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To Jack with all good wishes from
Kitty & Arthur.

DIARY OF AN INDIAN TOUR

DIARY OF
AN INDIAN TOUR

BY

G. A. MATHEWS

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THIS RECORD
OF OUR WANDERINGS DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1905
IS DEDICATED
WITH THE DEEPEST AFFECTION
TO MY DEAR WIFE
WHOSE CHEERFUL COMPANIONSHIP AND UNFAILING
APPRECIATION OF ALL THE STRANGE
SCENES, CUSTOMS, AND IDEAS WITH WHICH WE WERE
CONFRONTED, SO IMMEASURABLY ENHANCED
MY PLEASURE AND ENJOYMENT

PREFATORY REMARKS

As the following pages merely embody and amplify some very short notes which were made without any prospect of their subsequent expansion, I must crave the indulgence of those who take the trouble to read them for any glaring errors of detail or absence of literary style they may contain.

In their compilation I have frequently had recourse to such works as Murray's *Guide*, Kaye's *Sepoy War*, Kipling's *From Sea to Sea*, etc., in many cases quoting them word for word.

Where I have thus incorporated the thoughts of others I have endeavoured as far as possible to distinguish them by inverted commas, and take the further opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to those writers for translating their impressions into a language to which I could never hope to aspire.

G. A. MATHEWS.

July, 1906

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ONE might truthfully say it was an inspiration which prompted us to undertake a voyage to India, for had it not been for a hint thrown out by a friend, more by way of jest than with any intention of its being taken seriously, that we should return with him to that country, whither he was bound on business, it is positively certain that this Diary would never have been recorded, and that India would be as little known to us as the North Pole.

Thanks, however, to that chance remark so lightly uttered, we found ourselves on board the P. & O. s.s. *Arabia* soon after midday, September 8th, 1905, having satisfactorily completed our packing, and made all the necessary arrangements preparatory to leaving home.

It would be idle to deny that we experienced the slightest sensation of home-sickness as the vessel weighed anchor and we found ourselves slowly drifting down the river and out to sea, while each minute that elapsed increased the distance between us and the dear ones we had left behind. Then, again, there was no one on board whom we knew, as our friend who was responsible for our

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embarking on the ship was obliged, owing to pressure of business, to cancel his berth as far as Port Said, and travel by the overland route to Brindisi.

There is but little to record of the first afternoon, save that we gazed eagerly at the quaint old fishing village of Leigh, at the pretty red-roofed houses of Westcliff, known to us as Peter Panland, and even strained our eyes to catch a passing glimpse of some familiar faces on the pier at Southend, with the result that we were left in doubt as to whether our eyes really saw what they so wished to see or played us a mean trick.

For many miles we raced the *Ophir* (the vessel on which their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, when Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, accomplished their tour round the world), but late in the evening parted company with her when she steered a more easterly course, intending to call at Plymouth.

If we were buoyed up by any false hopes that the sea would remain as calm during the whole voyage as on that first afternoon we were quickly and cruelly disillusioned, for on awaking Saturday morning we were soon acquainted with the disturbing fact that the English Channel was in a merry mood. Still, we struggled manfully into our clothes, and after being buffeted from one side of the passage to the other were violently hurled down the companion-way into the saloon, where we staggered rather than walked to our seats.

Kitty soon realised the folly of staying down

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there under such distressing conditions, and boldly but abruptly left the table.

I regret to say I displayed greater obstinacy but less discretion, as I outlasted two mouthfuls of kidney and a sip or two of coffee, when it suddenly occurred to me that it would be prudent to follow her excellent example.

We will draw a veil over the next hour or so by mutual consent.

Suffice it to say we partook of a hasty lunch, and for the rest of the day were quite content to forego tea and dinner, brandy and biscuits proving amply sufficient to satisfy our immediate wants.

In addition to being rough, there was a nasty drizzling rain falling pretty continuously all day, so that it was miserably wet and cold on deck, yet we dared not go below for fear of the consequences.

Sunday the 10th we received a formal introduction to the Bay of Biscay, but did not find him extraordinarily attractive. He's a terrible swell, and quickly filled me with repulsion, nay positive nausea. Experienced seafarers assert that he is greatly maligned,—and who am I to dispute it?

The rollers were certainly the biggest I have ever seen, and when it is remembered there is a good physical cause for this aquatic upheaval in the conformation of the sea bottom, which forms an enormous ridge across the bay, one really cannot be surprised at anything.

I might add that one of the ship's officers

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afforded us no small consolation by informing us that these two days in the Channel and Bay were the worst they had experienced for a whole year : no wonder we looked and felt a little indifferent to the destiny awaiting us.

On **Monday** the sea became gradually calmer and calmer, and deck games were the order of the day.

There was a great game of cricket in the afternoon, but as I had never tried to play on a pitch of cocoanut matting, with a ball more elliptical than globular, I decided to watch and see how it was done.

Land came in sight for the first time that afternoon, and for the remainder of the day we had a good view of the coast of Portugal in the distance.

Early **Tuesday** morning we were close to the spot where the famous Battle of Trafalgar was fought in October 1805, and as we approached the Strait with the lofty crags of the Moroccan coast on the south we thought we could dimly discern Tangier, while on the other side stood Algeciras, the scene of the recent conference summoned for the settlement of the Morocco question.

At 1.30 we reached Gibraltar, disembarking about three-quarters of an hour later. We were accompanied by a lady with an almost unpronounceable name, whose acquaintance we made during the gale, and whose general appearance seemed to

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betoken an intimate knowledge of the French and Spanish tongues.

After leaving the landing stage we made for the North Town, and walked for some distance up the main street, which was thronged with a motley crowd consisting of Spaniards and British and natives of Morocco and Algeria, the latter being the first Africans we had yet seen in their native costumes.

We took a conveyance after a while, and drove through the market and Casemates Square, past a line of English sentries to the Neutral Ground—a barren, sandy tract, where peace was signed, on 12th March 1783, between General Elliott, the English Governor, and the Duc de Crillon, Commander of the Spanish forces, after the great siege of Gibraltar which lasted four years.

After crossing this low isthmus, which extends for nearly a mile, we passed some Spanish sentries, who, however, did not challenge us, and walked behind the Spanish lines into the town of La Linea de la Concepcion, which, of course, belongs to Spain.

On entering the straits the Rock had presented a bare and almost barren aspect, as if every particle of verdure had been dried up by the summer suns, but on landing we were surprised to find a considerable clothing of vegetation, some of the villas of the English residents being surrounded with luxuriant gardens and copses, whilst especially noticeable were the fig, lemon, and pomegranate trees, besides numerous aloes and prickly pears.

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After passing the English Cathedral, the Governor's House, and a small cemetery where many are buried who died of wounds received in the battle of Trafalgar, we reached the landing stage again, and were taken over to the *Arabia* in a small tender, the duration of our stay on land being an hour and a quarter.

It turned out a perfectly glorious evening, with a fine sunset, and the sea as smooth as a sheet of glass.

The Rock, which on the north side rises sheer out of the water some 1400 feet, stood out prominently for miles, and in the deepening gloom presented an almost weird appearance as it assumed a variety of fantastic shapes.

We indulged in an innocent game of bridge on deck after dinner—the lady with the linguistic attainments and I playing Kitty and a young naval man *en route* for Bombay to join the East Indian Squadron.

Nothing of moment occurred on **Wednesday**, during the whole of which day we were going N.-by-N.E. up the east coast of Spain, and the temperature was in consequence falling appreciably.

The sea grew a bit choppy in the Gulf of Lyons, but was never bad enough to compel us to take our meals on deck.

