo sacrifice may resemble those of the ancient Jews, the real principle at stake is entirely different.

In the case of the Jews, the offering was made in acknowledgment of *sin* and spiritual uncleanness; the entire significance of the sacrifice was based upon the idea of atonement from sin. The high priest carried the blood of sacrifice into the Holy of Holies once a year, to make atonement for the sins of the people.

But the Hindoo and pagan idea does not point to a righteous and holy God, whose wrath must be propitiated on account of sin. It points rather to a merciless deity, sitting in the heavens, thirsting for human blood, and taking delight in human suffering and woe. Kali is the source of all evil, and of all the calamities that afflict the human race. She sends pestilence, famine, poverty, and death;

and all the suffering and sorrow of mankind are but the natural outflow from her vindictive spirit and terrible power. Her thirst for blood must be *satiated*, and her horrible hankering must be appeased; but there is no thought of propitiation for sin, in the Jewish sense. The blood is to *satiate*, rather than to *propitiate*. In short, Kali is a demon and not a god. The Hindoos believe in good deities, but they do not bestow as much homage upon them as they do on Kali; for good deities will not molest mankind, and have no evil proclivities to be appeased. In fact, the whole religious system seems based on *fear* rather than on love or adoration; the true idea of worship has little place. If sickness or disaster come upon a family, Kali is angry, and a sacrifice is sent to the shrine to appease her. Hence the numerous pilgrimages and innumerable sacrifices offered at her altars. National festivals are sometimes held to her honor, especially if famine or pestilence is threatened.

On one occasion, in 1864, when a festival was in progress in honor of *Kali*, a cyclone swept over the coast, in the vicinity of Calcutta, and destroyed sixty thousand lives. The damage to property was equal to ten millions of dollars in a single day. There are records of seventy-one cyclones that have

devastated the province of Bengal, which is densely populated, and contains as many people as the whole of Great Britain. The last cyclone, which occurred on the night of October 31, 1876, was more destructive of human life than any that preceded it. Coming up the Bay of Bengal in the form of a vast spiral, it devastated those sections lying east and north-east of Calcutta. The low and populous islands in the great delta, formed by the rivers Brahmapootra and Ganges, were completely covered by the tidal wave which swept over them, destroying in its course nearly one hundred thousand lives. The first wave came at midnight, and so suddenly that few could escape. The force of the wind was terrific, and no anemometer has yet been constructed that could accurately measure it. One instrument was blown away, under a pressure of thirty-six pounds to the square foot. Another registered fifty pounds, when the centre of the storm was some distance east of Calcutta. The centre itself is always calm. Under the violence of the wind, the sea piled itself into a vast wave, first by being kept back off the shallow sand-flats, and then by rushing forward as the wind veered around. The wave swept over the doomed islands of the delta with irresistible velocity, carrying everything in its

course. What the cyclone spared, the sea engulfed. Some villages were partially protected by groves of trees, and the people climbed into the palm-tops, or fled to neighboring eminences. But most of them were helpless, and were caught in the midst of the whirling wind and rushing torrent. For weeks afterward, the Indian government was engaged in burying and burning the great multitude of the dead.

What terrible destruction of human life do the annals of these cyclones suggest! and when we contemplate the fearful records of famine, pestilence, and earthquake, such as the last famine in China, in which whole provinces perished; and the ravages of cholera, that decimated the countries through which it passed; and the earthquake shock of Yedo, in 1861, which killed sixty thousand people in a single night—we cannot wonder that the benighted people of the far East look upon “the powers that be” with fear and trembling. It would sometimes appear as though the millions inhabiting the Asiatic continent were not only doomed to moral and intellectual darkness, but were also doomed to all those physical evils which the wild and merciless forces of nature inflict upon them.

Whether we stand, therefore, at the blood-

smear'd shrine of Kali, at Calcutta, or within the hideous enclosure of the Temple of Horrors at Canton, or at the dragon temple of Ono, where the demon of Japanese mythology is worshipp'd, we find everywhere the same element of *fear* and gloomy fanaticism. In their religious rites, the heathen seek to appease anger, rather than implore grace—to avert impending calamity, rather than offer praise for present blessings. The prevailing view of life is not that which thrills the soul at the thought of its continuance, and there is little brightness or hope in the anticipation of a future state of existence.

The ignorant masses of the people are kept in still greater servility to fear by the influence of the priests, who use all their arts and superstitions to extort alms from the devotees, even when they know their system to be one of gross deceptions.

While walking about the bespatter'd shrine of Kali with Rev. Mr. Payne of the Bhowanipore Institution, we met a stalwart Hindoo priest, who spok'd English perfectly, and explain'd politely the significance of the various ceremonies. He was nude to the waist, and wore a long beard, but his face was quite intelligent. Surpris'd at his speaking English so fluently, I ask'd him where he

learned it, and why he still adhered to a superstitious system so repulsive and false as that of Kali. He replied that he had been through the course of instruction at the college with which my friend was connected, and had studied English there, and Christianity also. He had come back to the altars of Kali, however, as this was the faith of his ancestors, and he had inherited a portion of the priestly allowances, which were now his chief means of support. He argued that Christianity, though well suited to the wants and genius of Western nations, was not adapted to his own people. They must still hold to their own ancient forms of religion, for if they neglected these, they would have reason to dread the displeasure of Kali. When pushed, however, in argument relative to the leading facts and evidences of Christianity, with which he professed to be acquainted, the priest showed plainly the weakness of his own belief in the superstitions of Kali, and acknowledged that he held his priestly position for the gain it brought, rather than from personal faith in the system. It was the same old story of Demetrius and his craftsmen, who made the "silver shrines" of the goddess Diana of the Ephesians, and cried out for the honor of the goddess, not because they believed in her, but because

by means of her worship they made their own "wealth" from the superstitious people.

Many other priests whom we met, dressed in long white robes, evidently were more zealous of Kali's claims and dignity than our friend; for when I attempted to step in front of the stone altar and examine the hideous face of Kali closely, I was motioned away with angry gesticulations. The priests hinted to me in the Hindostanee language, that if I wished my own blood to be sprinkled before the goddess, I might go in, for no one could enter *there* without blood! Not caring to be sacrificed just then, I contented myself by walking around the stone shrine in which the goddess sat. I found eventually that I could by no means take the liberties with the Hindoo deities and temples to which I had been accustomed among the Buddhist temples of China and Japan. In the latter countries I made myself quite "at home" in the temples, and inspected the altars and idols repeatedly. But in India this cannot always be done with impunity. Even the British government is very stringent in its enactments concerning the rights of the Hindoo temples and worship, and no foreigner is permitted to infringe upon them.

Early one morning I started out to visit the

Cremation-Ghat of Calcutta, situated on the banks of the Hoogly in the upper part of the city. The Ghat is simply a small enclosure, shut in by a brick wall, open at the top, and having rows of stone slabs ranged upon the ground. Here most of the bodies of those who die in the city are burned. Usually the business is rather brisk, but as the hour was early yet, I loitered about the enclosure for some time without my curiosity being satisfied. Smouldering embers were to be seen on all sides, where fires had been kindled, among which were a few charred fragments of human remains; funeral piles were standing ready to be lighted, and a corpse, covered with a white sheet, lay stretched on a bier in the middle of the enclosure. Nobody appeared to be in any hurry, so I went up to the person whom I took to be master of ceremonies, and motioned to him to hasten the proceedings. He pointed to a poor woman sitting near the corpse, who was evidently the widow of the old man about to be cremated. She accepted a few "cash" from me, and then called the coolies, who piled up half a cord of wood, and placed the body in the centre of it. A bunch of straw was placed in a small hole in the ground, under the wood, and a Brahmin priest approached, having a strip of cloth about his loins,



HINDOO BURNING PLACE.

and the sacred thread, denoting his caste, about his neck. The poor woman prostrated herself before him, while he mumbled a few mysterious words over her; she then rose up and followed his directions implicitly. Taking some *ghee* or sacred butter, she rubbed it over the face of her departed husband, and placed a little of it, mixed with rice, in his mouth. After numerous evolutions she walked three times around the pile, carrying a burning brand, with which at last she set fire to the straw. The wood crackled and hissed, and as the flames shot up the body sputtered and hissed also; the fire became hotter and hotter, and dense volumes of black smoke rolled upwards, while the enclosure was filled with a variety of fumes and odors. Standing near the wall were some iron furnaces, which the government had placed there for the Hindoos to use in cremation. But they prefer their own primitive method, and it serves their purpose well enough, only the sight is not pleasant, especially when the body is only half consumed, and the embers have to be rekindled. When nothing is left but ashes, these are gathered up and sprinkled on the surface of the sacred river. In former times, the ceremony of *suttee* was very common, in which the widow was burned alive with the dead body of

her husband. But the government has put a stop to this and to all other forms of human immolation. One case of suttee occurred, however, while I was in Northern India, for the authorities cannot always learn of the matter in time to interfere.

To a stranger in Calcutta, the most striking contrast is evident between the culture and civilization of the city, and the gross forms of paganism and idolatry existing in close proximity to them. One may walk broad streets with palatial buildings, European stores, and Christian churches on either hand, and suddenly, by deflecting from the main avenue, may find himself face to face with all the abominable arts and idolatries of heathenism. European civilization is seen in immediate contact with Asiatic barbarism; and yet the two exist independently, and do not seem to interfere with each other. But perhaps the same might be said of the stately wealth and pitiable pauperism existing side by side in many of our own cities. The contrast between Fifth avenue and the Five Points, for example, in New York city, would illustrate a similar condition of things.

When we visit the large educational institutions of Calcutta, and see the thousands of Hindoo youth who have for years past been brought under the

influences of European instruction, one might conclude that paganism would rapidly lose its hold in these parts. So thought Macaulay, who visited India in 1836, and thus wrote to his father from Calcutta: "It is my firm belief, that if our plans of education are followed up, there will not be a single idolater among the reputable classes in Bengal thirty years hence. This will be effected without any efforts to proselyte, without the smallest interference with religious liberty, and merely by the natural operations of knowledge and reflection." These bright expectations, so hopeful and reasonable when first expressed, have never been fulfilled. Forty years and more have passed since these words were written, and during all this time the interests of education have flourished, and tens of thousands of young men have graduated from the schools and colleges of Bengal, but the province still remains the stronghold of Hindooism.

I visited Dr. Duff's "Free Church College," which has one thousand students enrolled, and inspected all the classes; in some of them I was invited to question the students both in scientific subjects and in their Bible studies. In the latter the young Hindoos answered remarkably well, giving the facts of Old Testament history as readily

as Sabbath-school scholars in our own country would have done. In modern science they were not so well advanced as students of the same age whom I formerly instructed in the institutions of Japan. In fact the Hindoo mind is not very practical, but delights in ethical and metaphysical studies, and in history, mathematics, and languages. The boys and young men were all bright and intelligent, and as full of fun as American students; they were all black, and wore white gowns of uniform style. The library was large and well filled with books; a marble bust of Dr. Duff stood near the door, and a full-length painting of the venerable missionary was suspended from the wall. His name is ever mentioned with profound respect and appreciation. Another large picture represents the signing of the separation of the church of Scotland. Dr. Duff had great faith in education as a regenerative force in India, and his plans have been nobly carried out; but how far education will succeed in converting a people from paganism to Christianity yet remains to be seen.

Presidency College, where degrees are given, was passed on my return. Sanscrit College is also a fine institution; the Sanscrit (meaning "perfect and polished" classical language) is the chief study

in many of these colleges, as Latin and Greek are in our own. The Bhowanipore Institution, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, is very large and well conducted. I witnessed the opening exercises one morning, when five hundred students marched into the main hall, and stood in rows, all dressed in white, while a portion of Scripture was read and prayer offered. The students did not appear very devotional, however; but college chapels are not usually noted for decorum and spirituality, whether located in India or nearer home.

I visited the government Medical College, and walked through the spacious and neatly-kept wards for European and native patients. The building was splendid in its architectural design, and complete in all its appointments. It contained large lecturerooms, furnished with every scientific requisite. The hospital was by far the finest I had ever seen.

Female education cannot be carried on as extensively as that of males, owing to the restrictions of caste and the severe exclusiveness of Hindoo society. Still, a few girls' schools are established, two of which I visited. One was that for Christian girls, under the auspices of the Free Church of

Scotland ; some of these girls had renounced their caste upon their conversion, and were completing their studies under English matrons. They seemed very lady-like and pleasant as they sat embroidering fancy-work ; and when I entered the room with a friend, the girls rose up and sang for us beautifully in English, the older ones taking the lead. There were seventy-seven girls in the institution.

Another school for smaller girls was conducted by Mrs. Chaterjee. Here were sixty bright young pupils, very small, but quite pretty, and wearing a profusion of jewels, bracelets, and bangles. They sat in rows, raised one above the other, like a dusky infant-class, and were tastefully dressed, and a little timid. After reciting some lessons in Bengalese poetry, they answered with remarkable promptness many simple Bible questions which I gave them. Their polite salams and bows, as we retired from the room, were the most graceful I ever witnessed.

Most of the missionary enterprises at Calcutta are under English and Scotch auspices, as they first occupied the field here ; the American missionaries, by common consent, subsequently established their missions in Northern India. There is one exception to this, however. The Zenana work is under the supervision of the ladies at the American



AMERICAN MISSION HOME, CALCUTTA.

Mission Home, which is supported by the Woman's Union Missionary Society of the United States. Miss Brittan, and fourteen American and native helpers, carry on the noble work of this Home, the influence of which is most important among the various agencies of Christian Missions in India. The hospitalities of the Home were cordially extended to me while in Calcutta, and I gratefully acknowledge the many kind attentions bestowed by the ladies.

The accompanying view of the Mission House is taken from Dhurromtollah street ; it presents the front gateway and garden, with the open porch and flat roof characteristic of Oriental houses. A small ladder is seen leading to the housetop, which I sometimes ascended in the cool of the evening to enjoy the fresh breeze and look around upon the city. "Tommy," Miss Brittan's Hindoo servant, is seen standing in the gateway. The ladies occupied rooms on the right and left of the central hall or parlor, and the whole house was kept as open and airy as possible in warm weather. A medical dispensary is located in the rear of the building, and the large diningroom is on the left of the entrance-hall. I sometimes sat at the long dinner-table with seventeen missionary ladies, myself being the only

gentleman! It seemed quite Oriental for the time being, and not unlike a well-ordered Zenana!

There are few Americans at Calcutta, and most of them came from the enterprising and prosaic city of Boston. We are very fortunate in our United States Consul, General Litchfield, whose devoted Christian character, and commendable zeal in all good works, call forth expressions of high esteem from the whole foreign community. It is not always proverbial in the East that United States consuls are distinguished for their charities, Christian zeal, and unselfish labors; but here we have at least one happy exception, in which Americans may feel an honorable pride. General Litchfield is ever courteous to his countrymen, as well as earnest in good works, and his elegant residence was always open to me; neither kindness nor hospitality was lacking in making my visit both pleasant and profitable. At the General's invitation I attended a reception with him at Lord Bishop Mitman's. The gathering was very aristocratic, and decidedly stiff and formal; but the parlors were palatial, the music fine, and it was interesting to meet the élite of English society, and see the richly-dressed people promenading the broad balcony, which could easily accommodate a hundred.

In returning to General Litchfield's comfortable house and retiring for the night, I found it impossible to sleep, owing to the cries of the wild jackals who roam through the city as soon as darkness sets in. One black creature attempted to rob a crow's nest in a tree beneath my window, and created a perfect furor of fluttering and caws; others could be heard scampering through the deserted streets, uttering the most startling and human-like cries. At first the sounds were so tumultuous that I thought the city in insurrection!

Sixteen miles north of Calcutta are situated the beautiful towns of Barrackpore and Serampore. The first is the seat of the vice-regal residence, and the latter is associated with the labors of the early missionaries—Marshman, Carey, and Ward. It must be remembered that missionaries were not at first very heartily welcomed in India. Sidney Smith said he hoped the government would send them all home. The East Indian Company would not allow Carey to settle at Calcutta; accordingly he commenced his labors at Serampore, which was then under the Danish flag. The pious Dr. Judson also began his missionary career at this place. The large college and other institutions founded by Carey and his colaborers still stand here, and their

stately halls and imposing dimensions attest how successful and practical these earnest men were. They believed in making missions "pay" for themselves; they therefore established manufactories, printing-presses, scientific schools, and aimed to combine missionary work with common-sense and practical pursuits. In this, for the time being, they succeeded.

I spent a day very profitably in going through the college and various institutions at Serampore with General Litchfield and his friend Mr. Jordon, one of the directors. Although the venerable missionaries are gone, their work still remains. We visited "Martyn's Pagoda," in a secluded nook near the river bank, where the devoted and godly man used to go and meditate. A tree is now growing on the top of the stone tower, and will soon complete its demolition.

As I greatly desired to see the famous temple and car of Juggernaut, located in this neighborhood, General Litchfield kindly conducted me thither. The Car of Juggernaut stood on one side of the road as we approached the temple. It was simply an ugly, painted pagoda, mounted on a clumsy cart, with rows of solid wooden wheels underneath. The curious vehicle was gorgeously ornamented with

gay colors and hideous, painted figures. It was two stories high, and we climbed into it and ascended by a rude step-ladder. The car was very old, and we found the interior in a forlorn state; the woodwork was rotten and worm-eaten, and the beams were so decayed that one would think the structure must certainly fall to pieces if dragged over the rough road. At the top we found a small platform, on which the idol Juggernaut is seated at the yearly festival, when he takes his annual ride. On such occasions thousands of people drag the car by means of long ropes. In the midst of the excitement, the shouts of the people, and the beating of drums, frenzied devotees were wont to throw themselves under the wooden wheels of the car, where they were instantly crushed to death. This has now been stopped by the government, however. In fact the festivals have lost their interest of late, and Juggernaut's prestige has quite declined. Scarcely enough people can now be mustered to give the old statue its yearly ride. In coming down from the car, General Litchfield pulled off a piece of the painted wood, but dropped it again, and I immediately secured it as a relic. Some Hindoos eyed us pretty sharply, but I slipped my souvenir of old Juggernaut into the folds of a New York

newspaper that I carried, and preserved it safely! We entered the temple of Juggernaut, and I saw the idol sitting on an elevated marble altar. There was little of him, except a great black face, with immense, owl-like eyes and a blood-red mouth. Two other comical-shaped idols were seated on either side of him.

As the heat became more excessive at Calcutta, I gladly accepted the cordial invitation of Mr. Richard McAllister, an American merchant, to spend a week or two at his beautiful summer retreat on the banks of the Hoogly. His grounds were half a square mile in extent, and upon them were two large cotton and jute mills, employing several hundred Hindoo operatives. I had not seen cotton-spinning on so large a scale before, and was never weary of watching the delicate operations of the various machines.

During the American Civil War cotton became so scarce that the British government stimulated its production in India by every means, and the cotton interest there rose to great importance. Speculation became brisk, and fortunes were made almost as rapidly in Calcutta and Bombay, as they were lost in Savannah and New Orleans. But at the end of the war American cotton regained its

prestige, owing to its superior quality and the improved machinery used in preparing it for market. Still the British government does what it can to foster the cotton-trade of India.

The manufacture of jute for bags, sacks, sails, etc., is also an important industry. Mr. McAllister employed 1,400 natives in his different mills.

His beautiful residence stood in a secluded and shady position, surrounded by a smooth lawn. From the balcony of his house we could watch the steamers and various vessels passing up and down the river. All that wealth and comfort could furnish were found in this delightful home, and every privilege was cordially extended to the guests. Soft-footed Hindoos stepped quietly through the marble-floored rooms, and were ready to do the stranger's bidding. One could scarcely put on his own hat or slippers, lay down his umbrella, wash his own face, or even dress himself in the morning, without a polite and silent attendant gliding up to him to assist in the operation! To the independent Anglo-Saxon, accustomed to help himself, and at least perform his own private toilet, these petty ministrations are at first a little annoying; but the warm climate soon relaxes his rugged spirit of independence, and he lazily surrenders all muscular

and manly effort to the willing services of the dusky shadows who dodge his footsteps. It takes a surprisingly short time to get accustomed to all the marks of deference heaped upon him ; and he soon slides into a dreamy state of quiescence, accepting the most trivial attentions as a matter of course, as if marble palaces and turbaned retainers had formed a part of his surroundings from his youth up. He smiles with serene complaisance upon the solemn and silent Hindoos who rise to their feet at his very approach, touch their foreheads, lips, and heart, out of respect to so august a presence, and fan him with swinging "punkahs" for hours together, whenever he throws himself listlessly upon the sofa or into a comfortable armchair.

Hospitality is easy to give, and still easier to receive, in the East, where houses are spacious, servants are numerous and well trained, pantries are plentifully stocked, the cook is never ill-tempered, and an Oriental frankness and affability assure the guest that he is always welcome.

Once, when taking a quiet "tiffin" with my kind hostess, a note was brought in, saying that a party of fourteen ladies and gentlemen from Calcutta would take tea with us and spend a few days. The arrival was unexpected, but it caused no unusual

stir ; a whisper in the ear of the "khansamer," or steward, was all the preparation that seemed necessary, and when the company appeared they were well received and entertained.

Though urged by my kind friends to make their hospitable mansion my home until the worst of the hot season was over ; and though warned of the danger of doing India and its sight-seeing, with the thermometer at 140° Fah., I persisted in my plan (imprudently, though, it *now* seems to me) of attempting three thousand miles of travel in the country at the hottest season of the whole year.

CHAPTER VI.

BENARES, THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS.

AFTER the long sea voyage from Hong-Kong to Calcutta, the idea of a railroad-ride of more than a thousand miles "up country," as Northern India is called, possessed not a little novelty, notwithstanding the fatigue, dust, and even danger to be expected by the way.

I left Calcutta on the Queen's birthday (May 24), which was a national holiday, and taking the 10:30 P. M. train, travelled during the night and all the next day to Benares, a distance of four hundred and eighty miles.

The province of Bengal, through which we passed, is nearly five times as large as New York state, and supports a population as numerous as that of the United States. It is a vast alluvial expanse, through which the great river Ganges pours its sacred waters by a score of channels into the sea. The most important town in this fertile district is Patna, the capital of Behar province, and centre of the opium trade; here the drug is prepared from the poppy-plant, then made up into



THE WATER CARRIER.

black balls, and boxed for shipment. Opium is the curse of China ; but its sale there is the source of immense revenue to India. Its cultivation, manufacture, and shipment, are entirely under British government control, and no private companies are permitted to export it. It sells in China for an equal weight of silver.

Soon after leaving Patna we passed Zumanea, where Lord Cornwallis is buried. An imposing monument stands over his tomb. The country appeared at this season desolate and dry ; as we receded from the region of the seacoast the hot winds were encountered, and their scorching effects would have seriously startled me had I not been previously warned respecting them. Having a whole compartment in the car to myself, I kept as cool as circumstances would permit ; *tatti-mats* of straw suspended in the windows were kept continually saturated with water, and at each station a *bhistie*, or water-carrier, replenished the earthen bottle, with which I sprinkled the floor and wet the mats. The *bhistie*, seen in the accompanying illustration, carries water in a large leather bag, and pours it from the neck of the bag, held in his left hand, into whatever is extended from the car-window to receive it. He is a low caste Mohammed-

dan, for no Hindoo would dare to touch leather, for fear of defilement and losing caste. The high caste Hindoos on the train were served with water from brass jars carried by Brahmins; but as foreigners have no caste to lose, they are served by the *bhistie*.

I had a box of Boston ice in the car, which proved a great comfort as long as it lasted; but after two days it melted, and I had no more ice until the Himalaya mountains were reached. The exportation of ice from Boston to Calcutta has become of late years a very important and lucrative branch of commerce. Artificial ice can be made in India, but it is not as dense as the natural ice, and lasts only half as long. It pays better to bring ice all the way from Boston around the Cape of Good Hope, and large ships arrive at Calcutta loaded with this commodity, which sells at market rates varying from four to six cents per pound.

The sun was just setting behind Benares as I caught my first glimpse of the city. The atmosphere was hazy and hot, and the red disk of the sun, which was of extraordinary size, seemed of malignant hue as it slowly retired. Two slender minarets of the Mosque of Arungzebe, rising two hundred and fifty feet above the river-bed, were the most prominent objects that met the eye. Then

the conical-shaped temples, high stone *ghats* and terraces, and steep flights of steps, came dimly into view, and finally the Ganges, flowing peacefully in front of the city. -The whole scene looked from a distance precisely like the pictures of the place previously studied.

Benares is one of the oldest cities in the world. Mr. Sherring, in his "Sacred City of the Hindoos," says: "Twenty-five centuries ago it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy; when Tyre was planting her colonies; when Athens was growing in strength; before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judea had been carried into captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory."

The total number of temples in the city is over fourteen hundred and fifty, and of mosques two hundred and seventy-two. Besides these are numerous shrines occupied by idols, which are seen on all sides. The present population is nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, but it is fluctuating, owing to the vast number of pilgrims ever on the move to and from the "holy city."

Taking a carriage I crossed the river on a miserable bridge of boats, and drove three miles to the "Cantonment," which is a small foreign suburb of the city.

In the morning I visited the Government College, in company with Rev. M. A. Sherring, from whose published works on Benares I have just quoted, and who is also the author of a history of the "Tribes and Castes of India." The college building is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, and its extensive halls, fine library, and elegant surroundings, would do credit to Oxford.

The British government have shown great liberality in providing such an institution for the education of Hindoo youth. Secular studies are taught, but no religious instruction is allowed. Science is as necessary, however, in undermining the old superstitions of Hindooism as are the more direct forms of missionary effort; for the ancient legend that the world rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant stands on the back of a tortoise, must give way with the influx of scientific light respecting the construction of our solar system.

But all the science and classics taught in the colleges of India do not convert the Hindoo youth to Christianity. This form of instruction has the

same result which is manifest among the Government schools of Japan, namely: the youth are lifted out of the absurd beliefs of heathenism, only to be landed in the more rationalistic forms of modern infidelity. But even infidelity is better than superstition and the worship of false gods, and it may eventually prove one of the unavoidable stages of experience through which the youthful Japanese or Hindoo mind has had to pass previous to a more intelligent and sincere acceptance of Christianity. Progress may appear slow at first, and the result doubtful in a strictly religious sense, but secular and scientific instruction will ultimately be found an influential ally in missionary work, even though its primary effect may tend towards the breaking up of all religious belief.

Returning from the Government College with Mr. Sherring, we took breakfast with his family, and then spent an hour or two in looking over some rare works and pictures illustrating ancient Hindoo customs, modes of worship, distinctions of caste, and the physiognomy of various aboriginal "hill tribes" of India. The prominence given to the worship and evil influence of the *serpent* in these ancient pictures and legends suggested the similarity between this and the ever-present dragons of Japan

and China on the one hand, and the familiar story of the serpent in the garden of Eden on the other.

Mr. Sherring kindly initiated me into the mysteries of his study-room, and in response to my queries he attempted to explain how a person might keep busy during such hot weather. He said that the months of May and June, during college vacation, constituted his best season for work, and that *dry* heat was stimulating, rather than depressing. I found his study darkened, with one of the windows boarded up, leaving a dark orifice two feet square, through which a strong current of cold air entered the room. Being puzzled to understand where such a cold "northeaster" could come from, when the outside of the house was as hot as an oven, I asked Mr. Sherring if he had a secret tunnel leading to the North Pole. In reply, he stepped out upon the veranda and pointed to a peculiar contrivance placed close to the window, which he designated as a "thermo-antidote." This consists of a large winnowing machine, covered with *tatti-mats*, and coated in part with clay, while inside a light fan-wheel is kept in rapid motion by means of a handle turned by a Hindoo. The air is drawn in through the thick mats, which are thoroughly wet by an endless succession of small tin cups, and the constant evaporation re-

duces the temperature as before, while the cooled current is forced by the revolving fan into the room. No air is allowed to enter the house except that which passes through one or more of these machines. If the "thermo-antidote" be properly worked (and the life of the Hindoo turning the wheel be spared), then the happy possessor may safely defy any temperature which he may be called upon to endure.

Mr. Sherring lost his child by sun-stroke a short time before; the little one ventured out with his head insufficiently protected, and the following night the child became delirious and died in a few hours.

Stepping into the carriage that awaited me at the door, I asked Mr. Sherring what the temperature was on the porch where he stood; he replied that it was 155° Fht., and that I must pull up the blinds and blue-glass windows of the carriage, for it was imprudent to be out so late in the day. The glare from the white roads and overheated earth was painful to the eye, and the ride back to the hotel was the warmest I had ever experienced.

Such a climate forces the traveller to a complete change in his usual routine. If any sight-seeing is attempted, it must be done early in the

morning or late in the evening, for any exposure in the middle of the day would prove suicidal. In India I usually rose at four o'clock and started off before sunrise, after taking a cup of coffee and piece of toast, called *Chota-Hadjeirie*, or little breakfast, which was served in the room, and sometimes before the traveller was out of bed. *Hadjeirie*, or big breakfast, came later in the day, at ten or eleven o'clock, when people had returned from sight-seeing or business. *Tiffin*, or lunch, came at two, and dinner and tea were served in the evening.

During the day the house was kept closed, and *tatti-mats* were fitted into the doorways, and continually moistened with water. These *tatties* resemble flat mattresses set in frames; they are made of brushwood, and are so porous that the slightest breeze readily passes through them. The rapid evaporation of the moisture reduces the temperature so much that a person may easily "catch cold" by sitting too long in front of them.

At night, when there is no wind, the *punkahs* are worked, which vibrate slowly over a person while he sleeps. The *punkahs* are narrow frames, from six to ten feet in length, suspended horizontally from the ceiling, with heavy curtain fringes along the lower side. They are moved by means

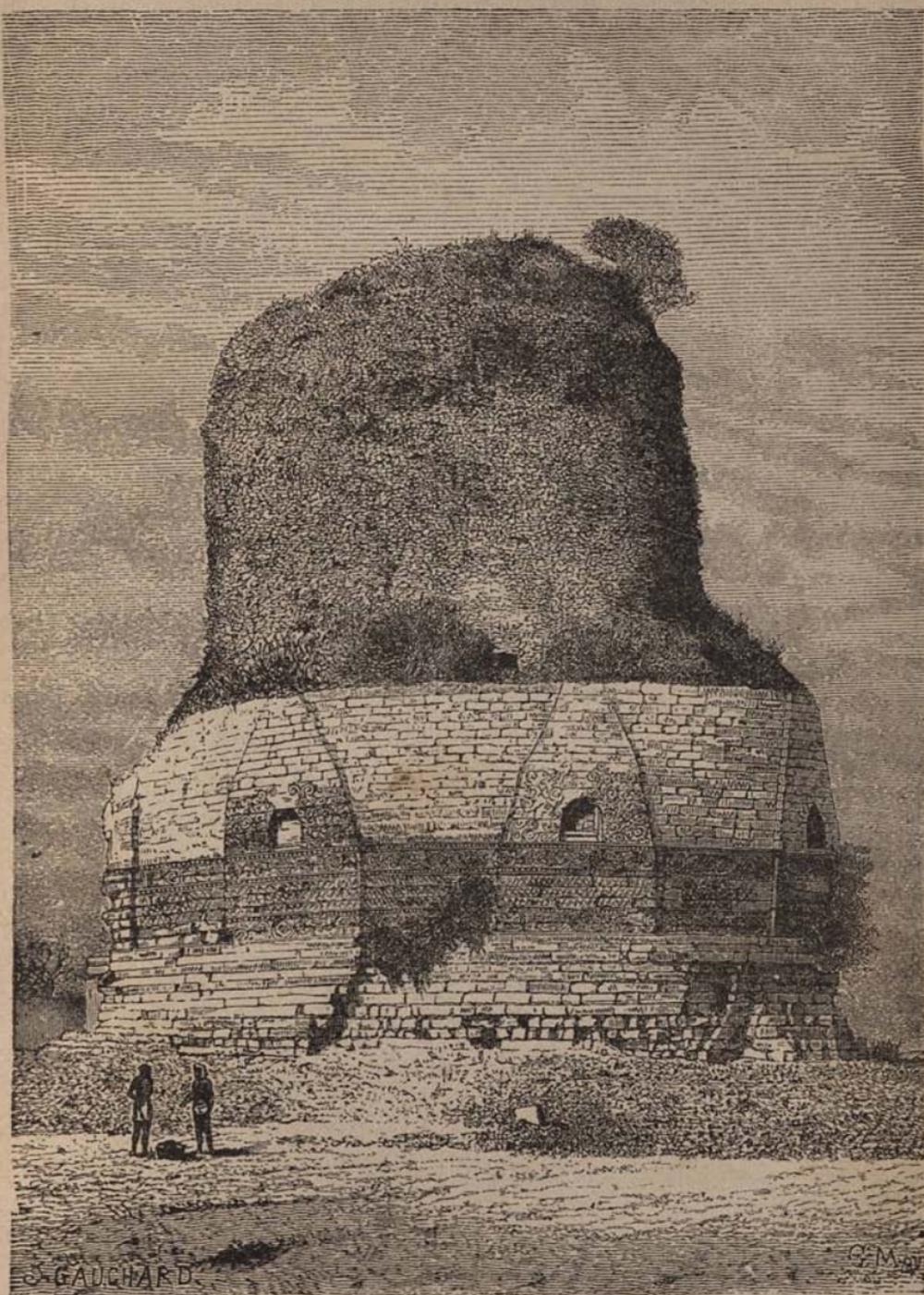
of a rope running through a small hole in the wall, and pulled to and fro by a coolie stationed outside.

Small fans are scarcely ever used in India, for the air of the apartment is continually stirred by *punkahs*. Even in church, at the Calcutta Cathedral, I once witnessed the Sabbath service conducted in grave silence, while immense *punkahs* were swinging back and forth, like great white wings, over the heads of the worshippers. One *punkah* was sufficient for ten pews, and four were connected by a single wire, so that they moved simultaneously. The minister also had a short *punkah* twitching nervously over his head while he preached. The cords or wires by which these pendulating *punkahs* were set in motion passed through the wall and rested on little pulleys; under each pulley sat a jet-black Hindoo, or *punkah-wallah*, swaying his body with a slow, but steady movement. These men are thin, fragile fellows, but they exemplify the principle of perpetual motion, and when they fall asleep, as frequently happens, they keep rocking back and forth, and continue pulling the same as when awake.

The direct rays of the sun in India possess a power unknown in more temperate climes, and not easily understood by those who have never expe-

rienced their effect. The head is the first member to suffer, and for this reason a substance is sought as a covering which will be as impervious as possible to the heat. This is found in the *solar-topee*, a thick pith made into helmet-shaped hats with broad brims, and curved so as to protect the temples and the back of the neck. These hats are an inch or more in thickness, and though large, are very light. No foreigner should venture out in the sun without this protection, and usually a double-lined umbrella should also be added. The natives wear large turbans, and some of them wear little else; they are able to endure exposure for hours to a scorching sun which would strike down a European in a few minutes.

The second day at Benares I visited Sarnath, four miles distant, the ancient cradle of Buddhism, where a colossal tower stands one hundred and ten feet high and ninety-three feet in diameter, and is regarded as a sacred relic by thousands of pilgrims who yearly visit it. Adjoining the grounds is a beautiful grove of mango-trees and a deep well; also a series of stalls or booths where the pilgrims sleep. In drawing water from the well, my guide extemporized a cup from a large plantain-leaf, from which he drank and then handed it to me, apologizing



TOPE OF SARNATH.

for sipping from it first, as it would break his caste were he to drink after it had touched my lips! I told him that my ideas of politeness were equally in danger of being broken, and with an air of offended dignity I declined to receive the cup. Whereupon the guide, who was very polite in other matters, ran hastily into the garden, and with some ingenuity fashioned another cup, from which I consented to drink.

The tower, or "Tope of Sarnath," an illustration of which is presented on the opposite page, is a composite structure, the base of which is built of blocks of Chunar stone, and the upper portion of massive bricks. The sides of the tower are covered with a thick growth of grass and weeds, and a small tree has taken root near the top. The ground is strewn with piles of broken bricks loosened and detached by the ravages of time. The elaborate carvings on the base of the tower are partly obliterated by the action of wind and rain, but a trellis work pattern may still be traced in the stone, interspersed with lotus-lilies and beautiful designs. There are eight projecting faces on the tower, into each of which a deep niche is cut. These niches undoubtedly once contained life-size statues of Buddha and his disciples; but they have long since disappeared.

After walking around the tower, I descended into a dark tunnel that had been excavated directly through it. A decrepit old man preceded me as guide, and upon entering the tunnel with torches, myriads of bats flew around us and out into the open air. In the centre of the tower we found a shaft leading to the top. Looking up through the darkness to the small opening more than one hundred feet above us, it appeared like a great chimney, along the sides of which the frightened bats were fluttering, disturbed by the smoke and flare of our torches, and their wings sent pieces of broken brick tumbling down occasionally upon our heads.

Formerly it was supposed that this tower contained hidden treasure, and the Mohammedans and English both pierced it by boring the tunnel and sinking the vertical shaft, in hopes of securing the prize—in the same manner that the Caliphs of Cairo once bored into the great Pyramid of Cheops, to secure the ancient treasures which they imagined to be stored there. But nothing was found save a solid mass of brick and stone.

A few steps from the tower is a small Buddhist temple, containing a white marble altar and a black image of Buddha. The familiar lotus-lilies, so frequently seen in the temples of China and Japan,

were in front of the image. I inspected the little temple with great interest, not only because it was the first one of the kind I had observed in India, but because it marked the birthplace of that great and mysterious religion, which holds sway over one fourth of the human race. My former residence in a Buddhist temple in Japan had familiarized me with the forms and ritual of Buddhism, and compared with them the Hindoo temples and worship of India appeared strange and unnatural. But this little shrine at Sarnath seemed somewhat natural and even home-like ; and it was all the more interesting as marking the site of the "Bethlehem of Buddhism."

Here at Sarnath, Gaudama, the founder of Buddhism, came to live at the beginning of his career, and here he practised the severest asceticism for five years, before starting forth as a religious teacher and reformer of Brahminism. Tradition says that he was a prince who renounced his wealth and rank, and gave himself to religious contemplation. He was contemporary with Thales in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, and Confucius in China ; but his influence on the race was more far-reaching than that of either of these sages.

His preaching was directed against the sins and

idolatrous practices of his day ; and he was specially vehement against intemperance, falsehood, theft, and murder. He taught that all desires and passions should be restrained, and that the soul should attain to a state of passivity and peace through severe asceticism. Gaudama never presented himself as an object of reverence and worship, however ; nor did Confucius, his contemporary in China. Both of these sages would have been surprised and shocked, could they have foreseen the altars and images which would be erected by their disciples to their honor after their death, and before which idolatrous rites would be performed, similar to that idolatry which they so strongly condemned in their lifetime. But undue reverence for the founders of religious systems appears to be met with everywhere in the history of the race.

Gaudama, or Buddha, has been worshipped in all the countries whither his teachings have come ; Confucius has been deified by his countrymen, whom he taught to turn from the grosser forms of idolatry ; Mohammed has had more reverence paid to one of his old slippers, or single hairs plucked from his beard and handed down as sacred relics, than he would have permitted any of his followers to pay at the holiest mosque at Mecca. Even the

Romanist, in his undue adoration of the statues of the saints and apostles, and painted pictures of the Virgin, is not far behind the priests of Jupiter at Lystra, whom Barnabas and Paul rebuked for bringing garlands and sacrifices wherewith to do them homage.

To the Asiatic mind, the hope of immortality brings no such thrill of joy and anticipation as it does to the Christian. The present life is an incessant struggle against the ills and wretchedness of the world, and mere existence is itself a burden. Man is the creature of a cruel and remorseless fate; the very deities he worships thirst for his blood, and bring the miseries of poverty and pestilence, famine and fire, earthquake and cyclone upon him. There is no stability or security here, and no hope hereafter. All is fleeting, deceptive, and unreal. Each soul has passed through countless cycles of existence in the past, and must pass through successive stages of births and deaths in the future. The thought of "eternal life," therefore, has little in it to kindle enthusiasm, for it simply means a continuance of that existence which never yet has been found a blessing.

The philosopher Bacon has said, "Being, without well-being, is a curse." And certainly the aver-

age Asiatic can respond to the truthfulness of the statement, at least in his religious experience. The only hope held out to his soul is, that after migrating for ages through stages of life, inferior and superior, he may at last arrive at Nirvana, or complete absorption in Buddha, where alone true repose may be found. This doctrine may appear to the active and energetic European mind a very unsatisfactory one on which to base a religious system, and the practical Anglo-Saxon would certainly persist in learning something more definite of the "whence, why, and whither." Yet the history and growth of Buddhism during twenty-three centuries attest how strong this single principle has become in its hold upon the race, and how multitudes of men in every age have turned their eyes away from the suffering and insecurity of this present life to a state of possible release and rest beyond the grave, even though that state of rest were but a step removed from annihilation.

Sarnath was once a suburb of the city of Benares, but now the latter has shifted its position three miles to the southward, so that the ancient shrine of Buddhism is left in the midst of an open plain. Cities often undergo a "change of base" in the course of centuries: Benares and Delhi in In-

dia, Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, and Jericho in the Jordan valley, are instances easily noted by the traveller, where the sites of the ancient and modern cities have very materially changed.

But Benares, though the cradle of Buddhism, has completely relapsed into Hindooism; just as Jerusalem, though the cradle of the Christian religion, has fallen into the fanatical power and misrule of Mohammedanism.

Buddhism, while dying at its source, has spread eastward through Asia, converting the people of Burmah, Farther India, Siam, China, and Japan to its mystic sway. Even so Christianity, while practically expelled from Palestine, has continued to spread through Europe and America, until its missionary forces now confront this ancient system of Paganism on the borders of the Asiatic continent.

Buddhism has been emphatically a proselyting religion, and certainly a successful one in the number of its converts. Nor has its influence been entirely baneful in the history of the heathen world; on the contrary, as a religious reform it accomplished much good, and though subsequently corrupted, its morals have always been higher than those of most other pagan systems. Compared with Hindooism, it is superior both in teachings and ritual;

and in viewing the bloody and frequently obscene rites in the Hindoo temples of Benares, I could not but wish that Buddhism had been as successful here as in other portions of Asia.

Benares ranks among the four chief "holy cities" of the world. What Rome is to the Papist, and Jerusalem to the Israelite, and Mecca to the Mohammedan, this Benares is to the multitudes of Hindoos who travel towards its sacred *ghats* across the burning plains of India. As we go to Rome to study Romanism, so do we come to Benares to study Hindooism; for this ancient system of superstition is still the prevailing religion of Hindostan. It holds its own against all the influences and assaults hitherto brought against it, and has successfully resisted some of the strongest religious reforms ever projected. It fought for centuries with Buddhism for the conquest of India; but Buddhism was driven to other countries, as we have already shown, and Hindooism retained the mastery at home.

Mohammedanism came next in the days of the Mogul Empire, and for a time the fierce iconoclasts prevailed; temples and idols were overthrown, and the great Mosque of Arungzebe was built in the very heart of the holy city of the Hindoos, where it now stands, with its tall minarets overtopping the

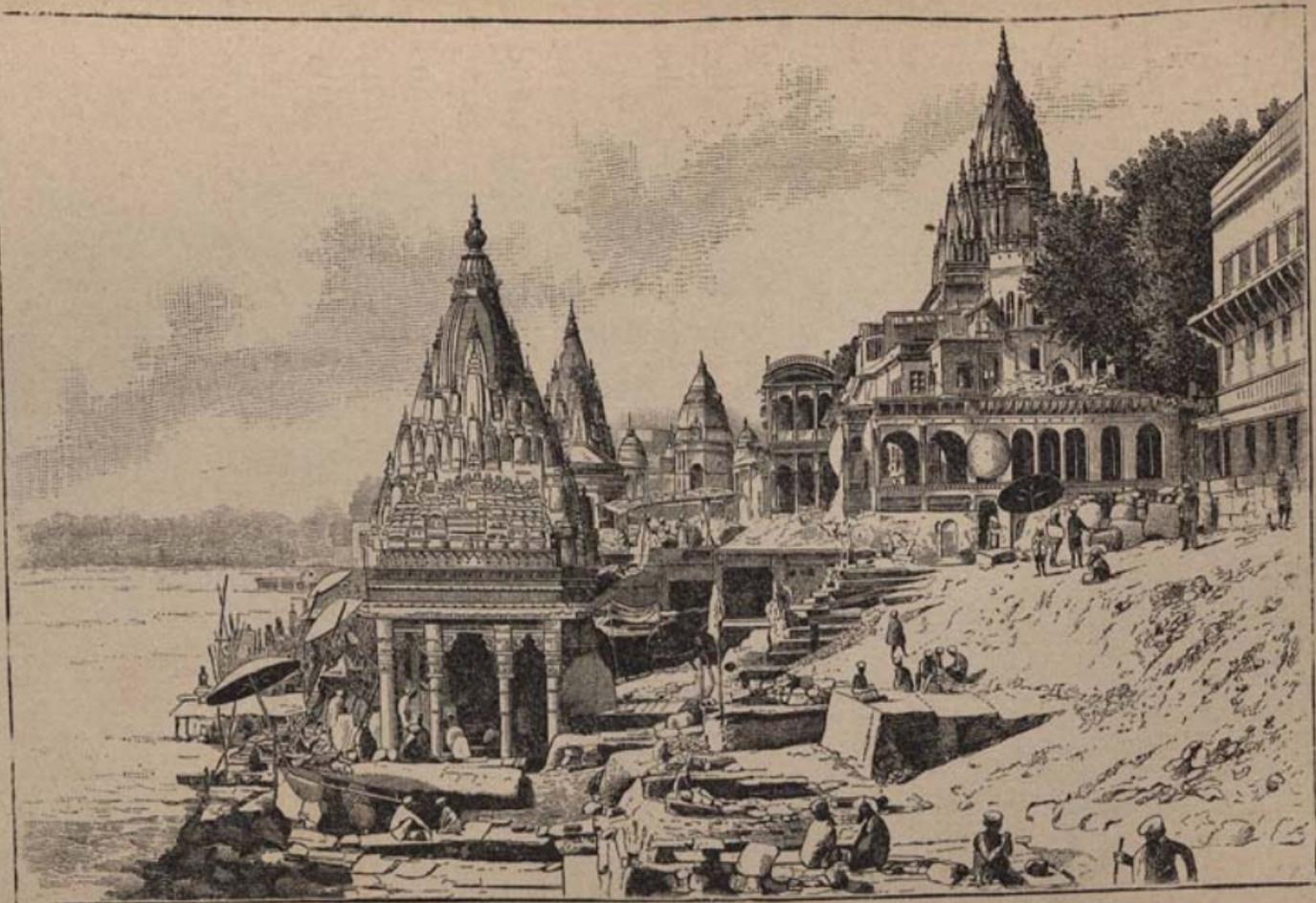
highest spires in the sacred city. But even the power of the Great Mogul, and the fanatical zeal of his Mohammedan subjects, could not crush out Hindooism; and to-day the thousand temples on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, thronged with tens of thousands of worshippers, prove how firmly rooted Hindooism still is in this its ancient centre.

And now come the modern influences of Western science and civilization. I have mentioned the imposing Government College recently completed at Benares for the instruction of Hindoo youths; but if secular and scientific education does not succeed better at Benares, in the work of religious reform, than it has succeeded during thirty years in Calcutta, Hindooism will still survive even this test.

Direct Christian missionary effort seems to be the only effective means of meeting the dark and difficult question; but here the resources at command are so limited, and the work to be accomplished is so vast, that to human view no reasonable hope could seem to be entertained of accomplishing any radical reform among the masses of the people. Comparatively speaking, the results of missionary effort here are yet as a drop in the bucket.

The second day at Benares, I started off before sunrise to visit the temples and places of interest in the city proper. The "Monkey Temple" was the first one inspected, and here I found a conical-shaped tower, or pagoda, in the centre of a square enclosure. Under this tower sat the grim image of the goddess Doorgha, the wife of Shiva, the Destroyer. In front of the image a forked stick, like the letter Y, was placed in the ground, where little black kids were sacrificed. The kids were brought in, bleating piteously, and their heads were placed in the forked stick, and then struck off with a knife. The worshipper then smeared his forehead with the blood, and stood before the idol.

But the most peculiar feature of the temple consists in the monkeys who frequent the place, and who keep chattering at a lively rate while looking down upon you from every niche and cornice and pinnacle of the pagoda. The monkey is a sacred animal to the Hindoo, and is allowed all the privileges of the temple. Purchasing a quart of rice from the priest, I threw the grain upon the pavement, when suddenly down came the monkeys in one chattering avalanche from every pinnacle, niche, and alcove, and from the neighboring trees and fences, until the court enclosure was well nigh



TEMPLES AT BENARES.

filled with them. There were about four hundred in all ; some were old and grave, while others were young and frisky. They behaved remarkably well at first, but as the grain became scarce, they began to scabble and scratch each other. The old monkeys boxed the ears of the little ones, and the young creatures turned the most ludicrous series of somersaults in their efforts to escape. When the rice was all finished the monkeys went back to their perches on the temple.

Taking a boat, I proceeded up the river-bank to witness the bathing in the Ganges. The bank is steep, and lined the whole length with *ghats*, temples, and long flights of stone steps, as seen in the accompanying picture. Booths and awnings were so arranged as to afford every facility for bathing. All castes and classes of men, women, and children, were plunging in the waters of the sacred river, and worshipping at the same time that they performed their ablutions. Small white flowers were sprinkled by thousands upon the bosom of the river and in front of the little shrines on the banks. No Hindoo may eat, or go about his daily avocation, until he has first bathed in the sacred stream and worshipped at the shrine of his particular deity. Among the bathers I noticed a fine-looking class of men

with white threads about their necks ; these were Brahmins of the highest caste, and they are greatly revered by all inferior classes. One Brahmin whom I passed stood motionless on a stone pedestal at the water's edge ; he balanced himself on one leg, clasped his hands, and turned his face full upon the rising sun. In this position he remained several minutes, while his lips muttered numberless prayers to the bright luminary. If he besought the sun not to shine with such scorching power, I felt more sympathy with the object of his petition than with some of the prayers that I saw offered that morning before the blood-smearred shrines.

Most of the bathing was conducted with perfect propriety, and though the whole city appeared to come down to the water's edge within the space of a few hours, there was no confusion and very little boisterousness. The young Hindoo lads seemed to enjoy the fun hugely, and swam about the boat, splashing and laughing, as if bathing to them was anything but "sacred." They were as much at home in the water as ducks. Women were seen carrying jars of water upon their heads to the sick and aged who could not come to the river.

The fires at the "burning-ghats" were smouldering as we passed, and bodies were lying there

ready for cremation. All that die in the city are brought here, and many old people come from a great distance to die at the holy city; the last wish of a devout Hindoo is to be burned after death on the river-bank at Benares, and have his ashes scattered on the surface of the sacred river.

Leaving the boat, I ascended the lofty minaret of the Mosque of Arungzebe, which rises two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river; the tower and staircase are of solid stone, and at the top a splendid view was obtained of the city and its surroundings. The Ganges could be traced far away to the east and west; to the north were the plains and ruins of Sarnath, and through the city were scattered temples and glittering pinnacles. The houses were old and gray and dilapidated, the roofs were flat and dusty, and through the hot haze that imparted a misty effect to the scene, Benares appeared indeed like a city of bygone centuries.

Descending the minaret, I wound my way through a maze of narrow lanes, called streets, and entered a score of conical-roofed temples crowded with multitudes of people, who were praying, sacrificing, and offering white flowers on the various shrines. Most of the devotees were clad in white,

and notwithstanding the confusion, there was a degree of sincerity and earnestness apparent in their ceremonial worship which I had never witnessed in other parts of the East.

They paid little or no attention to the foreigner, whose presence was possibly regarded as an intrusion ; but they went right on with their devotions, which consisted mainly in strewing the white flowers on the *lingam*, or black stone, and then washing them off by streams of Ganges water poured upon them by the Brahmins.

The images of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, were to be seen occasionally seated together on the altars ; they were usually small and sufficiently ugly, but were constructed sometimes of gold and silver, and profusely ornamented with precious stones. In the midst of the temple a marble basin of large size was sometimes placed, in which the people strewed what remained of their white flowers, and emptied their brass utensils of Ganges water. In one or two of the temples I found I could not go very near the inner recess, or "sacred" shrine, with impunity, for the Hindoos do not allow a stranger the liberty in approaching their altars, which the Buddhists do in China and Japan. The fetid odors from some of their shrines would have kept me at a respectable

distance, however, even if nothing more formidable had intervened.

Wonderful wells abound in this vicinity also; most of them had iron railings about them, and looked like enclosed cesspools. There were "Wells of Wisdom," "Wells of Fate," "Wells of Purification," etc., but all of them were decidedly dirty.

The square courtyard of one temple was occupied by a dozen or more "sacred" white cows, which appeared as fat and sleek and contented as the priests who kept them. These cows are not only worshipped at the temple, but also when they walk the narrow streets. Everybody turns aside from them with due respect, and should they deign to stop and help themselves to the green delicacies of a fruit-stand or vegetable store, it is counted a good omen, and they are permitted to eat what they please without molestation. I nearly came to grief once by giving a cow a gentle reminder with the end of my umbrella to get out of the way when I wanted to pass her on a narrow street. The cow did not complain, but some of the cow-worshippers looked as though they would like to visit speedy retribution upon me.

In going through some of the streets I noticed that the people turned aside from me with almost

as much respect as they would show to a white cow, and they hugged the walls very closely until I had passed. Of course I felt quite honored to find myself ranked with one of the most "sacred" objects of worship in the holy city; but my pride came down a few pegs when I learned that the people gave me plenty of leeway, not on account of my sacredness, but because their garments would have become defiled had they touched me, and that only the water of the holy Ganges could have washed away the stain!

The shops of the city are small, and are filled mainly with idols, images, and religious relics of every description. Many of the houses are massive and solidly built, but the city is very close and compact. Some of the zenanas are gorgeous and richly furnished, but they are walled in and guarded by bolts and bars; the city, except on the suburbs, has very little of the air of comfort or refinement.

The "Golden Temple" of Benares is the most conspicuous object when seen from a distance, for its high, conical roof is covered with copper plates gilded with gold, and the effect is very brilliant. Four bells with silvery tones are rung ceaselessly here by the throngs of worshippers, and the temple appears the most popular in the city.



A FAKIR.

Returning from this temple, I passed through a stone court, in the centre of which was a large stone bull with garlands twined about his neck. On the ground sat a *fakir*, or religious devotee, who seemed the most repulsive object I had ever encountered. His naked body was begrimed with dirt, and his matted hair was covered with ashes; the nails of his fingers and toes had grown to a great length, and his skin had the appearance of tanned leather. His long and bony right arm was held up pointing to the sky, and it was said he never took it down. In his left hand he carried a short iron rod with rings attached, and around his neck were strings of beads and black berries. He sat bolt upright, heeding not the throngs of people who passed, and many of whom touched him and even mumbled prayers to him; for this hideous-looking individual was regarded as a saint, and his self-imposed penances were believed to bring him an unlimited store of merit in the sight of the gods, from which others might draw. I watched him awhile to see whether he took down his arm or not, and when a man gave him some black beans to eat, he took them, but immediately raised his withered arm again and continued pointing to the sky.

Another devotee I met on the road, measuring

his length upon the ground and dragging his body through the dust. He was on his way to some temple or shrine, and by this slow and painful process it would take the whole day for him to reach it. His motion was like that of a large inch-worm, as he slowly stretched himself at full length along the ground; and the sight would have seemed ludicrous, had it been less sad.

The accompanying picture is that of a *fakir* who became a somewhat conspicuous character in missionary circles in India. This old man thought that he had committed unpardonable sins against the gods. He made a vow therefore that he would wear an iron cage around his neck until he had begged sufficient money to enable him to dig a deep well in a dry country, which is considered a very meritorious act. The cage, or gridiron, rested on his shoulders like a Chinese *cangue*; and upon it were his idol, some trinkets, and a few feathers. Around his neck were strings of seeds of the tul-sie-tree, upon which he counted his prayers. He begged for seventeen years, yet found no peace, and he continually dreaded the wrath of the gods. Passing through a village one day, he heard a missionary preach from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

He became converted, but still wore the cage for three years until his vow was fulfilled, and the well was dug.

Then he became a preacher and an earnest and faithful helper of the missionaries in Southern India.

CHAPTER VII.

CAWNPORE AND THE MUTINY.

IF the heat had been found excessive in coming to Benares, it was still more so in leaving the city. All my sight-seeing had been accomplished within a few hours after sunrise, and the rest of the day I remained under the swinging punkahs at the hotel, keeping as cool and quiet as possible. But on learning that a train would leave the railroad station at four o'clock P. M., and that this was the only one which would enable me to make connections with the night express from Mogul Serai to Agra, I determined at once to take it.

The attempt to catch the train was a great risk, however, for the distance to the station was four miles, and the carriage must necessarily drive very slowly over a sandy road, where I would be exposed to the direct rays of a tropical sun for an hour or so, in the hottest part of the afternoon.

I had never ventured out so early in the day since the "hot season" had fairly set in, and from the warnings that old residents had given me, I had

grave misgivings whether it could be safely ventured upon even where the necessity of the case gave me but little choice.

The first three miles were accomplished without very great discomfort, but on the fourth mile, where the carriage dragged slowly through the sandy river-bed and across the miserable bridge of boats, the temperature within the close carriage rose to a furnace-like heat, and I seriously doubted whether my head could endure the terrible pressure and heavy throbbing until the train was reached. At last, however, the river was crossed, and I staggered from the carriage into the *dépôt*, where I found as usual that I was about the only foreigner on the train.

Before starting, a very pleasant-looking native, whom I had met in the city, came up to me and said he was sorry to see that the heat affected me so severely; and then added, "But you will find the hot winds much worse at Agra, sir, for natives as well as foreigners die there from the heat." This was consoling, under the circumstances, and I asked him how I might escape. "Oh," he replied reassuringly, "do not fear, for *God* will keep you through it."

Greatly struck at such a remark, coming from

such a source, I immediately inquired if he were a Christian. "No," he replied, "I am a Hindoo, but I believe in one God whom we may trust." I asked him if he did not believe in the forms of Hindoo worship which I had seen in the morning at Benares, among his own people. He said he did not, for he counted all these idolatrous practices as "foolishness." "You belong to the sect of the *Brahmo-Somaj*, then," I said. He replied that he did, and then he told me that Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the sect, whom I had met in Calcutta, had been to Benares, and preached to the people the new doctrine of Brahmoism, and that he for one believed in it, and had renounced his idols. I told him that I was well acquainted with the teachings of the *Brahmo-Somaj*, for I had enjoyed a long interview with Chunder Sen on the subject, in his home at Calcutta. I also met some of his disciples who had just returned from the Madras Presidency, where they had gone on a preaching tour. Hopes had been excited in missionary circles that the *Brahmo-Somaj* would accomplish great religious reforms, as it aimed to overthrow the tyranny of caste, break down idolatry and superstition, and introduce a more spiritual faith, founded on "the spirit of prayer" and belief in one God.