On **Thursday the 14th**, about 11.30, we sighted land, and shortly after 1 p.m. were alongside the quay at Marseilles.

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The scene on which we gazed as we entered the harbour was extremely picturesque—a mass of red houses nestling under the dark green hills, which formed a fine background—the whole dominated by the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, perched on a lofty eminence overlooking the city.

One's eye is immediately caught by the bronze figure of the Virgin, which stands out so conspicuously at midday, irradiated by the light of the sun, and which from its commanding position seems to keep watch over the busy city below, and guard it from all evil.

About 2 o'clock we went ashore, accompanied this time by a middle-aged lady with whom Kitty had frequently chatted, in addition to our Franco-Spanish friend. We first took a tram into the centre of Marseilles, and then engaged a cabriolet (the driver of which was a man of exceptional corpulence—in fact, he must have scaled as much as any two of us put together), which conveyed us up to the Cannebière, past the Prefecture Mairie, along the Corniche Road and the Plage, finally depositing us at the Ascenseur, by which we were taken up to the church.

The Cannebière, a fine broad street, is the favourite promenade of the Marseillais; while the Prado is a handsome road planted with plane trees, and flanked on both sides by large palatial residences.

The Corniche Road, with its superb outlook over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, is

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perfectly lovely, its sharp corners and sudden turns constantly revealing new beauties of garden landscape and artificial cascade.

L'Église de Notre Dame de la Garde was well worth a visit, if only for the striking panorama which opened out to us on all sides, including the view seaward of the Chateau d'If, wherein Monte Cristo was incarcerated.

The church is in the Byzantine style and constructed of the richest materials, but it is essentially built for a long-distance view—at close quarters producing a sense of disappointment. The interior is very ornately decorated, the chief feature consisting in the numberless little models of ships suspended from the roof, and the host of pictures lining the walls representing shipwrecks, deathbed scenes, and accidents of every kind, probably given to the Virgin as thank-offerings by those who escaped death.

After taking tea at a smart pâtisserie in the Rue de Rome, and strolling along one of the boulevards, we repaired to the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, where most of our fellow-voyagers seemed to have assembled. We enjoyed a good meal there, and then walked in the direction of the harbour, but symptoms of fatigue were soon felt, so we decided to take a tram. This proved no easy matter, however, for the point we had reached was a terminus, and every tram we hailed appeared to be putting in for the night, so we waited at least half an hour before our patience was rewarded by the arrival of the right one.

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Next morning we left Marseilles about 10.30 amid a perfect babel of musical instruments of every variety. I shall never forget the scene at the docks—the hurrying, bustling travellers arriving from the express in breathless haste lest the vessel should start without them, the gesticulating crowd of gendarmes and port officials, and the ill-clad, poverty-stricken folk of all ages clamouring for money in return for some feat of jugglery, some ugly contortion, or discordant tune.

We took a large number of people on board at Marseilles, among them a Baboo lawyer who was an old acquaintance of mine at Lincoln's Inn, and an elderly lady to whom we were introduced, as she was one of the padre's great friends.

Punkahs were used in the saloon for the first time that night, and all the officers and stewards cast off their dark blue uniforms and appeared in white ducks. During the night we passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, and just before turning in I saw through the porthole in our cabin the dim outline of the Corsican coast.

Saturday, Sept. 16th, was a lovely day, with a perfectly cloudless sky and deep blue sea unruffled by a single wave or the smallest ripple.

Towards evening Stromboli, which is one of a group known as the Lipari Islands, became visible in the distance, looking in the darkness like a rocket on its upward course.

As we drew nearer huge tongues of flame and molten rock belched forth at regular intervals, and

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we could discern the red-hot scorixæ and fragmentary masses of lava and cinders rolling down the side of the volcano.

Stromboli is said to be the only example in Europe of a volcano in a state of constant activity, and is specially interesting to those learned in such matters, because from an elevated point above the crater (which is at the side of the cone below the summit) it is possible, when the wind blows away from the observer, to sit for hours and watch the operations going on within its sulphurous depths. Personally, I should prefer to regard such pyrotechnic displays as were witnessed that night from the comparatively secure position which we occupied, to flying in the face of providence by sitting on the edge of a volcano.

After dinner there was a dance on deck, which somehow was rather a fiasco, due no doubt to the extreme sultriness of the evening, and also to the rival attraction afforded by a volcano in active eruption.

On **Sunday, Sept. 17th**, I rose at the unusual hour of 1 a.m. and went on deck in undress uniform, where I found many of the ship's passengers in equally scanty clothing lying in the bows.

The reason for this unlooked-for activity was our close proximity to the coast of Sicily and the Straits of Messina, which are somewhat difficult to navigate owing to their narrowness—the width at one point being less than 2 miles. It is a curious fact, however, that the channel between Cape Bon

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in Tunis and the south-west of Sicily (a distance of 80 miles) is on the whole shallower than the Straits of Messina, being for the most part under 100 fathoms in depth, and exceeding 200 fathoms only for a very short interval, while the Straits have almost everywhere a depth exceeding 150 fathoms. But the channel between Italy and Sicily is very tortuous, twisting and winding in and out like a serpent, while the currents and eddies accompanied by a strong rush of water combine to render it dangerous in anything like rough weather.

The famous Scylla and Charybdis of classical times have been localised in this Strait,—Scylla on the Italian, and Charybdis on the Sicilian side, and we are told that Scylla snatched six men out of the ship of Ulysses when he sailed between these rocks during his endless wanderings.

These legends and the well-known line "*incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*" all bear testimony to the fact that even in the remotest period of history these Straits were known by sailors to abound in hidden dangers.

There had been but a few days before a terrible earthquake in the Calabrian district of Italy, and there were some who affirmed as we passed through the Strait that they could distinctly detect signs of ruined houses and general devastation. Personally, I am not prepared to accept their statements as correct, for I believe they were carried away by a too vivid imagination.

One noteworthy fact, however, is that even at

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that hour of the night all the houses were illuminated both at Reggio and Messina, which seems to point to the perturbed condition of the inhabitants and their apprehension of a recurrence of the disaster.

At 10.45 a service was conducted in the first-class saloon by a venerable dean (who had won for himself the happy nickname of "Smiling Charlie"), which impressed us both by its strangeness and informality. Men came down to it in white flannels, Hindus worked the punkahs which swayed above us with drowsy rise and fall, and the dean added to their soporific effect in a sermon urging the necessity to keep cool and control one's temper in a hot climate.

Monday the 18th, the sea was very calm in the forenoon, and after lunch, when other folk were dozing, Kitty and I started writing close to the bulwarks. Suddenly, without any warning a huge wave took us completely unawares by sweeping over the deck, drenching us to the skin, and leaving us breathless and prostrate with surprise. I am glad to say others were in the same boat, so we did not suffer alone; but it was none the less a disagreeable experience, and one which necessitated the quick removal of our saturated clothes.

After this manifestation of its wonderful powers the sea continued moderately rough the rest of the day, but we bravely descended to the saloon for meals, and contrived to do justice to the fare provided.

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Tuesday, the 19th, about 12 o'clock we were able to descry the African coast, and the Damietta mouth of the Nile soon came into view.

Port Said, which lies the west side of the Canal, on the low, narrow, treeless, and desolate strip of land which separates the Mediterranean from Lake Menzaleh, was reached shortly after lunch.

The first conspicuous object, as we made our way slowly along the outer harbour, was the statue of de Lesseps, the great French engineer, to whose enterprise we are indebted for the present Suez Canal. He is looking straight in front of him, while with his right hand he points majestically towards Suez, as much as to say: "Behold my handiwork, and before you make use of this great highway, kindly remember that were it not for me your voyage to India would involve a 90 miles ride across the desert in a conveyance resembling a bathing machine."