But its positive denials of some of the fundamental truths of Christianity, such as the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the necessity of a Mediator, make it harmonize but little with the teachings of Christian missionaries. In fact, a converted Brahmin who accompanied me in my visit to Chunder Sen, told me that he thought pure Hindooism, with its doctrines of incarnation, sacrifices, sacred books, the Hindoo trinity, and its ceremonial worship, was a better preparation for Christianity than the philosophical abstractions of the *Brahmo-Somaj*. The comparative merits and demerits of the two systems may be questionable; but if the *Somaj* did nothing more than turn the people away from their idols, as it did the young Hindoo with whom I was conversing, it had at least accomplished one step in the right direction.

I bade good-by to the young man, thanking him for his suggestion, to trust in the Lord; and indeed I soon after had occasion to act upon his advice, for as night came on, with it came also the symptoms of a severe sunstroke, which in this climate usually develop themselves some hours after exposure.

The symptoms were burning sensations of the back and spine, nausea at the stomach, and an indescribable pressure and ache in the head. The

brain felt at times as if it would burst, and the spinal column as though it were a hot tube filled with melted marrow! The diagnosis may sound ludicrous, but the reality was no joke. I was alone in the car at the time, and could scarcely muster strength to keep in a sitting position; but knowing that something must be done, I partially undressed and poured water continually over my head and neck. I then brought various remedies into requisition which I usually carried with me for emergencies. At length, at one of the stations, an engineer who had been twenty years in India, came into the car; he gave me directions what to do, and helped me in the use of the proper remedies; so that in three hours I was out of my "symptoms" and free from present danger.

The next day I learned of two foreigners "found dead" on the down train from "heat apoplexy," and of five natives who had succumbed to the same trouble, and were taken out at Cawnpore from a closely-crowded car. In one instance, which I learned of later, the conductor stepped up to a car-window and asked a gentleman sitting alone there for his ticket. No response being given, he touched him and found him dead. Two natives also died from heat on the same train.

These facts make "travelling for pleasure" sound rather paradoxical; and so indeed it is, during the "hot season" at least. That I may not appear unduly to exaggerate the heat, I may state on good authority that the government report of the maximum temperature at Allahabad during the three hottest months in India was 177° Fahrenheit in the sun, and 150° in the shade. This seems incredible, but I can vouch for the fact that the temperature in the cars, while travelling at noonday, frequently rose to 140° , which is quite as warm as anything I desire ever again to experience.

Since leaving Calcutta I had not seen a drop of rain, nor was there a prospect of any for weeks to come. A cloudless sky, hot and hazy, with a fierce and blazing sun, made the heavens seem as brass above me, from the beginning to the end of my desolate journey. The country appeared dry, parched, and deserted; the railway stations were solemn and still, and frequently I was the only foreign passenger upon a whole train.

During the six weeks of travel on the railways of India, I do not remember meeting a single person who was travelling for pleasure, though in the winter months tourists may be seen by the score, and the climate is then one of the most charming

in the world. The technical "hot season" extends from April to the last of June, when the Monsoons break on the Western coast and the heavy rains bring relief. Then the country becomes bright and beautiful, and the fields are clothed with all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. But previous to that, the plains of India are like Sahara.

Shortly before entering Allahabad our train crossed the Jumna bridge, which is 3,225 feet in length, and is said to have cost £400,000 sterling. The bridge has iron girders resting on stone piers, which are sixty-two feet in height from the low water level, and the foundations are twenty-four feet below this level. The river at this point is half a mile wide, and the quicksands and strong current made the sinking of the piers exceedingly difficult. One immense pier in particular, pointed out to me from the car-window by my engineer friend, had cost, he said, more money and trouble than any other single bridge in India.

There was formerly a saying among the natives in this section of country, that when England had bridged the Jumna, India was hers, and not until then. At Allahabad, a splendid new railroad station was in course of completion, which was the largest in the country

At this point passengers from Calcutta change cars for Bombay ; but those proceeding "up country" continue on the main line which runs northward between the rivers Jumna and Ganges. I took the latter route, as I was bound for Agra, Delhi, and the Himalayas ; but a few weeks later it was necessary to return five hundred miles to Allahabad in order to reach Bombay.

India, like our own country, is a land of "magnificent distances," and as Allahabad is the centre of its great railway system, the traveller usually rests here and considers how far he has reached in his journey. I found that I was scarcely half way "up country" as yet, though this station was five hundred and sixty-five miles from Calcutta on the one hand, and eight hundred and forty-five miles from Bombay on the other. I was hastening to reach Agra, which was three hundred miles beyond, or as far from Calcutta as Chicago is from New York ; and thence it would still be three hundred miles farther to the foot of the Himalaya Mountains.

In brief, the whole journey from Calcutta to "the hills," as they are called, was about twelve hundred miles, and the return to Bombay nearly fourteen hundred more. So that the "round trip,"

if continued in a straight line, would almost suffice to carry one across the American continent.

The population of Allahabad is one hundred and thirty thousand, but, like Benares, the number of pilgrims who congregate here at certain seasons increases that number tenfold. The name Allahabad signifies "City of God." The Hindoos say there are three rivers which meet here, namely: the sacred Jumna and Ganges, and a third river which flows from heaven, and is invisible. The point of junction is of course a very holy place, one of the most sacred in India. Here the *Méla*, or great religious festival, is yearly held, and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, fakirs, and religious devotees of every sect, come from a great distance to celebrate the festival and to bathe in the Ganges.

At such times the plain of the peninsula between the two rivers is literally covered with the tents and temporary habitations of the vast multitude; they have to be marshalled like a great army, and led down to the river in sections of several thousands each. Sometimes there is great loss of life in the crush and confusion. The Hindoos, however, count it a fortunate occurrence to die on such a sacred spot, for it insures entrance into Paradise. The pilgrims even bring the ashes of their

dead from a great distance, to cast upon the sacred waters at the *Méla*; they carry the ashes tied in a bundle at one end of a stick, and their food tied at the other end!

The rivers Ganges and Jumna were among the earliest to whose waters sacred significance was attributed. But other rivers of the world have also held high religious rank, in view of their supposed spiritual characteristics. The Nile was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, and its waters brought the same fertility to the rainless regions of Egypt that the Ganges brings to the parched plains of India. Pilgrims go from the Christian countries of Europe to bathe in the river Jordan during "Passion Week," and evince the same enthusiasm in so doing that the Hindoos manifest in bathing in their sacred Ganges. There are mountain streams and water-falls of sacred repute which I have visited in China and Japan, where Buddhist pilgrims stand for hours in the cleansing current, hoping to wash away their sins. Even the Mohammedans have great tanks of water connected with their mosques, and no son of Islam may worship acceptably until he has washed therein.

Water is a most important element in the worship in India; and where rivers or tanks are want-

ing, deep wells are considered as necessary for spiritual, as they are for physical health. In the accompanying cut a Brahmini woman is seen going to the well, with a bucket and rope to draw the water, and an earthen jar in which to carry it.

The district beyond Allahabad is noted as the scene of many historic events, both ancient and modern, which I have not space to mention. At the town of Futtehpore, which was passed, Havelock gained his first brilliant victory in India.

At five o'clock in the morning the train reached Cawnpore. It is a very pretty place, and while the train was delayed I strolled around its environs. The interest in Cawnpore is chiefly associated with the massacre which occurred here during the last mutiny.

In the midst of a park is a beautiful monument, known as the "Memorial Well." It represents an angel in white marble, with drooping wings, and face downcast, looking into the deep well below. The whole is surrounded by an octagonal stone screen of elaborate design, and the garden enclosure is tastefully laid out. At the base of the monument is the following inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this



BRAHMINI WOMAN GOING FOR WATER.

spot were cruelly massacred by the rebel Nana Dhoondopunt of Bithoor, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

While in Calcutta the most sickening reminiscences of the mutiny were recounted to me by those who had been eye-witnesses of the events in this locality, and I could fill pages in describing the terrible scenes of bloodshed and misery. But a few words respecting the mutiny must suffice.

In 1857, the native Sepoy regiments, whom the English had trained, were becoming dissatisfied. They felt their numerical power, and knew that the English forces had been greatly weakened by the withdrawal of troops from India for the Crimean war. When they were furnished with new Enfield rifles, bigoted Mussulmans among them circulated the report that the new cartridges which had been supplied to them were smeared with the fat of pigs and cows. The Sepoys refused to handle these cartridges, as they would lose their caste by so doing. Other causes of discontent fanned the flames of insurrection, and the signal for open rebellion was circulated through the country by means of *chuppatties*, a flat flour-cake used by all classes in Hindostan.

The first outbreak occurred at Meerut, and soon after all the Sepoys throughout the country had risen in arms, killed their officers, and banded their forces to drive out the hated English. In the cities of Allahabad, Agra, and Delhi, where there were large forts, the English garrison were able to take refuge therein and hold their own until reinforcements arrived.

But at Cawnpore there was no fort. Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was in command, had several thousand troops, but only a handful of them were English soldiers. All the rest were Sepoys, who marched off with their guns and horses. Mustering the little remnant of his troops, he threw up intrenchments on the parade-ground, into which he gathered two hundred and fifty men from different regiments, with as many civilians and native servants, and about three hundred and thirty women and children.

The little garrison held out against the assaults of the enemy for several weeks, but were of course in no condition to withstand a siege, nor were they certain that an English army could be expected to bring them relief.

In this extremity a proposal of surrender was received from the Sepoys, who promised that if the

town were given to them, all the men, women, and children in the garrison would be permitted to depart in safety, and that boats would be provided to take them down the Ganges to Allahabad. Sir Hugh Wheeler did not listen to these smooth promises without misgivings, but the condition of the garrison was desperate; and Nana Sahib, the commander of the Sepoys, who before the mutiny had professed great friendship for the English, took a solemn oath that they should be protected. Thus tempted, they yielded to the fatal surrender.

The following morning the little garrison marched out of their intrenchments and were escorted by the Sepoy army to the river. The women and children and the wounded were mounted on elephants. Arriving at the river, they embarked with eagerness in the boats that were to carry them to a place of safety, and pushed off into the stream. Suddenly a native officer raised his sword as a signal, and a masked battery opened from the bank upon the boats with grapeshot. A scene of confusion and horror followed that beggars description. Some of the boats were swamped, others were set on fire, and hundreds of men, women, and children, were struggling in the stream. The Mahratta horsemen rode into the river and cut down those who tried to

save themselves. Most of the men who reached the banks were massacred, and the women and children to the number of two hundred were carried back into the town as prisoners, in deeper wretchedness than before.

They were kept in close confinement for three weeks, in dreadful uncertainty as to their fate, until the middle of July, when Havelock was approaching by forced marches to their relief. Nana Sahib, fearful that his prey would fall into the hands of the English, ordered that they should be put to death. The manner in which his order was executed is thus described in Kaye's History of the Sepoy War :

“There were four or five men among the captives. These were brought forth and killed in the presence of the Nana Sahib. Then a party of Sepoys were told off and instructed to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of their prison-house. Some soldierly instinct seems to have survived in the breasts of these men. The task was too hideous for their performance. They fired at the ceilings of the chambers. The work of death, therefore, proceeded slowly, if at all. So some butchers were summoned from the bazaars, stout Mussulmans accustomed to slaughter; and two or three others, Hindoos from the villages, or

from the Nana's guard, were also appointed executioners. They went in with swords or long knives among the women and children, as among a flock of sheep, and with no more compunction slashed them to death.

“From a little before sunset till candlelight was occupied in completing the deed. The doors of the charnel-house were then locked up for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Upon opening the doors next morning it was found that ten or fifteen women, with a few children, had managed to escape from death by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners.”

A fresh order was sent to murder them also, but the survivors rushed out into an open court and threw themselves into a deep well. This gave the assassins a new idea, and they deliberately dragged forth all the bodies from the prison-house, and threw them, the dying and the dead together, in the well.

The morning following the massacre, Havelock's army arrived at Cawnpore; and the soldiers rushed to the prison-house, in hopes of saving the unhappy captives. But the sight which met their gaze caused strong men to weep. The floor of the

chapel-house was covered with blood, and long tresses of hair, shreds of dresses, and children's shoes and playthings, lay scattered around. On the walls they read the writings of the murdered victims, and the pillars were defaced with the marks of bullets and sabre strokes. On following the trail of blood to the well, they found the mangled remains of all that martyred company.

“Turning away from this ghastly sight, the soldiers only asked to meet face to face the perpetrators of these horrible atrocities. But the Sepoys, cowardly as they were cruel, fled at the approach of the English; and those who were taken had to suffer for the whole. All the rebel Sepoys and troopers who were captured, were collectively tried by court martial and hanged.”

But Nana Sahib, the leader in this terrible massacre, escaped justice; nor has the most vigilant search on the part of the Government been able yet to discover him.

The tragedy at Cawnpore gave a spirit of bitterness to both parties in the strife; and subsequently when the English forces captured Delhi, through the cannon-battered Cashmere Gate, the Sepoys were slaughtered unmercifully. While visiting Delhi, I was told that there was scarcely a

tree in the neighborhood of the city, but what, after the siege, had a rebel swinging to one of its branches.

At Lucknow also, the capital of Oude, where the most heartrending scenes were enacted, the British troops, on coming to the relief of their besieged comrades in the city, captured a walled enclosure, within which they found two thousand Sepoys, and they killed every man!

For one hundred and fifty miles between Cawnpore and Agra, we passed through the most abundant game country I ever saw. The land was flat and dry, and sprinkled here and there with trees, so that one could see a considerable distance, as when travelling on the prairies at home. The game abounded along the line of the railway more than elsewhere, attracted partly by the water in ditches near the track, and partly by the Ganges Canal, which has its terminus at Cawnpore, and comes at one point close to the railway. Its waters are fresh and cool, coming as they do four hundred miles from the melting snows and glaciers of the Himalayas; and its banks are ever fringed with verdure, even in the hot season.

There were flocks of adjutant birds and storks, walking back and forth with stately mien, and bob-

bing their great bills to us in friendly recognition. Peacocks with flowing tails were perched on neighboring trees, or sat on some raised knoll of earth, sunning their brilliant feathers. Countless numbers of red and spotted deer stood gazing at us from the plains; sometimes they were in single pairs, but usually they were congregated in herds of two or three dozen, and guarded by sleek-looking bucks with big antlers. Jackals and wild hares darted here and there among the bushes by the roadside; and small birds of every kind and color perched on the telegraph poles. The Indian ostrich, or *sehru*, was more abundant than anything else on the plains; it is tall, with long slender neck, and sloping body of grayish-white color. These birds are very pretty, and are always seen in pairs.

Gypsies were also seen along the road, dwelling in temporary straw huts and tending flocks of cattle and goats. Wooded hills were seen in the distance, where bears and larger animals were to be found, including a wild cow with sharp horns, which is much hunted.

From the car window an occasional glimpse could be caught of the Grand Trunk Road, built in former years by the East Indian Company, and itself a marvel of enterprise and engineering; it

extends all the way from Calcutta to Lahore, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. It is finely graded, and shaded most of the way by a double line of splendid old trees. There are other trunk roads which join with this, and previous to the construction of the railway, all the traffic and travel of the country passed over roads such as these. The old style of journeying could still be seen illustrated, by watching the queer-shaped covered carts, drawn by camels, plodding their way along the road, or by lines of donkeys carrying goods.

At Toondla Junction I changed cars for Agra; and forty minutes more brought me in view of the city's hazy outlines, and I found myself gazing down the river towards the dome and minarets of that matchless marvel of architectural beauty, the Taj-Mahal, whose misty form loomed up in the distance like an enchanted vision.

CHAPTER VIII.

AGRA, AND THE TAJ-MAHAL.

THE "Dak-Bungalow" is one of the peculiar institutions of India, provided by the English Government for travellers, in places where hotel facilities are wanting. As I had never tried the "Dak," I thought I would do so at Agra; and upon leaving the train, I took a carriage and drove four miles to the Bungalow. It was a one-story building, with a large thatched roof, and stood in the midst of a broad open space with trees about it. As I rode up, ten elephants were picketed under the shade of the trees trying to keep cool, and twisting their trunks and tails in a very vigorous manner. Any traveller may claim accommodations at the Dak-Bungalow for twenty-four hours, but if the building is crowded, he must at the end of that time give place to others. The rates are regulated by fixed tariff, and are very reasonable. At the season in which I travelled, I usually had the "daks" to myself, and the hotels also, for that matter; of the two I rather preferred the hotels when they could be had.

At the Agra "dak" every attention was paid

me, but with the exception of the soft-footed *khan-samer*, or steward, who came in occasionally, I was entirely alone; and as the day was frightfully hot, I occupied myself in looking through the window slats at the elephants.

About sunset I walked down to explore the Agra "Fort," and here I obtained my first adequate conception of the marvellous magnificence of those princely palaces, mosques, and halls, which the Mogul conquerors were wont to raise for themselves. It was their policy to build their palaces and strongholds of defence within the same area, so that their kingly splendor might be supported, and protected if need be, by the strong arm of military power. When, therefore, I visited the Fort at Agra, I found it not merely a fortification, as the name might imply, but an enclosure of more than a square mile, containing buildings of various designs, which pertained mostly to the royal court, and gave evidence of oriental magnificence, both as to extent and lavish ornamentation. The grounds of the Forts are surrounded by a massive wall of red sandstone, seventy feet high, with a deep moat, drawbridges and battlements. Perforations are so arranged in the walls, as to serve for cannon, musketry, or the older weapons of warfare.

The Fort is still a stronghold, however, and is at present occupied by a small British garrison of a hundred and fifty men; some of the large buildings of the interior serve the purpose of an arsenal. Within the enclosure is the large public audience hall, with King Akbar's judgment-seat; and behind this, facing the river, is a range of buildings with a square court and elevated terraces, which buildings were the palaces of the Mogul monarch.

As I wandered through the vast halls and deserted corridors of Akbar's palace, and met one surprise after another of architectural splendor, and paced the marble floors or climbed the lofty parapets of the Fort—without so much as meeting a single person—it seemed as though the wealth and magnificence of by-gone centuries were spread around me, and yet all was desolate and still. Imagination could easily restore the stately edifices, and people the deserted chambers and throne-room with the princes and ladies of Akbar's court. The garden, baths, zenanas, and reception-halls were once alive with music and merriment, and certainly fulfilled the highest ideals of oriental magnificence.

One court-yard is paved with squares of black and white marble, where Akbar and the ladies of his zenana were wont to play the eastern game of

puchisi, a sort of backgammon. The beautifully-dressed ladies danced from square to square as the game proceeded, in the same way that the game of chess was once played in the French court, by substituting living knights for the pieces. There are underground passages in the Fort, where the ladies of the harem are said to have played hide-and-peek, in innocent mirth.

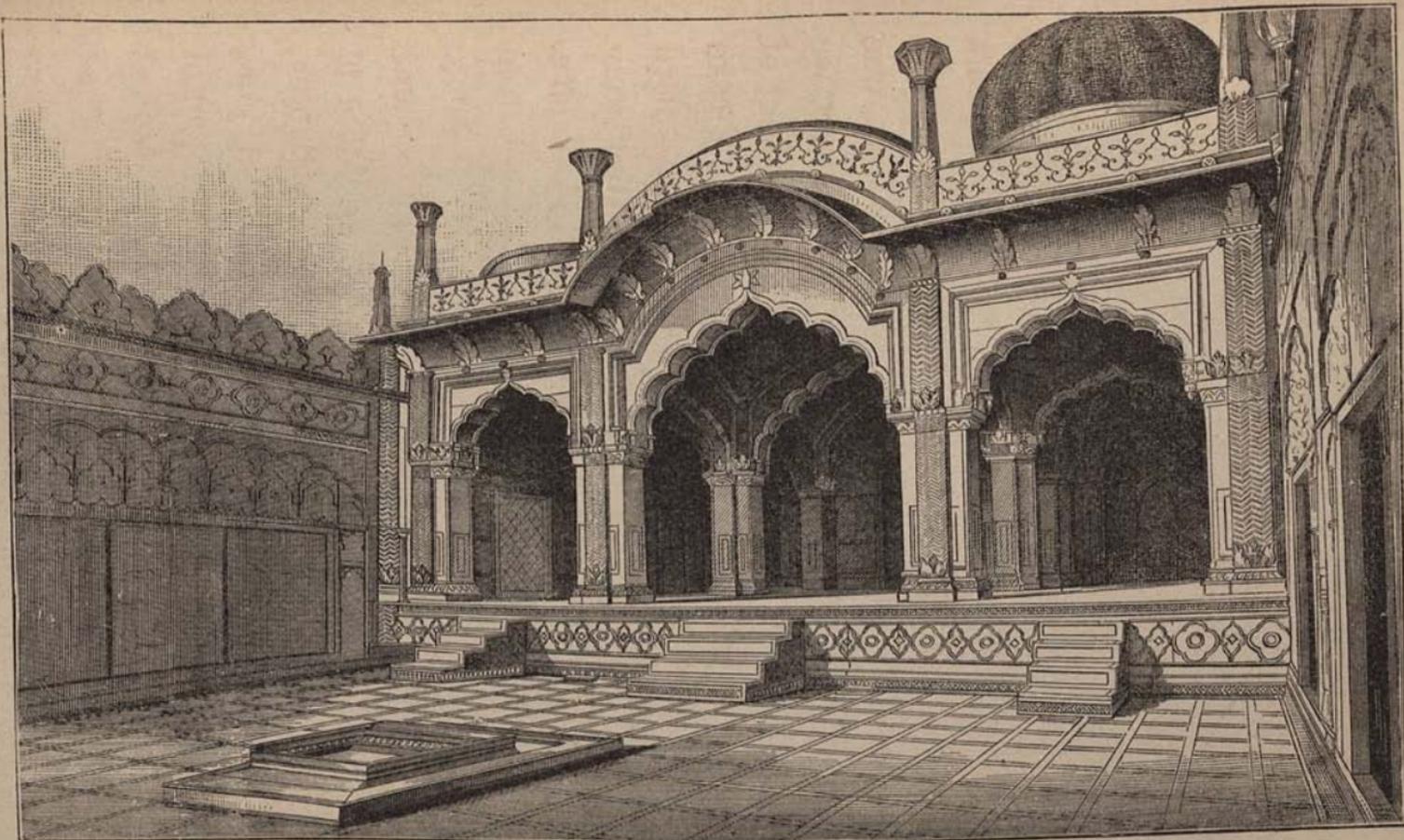
During the late visit of the Prince of Wales in India, the palace became once more filled with life and courtly magnificence ; for a state reception was here given to the Prince, in which the rajahs and native princes, and their richly-robed attendants took part. It would have made the great Mogul start to have seen his palace chambers changed to a banqueting hall, where British officers in bright uniforms feasted and made merry with the native princes, who held their titles but not their power, and were but subjects of a foreign crown.

In the centre of the Fort I observed long rows of unmounted cannon, and piles of black cannon-balls ; these grim looking implements of modern warfare appeared in strange contrast with the palatial surroundings and ancient oriental architecture.

“The glory of Agra dates from the reign of Akbar the Great, who made it the capital of the

Mogul Empire. He built the Fort, with its long line of castellated walls rising above the river, and commanding the country around. Within this enclosure were buildings like a city, and open spaces with canals, among which were laid out gardens blooming with flowers. On the river side of the Fort was a lofty terrace, on which stood the palace, built of the purest marble. It was divided into a number of pavilions whose white walls and gilded domes glittered in the sun. Passing from one pavilion to another over tassellated pavements, we enter apartments rich in mosaics and all manner of precious stones. Along the walls are little kiosks or balconies, the windows of which are half closed by screens of marble, which yet are so exquisitely carved and pierced as to seem like veils of lace, drawn before the flashing eyes that looked out from behind them."

Attracted by three gilded spires which shone above the other buildings, I climbed a flight of steps to the top of a lofty platform of red sandstone, upon which I found a beautiful structure of pure white marble. I had never beheld such a gem of architecture, and for the moment I stood motionless in the midst of the marble court gazing at the scene before me. The edifice proved to be the famous



PEARL MOSQUE AT DELHI.

Pearl Mosque, which is justly considered one of the most perfect structures in India. The simplicity of design was only equalled by the beauty of its workmanship. It consists of an inner court flanked by pavilions, and at the farther end is a raised marble hall, the carved ceiling of which is upheld by triple rows of pillars and Saracenic arches. Surmounting the roof are three spotless white domes, with small gilded spires. The domes, arches, pillars, walls, and pavement were all of pure white marble, and not another tint was visible, except the golden traceries which ornamented the columns, and which, contrasted with the brilliant white of the marble, gave a most striking effect. The beautiful gateway and pavilions of the court are of the same material.

I paced back and forth under the arches of the main hall, loath to leave it, and there seemed a solemnity even in the echo of my own footsteps. Bishop Heber, in describing the Pearl Mosque, says, "It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled, as a Christian, to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mohammed."

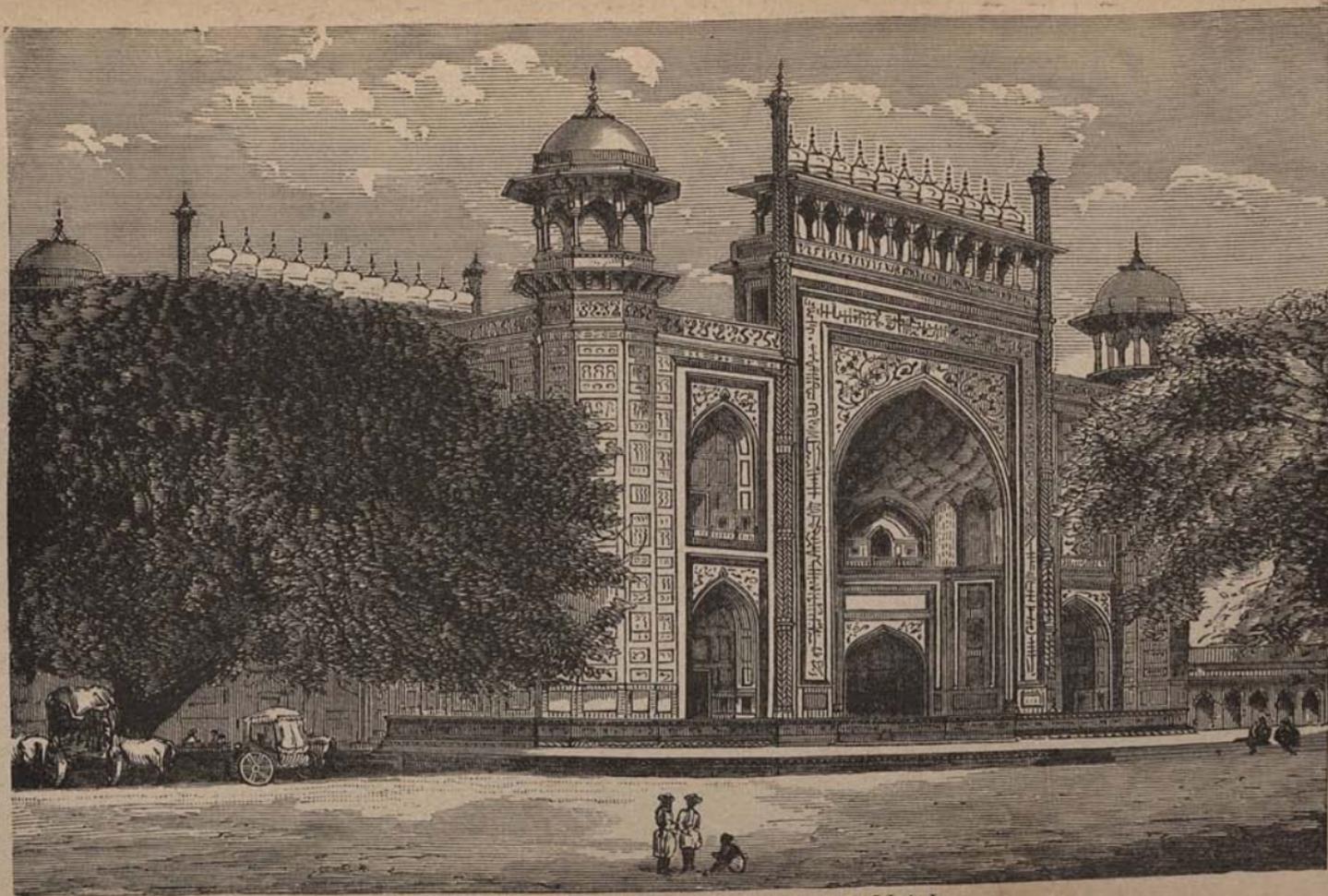
Though feeling the force of this thought, I could

not agree that some at least of the Christian cathedrals which I had visited—such as the cathedral of Cologne and the York Minster—express less of the spirit of worship than this temple of Allah. Yet the Pearl Mosque, which is comparatively small, is certainly the most perfect edifice of its size ever constructed.

Darkness had fairly set in when I returned to my lonely “bungalow” quarters, and after a light supper I retired, leaving orders with the *khansamer* to wake me at three o’clock the next morning.

“See the Taj first by moonlight,” said a friend to me as I was leaving Calcutta. Accordingly I rose early, while the stars were still shining, and walked two miles along the banks of the Jumna to where the Taj stands in solemn silence by the riverside, as well becomes a tomb. It was like an enchanted vision growing grandly upon me as I came up towards its swelling dome and white marble minarets, glistening in spectral beauty through the still night air, and rising far above the tall cypress-trees which stand in sentinel rows about it.

The garden-grove in front of the main structure is entered through an arched gateway of colossal size, built of red sandstone, and capped by rows of twenty-six white cupolas. Through the pointed



GATEWAY OF THE TAJ-MAHAL.

Saracenic arch of this gateway (the body of which is one hundred and forty feet high) the Taj stands out in bold relief against the dark sky, and one sees it and its elegant surroundings as though set in an appropriate frame, the arch limiting the boundary of one's vision. Passing down a straight and shaded avenue, lined by double rows of Italian cypresses, with a score of fountain-jets, forming a waterway between, I came to an immense marble platform, raised on a solid masonry bed, so that its level was about that of the tree-tops in the garden.

Not a sound could be heard in the stillness of the night, not even the chirping of crickets; the lesser gateways were closed, and their keepers slept. Not wishing to waken them nor break this charming silence, and finding a temporary staging on the other side, I mounted to the marble platform above, and there, alone in the soft moonlight, had the Taj to my own solitary thought. (See frontispiece.)

The structure is worthy of some celestial city, and can be described only as one would tell of an apocalyptic vision.

Built entirely of pure white marble, it rises before you from its marble base like some fairy fabric that never could have been made with hands. In form, it is a perfect square with corners truncated,

and on all sides is the same ; four grand and pointed arches reach nearly to the cornice above—one on each face of the building—and two smaller arches (at the place where the corners are truncated) are arranged one above the other. Through one grand arch alone is there an entrance to the structure ; all the others have simply screens of marble trelliswork, open to light and air, but debaring access to the interior. The whole building is surmounted by an Oriental dome of white marble, swelling out from the base into nearly two-thirds of a sphere, and tapering at the top into a crescent-tipped spire ; four smaller and similar-shaped domes are placed at the corners. When I entered the Taj and stood beneath this silent central dome, I caused it to be illuminated with brilliant blue fires, which were lighted for me by the torch-bearers whom I found asleep in the corridor. The effect was a splendor inconceivable, for if it was magnificent without, it was still more so within, and the white marble concave of the dome seemed like a celestial canopy, fit for the throne of the Invisible. Directly beneath it was a circular marble screen of filagree-work, enclosing two beautiful tombs, inlaid with flowers and mosaics of precious stones. The *echo* under this dome was marvellous in its sweetness

and softness, and as I slowly whispered the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," it came back to me with increased volume, and like the loveliest strains of an angelic choir.

The Taj is a tomb; but it seems more like a temple of praise than a shrine of sorrow. It was built as a tribute of affection, in memory of the dead; and the very spirit of love pervades its silent chambers, spiritualizing the cold marble, and making the whole structure a dream—a poem in stone.

I sat for a long time under the centre of the dome, starting occasional musical notes to test the qualities of this wonderful whispering-gallery. My singing capabilities were never of the highest order, but *here* every sound was melody, and a thousand reverberations were wafted from the deep concave above, so that my voice for once, at least, amounted to a full orchestra!

After examining the rich mosaics, where precious stones of variegated colors assume the forms and freshness of vines and flowers, I passed without the circular screen of marble fretwork, and descended, with torch in hand, into the crypt below. Here, in a marble sarcophagus, rest the remains of the Empress Bungoo Begum, wife of Shah Jehan, the

emperor who built the Taj, and whose tomb is now beside that of his wife. Both these sarcophagi are richly carved with vines and arabesques, like their counterparts in the chamber above; they are also covered with flowers and mosaics, set with jasper, sapphire, lapis-lazuli, onyx, chalcedony, and other precious stones.

Leaving the interior of the Taj, I walked around it several times until daylight came on; and then I climbed to a small cupola, on the top of one of the marble minarets, to see the effect of sunrise on the white dome and fretted walls of the Taj. As the sun rose, the reflection from the white marble structure was too dazzling to be borne, and the eye sought relief in ranging over the fresh green tints of the immense garden, where mango-trees, cypresses, pines, shrubbery, and flowers were intermingled in luxuriant profusion. In fact, the garden, and the colossal gateway by which it is entered, form a most essential feature of the Taj and its surroundings. It is difficult for any picture or description to give an adequate idea of this matchless monument of art, for all the details of beauty cannot be brought in at once. To describe or picture it in parts, is to lose the unique effect and harmony of the whole.



THE TAJ-MAHAL.

The Taj is flanked by two Mohammedan mosques, each of which stands about three hundred feet from it; one of them is older than the Taj, and is considered very sacred by the Mohammedans, but the other was simply built to balance the architect's design. Both buildings are fully as large as the Taj; the cupola and dome of one of them may be seen in the background of the illustration in the Frontispiece. The river Jumna flows peacefully in the rear of the Taj, and in the distance I could see the Fort and the picturesque city of Agra.

There are many structures in the world which exceed the Taj in point of size, but none which rival it in ideal beauty and perfection of design. Its architects "built like Titans and finished like jewelers." They combined massive foundations with light and airy superstructures. The peculiar effect of Saracenic architecture comes from the slender columns, springing arches, swelling domes, and tall minarets; and these elements all enter into the construction of the Taj, and give it an indescribable air of majesty and grace.

In concluding these observations on the Taj, it may be appropriate to present a brief statement of its history, as given in the introduction of a Persian manuscript, namely:

“This book gives an account of Bungoo Begum, whose title was ‘Mum Taj Mahal,’ of all families most illustrious, better known as Taj Beebi, and Noor Jehan, ‘Light of the World.’ She was the wife of the Emperor Shah-Jehan, ‘Conqueror of Worlds,’ ‘Protector of the Poor,’ ‘Taker by the hand of the Distressed,’ ‘Most Learned and Wise,’ and who had four sons by the Empress Mum Taj.

“The firstborn was governor of Hindostan; the second was governor of Bengal. He was clever and obedient.

“‘Happy the man who hath a son like this,
Who by obedience aids his parents’ bliss.’

The third son governed the Deccan with wisdom; the fourth son governed the region of the Indus, and was likewise good. The emperor had also four daughters, accomplished, beautiful, and obedient. On the birth of the last daughter the Empress Mum Taj Mahal died.

“It was very sad. ‘Without the will of God not a leaf stirs in the grove.’ All the priests read prayers and used charms. The nurses rubbed her hands and feet.

“‘The medicos used all their skill,
But saving her was not God’s will.’

When death arrives the doctors are of no use.

“At last the empress said, ‘O king, I have lived with you through joy and affliction ; promise me two things before I leave you.’

“The emperor said he would.

“‘Do not marry again, lest quarrels arise among your children. Build over me also such a beautiful tomb as the world never saw.’

“Shah-Jehan promised both, and then the empress died.

“‘Were I to paint it, you all would weep ;
Suffice to say, the king’s grief was deep.’”

The date of the empress’ death was 1040 of the Hig-ree, or about 1630 A. D. During the space of seventeen years Shah-Jehan collected the materials of marble and precious stones wherewith to build the tomb. All parts of his dominions were made to contribute towards its magnificence, in the same way as the Jews were laid under tribute in the building of Solomon’s Temple. The estimate of its cost runs all the way from ten millions to thirty millions of dollars. The king died in 1665 A. D., and was placed in a marble sarcophagus beside the empress. The manuscript says, “From this transitory world eternity marched him off to the west.”

CHAPTER IX.

DELHI, "THE ROME OF ASIA."

AFTER leaving Agra, a ride of eight hours brought me to Delhi, which is the terminus of the "East Indian Railway." Previous to entering the fine station here our train crossed an iron lattice-girder bridge, with twelve spans of two hundred feet each, below which is the broad and sandy bed of the Jumna.

Delhi is sometimes called "the Rome of Asia;" but the significance of the term I did not fully appreciate until I had explored more than ten square miles of ruins which surround the city, and which mark the former sites of all the ancient Delhis of by-gone centuries. The history of all the events which have transpired within the area occupied by these gray and tottering walls, and of the people who once inhabited these decayed and deserted palaces, would include the series of changes and conquests which have shaken Northern and Central India for centuries. Delhi was the capital of the Mogul Empire until its dissolution. The city has

shifted its position from time to time, according to circumstances and the whims of its conquerors; and the limit which it now occupies dates from the time of Humayoon, the father of Akbar, whose magnificent tomb is the most conspicuous object to the south of the modern city.

Three hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, Alexander the Great, having defeated Darius and conquered Persia, entered India, a portion of which Darius had previously subjected. Alexander crossed the Indus and advanced as far as the Sutlej, when his superstitious soldiers became alarmed at the prospect of going so far into an unknown country, and he was thereby forced to return.

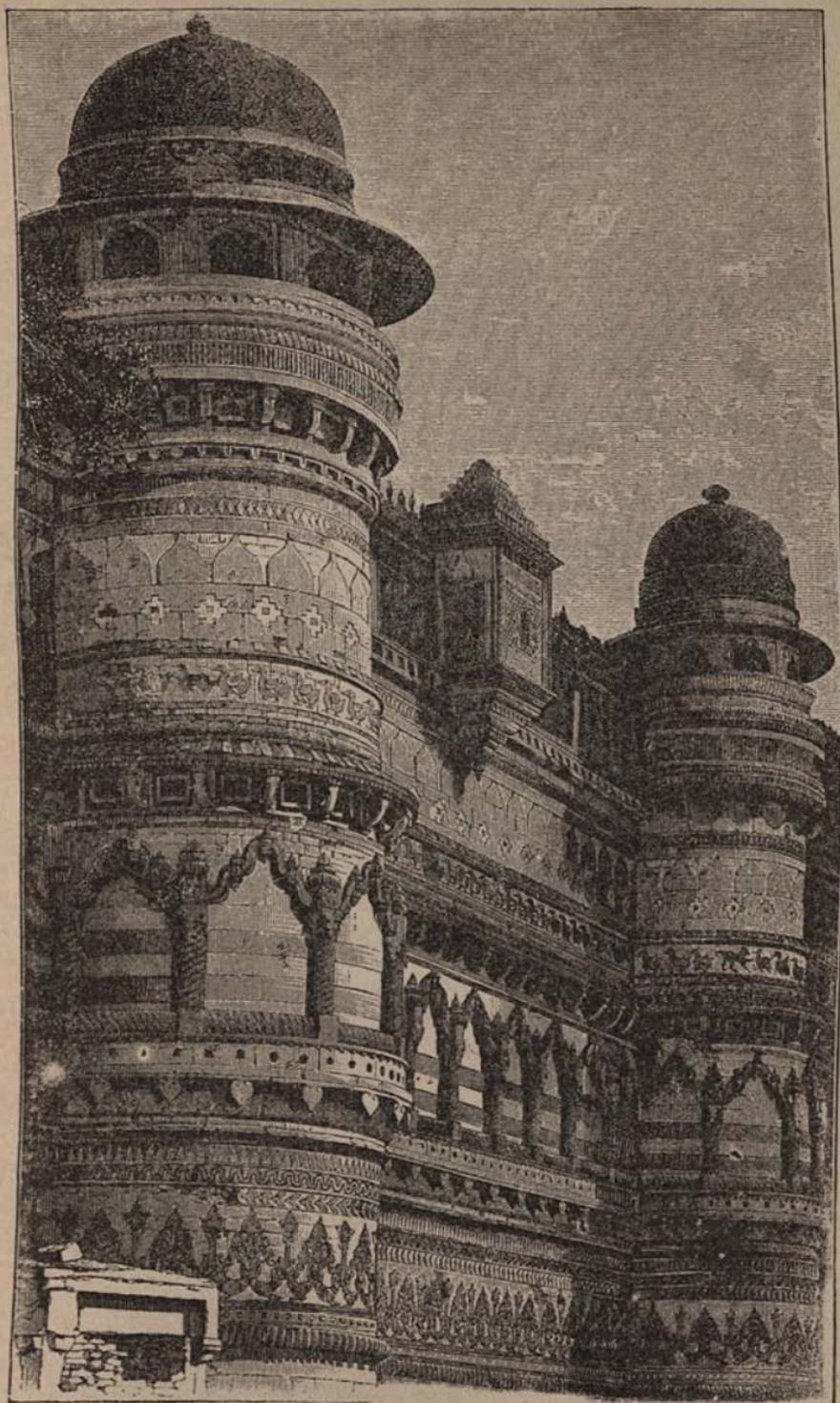
During subsequent centuries the history of India consisted in a series of successive invasions, marked by bloody strife, treachery, and cruelty. "One sovereign overturned another, one dynasty supplanted another, and again and again recurred the same old story. The first act of a monarch on ascending his throne was to murder his relatives, spoil a city, desolate a province, and slaughter, immolate, or impale thousands—men, women, and children—of his predecessor's adherents. The glory of the Mohammedan dynasties which preceded the

establishment of the Moguls consisted in sacking cities, plundering temples, and winning bloody victories."

One of the latest of these sweet-tempered sovereigns was a woman, Rezia by name, who deposed her brother, and was counted as clever as she was beautiful. She is known to have been the only female who ever ruled in Delhi. In our own day Queen Victoria has assumed the proud title of "Empress of India," and as such she rules over more Mohammeden subjects than the Sultan of Turkey. But Queen Rezia is the only female potentate who has ruled, as the head of all Indian sovereigns, in the capital of Hindostan, for such was Delhi then reckoned.

"It is narrated of her that she adopted a very ultra Bloomer costume, and went about administering justice among men as if she herself were a man. A Turki chief, Altunia, rebelled against her. There was a severe battle, and she was defeated; but she soon conquered her conqueror—by marrying him!"

In 1526, after the famous battle of Panipat, Delhi and Agra were taken by Sultan Baber, a descendant of the Tartar Tamerlane; and from this time must be dated the rise and progress of the Mogul Empire in India.



PAL PALACE AT GWALIOR.

Baber, the founder of this race of sovereigns, was the son of a Mongolian woman. He hated the Mongols, yet his dynasty obtained the name of that race, under the corrupt form of "Mogul." The Mogul Empire was one of the most splendid dominations India has ever known. In its palmyest days it was a source of real and wide good to Hindostan. According to Mohammedan authorities, there were fifteen emperors of this dynasty. Among the most noted of these were Humayoon, Akbar, Shah-Jehan, and Arungzebe, whose magnificent palaces and tombs form such prominent features of the architectural beauties of Agra and Delhi at the present day. In the accompanying picture a portion of one of these palaces is presented, exhibiting a grand combination of strength and beauty.

All the Mogul emperors were Mohammedans, and as such were heartily opposed to Hindoo idolatry, which some of them attempted to stamp out; but Akbar the Great initiated a policy of conciliation, which is without a parallel in Indian history previous to English rule in Hindostan.

Arungzebe (the son of Shah-Jehan), who secured the throne by putting his relatives to death and by shutting up his father within the fort at Agra, reversed the tolerant policy of Akbar, and inaugu-

rated a most cruel warfare upon the religious system of the Hindoos. The slaughter of infidels and pagans appeared to be his supreme delight, and for this he is most unduly lauded by Mohammedan writers. Nevertheless his reign, in its superficial aspects, was the most brilliant ever known in India. He was a man of boundless resources and indomitable energy, and his arms were everywhere successful. He raised his mosques in the very midst of the sacred temples of the Hindoos; and to-day the minarets of the mosque that bears his name rise far above the highest temples in Benares. He died in 1707, in the 89th year of his age; and with him the glory of the Mogul Empire is said to have passed away.

Internal dissensions rent the empire after the death of Arungzebe, whose extravagance and intolerance had paved the way for revolutionary reaction, just as Louis XIV. of France, who was contemporary with Arungzebe, prepared the way for the French Revolution by the luxury and excessive prodigality of his Court. A recent writer thus fitly compares these two sovereigns: "There are many parallels between Louis XIV. and Arungzebe. They were contemporaries, and both had long reigns, the former a little over, and the latter a little less than,

half a century. They were the most splendid sovereigns of their time, one in Europe and the other in Asia, and with both the extravagance and prodigality of the monarchs prepared the way for revolution after their deaths."

A constant succession of wars between the different pretenders to the throne kept the country in a continual blaze. Besides the internecine strife among the Moguls themselves, there were other conflicts which arose with the Mahrattas, who defied the power of the kings of Delhi, and with the Rajputs, who rose and won for themselves independence.

The Mahrattas were particularly troublesome. They were a brave and warlike people, who made war and plunder their chief occupation. They were good fighters, and thoroughly hated the Mohammedans. Their section of country consisted of a succession of rocky hills rising above alluvial plains. Upon these elevations they constructed impregnable hill-forts, similar to some of the old castles which the Swiss traveller sees to-day in the upper valley of the Rhone; and from these fortresses their horsemen started forth upon the most daring raids, nor were their ravages entirely stopped until British power put an end to their exploits.

The last of the kings of Delhi was Mohammed Bahadur Shah, who made a miserable attempt in 1857, with the aid of the disaffected Sepoys, to reinstate the Mogul regime and overthrow the English rule. He was deposed and banished to Burmah, where he died; his sons and grandson were captured in Humayoon's tomb, whither they had fled from the English, and were shot. Thus ended the Mogul power in India, which was so splendid at its beginning, and so miserable and mercenary at its close, and the remains of which still strew the plains about Delhi with the broken monuments of a glory that has departed.

The modern city of Delhi has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, whereas the ancient city had nearly two millions. But the city, though reduced in size, is still flourishing, and trade is active. A wall, five and a half miles in circumference, encloses the city, which is entered through eight massive gates. The streets of the city are alive with people of every class and every variety of costume. In walking through the Chandney Chouk, or Broadway of Delhi—a picture of which is here given—I was struck with the enterprise and thrift of the city, compared with the sleepy and old-fashioned aspects of the streets in Agra. The



STREET IN DELHI.

shops are rich in fabrics of every description manufactured here, and there was an air of business about the place that surprised me.

Scarcely was I settled at the Star Hotel when the native merchants came and opened their goods before me, as though an inspection of them would be considered a great condescension on my part. They saluted me with the utmost deference, and then unrolled their bulky packages, spreading Cashmere shawls, opera cloaks, gold and lace embroideries around me in the richest profusion. In vain I told them that a few "samples" were sufficient, and that Cashmere shawls and opera cloaks were not greatly needed on my journey; they politely persisted that they only wished to *show* me their wares, and that I was under no obligation to purchase them. Soon, however, they brought piles of caps and slippers embroidered in gold lace, and strewed them on the floor; and to these they added sets of jewelry and precious stones.

They explained how easily these little things could be carried, and how acceptable some of them would be to fair friends at home—a point respecting which my past experience in Japanese curios, silks, and lacquerware had sufficiently educated me. Finally I selected one of the most brilliant-looking

caps, and made a "bid" for it; the owner declared that the price offered was not half the value, but that simply out of his profound respect for *me* he would "let it go."

The "Fort" at Delhi is a mile in circumference, and the palace buildings surpass even those at Agra. The wall of the Fort is sixty feet high, and the main entrance to the enclosure is by the "Lahore Gate." This consists of a massive stone arcade, five hundred feet long and of proportionate height, and is justly considered the finest structure of the kind in the world.

When fairly within the Fort, the first building confronting the traveller is the *Dewan-I-Am*, or Hall of Public Audience. This is open on three sides, and supported by triple rows of red sandstone pillars, which were once elaborately ornamented. The ceiling of this chamber is said to have been beautified by solid silver plates, which were stripped off and sold in the London market for a hundred and seventy pounds sterling; the fresco and inlaid work on the walls were also destroyed during the mutiny. The only remnant of its former grandeur the hall now possesses is a raised throne set back in the wall, and covered by a canopy supported by small marble pillars.

The *Dewan-I-Khas*, or Hall of Private Audience, stands some distance to the rear of the hall just mentioned. It is not so large as the *Dewan-I-Am*, being a hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet in width ; but instead of red sandstone it is built of pure white marble, ornamented with light and delicate lines of goldwork, and in its way is the richest and most gorgeous specimen of art I ever beheld. The mosaic-work is of the most exquisite design ; and the columns, floors, and ceiling are covered with a profusion of flowers, wreaths, and patterns wrought in precious stones of every name and color.

The top of the building has four small pavilions at the corners surmounted by gilt cupolas ; the ceilings were once covered with silver filigree-work, but the precious metal was seized and carried off by the Mahrattas about a century ago.

“In this hall was the famous Peacock Throne, so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad ; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and dia-

monds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood an umbrella—one of the Oriental emblems of royalty; they were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls; the handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost of this superb work of art has been estimated at sums varying from two to six millions of pounds sterling. It was planned and executed under the supervision of Austin de Bordeaux, the artist who executed the mosaic-work in the Dewan-I-Khas."

The Peacock Throne was carried off by Nadir Shah, a Persian conqueror, who plundered the city and palace, putting out the eyes of the Great Mogul, telling him in bitter mockery that he had no more need of his throne, since he had no longer eyes to see it.

In such a warm climate as India, the princely halls were designed to be open and free to light and air; so that they were not enclosed by walls, but like

the *Dewan-I-Khas*, were formed by great flat roofs, supported by beautiful columns and rows of arches of the Saracenic style.

At each end of this hall a cornice has sculptured upon it, in letters of gold, an inscription in the Persian language, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this."

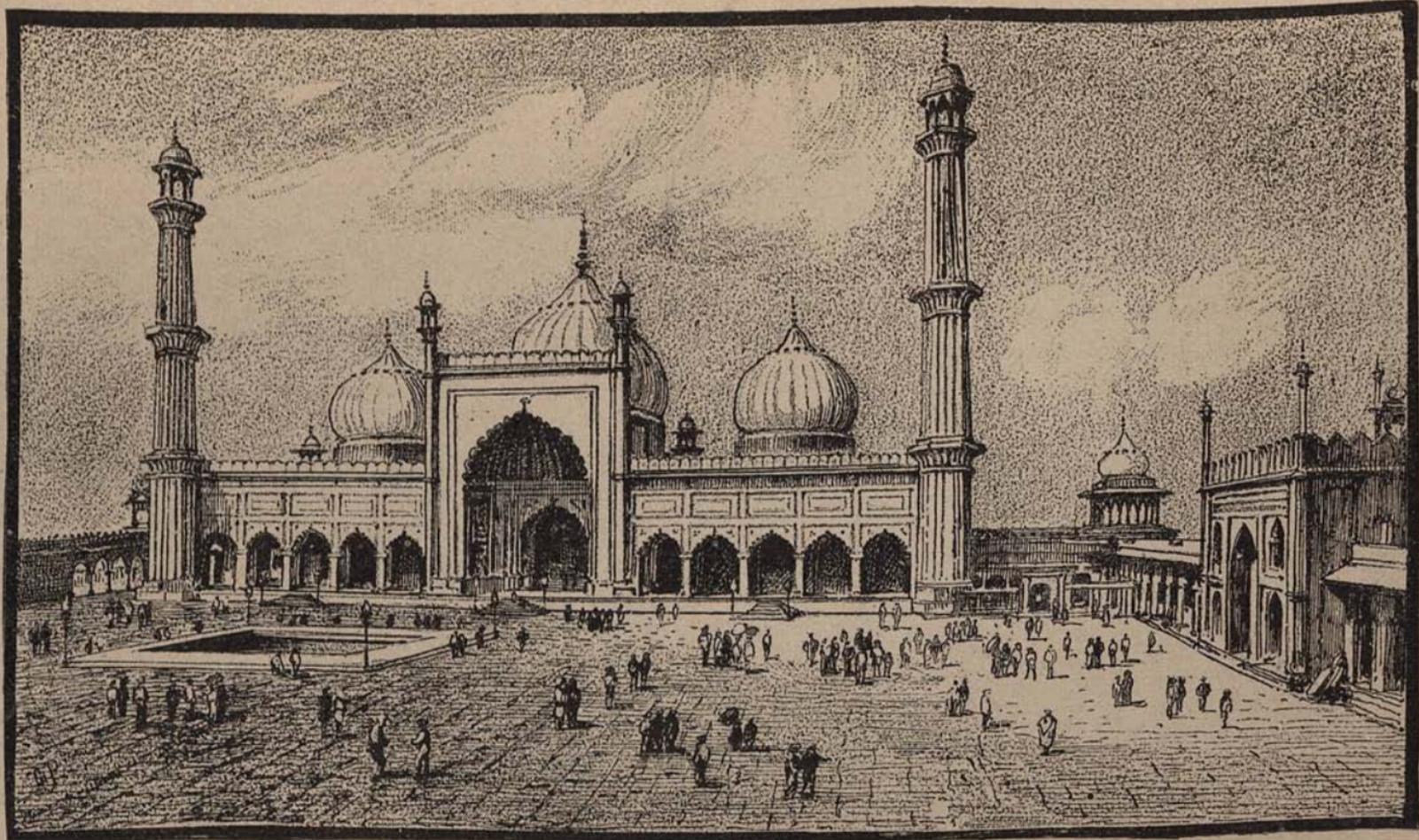
Adjoining this superb building are the "royal baths," which consist of various marble tanks and richly-decorated apartments, for the emperor and the many fair members of his zenana. The marble chambers are surmounted with small white domes, and the walls have peculiar-shaped windows with stained glass. The tanks are about chin-deep, and provided with pipes for warm and cold water; and bordering the edge of the room are depressions in the marble floor, where streams of water were kept continually running. Flowers and patterns of exquisite designs are wrought in mosaic upon the walls; and the chambers are light, airy, and cheerful. In short, everything here realized my highest ideal of Oriental luxury and lavish magnificence; and it must have been a beautiful sight, when the dark-eyed nymphs of that imperial household were sporting in innocent mirth among these fountain-jets and marble tanks, and on checkered floors,

with mosaic flowers on all sides, making these white domes echo with their merry laughter.

The MOTEE MUSJID, or Pearl Mosque, stands to the right of the Royal Baths. It served as a private mosque for the Mogul Emperors, and is of the same style as the one at Agra, only not so large. Other places of interest are found within the Fort enclosure, but some of the buildings have been removed to make room for the barracks of the British troops.

Down the river, some distance off, I saw a large ancient tomb, whose lofty dome and dark minarets made it look impressive and solemn. On inquiry I learned that the government had transformed it into a bakery for their troops, so that the former sepulchre for the dead is now made to yield the "staff of life" for the living.

In the good old times the Great Moguls combined their citadels of military power, their palaces of courtly magnificence, and their mosques for religious worship, within the same enclosure; but now, that their dynasty has fallen to rise no more, the practical Anglo-Saxon locates his barracks at the very portals of the marble halls and Mogul mosques, and even takes a kingly tomb in which to bake his bread.



JUMMA-MUSJID; GREAT MOSQUE OF DELHI.

In the central part of the city, and outside the Fort, is the *Jumma Musjid*, one of the greatest Mohammedan mosques ever built. Its quadrangle enclosure, three hundred and twenty-five feet square, is elevated twenty feet above the open park surrounding it, and is approached by three pyramidal flights of stairs, surmounted by as many massive gateways, the main arches of which are forty feet high. These arches are of the usual Saracenic shape, but recede inwards by a gradual curve, until they finally form the doorway.

Beyond this gate is a vast paved court, in the centre of which is a small tank, where the Mohammedans wash their hands and feet before worshipping; and at the farther end of the court is a raised pulpit for calling the "faithful" to prayers.

The main body of the mosque is built of the usual red sandstone, and stands at the fourth side of the square; its front is interspersed with designs of marble, and its arches, alcoves, and splendid surroundings are upon such a colossal scale that it requires some study to take in the full effect. The building is crowned by a huge dome of marble, two smaller domes of similar oriental shape being on the sides; the whole is flanked by two tall minarets, and surrounded by graceful white cupolas.

In a small chamber of peculiar shape, gorgeously ornamented and standing in one of the alcoves to the right of the mosque, are several relics esteemed very sacred by the faithful, and which were exhibited to me for a few cash.

The first of these was the merest shell of an old shoe or slipper, said to have been worn by Mohammed; it certainly seemed old enough to have been his, and worn out enough to have been cast aside long before it was. This dilapidated relic was softly encased in an elaborately carved sandal-wood box. A single hair, "plucked from Mohammed's beard," was also sacredly preserved; and a piece of black marble "with the imprint of the prophet's foot." The size of this footprint, though sufficiently large for ordinary purposes, did not agree with the other one once shown me by a Mohammedan guide, in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. Here, tradition says, Mohammed ascended to heaven, leaving the last imprint of his foot upon the great rock which still stands, or is miraculously suspended in the air, as the faithful claim, on Mount Moriah.

Were any question to arise respecting the genuineness of the two footprints, I suppose that it would be explained by the fact that the last-named and largest was made in the prophet's old age.

Some very ancient books written on parchment were also exhibited to me; the finest of these was a copy of the Koran, written in the "illuminated" style, and said to be seven hundred years old. These articles were most carefully wrapped in silk, and kept in a heavy iron box with locks and bolts.

By ascending one of the tall minarets of the Jumma Musjid, a splendid view was obtained of modern Delhi, and the sites of all the ancient Delhis of olden times. The ruins of the latter were located to the southward, and covered the plain for an immense distance. The two most prominent objects looming up amid the desolation of broken walls, demolished palaces, mosques, and monuments, were Humayoon's Tomb, three miles beyond the Delhi Gate, and the lofty Kootub Minar, eleven miles distant, and said to be the highest isolated column in the world.

On the opposite side of the city is the well-battered Cashmere Gate, where the heaviest fighting was done in capturing Delhi, during the last mutiny. Beyond it, and without the walls, is a graceful monument standing on a ridge, where a few hundred British troops threw up intrenchments, and successfully withstood the onset of thousands of Sepoys, until they were reinforced. The Sepoys,

to the number of sixty thousand, held possession of the city ; but the British gradually laid siege, and finally assaulted the Cashmere Gate.

To blow up this gate was a perilous undertaking, and volunteers were called for from the ranks, to attempt it. A dozen men came forward, and were detailed to place bags of powder against the gate ; this they accomplished successfully, for the very daring of the exploit bewildered the Sepoys, who supposed that they might be deserters and refrained from firing upon them. When they darted back again however, the Sepoys saw their design. Now came the moment of danger, when the powder-mine should be fired. "A sergeant advanced quickly, but fell mortally wounded ; a second sprang to the post, but was shot dead ; the third succeeded, but fell wounded ; the fourth rushed forward, and seeing the train lighted sprang into the moat. The bullets whizzed over him, and the next instant a tremendous explosion threw the heavy wall into the air."