The next object was the lighthouse, then a blatant advertisement of "Dewar's Whisky," and directly after we were at anchor but a short distance from the quay.

As soon as we landed we were accosted by a number of dragomans trying to thrust their services upon us, and having engaged one to show us round were angrily informed by another that it was his turn. A heated altercation ensued, and we began to fear they would come to blows or knife one another and us too, so we walked on, having first peremptorily dismissed them both. Shortly afterwards the one we originally engaged followed us up,

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and as we knew he would be of great assistance to us we allowed him to act as our guide.

He first conducted us to the Post Office, a very handsome building with a fine courtyard in the centre, where we purchased some Egyptian stamps, then on to a house arranged in flats, where we paid a call on a friend of Kitty's, and where to our no small astonishment we met three or four of the *Arabia's* passengers.

The flat we visited commanded a lovely view of the Mediterranean, and in respect of loftiness and size compared very favourably with any in London.

We next took an open carriage, driving along the sea-front past the hospital and other buildings and through the Arab town, teeming with Eastern life, to a new mosque which we entered. Before going in we were requested to place our feet in some long rush sandals, to prevent us from defiling the sanctuary with our dirty boots.

The interior was singularly devoid of any architectural or decorative beauty, and indeed more closely resembled an oblong room than a place of worship. We were shown the deep well from which the water for ceremonial ablutions is drawn, in which it is necessary to wash one's face and hands before praying in the mosque.

An unsightly old beggar clamoured for alms outside, and a dozen or more ragged little children cried out for bakshish, which is a sort of alms or tribute the poor Arab believes himself entitled to claim from every respectable-looking person.

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We then visited a Greek church, which differed but little from the interior of an English place of worship ; and after driving through a very squalid part of the town, in which the scum of the earth seemed to have collected, we alighted in the vicinity of the chief bazaar.

This first glimpse of Eastern life was wonderfully interesting, and everything we saw afforded us unbounded pleasure.

The curious dress of the Egyptians consists of a silk or cotton shirt with very wide sleeves, a waistcoat of marvellous colour and design, and an outer robe of cloth called a gibbeh, with a kaftan or long vest of silk confined by a girdle of the same material among the wealthier class. The head-dress is generally a coarse brown felt fez called a tarboosh, while the rich surround this with a turban.

The women, of course, were wearing trousers, apparently of dyed and printed cotton, close-fitting vests, and a face veil, known as a yashmak, consisting of a long narrow strip of muslin reaching below the knees, completely concealed their features except their eyes, which were visible below the head-veil hanging down behind, and kept in position by two wooden props on either side of the face.

The eyes of both sexes were large, lustrous, and almond-shaped, and the edges of both the upper and lower lids were blackened with a powder called kohl, prepared from antimony and also from the smoke-black procured by burning the shells of almonds.

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In the restaurants and gambling saloons one saw evil-visaged men lazily sitting at small tables smoking long pipes with large open bowls, or more frequently a "narghileh" or water-pipe, in which the water is contained in a receptacle of glass, porcelain, or metal, which the smoke passes through before reaching the long flexible tube to which the lips are placed. A few whiffs of the tobacco they smoke have been known to produce absolute stupor.

We made one or two purchases and then strolled back to the ship, on which we dined.

The scene at night reminded one of a picture of Dante's Inferno, so weird was the spectacle of hundreds of yelling natives rushing up and down the planks from the barges to the ships in the flickering torchlight.

Wednesday, Sept. 20th, we left Port Said soon after 10 a.m., our friend from the Isis coming on board in time for breakfast.

We steamed down the Canal very cautiously, and a few miles south of Port Said reached the spot where the *Chatham* lay with her cargo of dynamite on board. The whole of the hull was completely submerged, only the masts, funnel, and captain's bridge being visible.

As we slowly approached and realised what an awful catastrophe might occur at any moment if those explosives buried beneath the water were put into motion or brought into collision with any other substance, we could not refrain from shudder-

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ing, and heaved a sigh of intense relief when the danger was over.

The Canal, which is approximately 90 miles long, was a very interesting portion of the journey, bounded as it is on one side by the limitless waste of sand, constituting the desert of Et Tih in the Sinai Peninsula, and on the other by a large tract of barren land occasionally broken by glimpses of the water of Lake Menzaleh, which extends as far south as Al Kantarah, 25 miles down.

At intervals mud huts and small rush-built houses appeared, and throngs of blacks toiling away under the blazing sun.

We saw too for the first time a large number of camels laden with curious wooden boxes filled with sand, whilst others were not being used as beasts of burden, but had Arabs astride them. It is hard to believe that many of them are kept and reared for the sake of their flesh and milk, and that camels' meat is the most ordinary article of animal food in Arabia. But one is not surprised to hear that it is a flabby, tasteless dish, and that any flavour it does possess is musty and disagreeable.

The camel constitutes the riches of an Arabian, for without him he could not subsist, carry on trade, or travel over sandy deserts.

When one considers that this wonderful animal will cover 500 miles without a fresh supply of water, and that its food consists of a few coarse, dry, prickly plants, one begins to realise how essentially fitted it is for the parched, barren lands of Asia and Africa.

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We saw at least one black camel, which I believe is very rare and very highly esteemed by the Bedouin.

About midday we beheld a strange mirage, for looking out across the desert on the port side we distinctly saw islands, floating as it were in the haze or on the surface of water. It was undoubtedly an optical illusion, as there were islands in the lake on the starboard side which must have been in some way reflected through the rarefied air caused by the heated earth.

On reaching Lake Timsah, "the lake of the Crocodile," we obtained a distant view of Ismailia, where the railway to Cairo branches off into the interior; and farther on came to the Bitter Lakes, which are the ancient gulf of Heraeopolis, where some authorities hold that the passage of the Israelites was accomplished.

From Ismailia the banks are fringed with vegetation, and the plain on either side is dotted with bushes.

About 11 p.m. we reached Suez, after taking but $13\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the Canal, and without having to lie up once for other vessels to pass.

It was too dark to see much of Suez except the twinkling lights, but we bought with avidity some picture post-cards and a paper containing the latest telegrams.

On waking next morning we found ourselves in the Gulf of Suez and were not yet out of sight of land, but could see the Nubian Desert on the African side and the Sinaitic range in Asia.

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The chief historical interest of Suez is derived from its having been long supposed to be the spot near which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea under the guidance of Moses, and where the Egyptian army was drowned, but modern criticism tends to place the scene farther north.

The heat was now becoming rather great—at dinner-time the thermometer in our cabin registering 91°.

In the evening the captain gave a performance with his gramophone, which might have been improved upon, and the stewards played the banjo and sang comic songs on the spar deck.

On **Friday** the heat grew more and more unbearable. It reached 94° in the cabin at 6.30 p.m.

There was a sweep on the day's run, but I had the misfortune to draw a blank.

An exciting game of piquet between Kitty and myself resulted in a win for her by one point.

All day **Saturday** it was extremely hot, and our thermometer again registered 94°.

Another sweep was got up, but Kitty and I again failed to draw a winning number.

After dinner we had quite an entertaining game of bridge, as a swarm of mosquitoes seemed to have taken possession of the deck.

Between each deal we were occupied in making violent onslaughts upon them, and succeeded in perceptibly thinning their ranks.

We came in sight of the Twelve Apostles

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before bedtime, but were too far off to see them clearly.

There was a great deal of phosphorus on the water at night—the sea at times being quite alive with it, and presenting a really remarkable appearance. This strange phenomenon is said to be due to the light evolved from the bodies of certain marine animals, which certainly must have swarmed in those parts if the brilliant scintillations are any criterion.