The siege of Delhi abounds in incidents of bravery such as the foregoing ; but little mercy was shown to the vanquished Sepoys, after they had succumbed. On the site of the "Dak Bungalow," where I put up the first day or two in Delhi, once

stood the magazine which, just before the siege, was in danger of falling into the hands of the mutineers. To prevent their gaining possession of the vast supplies of munitions of war stored here, a young English officer, Lieut. Willoughby, deliberately entered the magazine, and when the enemy had fairly captured it, he applied the torch and blew himself and them into the air.

After visiting the Cashmere Gate with its cannon-battered walls, I passed a small English church standing near by. On the spire of this church, during the siege, was a gilded copper ball surmounted by a cross. This emblem of the Christian religion was an object of hatred alike to the Hindoos and the Mohammedans; and they vied with each other in their efforts to bring it to the ground. Scores of shots were fired at it, and the ball was riddled with bullets; but the cross still stood, until the city was subdued. Then it was carefully taken down by the English, and placed in the museum of the Delhi Institute.

My first excursion to the south of the city was to Humayoon's tomb. Were there no "Taj" in India, this tomb would be considered the masterpiece of beauty and design, as it certainly is of size and proportion. It surpasses the Taj in mere

dimensions, and is somewhat similar to it in shape and in general effect. But the pure white marble is wanting, except in parts; for it is built of red sandstone trimmed with marble; and although the great dome is entirely of the latter material, it is dusty and dingy with age. The structure is the first example extant of this style of tomb.

It stands upon an immense raised platform of stone slabs two hundred and eighty feet square, and its base is forty feet above the lower foundations. Rising from this broad terrace, its massive proportions present a magnificent appearance. The main body is square, truncated at the corners, and faced by tall arches similar to those of the Taj. Within the building are various chambers and many marble tombs with corresponding vaults and tombs beneath the floor; and directly beneath the dome is an immense sarcophagus, elaborately ornamented, which I took to be the tomb of Humayoon himself. This inner chamber is eighty feet high, and has eight approaches filled in with marble screen-work, cut out of the solid stone as gracefully as though the material were simply cardboard. This screen-work imparts an air of lightness to the structure. It was broken in places, and the marble fragments strewn the floor.

Crawling through these breaches in the screen-work, through which the sons of the late king of Delhi were dragged forth to their execution, I explored several octagonal chambers, where there were half a dozen or more sarcophagi of the wife and children of the Emperor Humayoon.

An immense garden once beautified the surroundings of the tomb, and its walks and avenues still exist. The whole is approached by a colossal gateway of the usual Saracenic style. Waste and desolation are now spread around, and wild beasts haunt the locality. It seemed a pity that such splendid buildings should lie unoccupied and useless, while hundreds of people in the modern city scarcely had shelter to cover their heads. It was with some feeling of satisfaction, therefore, that I found, a little farther on, a whole colony of poor outcast people who had taken possession of the ruins by the roadside and fitted them up in their own simple fashion. The contrast between their poverty and squalor, and the ruined magnificence of the palaces and tombs they occupied, was striking in the extreme.

In this neighborhood I visited a collection of small mosques and marble enclosures of the most elaborate description. The first of these was the

sixty-four-pillared hall of white marble, with several small domes, under each of which stands a sarcophagus, ornamented with carvings and mosaics. A mosque with a splendid white dome is situated a little beyond this, and on threading my way towards it over piles of *débris* and massive ruins, I found it surrounded by a cemetery of tombs, mostly of kings or royal relatives. All were built in the same lavish style before mentioned, surrounded by marble screens and flagree work, and covered frequently with marble canopies of the richest style of ornamentation. The most prominent among the larger shrines, is that of Nizam-ood-deen, the founder of some religious sect ; his tomb is covered with a heavy red cloth, and is enclosed in a chamber surrounded with white pillars. Mohammedans were worshipping there with great reverence, though it is something of a pilgrimage for them to reach the spot. Opposite this tomb is a more modest and tasteful enclosure, containing the grave of the pious Jehanara Begum, on whose marble sarcophagus (open at the top and with grass growing upon it) is the following Persian inscription : " No rich canopy should cover my grave ; grass is the fittest covering for ' the poor in spirit.' The humble and transitory Jehanara, the follower of the holy men of

Chist, daughter of Shah-Jehan the Emperor." We picked a blade of grass from her grave, and thought her words more touching and lasting than all the splendid mausoleums about her.

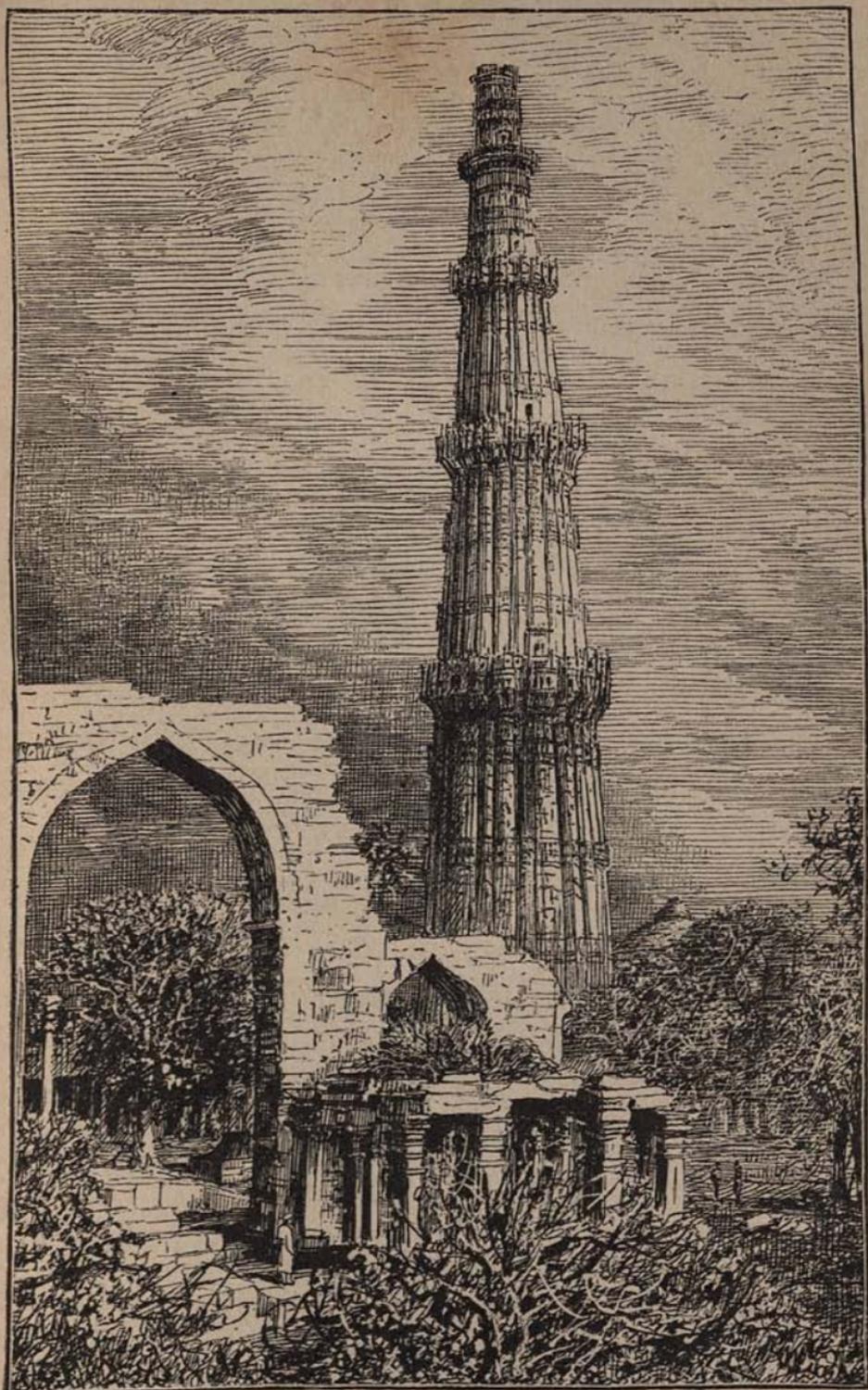
The story of her life is very simple and affecting. When her brother Arungzebe usurped the throne, and imprisoned his father Shah-Jehan in the fort at Agra, she remained faithful to her father, and solaced his imprisonment. She was famous for her wit and beauty, but sorrow brought out the nobler traits of her character. She became very religious, and gave up her life to deeds of charity. At her death she was not buried at the Taj, where her father's remains were placed, but at her own request she was buried in the simple way described in the inscription which now marks her tomb.

While wandering among these marble monuments of the past, I came suddenly upon a deep tank, almost like a well, enclosed on three sides by perpendicular walls, and having steep steps leading down the other. The depth of the tank is eighty feet, and it is said to contain forty feet of water, which is greenish on the surface and quite cold. As I was peering cautiously into the well, watching some men on the steps far below, my guide came

up to me and threw off the sheet-like covering which the natives wear in this country ; he was a middle-aged man, genteel in appearance, and looked to be of far too sober stuff to do anything so rash as what I began to suspect.

Without saying a word, he ran to the other side of the well and scrambled to the top of a small mosque which was built on its precipitous edge ; there he stood for a moment, like a dark and solemn statue on the tip or knob of the dome, and the very thought of what he was about to do made me stand mute and motionless. Tucking the remaining slip of cloth tightly about his loins, he deliberately ran down the slope of the dome, and sprang into the air.

His flight seemed some seconds, and he kept perfectly rigid, with feet drawn close up behind, and the knees apart like the letter V. If he should strike the water in that position it would kill him ; but just within fifteen or twenty feet of the surface he suddenly straightened, and like an arrow he shot into the depths of the well, with a peculiar deadening sound, but little splash. Scarcely had the rings of foam settled, ere his head popped to the surface again, and ascending the steep steps he donned his white sheet, and showed me around as usual.



THE KOOTUB-MINAR.

An evening or two succeeding this, I drove out to the Kootub Minar, eleven miles from Delhi, and the following morning I ascended the 375 stone steps which took me to the top of the tower. Here I saw the sun rise, and obtained an extensive view of the surrounding country, and especially of the grand old ruins which lie scattered about the base of the tower. The accompanying illustration of the Kootub Minar shows its height relative to the ruins about it. The column is a circular fluted one of red sandstone, with concentric rings of white marble, upon which texts from the Koran are carved in Arabic.

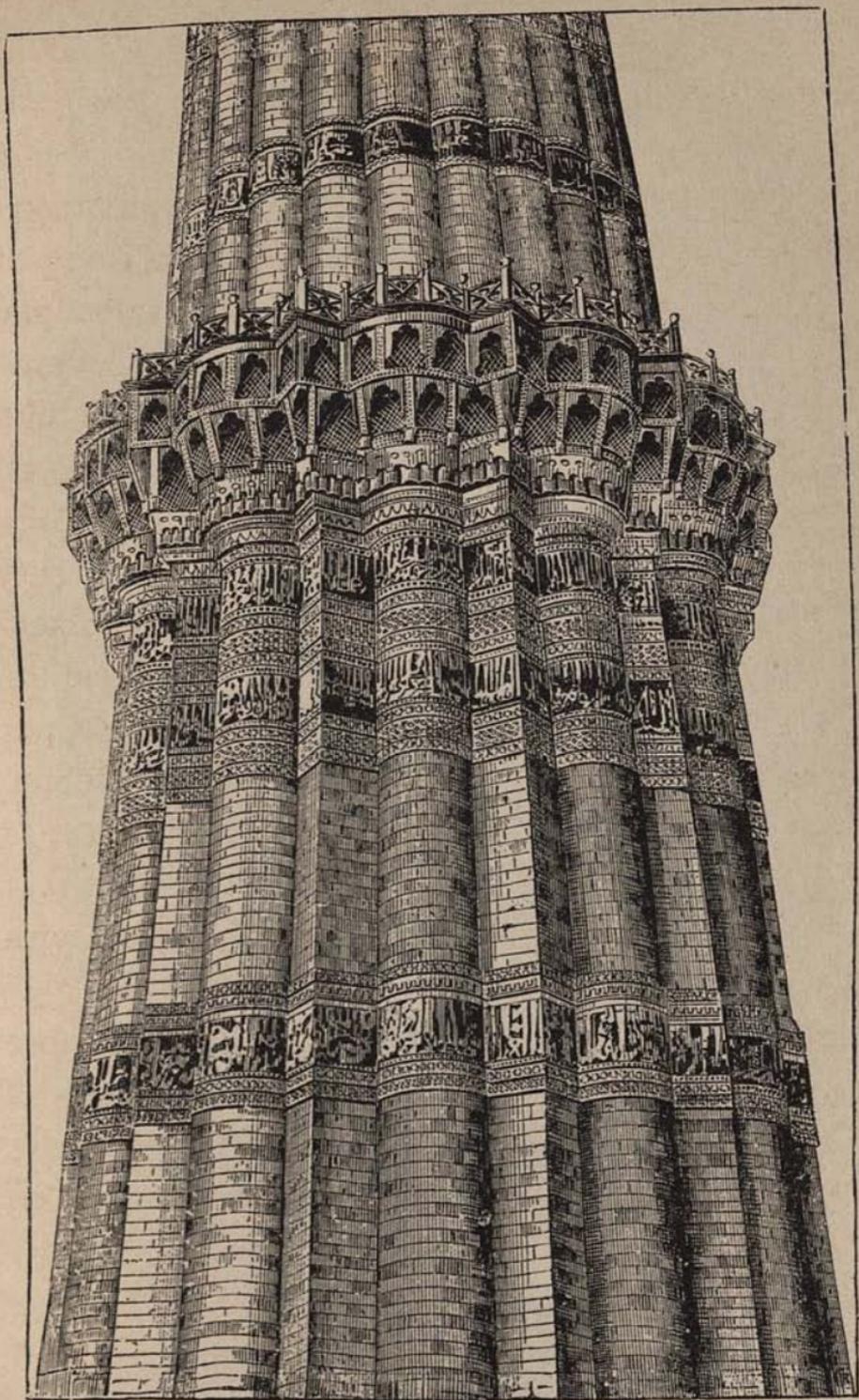
It is divided into five stories, each of which has a projecting gallery and balustrade, ornamented with elaborate carvings and cornices. The heights of the successive stories are graduated in exact proportion to the contracting diameter of the column, the height of the lower story being ninety-four feet, and that of the upper only twenty-two feet.

A solid "Iron Pillar," very ancient and very smooth, stands upright in the centre of an enclosure that once pertained to an old mosque. It is seen to the left in the picture. The pillar is as thick as a man's body, is twenty-two feet high, and has various Sanscrit inscriptions upon it, one of

which says it is the "arm of fame." Around it are the remains of arches, gateways, mosques, and portions of buildings in various degrees of preservation; in fact, the whole vicinity is filled with ruins of a most interesting nature, which would well repay the study of the antiquarian. The Kootub, however, is the central object of interest, and rises like a mighty sentinel from the plain overlooking all these relics of the past. It is seven or eight hundred years old, yet still stands firm on its mighty base, 159 feet in circumference; and though several times struck by lightning it is in good repair, and is now protected by a broad copper lightning-rod which will prevent further mischief. Its height, not including the cupola (which has been removed), is 240 feet, and it is built in perfect proportion, tapering upwards from the base with great symmetry and beauty.

Ere leaving this locality I witnessed some more well-jumping; three men leaped a distance of eighty feet, into the narrow but deep tank below, with as little hesitation as a person would dive off a ship's side.

Returning to the city from the Kootub Minar, the heat was so excessive that I very nearly had a similar experience to that which occurred when I



LOWER SECTION OF THE KOOTUB-MINAR.

left Benares. However, by rapid driving I finally reached the hotel in safety, where as usual I remained a prisoner during the hottest part of the day. I spent the time in walking about the house, all the rooms of which I had to myself, except that the proprietor and a few turbaned attendants came in occasionally. I bathed a dozen times a day, studied guide-books, wrote long epistles, and listened to the versatile conversation and chatter of two parrots who were almost my only companions. These birds were the most wonderful creatures, and their extraordinary abilities in imitating the tones and expressions of the human voice surpassed anything of which I had ever heard. They looked more like black crows, than like the brilliant-colored parrots brought to our own clime. I am told they cannot be exported, for they die if taken to colder countries. These two creatures occupied separate cages in a room adjoining my own, and when left to themselves they would cry piteously like children, and at first I thought that I was located next door to a nursery of crying babies. Then they would scold furiously at each other, using such epithets and calling such bad names that I thought total depravity had developed very early and to an extraordinary degree in the "nursery." If I went in to ex-

postulate with the birds about making such a noise, they would laugh and whistle at me for my pains.

In the evenings I strolled out to the beautiful gardens of the Delhi Institute, and went through the large museum, or watched the tigers, leopards, and other animals in the Menagerie. I also studied the interesting phases of the swarming street-life, where camels, elephants, monkeys, and gayly-costumed Hindoos of all castes, mingled together in endless confusion.

It soon became apparent, however, after three weeks' exposure to heat, that my nervous system could not withstand the thermal strain much longer, and I was forced to consider how best I might escape to the mountains, whither most of the other foreigners had gone before me. The Monsoons and rains would not set in until the 20th of June, when the technical hot season of India would be over, and a small deluge would succeed it. Meanwhile, to remain upon the plains would be unsafe, for the temperature became so intolerable that I could neither eat in the daytime nor sleep at night. Not being accustomed to such a climate, my condition became far from comfortable; but how to reach "the hills," as the summer sanitariums of Mussoorie and Simla are called, without undue exposure in the

daytime, became a serious question. While pondering the subject somewhat soberly, I picked up the Bible and opened casually to the 121st Psalm, and read, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. . . . The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."

These words of Scripture came to me with peculiar force under the circumstances, and I immediately decided to start for the "hills," or lower range of the Himalayas.

Accordingly I left Delhi on the afternoon of June 2 for Gazeabad, where I took the "Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway" for Saharunpore, arriving there at 11 o'clock P. M. On the way our train passed Meerut, where the mutiny first broke out. Lines of native cavalry were here seen drilling. Before reaching this point it was "rather warm" in the train, and the gentle breeze which came in at the car-window was like the blast of a small reverberatory furnace.

At the station above Meerut we passed the down-train, and I was informed that one passenger

upon it had "kicked over" at the station beyond. "What is that?" I innocently asked. "Found dead from heat-apoplexy," was the cool and heartless reply.

At Saharunpore I found an omnibus waiting, and as usual I had the whole vehicle to myself; the extra space was improved by lying down and taking a much-needed sleep. The omnibus had no seats, but was a covered "stage" in the literal sense of the word, with mattresses upon the floor. For one person it was very comfortable, but for many it would prove rather crowded.

Leaving the station about midnight, we soon began a gradual ascent and passed through some very fine scenery, which, however, I did not see—being asleep! I was awakened every six miles or so, for they made a great noise in changing the horses; besides, one of the drivers blew an immense brass horn repeatedly, to the consternation both of his solitary passenger and of the people of the villages through which we passed.

As morning came on I could see that we were steadily rising far above the heated and hazy plains, and the country assumed a fresher appearance; the foliage was greener, and the air was more invigorating. Many beautiful residences were scattered

along the roadside, and the scenery became more home-like. For forty-five miles we passed along a sloping table-land, with occasional steep ascents; but the omnibus made good time, for we had four horses, and these were frequently changed for fresh relays. Judging by the number of changes, there were two dozen horses and eight white bullocks required to pull our vehicle fifty miles, and all this for eleven rupees!

Arriving at Rajpore, at the foot of the mountains proper, I rested for one day and night at the Dak-Bungalow. Here I was not disturbed, except once at night, when a wild jackal crept slyly in at my window, and mounting the table, began quietly to devour the supper which I had left there. Waking up suddenly, I saw the strange black object upon the table, and aiming my slipper at the animal's head, I sent it with such effect that the unwelcome intruder jumped out of the window and disappeared in the woods.

CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF DEHRA-DOON.

DEHRA-DOON is a beautiful valley, sixty miles long, situated at the base of the Himalayas, and separated from the hot plains of the south by a range of hills called the Shivalick, or "Abode of Shiva."

At the ends it opens out in an easterly and westerly direction, allowing the Ganges to flow from one side, and the Jumna from the other, the two rivers having their respective sources not far distant from each other. Both have tributaries which rise in the vicinity of the town of Dehra, and flow down the gentle water-shed towards the ends of the valley. Deep gorges and thickly-wooded glens form a wild and picturesque background to the north, and these, with the broken patches of jungle and rocky depressions scattered through the valley, make most appropriate retreats for the tiger, leopard, wolf, and other wild beasts, which abundantly infest the locality. Even droves of wild elephants may occasionally be seen taking their stately

march across the more level districts, and helping themselves freely to the foliage of trees, waving fields of grain, or whatever else may happen in their way.

So many stories are rife of various encounters with wild beasts in the vicinity, that it made one long to see a veritable tiger-hunt ; but as I was only to remain at Dehra a day or so, I contented myself with an elephant-ride through the fields and jungles of the neighborhood, two immense beasts being lent me for the purpose by Dr. M——, the civil surgeon of the neighborhood.

Dr. M—— is known as one of the most intrepid tiger-hunters of India, and his tastefully-arranged Bungalow bore evidence of his many exploits in this direction. Every room was ornamented with beautiful rugs made from the skins of tigers, leopards, wildcats, wolves, spotted deer, mountain-goats, and other animals, which had succumbed to his unerring rifle. One tiger-skin, which I admired greatly for its beauty and softness, was eleven feet long, and a leopard-skin was nearly as large ; the sharp claws still fastened to these were formidable-looking weapons. My host also exhibited the thick, bony skull of a tiger, with which he had a desperate encounter some time since. He was mounted on his

elephant, as is usual in this hazardous sport, when he came suddenly upon a large tiger which had crouched for a spring. The doctor was forced to fire so quickly that he only wounded the beast, who in another instant buried his claws and teeth in the head of the frightened elephant. The latter rushed about frantically, trumpeting loudly, and trying to butt the ferocious creature against a tree, Dr. M—— meanwhile loading his rifle as briskly as possible, while the tiger glared at him from the front of the elephant's head. Suddenly the elephant stumbled, and fell into a great hole or elephant-trap which happened to be close by, and all three went down into the hole together. Although the tiger appeared to get a little the worst of the tumble, he made one more plunge forward and struck Dr. M—— on the knee with his claw. But the rifle was now reloaded, and reaching around with his left arm, the doctor placed the muzzle in the tiger's mouth and fired. This ended the fray, and the victor now exhibits with just pride the ferocious-looking skull just mentioned as a memento of the little affair.

Before my leaving the doctor, he promised to send two elephants in the afternoon, so as to afford me the novelty of a ride. At the appointed time the huge beasts made their appearance, one of them

being the largest creature I had ever seen. To make friends with the monsters, I took a plateful of bread and cake out on the balcony, and it was surprising to see how readily the great creatures would follow me about to secure a piece of bread or cake. Swinging their trunks in every direction, they would catch up the smallest particle offered to them and toss it dexterously into their mouths. Sometimes they would open their mouths at full width, allowing me to come close up and put anything upon their great tongues, but I usually jumped aside when the huge cavern closed again.

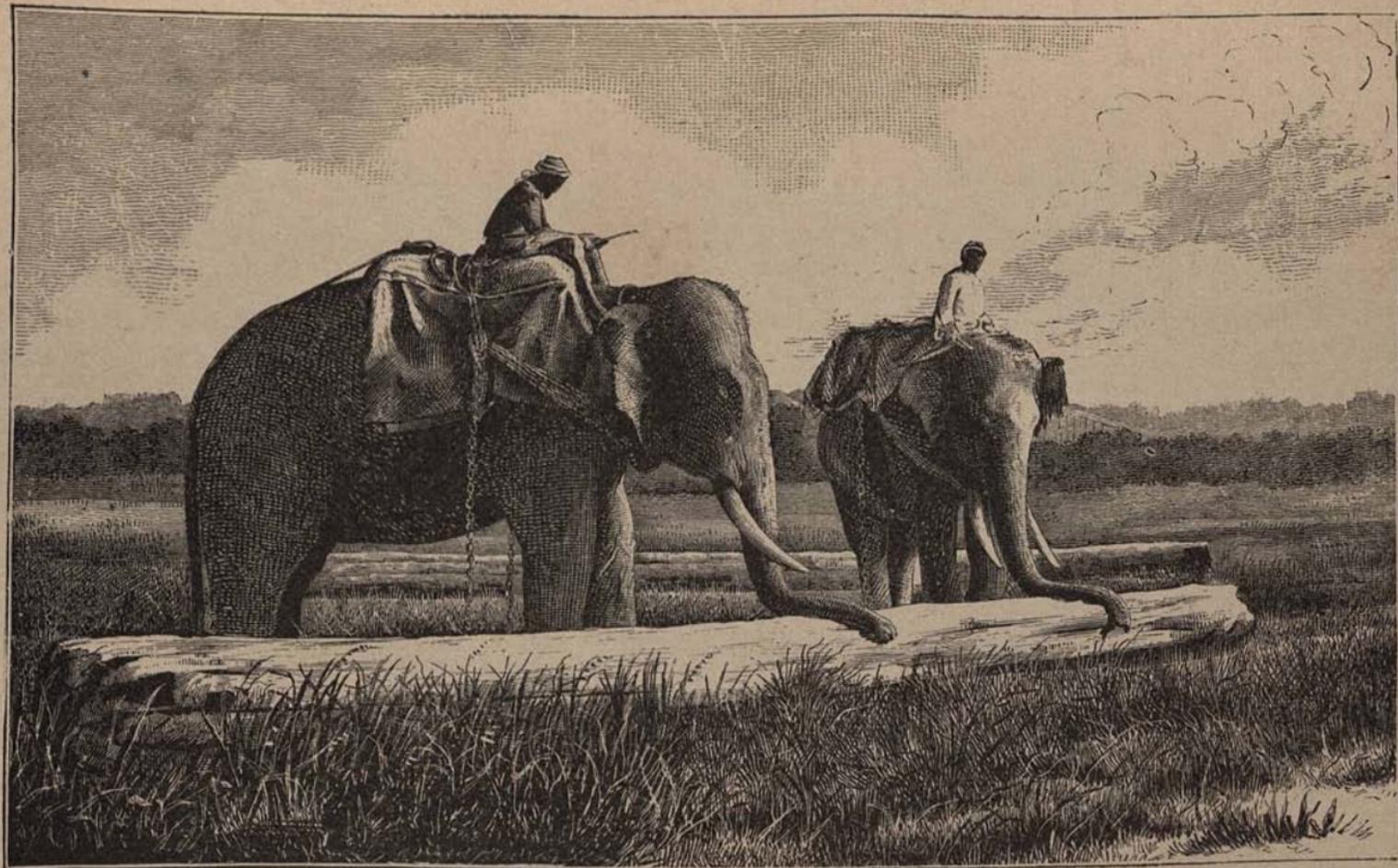
On going up stairs to prepare for my ride, I found a lunch-package which I had left there neatly done up in a New York "Observer." This I held over the railing of the high balcony, when the largest elephant, directed by the driver, raised his trunk in the air, and scenting the good things in the savory parcel, seized it, paper and all, and tossed it into his mouth. After swallowing it he coughed and sneezed, and did not appear to appreciate the literary part of the joke, though I do n't think that his digestion was impaired even by the "secular and religious" ingredients of the "Observer."

Finally, at a motion from their keepers, the two beasts knelt upon the ground, curling up their

trunks between their fore-legs. There was a group of some sixty Hindoo girls standing by, who were connected with the Dehra Mission; their shining black faces and bright eyes, in contrast with their white robes, added a picturesque effect to the scene. They were greatly delighted in seeing one or two of their teachers mount the smaller elephant, while I mounted alone the back of the larger one.

When the huge beasts rose to their feet, the motion was like the pitching of a ship at sea, and it was with no small difficulty we held on to our respective positions. They moved off noiselessly, with a ponderous, scuffling kind of tread, jolting us considerably till we became accustomed to it, and with a rolling motion not unlikely to produce seasickness in those sensitive to that malady. The novelty of the situation made amends for this, however, and the experience was on the whole enjoyable; the height at which we were perched gave us a full view of the surroundings, and everything we met appeared diminutive contrasted with ourselves.

The elephants are so well trained that their movements can easily be directed by their keepers; and sometimes they are used in hauling logs and lumber. Their strength is so great, that two ele-



ELEPHANTS CARRYING A LOG.

phants, with the aid of their trunks, tusks, and chains about their bodies, can readily carry off a large log, like that shown in the picture. They can even pile logs with such care and precision, that one would think the huge creatures possessed of human judgment and intelligence.

On the neck of each of our beasts sat a native Hindoo, armed with a most cruel iron instrument, which he used to guide the movements of the animal : this iron was heavy, but short, and shaped like the head of a harpoon, only its hook and point were dull. When we wished to quicken the pace of the elephant to a trot, this horrible iron was driven against the flap of his ear, or if he committed any offence with his trunk, the instrument was brought down with full force on the top of his head. When we desired to stop, or turn to the right or left, the hook was brought into requisition, and the flap of his ear was dug at most unmercifully. Yet so thick was the hide of the great creature, that he seemed to mind these assaults no more than a flea-bite ; and indeed, if he only took the notion, he could have whisked us off his back with one fling of his trunk as easily as if we had been flies.

Passing through the beautiful town of Dehra, with its succession of picturesque gardens, we wan-

dered off the main road and entered the wild and uncultivated region of the jungles. No wild beasts met us on our little trip, except a solitary jackal, who dodged among the bushes as we approached; and we were unmolested, save by a few dogs that barked furiously at our heels. It was curious to see how carefully the elephants would pick their way over narrow and stony paths, or through the thick undergrowth of bushes, especially when they came to some hole or steep declivity. In the latter case it was sometimes very difficult to keep our seats, though the huge beasts always trod firmly and surely.

As they walked along they gathered bunches of grass, leaves, and small branches, and threw them skilfully into their mouths. Their trunks were swinging incessantly, and once in a while they would spurt water over their hides to cool themselves or drive off the flies.

After riding a couple of hours through the more open portions of the valley, we turned into the main road again, just as the sun was setting, and marched toward the town. At this point I changed my elephant, and rode on the smaller one, the motion of which was easier than that of the huge beast on which I had been mounted alone. We passed a

regiment of native troops drilling, and entered one or two villages, the children of which made a great commotion as we strode by. Whenever we met horses upon the road they became unmanageable with fright, and at one time we were innocently the means of capsizing a whole carriage full of people into a ditch. We crossed a field where mounted horsemen were playing "polo" with great spirit—a game which is very popular with the English in the East, and possesses almost the excitement of a tournament.

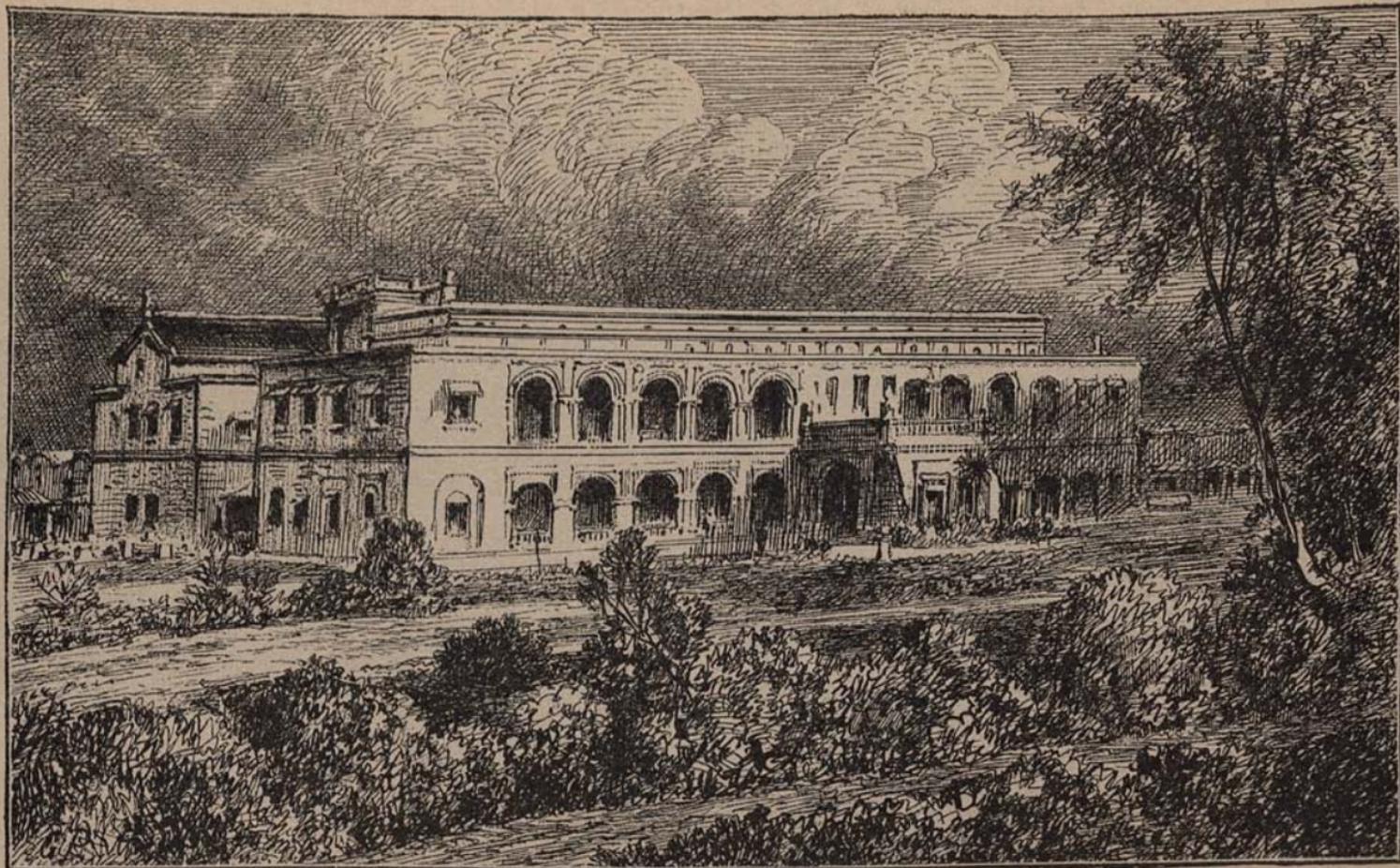
The largest elephant became very thirsty, but as he was quite warm and we would not allow him to stop and drink, he made a peculiar plaintive utterance, which seemed to be understood by the other elephant; the latter came deliberately up and placed his trunk in the open mouth of the thirsty one, and gave him to drink from his own stomach, or some unseen reservoir with which, like a camel, he appeared to be provided. This was a touch of generosity which, in its way, I had rarely seen equalled.

Wild elephants are not unfrequently seen near Dehra, but they are usually peaceable and harmless, unless unduly provoked. A "rogue" elephant, however, is a most destructive individual. He is an

elephant that has once been tamed, but afterwards returned to his wild state. The civilizing process does not seem to have agreed with him, for it only proves to have intensified and embittered his otherwise docile disposition. He will now boldly attack a person, trampling him under foot or tossing him into the air, as though his former experience with mankind had only kindled his hatred.

The woods at the foot of the hills here are full of wild elephants, and a native Rajah, who came to the valley on a grand hunt not long since, secured two dozen. The capture is usually made by means of tame elephants trained for the purpose. The forest is enclosed, and then by beating the woods the herd is driven slowly into a corner. Here the tame elephants go in among them, and engage their attention by caressing them in a quiet way, until the coolies slip in under the huge beasts and tie their feet with strong ropes to the trees. They are then left till subdued by hunger, when they can easily be tamed for the service of man.

Although the vale of Dehra-Doon is beautiful, and the tiger and elephant stories which were recounted to me in this locality were thrilling, yet the most interesting object of study while I was there was the Dehra Mission-school, under the superin-



MISSION STATION DEHRA-DOON.

tendance of Rev. Mr. Herron and several American missionary ladies.

It is located at the foot of the mountains, in the healthiest and most picturesque portion of the valley, and its members and pupils thereby enjoy a much finer climate than they would upon the plains. The girls gathered here are from Hindoo and Mohammedan families ; some are orphans, and all appear bright and intelligent. They have their regular hours of study, and the whole institution is under the same discipline as any seminary or well-regulated boarding-school at home. Religious and secular instruction are both given, and the girls are taught needlework and practical household duties. The singing attainments of some of the older scholars struck me as remarkable ; and as Mr. Herron kindly invited me to the hospitalities of the " Home " for two or three days, I had abundant opportunity for enjoying the musical exercises of the classes.

One Sabbath afternoon I talked to the girls at Mr. Herron's request, telling them about the Japanese girls at the American Mission Home in Yokohama. As the Hindoo pupils sat before me, dressed in loose white wrappers, with their jet black faces and bright eyes turned towards me in eager attention, I could not but contrast their appearance

with that of the Japanese pupils whose traits and attainments I was describing. The Hindoo girls are round-faced and of strong physique ; they show many of the characteristics of the Caucasian race, notwithstanding the blackness of their features. The Japanese, on the contrary, have oval-shaped faces, and are more delicately constituted ; their complexion is almost white, but their features approach much nearer the Mongolian. The Hindoo girls wear the simplest white garments, and their hair is plainly dressed ; whereas the Japanese girls of the same social rank wear the most brilliant colors, beautiful silk sashes, and plait their hair in the most fantastic forms. The latter wear no jewelry, however ; but the Hindoo girls fairly jingle with jewelry of gold and silver, bracelets and bangles, finger-rings and ear-rings. Sometimes, among the higher classes, a child wears so much jewelry that she has to be watched and guarded, lest any one should run off with her. The small fortune of a family will frequently be lavished upon a daughter in this way, to secure social respect and render her marriageable qualifications more favorable.

The Hindoo girls listened with evident interest to all that I told them respecting their Japanese cousins ; and when I spoke of the religious progress

of the pupils in the Mission Home at Yokohama, and mentioned the beautiful hymns which they sang for me in Japanese and in English previous to my leaving the country, the dusky faces of the Indian maidens brightened, and they nodded to each other as though they would like to try the same hymns.

At a signal from their teacher they all arose and sang the very hymns that I had mentioned, first in English and then in Hindostanee, which latter is a very musical language. As I witnessed the spirit with which these familiar songs were sung, and saw by the Christian sunshine in these dusky faces that they were really understood, I thought that if our Christian missionaries were to do nothing more than this—to set the gospel to music and thus send it to pagan hearts and homes—they would not have labored in vain. The heathen may just as well be taught the way of salvation through songs of praise as through forms of prayer; the one, if heartily entered into, will eventually lead to the other. Among the missionary stations in the East it is sometimes found that less preaching and more singing accomplishes the best results. Not that preaching is to be undervalued, for it is the appointed Scriptural means by which the gospel is to be proclaimed;

nevertheless, pagan people (and some who are not pagan) are more apt at first to listen to the gospel in song than they are to the gospel in the sermon. Christian hymns sometimes prove a great power for good in places where Christian preaching never goes.

I was particularly struck with this fact in journeying around the world, when, on ship and shore and in distant climes, I heard the familiar "Moody and Sankey" hymns sung with spirit, in places where one would least expect to hear revival music, and by persons whose exterior surroundings were the roughest, but whose hearts had evidently been reached by the sweet influence of song.

I thanked the Hindoo girls for singing their beautiful hymns, and they saluted Mr. Herron and myself respectfully as we retired. I then inspected the various parts of the institution with Mr. Herron, including the building recently erected to the rear of the one shown in the picture.

Here were long dormitories, a gymnasium, hospital ward, and a large dining-room with tables neatly spread for the evening meal. The building most prominent in the picture is used for study-rooms, library, and rooms for the teachers and superintendent. Two broad balconies with small pil-

lars and arches give a pleasing effect to the front of the house, and afford the inmates an airy place for promenade in warm weather. Pleasant grounds surround the institution, giving the children ample opportunity for exercise and play. A few individual members of the school are supported by friends at home, or by "mission bands" who select some scholar and then assume the responsibility of her education. Many members of the school are the children of converted Hindoos and Mohammedans; others are orphans who have been picked up homeless and friendless.

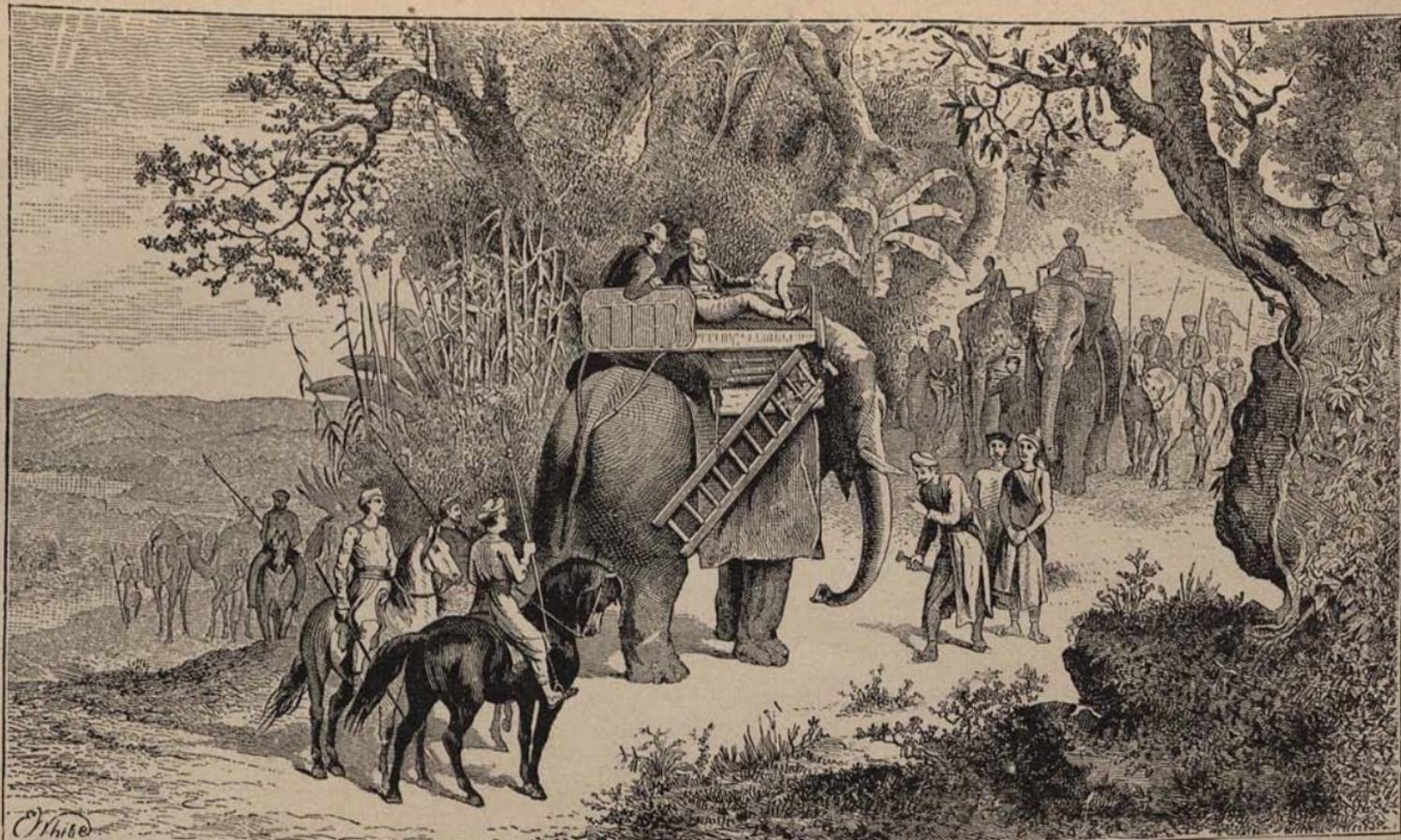
There is another similar institution some distance up the mountain side, called the "Woodstock" school, which is also owned by the Presbyterian mission, and which educates the "East-Indian" girls and young ladies (of Eurasian parentage), and the daughters of English residents. The institution is located far up on the "hills," so as to serve as a sanitarium in summer, as well as a seminary. I took tea there one evening with Mr. Heron, and with the thirty-three young ladies who were then studying at the school. Miss Scott, the manager, was very polite and dignified; and the young ladies, many of whom were quite pretty, were evidently pleased and amused in the unex-

pected advent of two *gentlemen* in their midst. I afterwards visited a boys' school at Dehra with Mr. Herron, and then went to see an ancient Hindoo temple; also inspected the tea district of Dehra, where the plant is successfully cultivated.

The subject of tea-culture was of particular interest to me, for the export of tea from India has within recent years assumed considerable commercial importance. The country, before long, bids fair to rival even China and Japan in supplying the European market with this product. The cultivation of the plant, and the subsequent picking and preparation of the leaf, are similar to the processes employed in Japan. The tea has a delicate flavor, combining the freshness and lightness of the Japanese tea with the "body" of the Chinese.

Returning home late one evening with Mr. Herron, we discovered a large dark object coming towards us down the road. The patches of moonlight falling through the trees were sufficient to show that the huge beast (for this it proved to be), was approaching very rapidly. We turned aside to watch the creature, whose motions were so silent and rapid that we never suspected it to be an *elephant* until it was close upon us.

As the huge beast strode by, Mr. Herron no-



White

MODE OF TRAVELLING WITH ELEPHANTS.

ticed a native driver, armed with the usual iron spike, seated upon the animal's neck. At my request Mr. Herron called out to him in Hindostanee to please wait a little and give us a ride. The man complied at once by pressing his iron into the elephant's neck, which caused him to kneel by the roadside. But how to get on his back was now the question, for we had no ladder or any other means of mounting. My friend was equal to the emergency, though. Bracing his feet upon the hind-feet of the kneeling elephant, he grasped the animal's *tail*, and bid me climb this "natural bridge" as best I could! When fairly astride the Darwinian appendage, the driver reached over his hand, took me by the collar, and pulled me up the steep incline. On gaining the elephant's back I reached over and assisted Mr. Herron up the same way. Then the huge beast rose to his feet with a swaying motion like that of a heavy ground-swell, nearly upsetting us from our lofty perch. All that we had to cling to, as the elephant strode off with us, was a long rope fastened about the animal's body, for there was no soft-seated howdah, with elegant trappings, such as are usually placed on the elephant's back. However, this made the experience all the more "lively," especially when the

beast began to run, which he did at a very rapid rate as the driver sent his horrid iron spike into the flap of his ear. It required some skill and strength to keep our seats, and before long we concluded that we had obtained enough glory for one day; so thanking the driver and dropping a rupee into his hand, we descended from the forward end of the elephant, the latter assisting us gracefully with his trunk and tusks.

Before leaving Dehra I visited an old mosque with Mr. Herron, where we had a conversation with a venerable-looking Mohammedan, who had but recently returned from a long pilgrimage to Mecca. This man was very polite, and took special pride in explaining various devices and inscriptions to us; nor was he at all backward in arguing respecting the claims and teachings of Mohammedanism.

He listened respectfully to what we said about our own religion, and acknowledged that Christianity is undoubtedly the best system *for us*, and undoubtedly adapted to the genius and wants of the European and Occidental mind. When reminded that Christianity was essentially Oriental in its origin, he acknowledged that of course *all* great religions were originally Asiatic; but that, just as Christianity claims to be in advance of Judaism, so

Mohammedanism, which came later than either, is superior to both. As Christ is a great prophet, far in advance of the prophets of the Old Testament dispensation, so is the prophet Mohammed (who arose six centuries after the Christian era) in advance of all other prophets, and his revelation in the Koran is final and complete. As the Mohammedan system is the latest, so is it the best, and numerically the most successful. If it conquers by the sword, it at least brings counterbalancing blessings, both moral and material. It destroys heathen temples when it has the opportunity, but it builds splendid mosques, and makes the people acknowledge *one God* and Mohammed his prophet. When true to its spirit and the teachings of its great prophet, it proceeds against idolatry with a high hand, even as the children of Israel proceeded against the idolatrous inhabitants of the land of Canaan.

Our venerable friend pointed with much pride to the former achievements of Mohammedanism in India, to its wonderful spread and influence throughout Asia, even to the confines of China, and to the multitudes of pilgrims who yearly cross the sandy wastes of Arabia to offer their prayers at Mohammed's shrine at Mecca. He said that personally he

counted it the great privilege of his life to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca ; and though it had involved great hardship, privations, and even danger, especially as he had *walked* most of the way, and had traversed hundreds of miles of desert, still he felt repaid in the satisfaction it gave him to have visited the sepulchre of the great prophet.

He appeared most sincere and earnest in his belief, and as we turned away, thanking him for his courtesy to us, we wondered at the strange infatuation of a system which, though it proselytes by the sword and through fanatical zeal, yet still, after the lapse of centuries, exerts its sway over nearly two hundred millions of the human race.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE WEEKS AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

MUSSOORIE is literally "a city set upon a hill," situated on a spur of the lower Himalaya range, directly north of the valley of Dehra-Doon.

It is the sanitarium and mountain-resort of the foreign residents of India, who wish to escape the excessive heat of the plains during the hot season. It occupies the sides and crest of a ridge two or three miles in extent, and is composed of chateaus, villas; bungalows, and European residences.

Many of these houses are so elegant and comfortable, that the traveller would scarcely suppose the materials of which they are built, and all the articles with which they are furnished, to have been carried up the hills to the height of seven or eight thousand feet, on the shoulders of native coolies. Yet such is the fact; and all the provisions and supplies of this lofty sanitarium have to be carried up in like manner from the valley below. The residents are usually borne to and fro, also on the shoulders of men, in peculiar contrivances called *jan-pan*, *palky*, and *dandy*.

When I made the ascent to Mussoorie, soon after reaching the valley of Dehra, I preferred a sure-footed horse to the formidable-looking *jan-pan* which was brought to me; and thus mounted, I started up the steep and winding road, accompanied by two coolies carrying my baggage. For some distance we passed through the woods, and thick jungles shut us in on either side; but as we rose higher and higher, climbing steep ledges of rock, and skirting precipices where a slip would have proved fatal, we had views of surpassing loveliness spread before us, and the beautiful vale of Dehra appeared to lie at our very feet.

I had been so long confined to the flat and heated plains of India, that the sudden transition to the mountain scenery and cool atmosphere surrounding me was peculiarly exhilarating. It made me feel as free as a bird, to be thus rising above the dust, heat, and discomforts of the plains.

The mountain range is broken into spurs and ridges, jutting out at irregular intervals into the valley. The ascent is not gradual and easy, as it is in crossing the Rocky mountains, but steep and difficult, the road twisting and turning every few yards. Rocky beds of mountain streams are seen in the deep ravines below; but in the rainy season

these peaceful rivulets become terrific torrents, sweeping everything before them in their wild descent.

To the southward, bordering the valley of Dehra-Doon, is the Shivalick Range, of interest in a geological point of view, for here fossils have been found, and the remains of animals belonging to the earlier geological epochs. The range has also considerable religious interest, as it is the birth-place of the Brahminical religion, and here shrines to Shiva were erected and worship was conducted centuries before the Christian era. Here, too, the Goorkahs, one of the most warlike of the hill-tribes, made their last stand against the English; they were subdued, and are now among the most loyal subjects of the British crown.

As an evidence of the desperate fighting qualities of the Goorkahs, and the difficulty the English had in subduing them, I insert this account of the capture of their "fort," the ruins of which are still seen in the valley.

"The garrison consisted of about three hundred men, while the besiegers amounted to nearly three thousand, commanded by brave and experienced officers. After a desperate struggle, and with an immense loss on the part of the besiegers, the fort

was abandoned by the survivors among the besieged, amounting to seventy men out of three hundred, who, fighting their way through different passes, eventually effected their escape with the loss of very few lives. Before daylight the officer who succeeded General Gillespie in command, entered the fort. Here, indeed, was frightfully exhibited the desperate resistance which had been made by a few determined and but half-civilized soldiers against an immensely disproportioned force, highly disciplined, and under the ablest officers. What the besieged had done and suffered was incredible; they had displayed the highest endurance and most indomitable courage. The ears of the victors were shocked by the dismal groans of the dying, and their hearts saddened at the sight of mangled limbs torn from their parent trunks by the bursting of the shells, and of bodies lying disfigured and putrid on the very spot where they had fallen by the shot, which was scattered like hail over their weak defences, causing a most frightful carnage."

As we rose higher, the scene became more beautiful and more extensive; we could look directly over the top of the Shivalick range, though it was twenty miles distant, and see the plains

stretching away to the south as far as eye could reach.

Arriving at last at the town of Mussoorie, we stopped to make inquiries at the postoffice, and then continued a mile or two farther along the sides and summit of the ridge to Landour, where some friends whom I had met at Calcutta were already located. There is no space on the ridge for any regular street, but the road turns and twists along the mountain-side, and among the comfortable-looking residences as the configuration of the ground will admit. Pleasant groups of people were met with occasionally, and English ladies rode past mounted on horseback, and dressed in fashionable riding-habits. Even carriages now and then drove past.

It was like receiving a new lease of life and hope, to get up into this fresh, cool air and magnificent mountain scenery, and the sight was unique and unprecedented in my experience, to see beautiful residences with all the conveniences and luxury of a city, perched upon a lofty mountain-range, amid the wildest scenery of nature.

Reaching Landour, which is simply a continuation of the town of Mussoorie, I spent the afternoon and evening with my friends, and the next

morning climbed the mountain side several hundred feet higher to Laltiba, the "tip-top" peak, where I found a large, one-storied bungalow, which was to be my home for three weeks to come.

This house belongs to the American Presbyterian Mission, it having been purchased as a sanitarium with money given by Mr. George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, whose name is a household word among the missionary families of India, and whose kindly deeds of charity have endeared him to hundreds of hearts in that far-off land. The bungalow happened to be unoccupied when I arrived at Mussoorie, as it was a little early in the season; many of the missionaries moreover have houses of their own farther down the mountain, and Laltiba is so lofty a perch that it seems like taking up one's abode in an eagle's nest to live there. Later in the summer, the bungalow would be rented to some English residents, whose aspirations and climbing capabilities were ahead of those of the average missionary. For the present, my friend Rev. Mr. Calderwood, whose residence was near the bungalow, and who had it in charge, said that I might as well make myself at home there, and keep house for a few weeks, and that he would furnish me a good *khansamer*, or Hindoo steward, to

provide for all my wants, and to be at once my cook, table-servant, housekeeper, and general attendant.

I was quite delighted with this arrangement, and with the prospect of rest amid these romantic surroundings; for though I had once kept house in a heathen temple—which seemed strange enough at the time—I had never yet attempted house-keeping above the clouds, where the every-day outlook from my balcony was that of scenery eight thousand feet below me, and the morning view from my window to the northward took in the giant ranges of the Himalayas, whose icy cliffs girt the whole horizon.

Gathering the scattered furniture of the whole house into one or two rooms, I soon made myself very comfortable; and when my Hindoo *khansamer* became fairly initiated into the manifold duties of his new position, my housekeeping went on very smoothly. Now and then, when explanations or minute directions were to be given, the necessity of language as a medium of thought, became apparent; for my *khansamer's* vocabulary was limited to nearly three words of English, and my knowledge of Hindostanee was about one third as much. We never entered into unnecessary discussions

however, and as I had perfect confidence in my white-turbaned and soft-footed friend, who moved about the house as noiselessly as a kitten and bowed meekly at every word I uttered, whether he understood it or not, I usually nodded assent to his suggestions though I rarely comprehended what they were about. In purchasing provisions I usually allowed him to act out his own intuitions, and when he brought me his daily account made out with the nicest degree of accuracy, even to the last fraction of a penny, I would examine the writing critically—frequently upside down—and with due dignity pronounce it correct.

Of course my foreign visitors occasionally hinted cautiously that this heathen Hindoo would cheat me; if he did, I wish that I might be subject to a little more such cheating by the proprietors of hotels in civilized lands, for a more economical experience I never had than when subjected to the monetary mercies of this polite pagan.

The first few days, as well as nights, in my new quarters, I occupied in sleeping. An extract from my diary, if I ever kept one, would have run somewhat like that which Mark Twain says he once kept, and which sums up a week's history with the words, "Got up, washed, went to bed." Whether

I performed as many ablutions as he did, I don't remember; but besides eating three times a day, my duties were limited to at least twenty hours of sleep.

After a day or two of these somniferous proceedings, I began to indulge fears lest I should become a second "Rip Van Winkle" of the mountains, and sleep so long that nobody would know me when I fairly waked up. On consulting friends farther down the hill however, I was assured that the symptoms were not at all alarming, and that sleep and sleepiness constituted a sure sign that the mountain air was doing the new-comer good. My weeks of exposure to the excessive heat of the plains, and the loss of sleep entailed thereby, were sufficient reasons why nature demanded that I should sleep until the balance was made up. After restitution had been made, I would find the mountain air exhilarating and strengthening; and so it proved. A very peaceful week I had indeed, on that lonely mountain-top; and if any one wishes a practical receipt for perfect repose, let him go to some similar height, and sleep on a bed of fresh straw, having no companion near save a soft-footed Hindoo, who speaks but three words of English, and converses rarely at that.

But peace and serenity were not always to be my portion on the mountains. Terrific thunderstorms raged there at times, and shook the very foundations of the hills. I would sometimes awaken at night, with the whole heavens ablaze around me. The thunder would roar, not above, but below me, and its reverberations would come rolling up the hills, like salvos of celestial artillery. The whole valley appeared filled with a fiery sea, as the heavy clouds swept along the base of the mountains, and were illuminated with the vivid flashes of lightning.

Sometimes the storm would sweep up the mountain-side, and make the peak of Laltiba, and my lofty habitation, the centre of its celestial cannonade. This usually occurred at night, and then the effect was indescribably grand; and I might as well add, indescribably frightful also. The wind would fairly shriek through the ravines and the tree-tops, the rain poured everywhere, up as well as down, and the thick fog, for such the cloud appeared, was incandescent with continuous electrical discharges, while the house and its occupant trembled, under the unsolicited honors and salutes thus conferred by a genuine Himalayan thunderstorm.

One afternoon I went down the mountain some distance after some wild monkeys which a friend told me were constantly stealing his cherries in spring. The natives say it is sacrilegious to shoot monkeys, for they are considered sacred, and "the gods will catch" those who injure them. Nevertheless, I frightened the monkeys considerably, without hurting them very much; but as I climbed the mountain again, I was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and it seemed as though I would indeed suffer severely. With such a good lightning-rod as a double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, I did not feel very comfortable in scrambling up into the cloud region, to reach my tip-top bungalow. However, I ran the gauntlet of thunderbolts safely, and after reaching home changed my dripping clothes, and resolved not to shoot at any more monkeys.

None of these storms reach the parched and burning plains of India; they are all confined to the mountainous region, and though the sky above Laltiba was clear and blue, and fleecy white clouds drifted to and fro, the atmosphere of the plains remained ever the same, hot and hazy, and the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.