A great number of men, and many ladies too, slept on deck during these hot nights, but we both elected to remain in our cabin, though it meant lying outside the bed and perspiring so profusely most of the time that it was difficult to obtain much sleep.

On Sunday, Sept. 24th, we soon sighted land, passing Perim early in the morning, and safely negotiating the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Aden is a high, rocky promontory bearing a close resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar, although more elevated in its peak and more sharply defined.

We anchored in the outer harbour about 3 p.m., and in the teeth of the most strenuous opposition I went ashore with my Baboo friend on the agent's launch. For some unaccountable reason we were the only two passengers who disembarked, everybody else being convinced we should find the heat overpowering, and possibly be stranded at Aden into the bargain.

On landing we forthwith engaged a conveyance,

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and were driven to the Hôtel de l'Euorpe, where we partook of tea and biscuits, and invested in some post-cards.

It was more like a barber's shop than a hotel, but still there were punkahs which didn't work, and very comfortable lounge chairs on which it was impossible to sit in an upright position.

We then drove to the Crescent, where the best shops appeared to be situated, and entered one where a very greasy, obnoxious-looking old man with pronounced Hebraic features and two lovely oily curls hanging down over his ears proceeded to display his wares. After some haggling, in which the Israelite found a positive joy, I managed to secure for a fairly reasonable sum a white ostrich feather fan, which I duly presented to Kitty on returning to the ship as a peace-offering in atonement for my recent wilful behaviour.

After making this purchase we drove through the bazaar, with its narrow, filthy streets filled with a composite crowd of wild Arabs from the interior of Arabia Yemen, Turks, Egyptians, hideous Swahelis from the coast of East Africa, and Somalis from the untamed shock-headed Bedouin to the more civilised officer's servant, Parsis, British soldiers, and jack-tars.

The camels drawing water carts and ordinary waggons afforded a curious sight, and the Somali boys with no clothing beyond a bit of cloth or sacking suspended from the waist were vastly entertaining. Some half a dozen rowed us back to the ship with great, ponderous oars, and enlivened

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the journey, which took nearly half an hour, with snatches of song of a strange character and unaccustomed rhythm.

At the landing-stage such a crowd of natives had collected that we found great difficulty in getting into our boat,—in fact, a swarthy policeman had to clear a path for us, and as we slowly drifted away unintelligible shouts rent the air.

The following day our friend who joined us at Port Said developed into a modern Rip Van Winkle, for after breakfast at about 10 a.m. he went off to sleep, and all our efforts to arouse him were unavailing till 4 o'clock, when presumably he scented tea.

The lady of foreign extraction also developed symptoms of an alarming nature, and for a few days completely lost her mental balance. I can only attribute these strange occurrences to the intense heat of the previous week, which was indeed far greater than any we had ever before experienced.

On **Tuesday** there was to have been a concert, but owing to a terrible gale raging at the time—which in fact was purely imaginary—it had to be postponed till the next evening.

I plied the willow for a short time in the afternoon, but quite long enough to finish up the colour of a turkey-cock and to be ready for a cold plunge.

At dinner that night everyone turned up at our table for about the first time during the voyage, so I sent round my menu for the signatures of all present to celebrate such a notable occasion.

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The next day another sweep was organised, the first prize being worth as much as £20, but we were again unsuccessful.

In the evening the concert really came off, but there was a deplorable lack of enthusiasm among the audience, and a distinct want of talent among the performers.

Dr. Cresy alone gave evidence of any marked musical ability, and his services were in consequence requisitioned for every accompaniment.

The 28th proved a red-letter day. At the outset we experienced great disappointment on finding we had again drawn blanks in the previous day's sweep, although we had taken as many as eight tickets between us. However, we determined to buy in some numbers at the auction, so I appropriated 345 and 358. To our immense astonishment 358 turned out to be the day's run, and I pocketed £5, the value of the 2nd prize.

I played piquet again in the afternoon, and managed to lose 944 points in a parti of six games, but fortunately there was no money at stake.

At dinner champagne superseded other drinks, as one of the penalties one has to pay for winning a prize in a sweep.

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BOMBAY

Friday, Sept. 29th.—Bombay Harbour was sighted at an early hour, and as we entered it the scene was strikingly picturesque.

To the west lay the shore, crowded with buildings, some of them, as the Colaba Church, the tower of the University, and that of the Municipal Buildings, very lofty and well-proportioned.

To the north and east were the numerous islands, such as Elephanta, Trombay, and Butcher's Island, and on the mainland hills rising to an altitude of from 1000 to 2000 feet.

About 11.30 we said good-bye to the *Arabia*, and were taken in one of the company's launches to Ballard Pier, where we were introduced to one "Simon," a Madrassi from Ootacamund, who had been most generously placed at our disposal by the chaplain and his wife.

My first impression of him was that a row of gleaming white teeth were surrounded by a smiling moon-shaped face, which, together with the body beneath, was in a state of perpetual motion.

These noddings and wriggings I learnt afterwards were always indicative of the keenest pleasure and enjoyment, being closely analogous to the wagging of a dog's tail.

We drove straight to the Taj Mahal Hotel, where we saw to the allotment of our rooms, and then on to King, King & Co.'s office, where we

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had some business of a financial character to transact.

We then lunched at the Taj, and after a rest went out to tea at the Royal Yacht Club with a colonel in the I.M.S., whose acquaintance we made on board.

The scene on the lawn overlooking the harbour was a very gay one, all the ladies wearing their lightest summer frocks, and the men for the most part white ducks and suitable head-gear.

There was a good military band to discourse sweet music, and the wonderful panorama disclosed by the natural beauties of the harbour (which has been likened to the Bay of Naples) as the light waned made a lasting impression on our minds.

The Taj Hotel is on such a scale of magnificence and luxury that at first it rather took one's breath away. There is no other hotel in India which will bear comparison with it, as it is in a rank of its own ; but fine and handsome a structure as it undoubtedly is, there is a certain want of comfort about it which does not commend itself to my taste. All the floors are composed of crazy china, which is all very well for ornamental purposes and breakfast tables, but when one has to tread upon it bare-footed one's admiration is apt to ooze out of the soles of one's feet, to adopt a vulgarity.

In the evening we dined with the municipal engineer of Bombay and his wife at the Apollo Bunder Hotel, where we spent a very pleasant time in their company.

We returned to the Taj about 11.30, and then

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retired to our rooms, which were inter-communicating and very lofty.

One of the first peculiarities we observed was the position of the blind. Instead of being right up against the window as one is accustomed to see it, the Venetian blind was hung some five or six feet inside the bay or recess, and the slats of wood were so long and thick that it needed the greatest effort to raise it when occasion demanded.

The next novelty was the mosquito curtain, which had been so carefully arranged round our beds that there seemed no possible means of entering them without making a hole big enough to admit a whole army corps of mosquitoes. However, we eventually discovered the secret, and effected an entry unobserved by any of those malicious little insects who were lying in wait for the uninitiated.

This canopy of gauze occasioned us no small discomfort, as it seemed to exclude any air that might be stirring, and an unpleasant sense of suffocation crept over me. Fortunately the heat and fatigue of the day soon told their tale, and these dreadful sensations were swallowed up in unconsciousness.

Saturday the 30th we visited the Cathedral of St. Thomas, not from any pious motives I fear, but purely out of curiosity to see the wedding of one of our ship's passengers.

The building is of a very unpretentious type—

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a mixture of the Gothic and Classical in style, and the interior modern Early English.

What struck our unaccustomed eyes most forcibly were the high, narrow doors placed at intervals of a few feet on the north and south sides, so as to admit as much air as possible, and the intricate arrangement of punkahs moved by some unseen agency.