With such a contrast before the eye continually,

as that afforded by the fresh and ever-changing mountain scenery on the one hand, and the heated and uninviting plains on the other, it was no privation to realize that I would be forced to remain here, a willing prisoner, until the monsoons broke, and the rains came up country and set me free.

My surroundings at Laltiba may be best described by quoting from a letter which I wrote on the spot, and which I sent from there to a friend in Japan, the editor of the "Far East." In fact, whatever notes of travel I have given on India were nearly all "written up" on this tip-top peak. The letter is dated,

"LALTIBA, MUSSOORIE, June 19.

"For more than two weeks I have been perched on this glorious peak of Laltiba, with the town of Mussoorie and its suburb Landour scattered over the mountain slopes and ridges just beneath; and from this, the highest point of observation, I have had spread constantly before me one of the grandest views the country affords. Now and then the hot haze and dust of the plains obscure the vision, even though there is bright blue sky overhead; but the thunder-storms come, confined entirely to the hill-regions, and clear the atmosphere with heavy showers and still heavier electrical discharges, so

that a clean sweep is obtained of the superb panorama set before me.

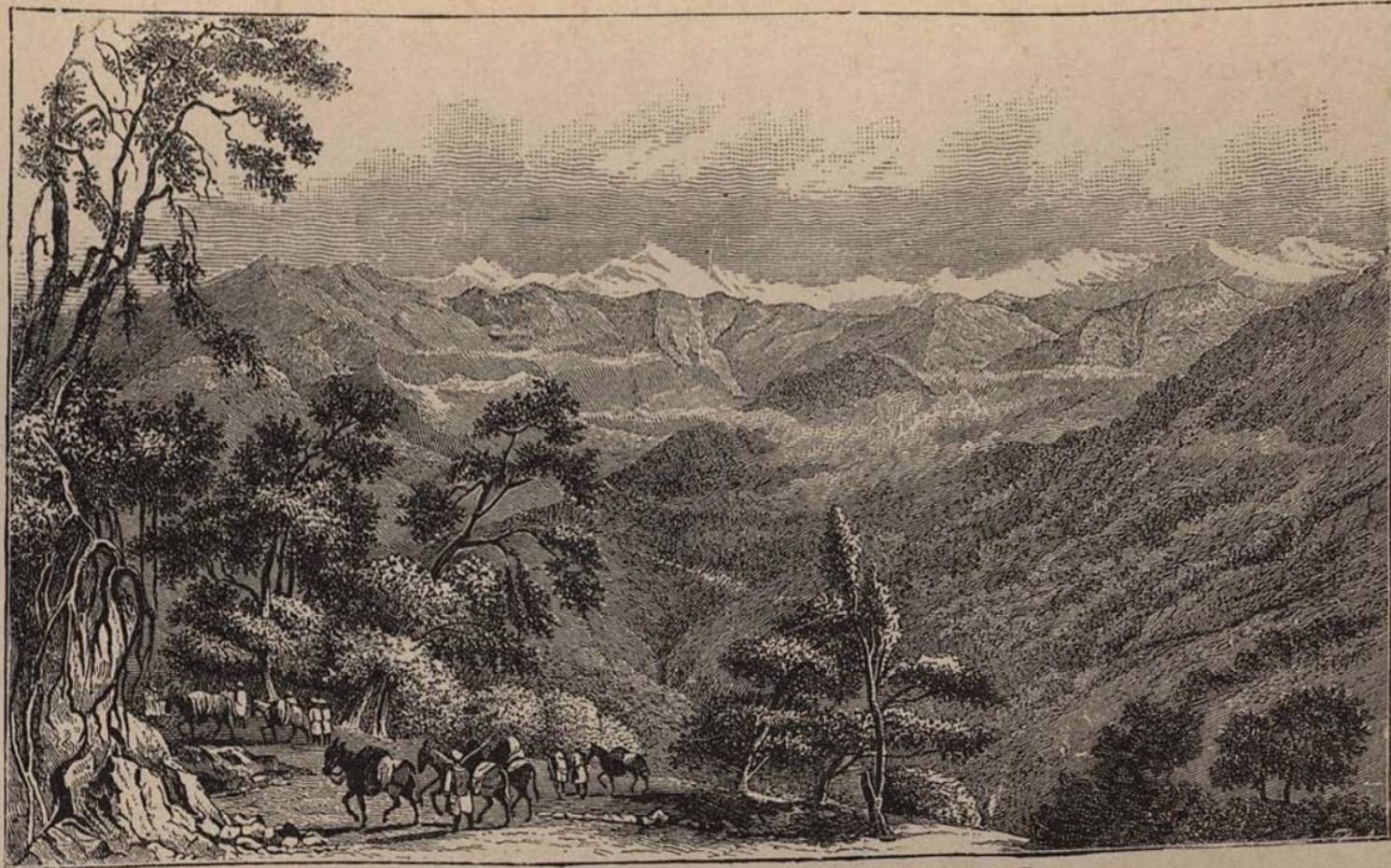
“To the left, like a glistening strip along the horizon, are the sacred waters of the Ganges, which, with tributaries nearer at hand, flow sluggishly forth from deep and dark valleys extending a hundred miles back into the mountains, and find their source in the melting glaciers which slope from the regions of eternal snow. Still more visible, to the right, and stretching far off to the west and south, is the sandy bed of the Jumna, which emerges also from the deep defiles and ice-girt slopes of the mountains. Between the two great rivers, which grow greater as they flow onward, is a broad and slightly undulating plain or table-land covered with dark forests of timber here and there, bright green patches of vegetation and cultivated fields, native villages gray and dusty, dotted along near the woods and streamlets, and presenting a most picturesque appearance contrasted with the hot and parched plains of the lower country.

“About twenty-five miles to the south, is a chain of hills called the Shivalicks, bounding the outer edge of this Vale of Dehra and beyond which extends the limitless expanse of the plains proper. When this chain of hills is passed, there is little

but an immense prairie-like flat for the thousand miles separating Saharunpore and Delhi from Calcutta.

“Rajpoot and Dehra are large villages at the base of the mountain range on which I am located. As I look down upon them from my lofty height, a succession of precipitous verdure-covered cliffs intervenes, and deep gorges, diversified with all the lights and shades which green tints and solemn depths can impart. In all my mountain experiences, I have never seen such an endless variety—in the beauty and steepness and angular contortions—as that which makes up the indescribable charm of these ravines, or ‘cuds’ as they are here called.

“Notwithstanding the wildness and steepness of these wooded slopes, they are so girt about with well-made paths, that one may wander among them in any direction; every knoll and ridge and terraced retreat is either crowned with some stately mansion, or else its garden-like slope has a cottage nestled among the trees. The sight is unique and novel, as I look down from the veranda of my own residence, which is higher than the rest, and see the descending series of beautiful villas and scattered country-seats of the wealthy, skirting every hillside and slope for more than three miles around.



THE "SNOWY RANGE," FROM LAL-TI-BA.

Directly below me, about five hundred feet, is the beautifully located Woodstock school for young ladies. It occupies a paved terrace.

“On the opposite and northern side, from the Laltiba peak, are still deeper gorges, wilder ravines, and higher chains of mountains, wooded along their precipitous sides, and abounding in game and wild beasts; for here the tiger makes his home, and the leopards and wild-cats lie in wait for prey. In the winter these fierce neighbors come up from the jungles and wooded ravines, and stalk about the houses and paths of the hill-slope; and even at this season their mournful cries may sometimes be heard in the distance.

“But the matchless vision before me, and the one compared with which all else is insignificant, is the magnificent panorama of the Himalaya peaks, known as the Snowy Range, which stretches in boundless extent behind me to the north, as far as the eye can reach. The range appears from this point to run in an easterly and westerly direction, extending in almost an unbroken line for several hundred miles. That portion of it is seen, which from its great elevation, rises above the intervening mountains. For the first week after coming here, I was unable to obtain a glimpse of this rare and

interesting sight; but as if to specially favor me the mists and clouds vanished this morning, while I sat writing here at the window, and I am this moment enjoying one of the grandest views to be seen on earth.

“Look at the succession of snow-clad peaks yonder! Each of them stands twenty-two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and each looks as though it were fit to throne its Creator, so pure and white and holy does it appear, rising to the borders of the celestial land.

“The horizon, high up, and far away, is girt about with these mighty walls of snow. I am on the cloud-level myself, and still these peaks and giant ranges, all white as alabaster, and clothed in sunlight, rise far above and beyond me, with a majesty and beauty inconceivable. Some are like silent sentinels guarding the blue vault of heaven; others are rough crater-like crests, with scarred and serrated declivities; and all are connected with an endless chain of snowy cliffs and slopes, and lie radiant and still in the unbroken solitude of the sky.

“I have seen the Bernese Oberland view of the Alps, with all its glorious array of peaks, from the dome of Mont Blanc to the cliffs of the fair Jung-

frau ; and I have dwelt under the shadow of Fusi-yama's cone, in Japan ; but all these must be put together, to equal the colossal magnificence of these imperial Himalayan peaks.

“Nor could they do it even then, at least in point of size. For starting seventy miles over there, with twenty-two thousand feet, the range continues to the south and east in a gradually ascending scale, till it culminates in the top of Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet and more ; the monarch of the mountain world !”

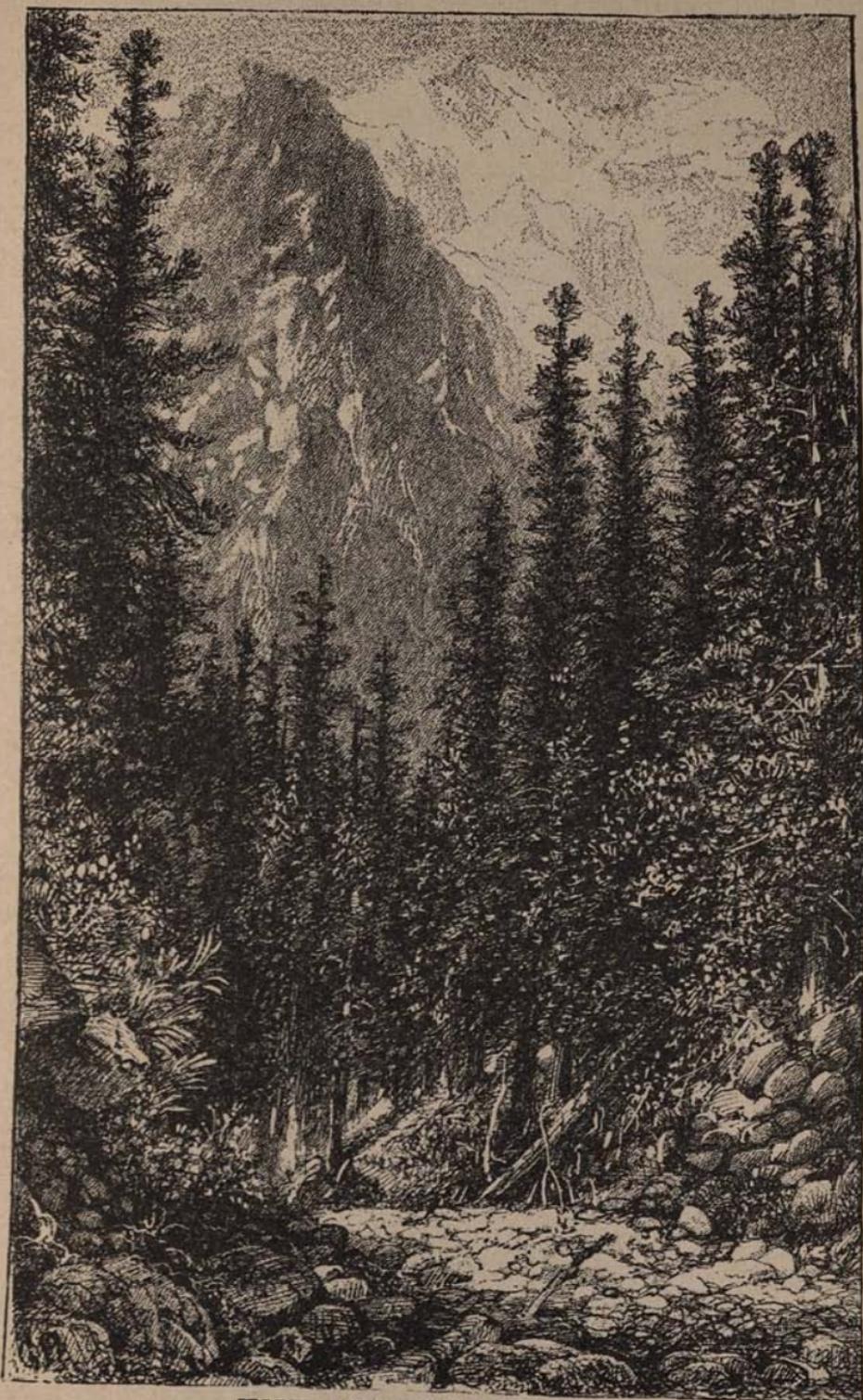
It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the loftiness of the Himalayas, either by pictures or by description, because of three circumstances to be duly considered, but which do not in all cases apply to mountain scenery.

The first of these is, that the standpoint of the observer is not upon the dead-level of the plain, but high up—eight thousand feet or more—on the secondary slope of the mighty chain of mountains, as though one must needs climb the outer wall to gain a glimpse of the citadel within. This elevation, which is equal to the height of Mount Washington, must be subtracted from what the effect of the view would be were it obtained from a lower standpoint.

Another important consideration is, that even when the observer has reached the summit of the secondary range, and views the magnificent panorama spread before him, as presented in the accompanying pictures taken from Laltiba, "the snows" are still so far away, and the intervening space is so filled with mountainous ridges, rounded, twisted, and broken up into an infinite series of confused boulders, that the mind is not as much impressed and overawed as when the person stands directly in the presence of the object of his admiration.

The Snowy Range can hardly fail to kindle enthusiasm from whatever point it is viewed; but an outlook of *seventy miles*, like that at Laltiba, only awakens a keener interest and a more intense desire to obtain a closer interview. It is impossible at such a distance for the eye to appreciate the fact that some of the peaks skirting the horizon are nearly two miles higher than Mont Blanc in Europe; and that, were the base of this latter mountain to be placed at the snow-line of one of the loftiest of these Himalayan crests, its summit would scarcely reach the top.

The third consideration, which naturally lessens the impressions of the actual height of the mountains viewed by the spectator, is the fact that he



THE ABODE OF SNOW.

finds himself surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, even at an elevation which in a cooler climate would afford nothing but barrenness and desolation. In a tropical country like India, the snow-line is very much higher than it is in Switzerland, for example. Among the Alps the traveller meets the line of perpetual snow at an elevation short of nine thousand feet; but here, in the Himalayas, it is eighteen thousand feet, or twice as high. Vegetation is found in abundance on the snowy range at altitudes varying from ten to fourteen thousand feet; and dwarf birches and bushes are met with almost as high as the snow-line. Some of the *passes* of this range are considerably more elevated than the summit of Mont Blanc.

The English resident coming to Mussoorie from the parched and heated province of Bengal is pleased in recognizing at this elevation the trees, plants, and shrubs of his native isle. Here he finds the oak, the pine, the holly, the walnut and cherry, and the daisies, primroses, and violets, all of which have been strangers to his eye since leaving home. The deep valleys, or "cuds" are fringed with tall and straight poplars, pines, and firs, giving a peculiar wildness and depth to the ravines. In the bottom of these yawning chasms are gushing streamlets,

hidden from the eye, and making the ravines resound with the voice of many waters, as they rush turbulently over the rocks below.

Contrasted with the scenery of the Alps, the Himalayas do not impress one at first in a degree proportionate to their greater size and altitude. There are few places where the traveller can stand face to face with the full outline of one of these giant peaks, as he can with the magnificent slope of Mont Blanc from the Vale of Chamonix, or still better, with the spotless vision of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp, where the mountain is seen directly across an intervening ravine, with a full mile of snow upon its precipitous side, the dazzling whiteness of which is almost insupportable to the eye, and ever and anon huge masses of snow are seen detaching themselves from the shelving rocks and falling thousands of feet into the valley below, sending up reverberations like distant thunder.

But whether among the Alps or the Himalayas, these beautiful lines of Lord Byron's, in "Childe Harold," were ever recurring to my mind and echoing my thought:

"The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

Much of the charm of Swiss scenery comes from the human element interblended with the grandeurs of nature, as the tourist looks down from snow-covered heights into valleys smiling in cultivation, dotted with villages, and having cottages and church spires everywhere visible. The beautiful Swiss lakes also add greatly to the effect, as they mirror the white summits of the distant mountains in their deep blue waters.

Among the Himalayas, on the contrary, we found no lakes and few evidences of human habitation. But there is instead an indescribable grandeur in the wildness and solitude of the untrodden wastes of these regions of everlasting snow. Some of the mountain passes have been scaled here to the enormous height of twenty thousand feet; but the daring adventurers who made the ascent have found inaccessible peaks towering above them, whose summits it is not possible for any human explorer to reach. There are hundreds of miles of this icy territory in the upper air utterly unapproachable from any direction, and the awful silence

and solitude of these trackless wastes of snow will ever remain unbroken. Portions of the Himalayas may be explored by the more venturesome traveler, but the larger part must ever remain as impregnable as the northern confines of the Arctic sea.

When we glance at the enormous extent of this chain of mountains we can readily imagine how difficult of access its inner portions must be.

The range of the Himalayas stretches from the river Indus on the northwest to the river Brahmapootra on the southeast, dividing the plains of Hindostan from the wilds of Thibet and Tartary. West of the Indus there is a continuation of the same range, but it runs in a more westerly direction, and is known among the Afghans as the "Hindoo Koosh."

The Arabs call this region "the roof of the world," and the less poetical Anglo-Saxon designates the range as the "backbone of the Asiatic continent." The average height of the mountains is much greater than that of either the Alps or the Andes; and accurate measurements of the loftier peaks are made with great difficulty, owing to the inaccessible character of the highest portions of the range.

At Darjeeling, a hill station directly north of

Calcutta, but difficult to reach, a magnificent view of Mount Everest is obtained, rising twenty-nine thousand feet above the sea-level, and claimed to be the loftiest mountain on the globe. But the fact is that several of these peaks—Everest, Kanchinjunga, and Dhawalagiri—are so nearly alike in point of altitude, that it is next to impossible to decide to which belongs the honor of being the highest mountain in the world. Their heights are variously estimated as ranging from twenty-eight thousand to thirty thousand feet, or more than *five miles* high; but the elevation is so great, and the distance at which they must necessarily be measured is so great also, that it has not yet been very definitely determined which has the advantage of a few hundred feet. There are more than twenty peaks of the Himalayas outrivalling Chimborazo, the highest peak of the Andes; and as Mount Everest is more easily pronounced than any of its polysyllabic companions, we may well agree with Colonel Waugh in dignifying it as the monarch of mountains.

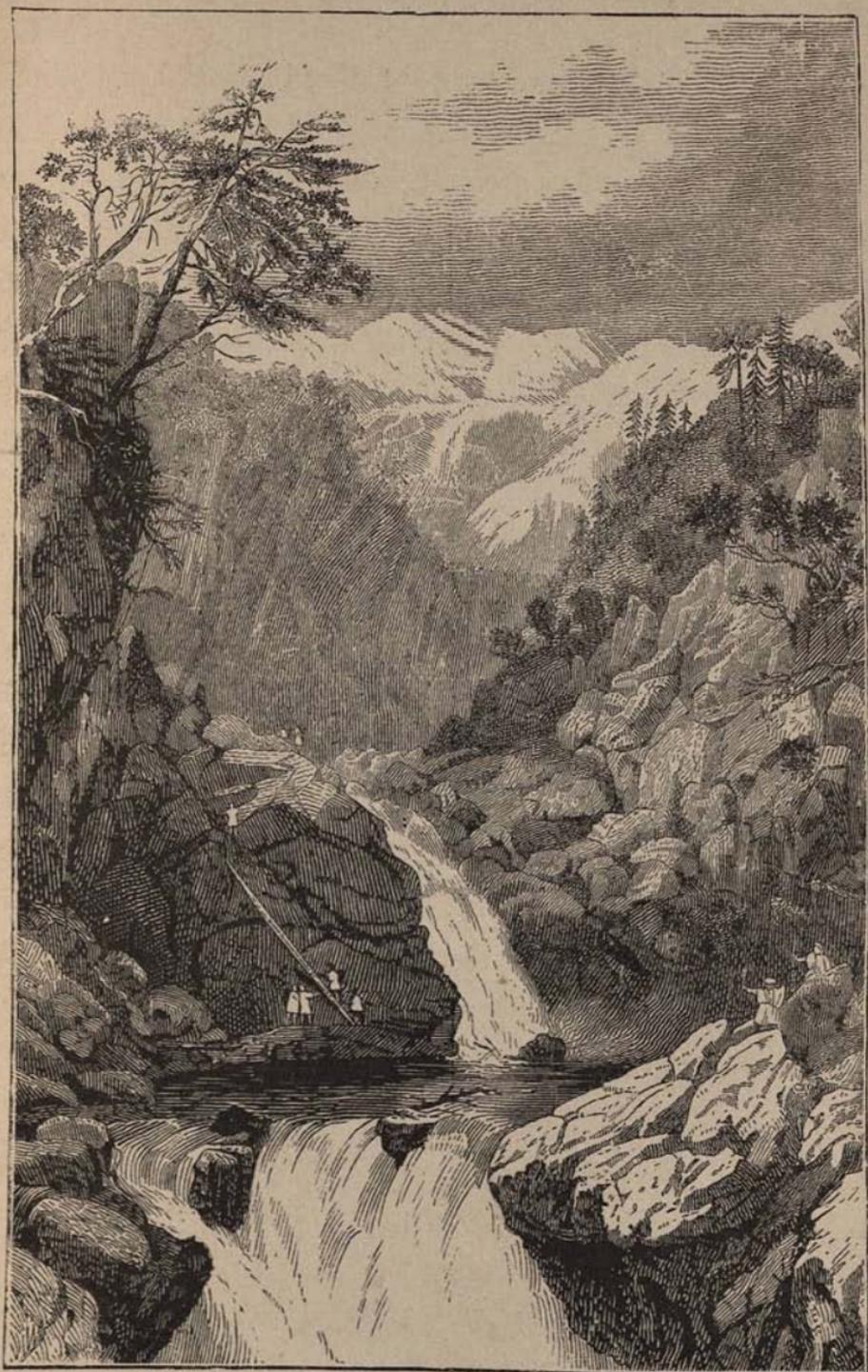
It is not strange that the Hindoos have for ages associated these lofty peaks with their heathen mythology, and have pointed to them as the dwelling-place of the gods. Two of the most prominent

peaks are dedicated to Vishnu and Shiva, and others to inferior deities.

But their most sacred associations are those clustering around the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna. These rivers are formed far up in the mountains by the melting of ice and snow, and rushing forth from the foot of the glaciers that give them birth, they dash turbulently over the boulders of rock and through the deep defiles, emerging at length as if glad to escape from the control of the mountains, and glide snakelike along the plains, until they unite their sacred waters at Allahabad.

The tract of country lying between the rivers, which is several hundred miles in extent, is termed the *Doab*, or Two Waters, and is one of the most fertile districts in India.

The Ganges, worshipped by the Hindoos as the "Mother of all living," takes its rise among the loftiest of the snowy peaks, and after winding for one hundred and fifty miles through a stupendous labyrinth of mountains, it enters the plains at Hurdwar, a small village where pilgrims congregate at certain seasons to bathe in its waters. From a raging torrent, it here changes to a clear broad stream, flowing tranquilly onward for one thousand



SOURCE OF THE RIVER JUM-NA.

two hundred miles to the ocean; fertilizing vast tracts of territory, watering the most populous cities, and fostering the means of wealth and commerce in the finest provinces in India.

The Jumna is next in importance to the Ganges, and its source is nearly as sacred. The upper channel is explored through narrow and dangerous defiles, where the Brahmins lead the way as guides. The course of the river is sometimes a mere chasm cut away in the solid rock, as the action of the waters have worn a passage. Cascades are formed by the river rushing over the rocks; and the traveller must frequently wade through the cold waters, and cross frail bridges constructed of a single pine-tree squared off on its upper side. At other times the bridges are made of smaller trees united by twigs, on which flat stones are laid, the ends being confined by piles of heavy stones. "By such frail platforms the most frightful chasms are crossed, with foaming torrents below; while the tilting of the stones, and the falling of the pebbles, together with the dinning noise and savage wildness of all around, render the situation of the traveller at times truly appalling."

Small shrines are met with even in this out-of-the-way region, and here the Brahmin guide tinkles

a little bell, presents an offering of flowers, and says a long prayer.

While living at Laltiba, I occasionally indulged in long walks along the crests of neighboring mountain ranges farther to the northward, and was frequently repaid by splendid views bursting upon me as some new eminence was reached. The view of the Snowy Range is particularly grand at sunrise and sunset, when the distant panorama of peaks lights up with an indescribable glow, ever changing in crimson and gold, and presenting every gradation of color. I have seen a similar effect at sunset among the Alps, especially on the long chain of peaks called the Bernese Oberland, and on the summit of Mont Blanc, within full sight of which I once lived a whole year, and learned to love mountain scenery so much, that I wonder how half the world can afford to be without it.

A solitary and quiet ramble among these Himalayan ranges always possessed an additional interest, from the fact that the old residents assured me I might anywhere along the mountains or in the ravines, stumble unexpectedly upon a full-grown tiger or a pair of hungry leopards, searching for their morning meal. They might mistake me for their breakfast were I to happen along at the right

moment ; and even while I serenely contemplated the beautiful scenes spread before me, these fierce denizens of the hills might be crouching in ambush and contemplating *me*, considering it an auspicious thing for their appetites that I should have invaded their domain. Sometimes I went armed on these excursions, and at other times I carried nothing ; whenever I carried the double-barrelled gun, and double-shotted at that, the animals prudently kept out of the way ! But when I went unarmed I usually saw a tiger behind every shaking bush, or heard a rogue elephant at every cracking of a dead branch in the woods.

But with or without the gun, there was one creature I feared more than any of the wild beasts of the forest. And that was the *cobra de capello*, the most venomous reptile known, from whose bite few have ever recovered. It is asserted that thousands of persons annually perish from the bite of this serpent, and the government offers a reward for every cobra that can be killed. The snake is not usually more than two or three feet long, nor is it very dangerous unless provoked or trodden upon. But as it has a way of lying curled up in the fields or in the footpath, or under the grass and leaves in a ravine, the unwary traveller or barefooted native

cannot always tell when a cobra is in the path ready to be trodden upon. Frequently, in climbing up the steep heights to Laltiba late at night, I scrambled through ravines where the starlight was only sufficient to reveal the path, and uncertain as to what moment I might unwittingly put my foot on a cobra curled snugly under the leaves. Had I done so, there would have been little chance of escape, for the action of the venomous serpent is very quick and the moment it has struck its victim a deadly sleep ensues from which there is no waking.

Halfway between Mussoorie and Landour there is a native bazaar where provisions can be purchased, and the Hindoos carry on a thriving business during the season of travel. Mussoorie may be termed the civil station, while Landour is more strictly a military one. Here the Sanitarium for British troops is located, and by a wise provision of the government the sick soldiers and those needing rest or change of climate, are sent up here among the hills instead of remaining as invalids in the hospitals of the lower country. I often heard the drum-beat reverberating among the hills, and saw the English flag floating from the staff, showing that even here on the confines of the Himalayas the British power asserted itself as supreme. In fact, Simla some

distance farther west is the seat of government during the hot season, the Viceroy and his cabinet migrating in a body from Calcutta to the hills—just as though our own government were to transfer its base of operations during the summer months, by having the President and his cabinet remove from the District of Columbia to the summit of Mount Washington.

Near Landour there is an English cemetery, and the inscriptions on some of the monuments are very touching, as many are buried here who died far from home.

A union church is situated at Landour, where I frequently attended service. Farther up the slope is an English Episcopal chapel, which my Presbyterian friends sometimes objected was “too high church.” I hinted to them that it could hardly be otherwise, considering its elevation of seven thousand feet. A Roman-catholic convent is located near Mussoorie, and its vesper-bells sound sweetly and solemnly in this lofty region; even here the power of the Romish church is felt and recognized.

While among the mountains it was my mournful privilege to attend the funeral of a much-beloved missionary at the cemetery near Landour. Miss

Seelye, of the Calcutta Mission Home, came to the hills in company with four other lady missionaries from the Home, all of whom needed rest and relief from the excessive heat. Miss Seelye's medical work among the many natives, women and children, who came to her for treatment, had nearly worn her out, so that she was quite an invalid when she left Calcutta for the long journey up country.

Her disease, which proved to be typhoid fever in its most violent form, broke out a few days after she arrived at Landour; and though everything was done that medical skill and good nursing could suggest, and the fresh mountain air made the chances of recovery more favorable, she died on the morning of June 9, and was buried at an early hour the next day.

It was a sad and solemn scene, as the little funeral procession, just as the sun was rising, wound its way slowly along the narrow path leading to the lonely cemetery bordering the edge of a deep ravine. There were scarcely a dozen persons in the little company. First in the line was the bier covered with black velvet and decked with flowers, carried upon the shoulders of four Hindoos. Then came a few swinging chairs borne by coolies, in which were the four ladies who were Miss Seelye's associates

in Calcutta; and after them followed Rev. Mr. Calderwood, two other missionaries, and myself.

Arriving at the grave, the coffin was lowered into the narrow casement of white cement prepared for it; after which a short service was held, and the few mourners then turned away. I stood by until slabs of slate were placed over the coffin and the grave was filled with earth, and then I turned away also, thinking how strange it was that this devoted missionary should lie buried seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, before her friends at home even knew that she had been sick.

The cemetery faces a broad mountain slope of thickly-wooded ravines, and beyond the neighboring ridge I saw the pure white peaks of the Snowy Range, lighting up one after another with the glow of the morning sun; they appeared to me a fitting monument, as they looked down from afar upon the silent and lonely grave of this self-sacrificing Christian missionary.

CHAPTER XII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

My three weeks of pleasant imprisonment above the clouds were drawing to a close. From the tip-top peak of Laltiba I daily watched the distant plains to the southward, in eager anticipation of the rains which would bring relief to the country, and set me free from my mountain perch. At length I learned from a new-comer that the monsoons had broken at Bombay, so that very soon the rains would arrive "up country." My Indian friends cautioned me against venturing too soon upon the overheated plains, before the promised rains became fully established; but I was in haste to reach Bombay in time to take the first of July steamer for Egypt, as I feared to defer the trip up the Red Sea any later in the season. So I determined to start on my journey at once, trusting to meet the rains at Allahabad.

It was hard to bid farewell to the many kind friends I had met on the mountains, and with whom I had enjoyed many social chats on secular and religious topics; but this is the chief penalty

in journeying from place to place, and country to country, that one must break pleasant ties almost as soon as they are formed, though he may hope to form others again amid scenes beyond.

I took tea with Rev. Mr. Kellogg and his family at Landour. His wife had recently come from Allahabad, where she had been very sick. She was cheerful and bright, and we hoped the fresh and cool air of the hills would do her good; but she died shortly after my leaving their happy home at Landour.

Bidding good-by to many other missionary friends, I descended the mountains to Dehra, and Mr. Herron sped me on my journey by placing me at night in a "rapid transit" *omnibuckus*, which dashed along at a brisk rate over the Shivalick Pass and down through the valley, arriving early the next morning at Saharunpore. Here I spent the day in visiting the Botanical Garden, and the Government stud, where two thousand horses are kept. The stables at the latter place are very large and well arranged, and after inspecting the battalions of horses ranged in hundreds of stalls, I went to the dépôt and took the train southward to Etawah, some distance beyond Agra.

The train reached there at ten o'clock the next

morning, and as my sudden descent from the cool air of the hills made the heat of the plains seem like a furnace, I decided from prudential reasons to stop over at Etawah during the hottest part of the day, at the house of Rev. M. Ullman, to whom Mr. Kellogg had written concerning my coming. Mr. Ullman kindly met me at the station, and took me to his quiet bungalow, where I spent a delightful day with my cheerful and genial host. Mr. Ullman is a German gentleman, of strong Calvinistic type, and decided orthodoxy. But I think I never saw the "joy and peace in believing" more thoroughly exemplified, than in this lonely but happy missionary. He has labored more than thirty years in India, most of the time by himself, yet his isolated life has not petrified his spirituality—as it is often too apt to do—and his faith is buoyant, hopeful, and satisfying.

With the parting benediction of this good missionary, I left Etawah in the evening for Allahabad, arriving there at six the next morning. On looking out of the car window at daybreak, I noticed that the ground was wet, and shortly after I learned from Dr. Brodhead, who met me at the *dépôt*, that the rains had indeed broken there the day before. Thus I really enjoyed the novelty of a

ride around Allahabad in the middle of the day, when the sun was so clouded that its scorching power could no longer be feared.

The premises of the Presbyterian Mission are situated on the banks of the Jumna, near the great railroad bridge. Here I met several missionaries, and in the evening attended a prayer-meeting at the Scotch Kirk, and also dined with Dr. Williamson, the pastor. The next day I visited various missionary buildings, including the Tract House; and took tea in the evening with Rev. Mr. Holcomb and his family.

At ten P. M., Dr. Brodhead escorted me once more to the *dépôt*, and I started on the express train for Bombay, a distance of eight hundred and forty-five miles. This was the longest stage of my journey, and occupied two nights and a day and a half; but I had a whole car to myself, and made it very comfortable, while much of the scenery by the way was very interesting and picturesque.

At Jubbulpoor we changed locomotives, and then continued our journey, traversing a wild and almost uninhabited district of country until we reached the *ghauts*, or coast range. Here we wound among the hills, and crossed rocky valleys, passing at one point through more than twenty

tunnels hewn in the rock. The descent on the western side of the range is very steep, and reminded me in its wildness and grandeur of the scenery among the Sierra Nevadas. At one place the train stopped and backed down the mountain side in a zigzag course.

We had now reached the region of the rains, and every mountain streamlet became a raging torrent. The whole country seemed inundated, and the roads and fields were filled with water. Evidently the old adage was true here, that "it never rains but it pours." Dark clouds chased each other across the sky, the wind whistled and drove the big drops against the car windows, the small trenches near the railroad were racing water-courses, and at some points the embankments were undermined. In fact, had I delayed a few days longer, I could not have reached Bombay at all, for the tracks were soon after washed away in many places. As it was, I enjoyed the rain, every drop of it, and watched the storm with eager delight.

The whole country began to put on a new life, and the forests and fields clothed themselves with fresher and greener tints; all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation began to appear, and the air as we approached Bombay was cool and bracing.

At the Byculla station, Bombay, I took a carriage and soon found myself comfortably quartered at the Byculla Hotel, with an enterprising Parsee gentleman as my landlord.

On Sunday I attended the English Episcopal church, the service of which can always be enjoyed by the traveller in the East; for wherever the English power is felt, the English Church is to be found—and British power in the Orient is well-nigh omnipresent.

In taking a short stroll through the native quarter, I got lost. As I was entirely unacquainted with the locality, and did not know enough Hindostanee to inquire my way out of the dilemma, my little walk was thus unwittingly prolonged to five or six miles, and when at last I emerged from the wilderness of houses into the broad avenue skirting the harbor, where thousands of people were promenading, dressed in every variety of costume, I realized somewhat the extent of Bombay, which, in population, is the second city of the British Empire.

The bay was very beautiful at sunset, and the waves broke heavily upon the rocky beach. As I turned to take the most direct route to my hotel, night came down upon the city, and a lighthouse

on the shore sent its beams flashing far across the bay. While returning I witnessed a peculiar religious ceremony of the Parsees, who were dressed in long black gowns, and high hats that looked like black coal-scuttles. The nature of their service I could not understand.

The Parsees differ from the Hindoos in both race and religion. They are followers of Zoroaster, and are fire-worshippers. They worship the sun as the source of life and light, and I saw them on the seashore at sunset, with their heads uncovered, and their faces turned reverently towards the great luminary. To them the earth, air, and water, are all sacred, and for this reason when they dispose of their dead they cannot burn the bodies, as the Hindoos do, for that would contaminate the flames; nor can they bury in the earth or in the sea, for these are also sacred. They therefore expose the bodies to be torn to pieces and devoured by carnivorous birds. This is accomplished at the three "Towers of Silence," situated at Malabar Hill, in the suburbs of Bombay. One of these Towers of Silence is shown in the picture. It consists of a circular stone tower, entered by a single opening at the base, and on the top an iron grating is placed. When a Parsee dies, his body is laid upon this



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

grating by the priests, and the vultures which may be seen perched by hundreds on the neighboring trees, sweep down upon their prey, tearing the flesh from the body with their hooked beaks, till the bones fall through the grating into a well or common receptacle below.

Notwithstanding this revolting method of disposing of their dead, the Parsees are the most genteel and polite people I met in Bombay. They form the wealthiest class in the community, and many of them are well-to-do merchants, whose houses and stores are among the finest in the city.

As already mentioned, the proprietor of my hotel was a Parsee; and certainly a more polite and intelligent landlord I never met. The Parsee children are particularly beautiful and well-dressed. Some groups that I passed would have attracted attention in any city, for their prepossessing appearance.

Bombay sustains the same relation to the western coast of India and the Arabian sea that Calcutta sustains to the eastern coast and the Bay of Bengal. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, Bombay has greatly increased in importance; and now it rivals Calcutta in its business enterprise, and in the magnificence of its public buildings.

The government houses, postoffice, and bank, are very fine structures ; and the Esplanade is even more beautiful than the Maidan at Calcutta. The business part of Bombay, where the English merchants have their stores and warehouses, is similar to certain sections in London. I visited the Tract House, where the various religious and missionary operations are carried on. Here tracts and religious books are printed and sent all over the country. The building is spacious and beautiful, and serves a most important purpose in evangelistic work. I went to the large postoffice to inquire for letters, and found one awaiting me from home, and one or two from China and Japan. The letters were the first that had reached me for several months ; and, as I was in continual motion from place to place, I could not expect to receive any more news from home until I reached Europe.

I have not space to describe the mixed and multitudinous population of Bombay, but it seemed to me by far the most cosmopolitan city of Asia. Every race, color, and variety of physiognomy appeared to be represented there ; and all styles and gradations of dress and undress prevailed. The people literally swarmed in the native quarter, and the common classes either wore little or nothing,

or else they bedizened themselves with what was not worth wearing, such as rings, bangles and gew-gaws generally. The better classes, native merchants, bazaar keepers and the like, dressed in plain white gowns, or loose wrappers, and wore huge turbans of various shades. Nearly all the natives were jet black, and many of them sit on their heels in the most comical fashion.

Among the greatest novelties to me were the street cars, introduced here through the enterprise of an American, and now largely patronized by the natives. They are of the same style as the cars used in summer time in our cities at home. Jumping into one that was somewhat crowded, I seated myself and looking up over the heads of the turbaned Hindoos, Mohammedans, and coal-scuttle-capped Parsees sitting in front of me, I saw the familiar sign, "J. M. Jones, West Troy, N. Y." And here I sat, riding in a Troy-manufactured car through the streets of Bombay, with all styles and stamps of oriental heathenism about me.

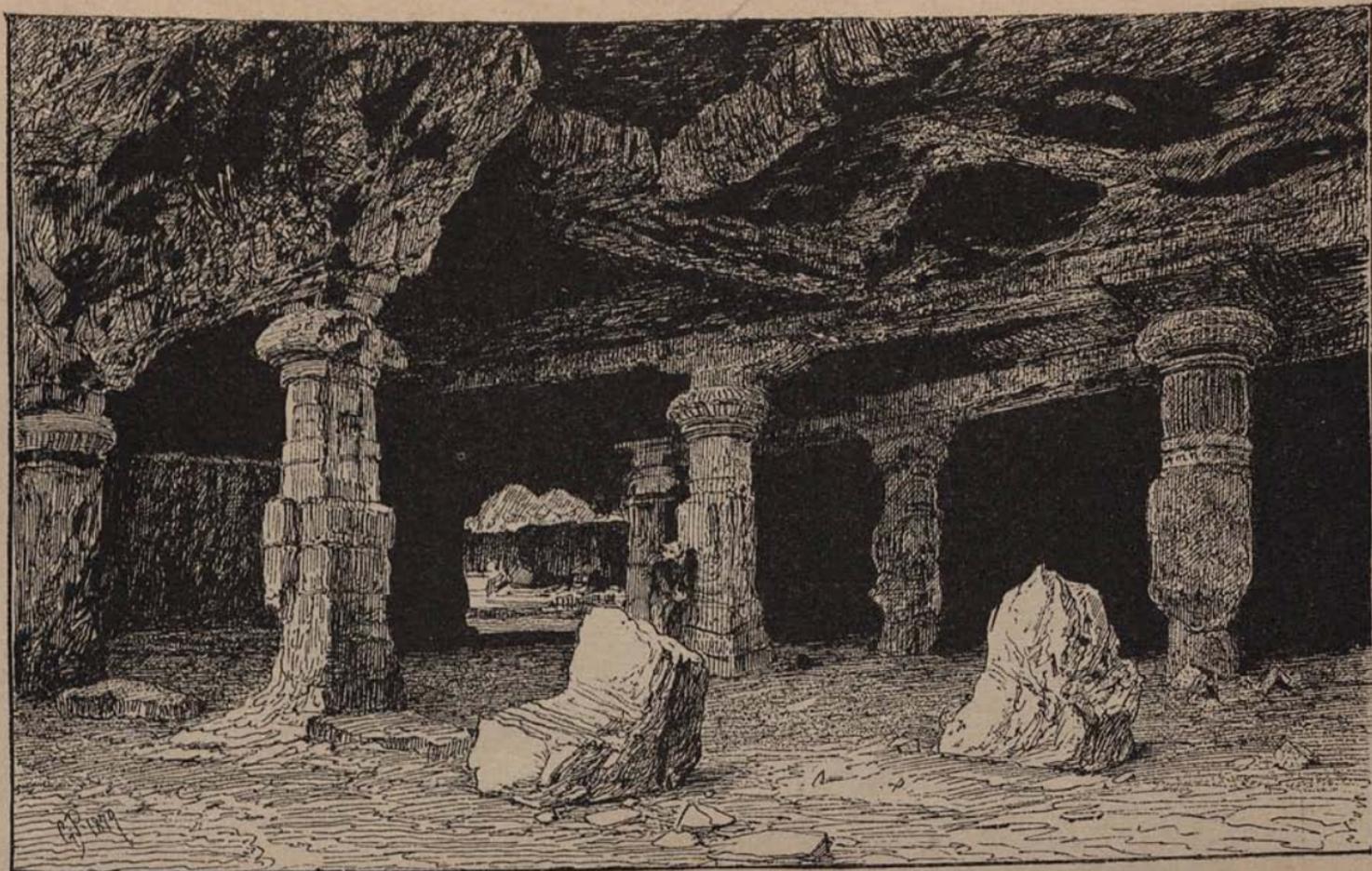
The fruit and flower market of Bombay, situated in a spacious and airy structure at one end of the Esplanade, is a perfect little fairy land. Here the visitor finds every tint to please the eye, and every fruit of tropical climes to tempt the taste.

The inner court has been laid out as a garden, under the direction of the English, and ferns, flowers, palms, plantains and tropical plants, grow in luxuriant profusion; while in the open arcades the natives expose piles of beautiful flowers and luscious fruit for sale—many of which are purchased for offerings in the temples—and the whole is more like a horticultural hall, than like a place of barter and trade.

On the morning of July first I sailed on the steamship *Persia* for Aden at the foot of the Red Sea, a distance of seventeen hundred miles. We proceeded slowly down the bay, passing a great deal of shipping of every nationality, among which I noticed the *Europa*, a steamer of the Anchor Line from Glasgow, that I had seen some years before in New York harbor.

Upon a small island in the bay, about seven miles from the city, is the famous "Cave of Elephanta," so-called from an enormous statue of an elephant once standing upon the island. The cave or cavern is cut in the solid rock, and the roof is the natural rock supported by stone pillars left standing, and carved in architectural forms as seen in the illustration.

This is reached by a long flight of steps leading



CAVE OF THE ELEPHANTA.

up the hillside, and the depth of the main chamber is a hundred and thirty feet. The cave is dedicated to the worship of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, the Hindoo trinity; and the images of these deities are carved in the rock, at the end of the great hall. Numerous other carvings are also found on the rocky walls of all the chambers. There are also two similar but smaller caves on the island. For centuries, pilgrims have repaired in boats to these old caves; but the dark corridors are more like the labyrinths of a tomb, than like the courts of a temple.

The monsoons that had so recently broken upon the coast, and brought relief and rain to the parched plains of India, brought head winds also, and heavy chop seas, keeping our steamer tempest-tossed all the way to Aden. The ports could not be open for a week, and though the cabin was large and provided with ventilator funnels, the air was so oppressive, especially at night, that I preferred sleeping on top of a small sail-loft on deck, though there was no little danger of being pitched overboard from this airy perch. I scarcely occupied my comfortable and richly-curtained cabin once during the voyage, for on the Arabian Sea it was too close, and on the Red Sea it was too hot. Nor was I able to eat a square meal during the

twelve days of this tempestuous trip. A note in my journal, or log-book, runs thus: "July second to tenth. . . . Monsoons blowing heavily rough sea continuous pitching and rolling day and night heavy seas break over the deck, which is continually flooded fearfully seasick for several days got better towards the ninth begin to eat about a dozen passengers."

This latter somewhat astonishing statement, that I ate about a dozen passengers, seems about as fearful as the freak of a recent "New York Herald" correspondent in Egypt, who is reported to have been so hungry that he ate a dozen delicious Mamelukes at once; meaning mandrakes, I suppose.

One night a heavy squall came down upon us with great violence, and the roaring of the wind was terrific. The waves broke over the bows continually, giving severe shocks to the ship, deluging the decks and showering the spray far up the rigging. The sides of our tall smoke-stack were incrustated with salt to the very top, and the phosphorescence of the sea made the ship's wake look like a way of fire. The pitching and rolling were so violent that I could not keep on top of the sail-loft, so I climbed into a canvas hammock suspended just

above it, and rocked to and fro between the masts, as the ship rose and fell in the trough of the sea. The wind shrieked in the rigging above, and dark clouds chased each other across the sky. The rain fell in sheets, but I drew the canvas sides of the hammock closer about me and did not mind it.

Once in a while the ship surmounted a huge wave and then plunged down into a dark vortex sheering over to the leeward and lying almost on her beam-ends. Looking over timidly from my frail hammock, I could see the angry waves surging and boiling just below me, and for the moment I remained suspended directly over a yawning chasm, knowing that if a rope at either end of my hammock should break, I would go spinning into the turbulent sea.

Once, near midnight, I thought the ropes were slipping, and I attempted to dismount from the hammock; but this was no safe undertaking, and could only be accomplished at a certain moment when the ship had righted and the hammock swung over the spar that supported the ship's awning. After many futile efforts I succeeded in getting my foot fairly on the spar, and giving a sudden spring I landed on the sail-loft, and thence descended to the cabin.

Only one steamer was sighted on the voyage; she belonged to the Rubettino Italian line, and was two days out from Aden. Soon after we caught our first glimpse of the Arabian coast to the north-west, and on the evening of the twelfth we sighted the lightship, rounded a bleak and rocky point, and anchored off Aden.

As our steamer was to remain here several hours, a few of us went ashore and explored the town, and then hired two teams of Arabian horses and drove rapidly along the shore for a distance of four miles, to visit the fort and the Tanks of Aden.

The town is very picturesque even in its bleakness and desolation; the rugged and dark boulders of rock, forming a broken mountainous chain along its coast, are jagged and clearly defined against the sky. Not a fragment of vegetation could be seen, not a tree or a blade of grass; everything was parched, hot, dry, and sandy, and even the rocks seemed as though they were blasted by the heat. The portion of the cliff-girt coast that faces the harbor proper, and stretches several miles in the direction in which we rode, appeared to be the remnant of three volcanic craters, with sides broken off towards the sea, leaving three immense concaves

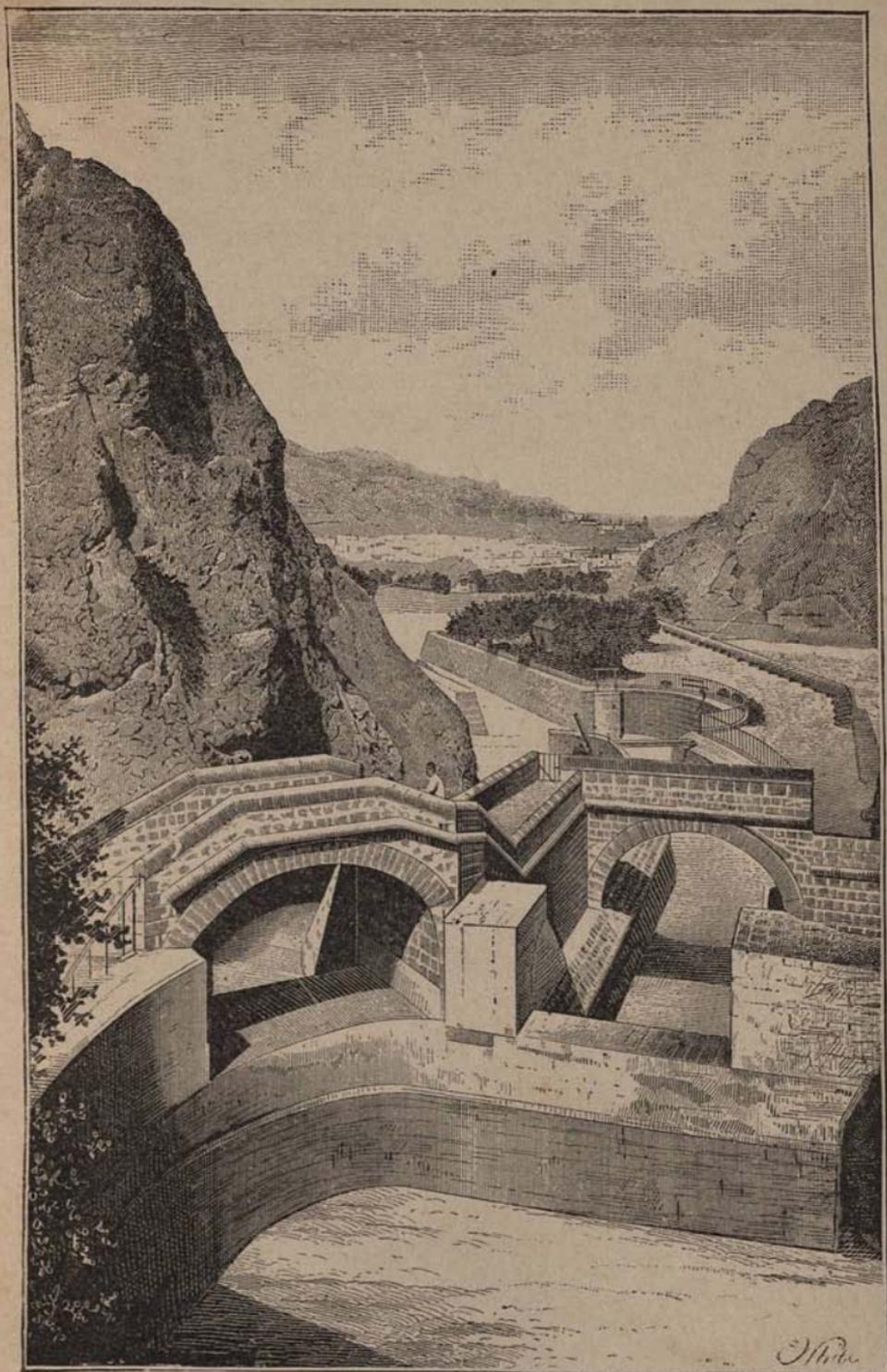
of cliffs, rough and ragged at the edges, and filled in with sand and scoriæ and the washings of the sea. That the whole region is volcanic is very evident; the abundance of lava, ash, and coke-like masses, covered with sand and dirt, and the craters themselves convinced us that in the old geological times, Aden was even hotter than it now is.

The town of Aden is divided into three sections, a mile or so apart; the first is the port, with foreign houses, a few shops, and one or two hotels. The native town is situated three miles farther along the shore; though the houses are small and mud-like, there are streets similar to those in the Hindoo villages of India. Intervening between this part and the port, are clusters of native houses, and on a rocky promontory is the British fort, with other fortifications.

In riding towards the native settlement we passed long lines of camels going into town laden with brushwood, water in skins, and various kinds of Arabian merchandise. Where they obtained the wood and water puzzled us, for not a trace of either could be seen in any direction. At last we approached a deep cleft or gorge in the rocky chain of cliffs, where the celebrated Tanks of Aden are located. The original tanks are quite ancient, but

have been greatly improved and remodelled by the British, and are provided with stone steps, bridges, and iron railings, and present an appearance not unlike a succession of irregular dry-docks, placed in tiers one above the other. The capacity of each tank is marked plainly on its inner side; the figures vary from seven hundred thousand to four million gallons apiece. Plenty of water surely, when it comes, but where was it? Not a drop did we see in the tanks, and they were as dry and clean as a baker's oven. One of the guards said they expected rain the next month; while another individual stated that he had lived there two years and had not seen a respectable shower in all that time. Nevertheless, near the tanks we saw three narrow but very deep wells, from which water was drawn by means of skin buckets: close beside them a little garden of trees and shrubbery had been extemporized, which seemed very refreshing, as it was the only green patch in the place.

On returning to the ship, we found the awnings spread and breakfast awaiting us on deck. After the table was cleared we amused ourselves with the natives who swarmed about us in their little boats. Most of them were funny little fellows, black as ink, but having hair that appeared like flax or hemp, and



TANKS AT ADEN, FOOT OF RED SEA.

sometimes white and soft like wool. The younger they were the lighter were their woolly heads, and they skimmed about us in little dug-out canoes, scarcely longer than their bodies, and propelled by a single paddle. They jabbered incessantly to us in English, "Master, throw penny: I dive, I dive;" and if the penny or silver piece were thrown, over would go half a dozen youngsters, and the coin was sure to be caught by one of them ere it reached the bottom. Sometimes they clambered up on to the ship, and became so free on the deck, that we caught one or two of them and threw them into the sea; they did not seem to mind the ducking very much. Old men came on board who looked more like pedlers than Arabs, and tried to sell us beautiful ostrich feathers, such as the ladies like to wear, and corals, etc.; they usually asked fifteen rupees for an article for which they would finally accept two. The cargo taken on board consisted mainly of hides, and a large number of bags of Mocha coffee, marked "P. & R.: New York." We also shipped an extra amount of coal and manufactured ice. There were only a few other vessels in the harbor, among which was the French Mail steamer, and an English man-of-war.

After leaving Aden we steamed in a southwest-

erly direction for twelve hours, before entering the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb at the foot of the Red Sea. This strait is strongly fortified by the English, though its armament is not so formidable as that of Gibraltar at the entrance of the Mediterranean. Schools of porpoises kept sporting about and racing with the ship, as we approached the straits.

The hot winds began to blow again, wafted to us from the African deserts; at first their warmth was quite agreeable, after the cold and storms of the Arabian Sea. But soon we were glad to change our clothes for the thinnest apparel, and lie lazily under the double awnings spread on deck. It was evident that another season of roasting was ahead, and we began to prepare for our last experience of thermal tribulation, before we should pass north of the Tropic of Cancer and enter the temperate zone.

Since leaving Japan and China, my general course had inadvertently taken me, by its zigzag nature, four times under the line of the ecliptic, so that the sun's rays were directly perpendicular. In the China Sea near Saigon, I passed south of the sun, and in the Bay of Bengal I passed to the north as far as the Himalayas. At Aden I reached the south again, as will be seen by consulting the outline map of my route through Asia; and in approach-

ing Suez I once more gained the northern side of the tropics.

Dodging about our luminary in this way, and at such a season, established rather a warm acquaintance, and gave me some new ideas respecting the peculiar power of the solar rays. But the oppressiveness of the heat depended more on certain conditions of the atmosphere, especially of dryness or humidity, than on the directness of the sun's rays; and the hottest weather experienced was on the north rather than on the south of the line mentioned.

Thus far on my way I had been most fortunate, even with many odds against me; and I felt that there was much in the journey that called for warm gratitude. Many dangers and vicissitudes also seemed to flee away as I approached them. In this I learned a lesson that might have a moral as well as a physical application.

For example, I expected considerable suffering and even danger, on the tempest-tossed China Sea; yet it never came. I was gravely cautioned against sun-stroke at Singapore and the Straits; but I experienced no trouble, and cloudy weather met me. I doubted the Bay of Bengal, with its cyclones, but it remained calm and pleasant. To travel in India during the hot season, everybody told me was a

dreadful risk ; yet with care and endurance, I did it and escaped. I feared to go from the Himalayas down to Bombay, and people said it was suicidal ; yet the rains long prayed for met me halfway, at Allahabad, and saved me from further danger. At Bombay I was told that July was the most dangerous month to cross the Arabian Sea ; I did it, however, and took the dozen days of pitching with the best grace I could.

But the Red Sea ! That was the horror of all horrors ; and in Japan, China, and India, I was again and again commiserated at the very mention of it. One would think it was simply a question of roasting alive, or dying literally for want of breath. And in fact, as our steamer approached the Red Sea, it was suggestive of the latter alternative to see the long tin scoops projected from all the cabin windows and portholes to catch the slightest whiff of fresh air. The vicinity of Aden and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb has the reputation of being the hottest place in the world ; but some of us felt that we could face *any* temperature now, as true veterans.

Of stories of the Red Sea there were enough to frighten the timid ones, however. Our own steamer had lost its steward and chief engineer from sun-stroke, on a previous trip. The steamer India of

the same line had lost its steward also, only the week previous, while passing the Straits. The P. & O. steamer *Australia*, which left Bombay just after us, but passed us crossing the Arabian Sea, and preceded us up the Straits, had three persons die on board from the excessive heat. This began to look serious, and made the anticipation of what was in store for us anything but exhilarating. In the account written by a friend who made the Red Sea passage in January, or mid-winter, and who complained of the heat even then, he adds consolingly: "If such be the heat in January, what must it be in July? Then it is fairly blistering; men stripped of clothing are panting with the heat; driven from the deck, they retreat to the lower part of the ship, to find a place to breathe; sometimes in despair, the captain tells me, they turn the ship about and steam a few miles in the opposite direction to get a breath of air; and yet, with all precautions, the passengers often sink overpowered under a sun-stroke or apoplexy."

Well! Here I was approaching the dread uncertainties of the Red Sea with all its attendant horrors, and that too in the month of July—the month to be most feared. Besides, certain tales of Egyptian robbers were duly recounted to me, whom

I might expect to meet in landing alone at Suez, should I ever succeed in reaching there.

Sitting on the deck of the steamer, as we steamed slowly through the Straits, I thought rather soberly of these things as I looked ahead in the darkness of the night, and felt the hot air from the Egyptian coast fanning my cheek. I thought of the Israelites, and of the Egyptians who pursued them, and of the wilderness and the sea that shut them in, and of the darkness and danger that surrounded them; and thereupon I took courage from their example, and determined to do just what they did on the shores of the same Red Sea, *i. e.*, "*Go forward!*"