The marriage ceremony was delightfully short and simple, and terminated with the bride and bridegroom walking down the aisle beneath an archway of swords.

After this I went to Whiteaway, Laidlaw, & Co.'s shop and ordered some tussore silk suits at the exorbitant price of Rs.15 each, as it was becoming more evident every hour that unless a lighter and thinner costume were soon forthcoming I should quickly be reduced to a mere grease spot.

Another fellow-traveller of Scottish parentage lunched at our table, after which we sat on the terrace overlooking the harbour and watched the native conjurers performing many curious tricks to the accompaniment of tom-toms, and under the guidance of their presiding genius, who is known by some such name as Rama Sami.

There was also a rather cruel contest between a cobra and a mongoose. Directly they confronted one another the cobra dilated its neck and head into a broad hood, the markings of which bore a strong resemblance to a pair of barnacles, while the mongoose kept boldly attacking it, and by the

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wonderful celerity of its movements always contrived to get the best of the encounter. The cobra and mongoose are sworn enemies, for great numbers of these young snakes are killed annually by this plucky little mammal, which attacks it with impunity, apparently not from want of susceptibility to the poison but by its dexterity in eluding its bite. Whether the particular cobra we saw was bereft of its poison fangs or not I am unable to say, for some Indian jugglers are so clever in handling it that they do not trouble to remove the fangs, but generally the front one at least is extracted, and in many cases all of them—the cobra being thus rendered innocuous for life.

About 4.30 Kitty, our old friend, and myself went for a most delightful drive through the principal streets, down Queen's Road, past the High Court with its lofty tower, the Government Secretariat, University Hall, with the Library and Clock Tower, which form a grand pile designed by Sir Gilbert Scott in fourteenth-century Gothic, the latter by reasons of its height (260 feet) being the most conspicuous building in Bombay.

There were a lot of bungalows farther along the road, occupied by Europeans in the Army and Civil Service, and then we came to the north-west side of Back Bay, called Malabar Hill, a high ridge running out into the sea and terraced to the top by handsome houses, which command one of the finest views in the world.

In the immediate foreground covering the slopes was a perfect forest of trees which were

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totally unknown to us, such as cocoa-nut and date palms, the areca or betel palm, and the striking palmyra. In the middle distance gleamed the blue waters of the bay, while beyond, the huge dome of the Taj Hotel, the Clock Tower, and a host of other beautiful structures reared their heads and vied with each other for prominence.

We passed the entrance gate to Government House, but the grounds were too well wooded for us to see anything of the residence itself.

Close by on the west side of the hill stood the picturesque temple of Walkeshwar, the "Sand Lord," and a small tank surrounded by brahman's houses and shrines.

After walking through the Hanging Gardens we came upon the Five Parsi Towers of Silence, on which the Parsis expose the bodies of their dead to be stripped of flesh by the vultures. The largest of the five, 25 feet high and 276 feet in circumference, cost as much as £30,000, while the other four cost on an average £20,000 each to construct.

As we were not allowed to enter this gruesome cemetery without permission from the Parsi Panchayat I will not pretend to have visited it; but it may be of interest to mention that the dead are placed in grooves cut out of the walls, and in half an hour the flesh is so completely devoured by the numerous vultures that inhabit the trees around that nothing but the skeleton remains. This is left to bleach in sun and wind till it becomes perfectly dry, when the carriers of the dead, gloved and with tongs, remove the bones from the grooves

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and cast them into the well, where they crumble into dust.

“This strange method of interment originates from the veneration the Parsis pay to the elements, and their anxiety not to pollute them.

“Fire is too highly regarded by the Parsis for them to allow it to be polluted by burning the dead.

“Water is almost equally respected, and so is earth ; hence this singular device.

“But there is also another reason, as Zartasht said that rich and poor must meet in death, and this saying has been literally interpreted and carried out by the contrivance of the well, which is a common receptacle for the dust of all Parsis.”

As Bombay is the headquarters of these people, who are descendants of the ancient Persians who emigrated to India at the conquest of their country by the Arabs about 720 A.D., it may be worth while to consider them a little more closely.

They are well formed, handsome, and intelligent, with light olive complexions, a fine aquiline nose, bright black eyes, heavily arched eyebrows, and in the case of the women a luxuriant profusion of long black hair.

“They are more noble in their treatment of females than any other Asiatic race, allowing them to appear freely in public, and entrusting them with the entire management of household affairs. They are also proverbial for their benevolence, hospitality, and sociability, and do not hesitate to spend their money freely for the best the market affords.”

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Their costume is loose and flowing, very picturesque in appearance, and admirably adapted to the climate in which they live. A "sadara" or shirt (which is considered the most sacred garment because it is worn next the skin), made of muslin, or among the opulent of fine white linen; over this a long coat or gown extending to the knees, and fastened round the waist with the "kusti" or sacred cord, which is carried round three times and fastened in front with a double knot, and pyjamis or loose trousers fastened round the waist by a silk cord, complete the costume with the exception of the most distinctive feature of all, namely, the head-gear, which is made of stiff material without any rim, and has an angle from the top of the forehead backwards, so that it resembles in shape an upturned cow's hoof.

The ladies' dress is simply gorgeous, as they are generally enveloped in a maze of mysteriously wound fancy-coloured silk, which reaches to the ground in graceful folds. These diaphonous draperies give them the appearance of houris floating about the earth in silk balloons, with a ballasting of anklets, necklaces, earrings, and other sparkling jewellery.

"Their marriage ceremony is rather curious, in that the young couple are seated in two chairs opposite each other, their right hands tied together by a silken cord, which is gradually wound round them as the ceremony progresses, the bride in the meantime being concealed with a veil of silk or muslin."

This takes place about sunset in the house of the bride's parents, at the conclusion of which they each throw on the other some grains of rice, and the

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most expeditious in performing the feat is considered to have got the start of the other in the future control of the household, and receives the applause of the male or female part of the congregation, as the case may be.

They treat dogs with the greatest respect, and at the death of its master a dog is brought in to take a last look at his inanimate body, in order to drive away the evil spirits.

It is considered extremely sinful to hurt a dog of any kind, and for killing a hedgehog, which is the dog of Ormuzd (the Good Principle in their dualistic religious system) two thousand stripes are awarded as a punishment, and the soul is killed for nine generations.

“They are the only people in the world who do not smoke tobacco or some other stimulating weed, as their reverence for fire as a symbol of Ahurâ-Mazdâ prevents them from dealing with it lightly.”

They would not play with fire or extinguish it unnecessarily, and they generally welcome the evening blaze with a prayer of thanksgiving.

In the native city, which we passed through on the way back, the streets and bazaars, gay as a moving bed of tulips, were in some places fairly narrow and tortuous, many of the houses being extremely fine as works of art, and displaying undoubted Portuguese influence. Their fronts were covered with carving, and in some cases they had projecting storeys supported on elaborately sculptured corbels.

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Here and there were mosques and shrines, fire-houses and Hindu temples gaudily painted, while up and down an endless tide of Asiatic humanity ebbed and flowed—some in bright dresses, but most with next to none at all.

We seemed to be suddenly transported to the world of the "Arabian Nights," with its heavy atmosphere of musk and incense, its sumptuous eye feast and lavish luxury.

Sunday, Oct. 1st, was distressingly unlike an English Sabbath.

In the morning we visited the Crawford Market, which contains a wonderful collection of fish, flesh, vegetables, flowers, and fruit, in addition to all kinds of groceries, birds, and even live animals.

The stalls in which the leaves of the piper betel were being sold particularly attracted our notice. These leaves are called "pán," and the betel-nut "supari." The leaves are spread with lime, and the fruit of the Areca palm wrapped in them; they are then chewed by the natives, as they are supposed to sweeten the breath, strengthen the gums, and promote digestion. To the mere outsider, however, the chief effect they have is to blacken the teeth and make the lips and saliva red, which is not exactly attractive. In fact, I must frankly admit I seriously contemplated leaving the Crawford Market hurriedly, so obnoxious was the smell and so revolting the incarnadined floor. Still, it is one of those sights to which one eventually becomes inured by force of circumstances.

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In the afternoon we took another drive—on this occasion along the Marine Lines with their charming bungalows to Kolaba Point, the southern extremity of Back Bay, returning over Malabar Hill by way of Hornby Road to the Victoria Terminus, which is the most beautifully designed and the most elaborately ornamented railway building I have ever seen. The style is Italian Gothic, with certain Oriental modifications in the domes. It is said to have cost the G.I.P. £300,000, and is certainly the finest railway station in India, if not in any country.

Opposite, but facing Waudby Road, are the Municipal Buildings, which are also very handsome, but somewhat overshadowed by the magnificence of the other architectural pile.

I regret to say my friend and I engaged in a game of billiards after dinner before retiring about midnight.

Monday morning we saw our friend off from the Victoria Terminus, as he was obliged to go off to Nagpur on business.

We then provisioned ourselves for our next journey, visiting the Army and Navy Stores for that purpose, took out a letter of credit at King's and a certain amount of ready-money as well, and bought the all-important bedding, which consisted of a couple of pillows, two cotton-wadded quilts called "razais," and the same number of cheap calico sheets.

We also stocked ourselves with quinine in

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tabloid form as a precautionary measure against fever, or as a tonic in case the foreign climate depressed us.

We were busy packing most of the afternoon, and then drove through the native bazaar again, where our "boy" procured a drinking-glass for us.

We returned along the Maidan, which is the large open space near Back Bay, where the native indulges in all manner of sports, and the sight of a cricket match in which the majority of the players are clad in a European shirt hanging loose and a pair of socks, is better imagined than described.

We dined punctually at 7 and left the hotel at 8, escaping with the minimum of tips, thanks to the non-existence of chambermaids, the absence of head waiters, and the timely disappearance of the hall porters.

JOURNEY TO JAIPUR

In India it is absolutely essential to book one's berths beforehand when taking a long railway journey.

Accordingly we had gone to the Kolaba Station the previous evening, and after much red-tapeism on the part of the booking-office clerks, who challenged our right to a whole compartment by taking three tickets, were eventually promised the reserved accommodation we demanded.

So when we reached the station on Sunday evening we found a carriage at our disposal, and

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our "boy" Simon, who had started with the luggage some hours before in a bullock cart, awaiting us with a beaming face.

The particular railway carriage to which we were introduced bore a strong family likeness to all others in India; for it was provided with a double roof down to the level of the windows as a protection against the sun's potent rays, while thick impenetrable shutters served the twofold purpose of securing us complete privacy at night and affording an additional shelter from the heat and glare of the noonday. The tatti or shade constructed of matting, which is kept moistened to cool the atmosphere, had been removed with the arrival of the so-called "cold weather."

There were two couches extending nearly the whole length of the saloon, besides two upper berths which we had no occasion to use, but which had an unhappy knack of suddenly felling one to the ground whilst engaged in some important branch of one's toilet.

It may have been a gentle reminder that the quantity of our garments had already exceeded the bounds of reason, or pique at being thrust upon one side, which prompted these bunks to treat us with such striking discourtesy. In any case it certainly set us thinking.

The licensed coolie or porter who carries your luggage on the top of his head, irrespective of the weight, is generally a poor-looking specimen of the human race, so lanky, hollow-thighed, and emaciated is he, yet he is, in fact, strong and sinewy, without

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an ounce of superfluous flesh, and with a head as hard as a brick wall. This absence of redundant adipose tissue is also matched by a complete lack of unnecessary clothing, for a waist-cloth is about the limit of his expenditure on dress,—at any rate during the heat of the day.

The coolie's persistency in clamouring for more backshish after receiving two annas for his balancing act is another marked characteristic of his kind, which might be productive of intense annoyance were it not for the ever-present "Simon," to which that class are invariably referred.

We steamed out of Kolaba Station at 20.45 (8.45 p.m.) and, our beds having already been made, prepared to undress for our first night on an Indian train.

We had made but little progress when Kitty, with a horror-struck expression, filled me with alarm by shouting to me that there was something crawling up my legs. I looked down and found four or five mammoth beetles (whose dimensions increase in size every time I think about them) gaily running up my clothes. There was only one thing to do, and I did it, not through presence of mind but because it naturally suggested itself to me as the best means of removing them. I shook myself violently like a dog coming out of the water, and the filthy vermin scattered in all directions, but unfortunately they were not dead but full of life, and an instant and prolonged search failed to reveal their hiding-place, so we were forced to make the best of it and sleep in their company all night.

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What is still more remarkable is that we both slept soundly, quite oblivious of our exciting experience, and were with difficulty awakened by a loud knocking on our carriage shutter, and Simon's voice informing us that we were due at Ahmedabad in a quarter of an hour, where we should have to change on to the metre gauge.

I wonder if we ever dressed more expeditiously than that morning at 6 a.m. without shaving water, and the fear that at any moment we might pull up and be bundled out on to the platform.

During the night we had covered about 300 miles on the Bombay Baroda line, passing such interesting places as Bassein, which from 1532-1739 was held by the Portuguese; Daman, which still is a Portuguese settlement subordinate to Goa; Surat, on the Tapti River, which was regarded as the greatest emporium of Western India at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and had a population of 800,000 in 1797, whereas at the present day it has fallen to about 120,000 with Bombay's increased prosperity; Broach, on the Nerbudda, about one mile broad at this point; and Baroda, the capital of the important Mahratta state of the Gaekwar of Gujerat. Ahmedabad, which stands on the left bank of the Sabarmati River, was once the greatest city in Western India, and from 1573 to 1600 is said to have been "the handsomest town in Hindustan, perhaps in the world." It is supposed to rank next to Delhi and Agra for the beauty and extent of its architectural remains, but as we were only allowed forty-five minutes there

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was scarcely time to take a look at the place, so we remained in the station.

There was a restaurant car attached to the next train, of which we naturally availed ourselves, but neither the cuisine nor the service were of a high order—rice, sweet potatoes, tough meat, which was probably goat, and buffalo butter constituting the chief ingredients of the meal.

A few miles from Ahmedabad we came to Unjha, a town in the Baroda territory and the headquarters of the Kadwakanbis, a peculiar caste of agriculturists.

“Marriages among them take place but once in eleven years, when every girl over forty days old must be married on one or other of the days fixed. Should no husband be found a proxy bridegroom is sometimes set up and married to a number of girls, who immediately enter a state of nominal widowhood until an eligible suitor presents himself, when a second marriage takes place.”

About midday we reached Abu Road Station, upon which Mount Abu looks down from the north-west. It is a lofty plateau about 4500 feet above sea-level and some 50 miles in circumference, is the headquarters of the Rajputana administration, and the residence of vakils or agents from a large number of native states. It is also a celebrated place of pilgrimage, especially for the Jains, who have a magnificent place of worship at Dilwara, situate near the middle of the hill.

The principal and more modern of the temples

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was erected early in the thirteenth century at a cost of 18 crores of rupees, in addition to 56 lakhs spent in levelling the hill on which it stands.

It is said to have taken fourteen years to build, and, for minute delicacy of carving and beauty of detail, to stand almost unrivalled in the land of patient and lavish labour.

The small sect of Jains, who are principally confined to this part of India, were founded by Mahavira, a contemporary of Gautama, and are divided into two schools—the Digambara (sky-clad or naked) and the Svetambara (white robed). They consider bodily penance to be necessary to salvation, and believe that even inorganic matter has a soul, and that a man's soul may pass into a stone.

They carry the Buddhist's concern for animal life to an extreme, one of the chief duties inculcated by their moral code being that of mercy to animated beings. In their anxiety to perform this duty to the letter they erect "pinjrapoles," or rooms of refuge for animals, insects, etc., where they pay a miserable coolie a few pice to sit down while the lice, fleas, and other unmentionable living things feed upon him.

Devout Jains even bind a white cloth across their mouths to prevent insects from flying unawares into a sudden death.

The railway runs through a very desolate country, for the most part arid and sterile, with but few signs of cultivation ; occasional fields were seen bounded by the milk-hedge, a shrub called *Euphorbia*

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tirucalli, which branches densely, and is perennially green with long straight spines.

Dust and sand from the Thur or great sandy desert of Northern India, which stretches for 250 miles N.E. and S.W., kept blowing into our compartment and half-choking us.

On the S.E. side stretched the Aravalli Mountains, which, viewed at a distance, appeared rugged and destitute of much vegetation.

We saw a few wild monkeys early in the day, and towards evening a strange-looking object flew in through the window and riveted our attention for some minutes. It was a huge insect of the grasshopper tribe, a light yellow in colour, and measured quite four inches from head to foot. It appeared ill at ease on finding itself in our compartment, and evinced an eager desire to return to the outer air, but as its legs and wings were constructed specifically for jumping and flying it discovered a perfectly flat surface such as the glass window an insuperable obstacle to progress. Eventually, however, it managed to find a footing, and with one mighty bound leaped from one end of the carriage to the other. Finding its saltatorial limbs were in good trim it began to give us an exhibition of its jumping capacities, which amused us for a time ; but since it was always a matter of doubt where it would land, and it occasionally alighted in our immediate neighbourhood, the game became a trifle one-sided, as we were constantly being cheived from corner to corner. At last, however, it disappeared as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it came, and for some moments

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we enjoyed a well-earned rest, when Kitty uttered a piercing shriek, and I looked up to find her in a terrible state of nervous excitement, vowing she could feel something crawling over her body. It was finally traced to her shoulder, where I advised her to crush it remorselessly, and she adopted this course somewhat reluctantly, not knowing what weapons of defence it might bring into action. Black blood oozed out as the result of this stratagem, so she removed her blouse in the belief that her unknown enemy was dead, and lo and behold! there was our locust friend slightly *hors de combat* but still alive—a look of terror in his eyes, which had but recently alarmed us by their ferocity.

I have always understand that locusts are great travellers, but I never knew till then that they journeyed alone in first-class railway compartments.

We reached Ajmere about 16.43, but only stopped for twenty minutes. It is called the Key to Rajputana, and is a city of great antiquity, being founded as far back as 145 A.D.

About 7 miles to the west of Ajmere lies the sacred lake of Pushkar, which early in the Middle Ages became one of the most frequented objects of pilgrimage, and is still visited during the great Mela of October and November by about 100,000 pilgrims.

It is the most sacred lake in India, and is said to be of miraculous origin, marking the spot hallowed by the great sacrifice of Brahma.

Just before Jaipur is reached it is possible to

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see the Sambhar Lake in the distance. It is about 21 miles long, and abounds in a sediment of salt which is worked by the British Government and yields an average yearly output of from 300,000 to 400,000 tons.

At about 23.10, after covering 699 miles and being in the train $25\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we came to our journey's end, feeling very sleepy but otherwise none the worse for it.

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We drove straight to the Rustom Family Hotel, reputed to be the best in the place, and were somewhat surprised to find a lot of sheep and goats lying about in the verandah of this very bungaloathsome establishment. The whole place was in total darkness when we were ushered into the feeding-room, out of which all the sleeping apartments opened directly. By the light of a candle we were introduced to our bedroom, which was certainly lofty and of ample dimensions, but with scarcely a particle of furniture, the cupboards being hollowed out of the wall, and such dhurries or carpeting as covered the floor in the shabbiest and most threadbare condition. The curtains which divided our apartment from the one public room were hung from about one-third of the way down the doorway, and only reached to within the same distance of the ground, so that any thought of privacy was entirely out of the question.

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October 4th.—We found a letter awaiting us from the Resident inviting us to call on him next morning, so after chota haziri and a late breakfast, to say nothing of our first experience of an Indian bath, we started off in a carriage to the Residency.

It was only a few minutes' drive when we found ourselves opposite a strikingly handsome gateway copied from the Ganesh Pole at Amber, and having passed through into a beautiful garden we were soon at a standstill outside the Residency itself. As we drove through the lovely grounds and caught our first glimpse of the palatial Eastern structure in front we experienced an unaccountable feeling of awe at the sight of such inconceivable grandeur, and a doubt as to whether we should demean ourselves with sufficient decorum amid such surroundings caused us considerable uneasiness.

Our message given by Simon, we ascended a high flight of steps to a wide verandah which bordered this side of the house, and were shown into an extremely large and neatly furnished drawing-room, which was divided off from a smaller room by rich curtains.

The room we first entered we afterwards learnt was to be H.R.H. the Princess of Wales' drawing-room during their Royal Highnesses stay in Jaipur, while the smaller and more lavishly decorated into which we were afterwards ushered was to be her boudoir.

The Political Agent, his wife, and two daughters gave us a very cordial welcome, and with extreme kindness invited us to stay with them during our

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visit to Jaipur. Such unexpected hospitality we readily accepted, and returned without delay to Rustom's to settle up and put our luggage together, reaching the Residency again in time for lunch. This meal was served at a large round table (India is the land of round tables) in the room leading out of the small drawing-room, and proved very dainty in comparison with the food we had been obliged to put up with after leaving Bombay.

Between lunch and tea we rested in our bedroom, as the day was very hot, and were then driven in a very comfortable barouche (which was placed at our disposal throughout our visit) through a broad, sandy tract flanked here and there with mud hovels to the Albert Museum—

“A wonder of carven white stone of the Indo-Saracenic style. It stands on a stone plinth and is rich in stone tracery, green marble columns from Ajmere, red marble, white marble colonnades, courts with fountains, richly carved wooden doors, frescoes, inlay and colour.”

The Imperial Gardens in which it stands are among the finest in India, and were laid out at a cost of about Rs.400,000, while they cost the Maharaja Rs.16,000 a year to keep up. And this sumptuous modern building, set right in the centre of the gardens, with its wonderful collection of modern Jaipur works of art, from enamels to pottery, and brassware to stone-carving, crude implements of husbandry and war, examples of the costumes of a bygone age, and even an anatomical department

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of a vastly instructive character, is, from the domes of the roof to the cool green chunam dadoes and the carved rims of the fountains in the courtyard, an object of beauty and interest of which Jaipur may well be proud.

We passed thence to the Menagerie, with its variety of bird and animal life.

Here a poor native, whose arm had been terribly mauled by a tiger, showed off the finest specimen by angering it and goading it on to make a wild dash at the bars which encompassed it, and then we saw a very fine cassowary with brilliant plumage and a voracious appetite for gravel and stones.

But the horizontal rays of the sun already warned us that night was upon us, so we drove back by way of the polo ground in good time to dress for dinner, of which we partook in the verandah, and spent the rest of the evening lounging in luxurious ease on the chabutarah or raised platform of pure white marble, which commanded a lovely vista down the garden to the entrance gateway to which I have already alluded. As we sat there on this hot night, with the scent of flowers and tropical plants greeting our nostrils, the hum of insects and chirruping of crickets—nature's cradle song—almost lulling us to sleep, and the myriads of stars looking down on us from the blue vault overhead, life indeed seemed a glorious inheritance, a precious gift not to be trifled with.

At intervals during the night the silence was broken by the shrill screams of peacocks, the dismal cries of the jackal, and the raucous shouts

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of the peasants scaring away the deer, jackals, wild pig, and other predatory animals that loot their crops, from the elevated squatting-places erected in the midst of the fields called macháns.

In the middle of the night, too, if one chanced to wake up, there was a sound like someone creeping stealthily about the room, which one knew afterwards to be the swish of the slow-swinging punkah, which often ceased altogether when one was supposed to be asleep.

On Thursday, October 5th, we took chota haziri about 6.30, and at 8 a.m. started off for the School of Art, which was opened for our especial benefit, it being a native holiday. This was our first introduction to the city itself, which is enclosed by a masonry crenelated wall with seven gateways, and our first impression as we entered it was one of unutterable amazement at the remarkable width and straightness of the streets, which are paved and lighted with gas.

The city of Jaipur derives its name from Maharaja Siwai Jai Singh II. (1699-1743), who founded it in 1728 after deserting Amber, the beautiful old city nestling in the bosom of the hills, which had become terribly over-populated.

The town is surrounded on all sides except the south by rugged hills crowned with forts.

At the end of the ridge overhanging the city on the north-west is the chief defensive work, the "Nahargarh" or "Tiger Fort," the rock face of which is so scarped as to be completely inaccessible.

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On the south, or city side, one of the fortress-crowned hills bears on its flank in huge white letters the cheery inscription "Welcome," which was made when H.M. King Edward visited Jaipur as Prince of Wales to shoot his first tiger in 1875.

Jaipur has been called "The Pink City" set on the border of a blue lake and "a rose-red city half as old as Time." Certainly pink is the colour which meets the eye everywhere.

On either side of the long broad streets (111 feet wide), laid out in rectangular blocks in the approved American style, rises a long line of open-work screen wall, the prevailing tone of which is undoubted pink, caramel pink; but the house-owners have unlimited licence to decorate their tenements as they please, and avail themselves of the privilege thus afforded them of displaying their artistic instincts. These dwellings are composed chiefly of stucco-work and look very unsubstantial,—in fact, they might have been intended to serve their purpose for a year and then be demolished for some more solid structure. This flimsiness is further accentuated by the make-believe of a room above the ground floor produced by the extension of the front wall to a much higher level than the other three sides. Still, with all this hollowness and air of unreality the effect is strikingly beautiful, and I for one refuse to quarrel with these ingenious conceits.

The School of Art is a handsome modern building, where technical and industrial classes for teaching and reviving various branches of native art are held.

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We saw a lot of native craftsmen at work on a silver casket to be presented to their Royal Highnesses by the people of Udaipur, whose ruling family are descended from the Sun stock, and are the premier House of India in point of blue blood.

We also saw an artisan engaged in damascening or encrusting silver on some other metal, the skill and rapidity with which he did the work bearing witness to the hereditary nature of his occupation.

Jaipur is particularly famous for its *champlevé* enamelling, the purity and brilliance of the colours, and specially a fiery red, making it quite unique.

We made a few purchases of vases and enamel ware, and then returned for breakfast.

The heat of the day was again intense, so we took it lazily till after tea, when tennis was suggested. It was the strangest game I have ever played, for directly we made our appearance on the court there suddenly seemed to spring up from all sides a perfect host of native "boys" to field the stray balls and pick any up which chanced to be lying on the ground. It reduced the game to the minimum of exertion, and though I played four straight sets with unvarying success, I felt tolerably fresh at the end of them.

After a stroll round the grounds the Colonel and I went for a short drive in the twilight, in the course of which he pointed out to me a flying-fox winging its way over our heads. It is a frugivorous bat with a fox-shaped head, and during the day, when suspended from the branches of

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dead trees, resembles shrivelled-up leaves; at night it does great damage to the garden crops.

During these drives about Jaipur Kitty and I suffered from an overweening pride and growing self-importance, due to our exalted station; for wherever we went we were always accompanied by a coachman and footman on the box and two syces behind entrusted with the responsibility of clearing the road for us by means of eloquent shouts and threats in the event of any sluggishness displayed by a fellow-native.

This increase of dignity was further enhanced each time we approached the entrance gate to the Residency, as the native sentries at the sight of us in the distance stood at attention and presented arms as we passed beneath the massive portal.

On **Friday, October 6th**, we rose at the early hour of 6 a.m., and at 6.55 started off in our carriage and pair to Amber, the ancient and deserted Jaipur capital, about six miles off.

The Resident's two daughters rode alongside us on horseback for some distance while we

“drove through the sleeping city till pavement gave place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples,—brown and weather-beaten,—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces, and fragments of causeways.”

Water-birds have their home in the half-

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submerged arcades, and the crocodile nuzzles the shafts of the pillars, while monkeys and peacocks, adorned with glorious plumage, come out to greet the stranger in this city of long ago.

At the foot of the hill leading to Amber we changed our comfortable carriage for a native tonga drawn by mules, which shook and jolted us in the liveliest manner.

“A few meenas live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, shrines, the palaces, and tiers upon tiers of houses, are desolate. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of to-day climbs uphill, and by its side runs the huge stone causeway of yesterday, blocks sunk in concrete—down which the swords of Amber went out to kill.”

Another halt was called by the side of the lake, and this time we exchanged the tonga for a monstrous elephant, upon whose back we climbed by means of a small step-ladder. Kitty had never ridden on an elephant before, and her sensations when the huge, ponderous animal rose from a kneeling attitude preparatory to conveying us up the steep ascent to the palace, will never be forgotten. Whatever her feelings were, I am pretty sure I shared them, for as it swung up the steep, winding road paved with cobbles, and swayed from side to side majestically, I constantly feared I should topple over and be crushed to a pulp by its ungainly feet.

We passed under iron-studded gates whose hinges were eaten out with rust, by walls plumed and crowned with grass, till at last we reached

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the palace, which is said to rank architecturally only second to Gwalior, though instead of standing on a rocky pedestal it lies low on the slope of the hill, picturesquely rooted on its rocky base and reflected in the lake below.

Crossing a large courtyard, we were taken into a Hindu temple (the first we had ever entered), where a goat offered each morning to Kāli the wife of Shiva preserves the tradition of a daily human sacrifice in prehistoric times. They were careful to point out the bloodstains partly obscured by sawdust of the victim which had just been sacrificed, and also the axe with which the horrid deed had been performed.

“Entered by a fine staircase from the great courtyard is the Diwan-i-'Am, or Audience Hall, a noble specimen of Rajput art, with a double row of columns supporting a massive entablature, above which are latticed galleries. Its magnificence attracted the envy of Jehangir, the son of Akbar, and Mirza Raja, to save his great work from destruction, covered it with stucco. On a higher terrace are the Raja's own apartments, entered by a splendid gateway covered with mosaics and sculptures (the original from which the gateway at the Residency is copied) erected by Jai Singh, over which is the Sohag Mandir, a small pavilion with beautiful latticed windows. Through this are further marvels—a green and cool garden with fountains surrounded by palaces brilliant with mosaics and marbles.

“On the left is the Hall of Victory, adorned by panels of alabaster, some of which are inlaid and others embellished with flowers in alto-relievo, the

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roof glittering with the mirrored and spangled work for which Jaipur is renowned. Near this a narrow passage leads down to the bathing rooms, all of pale creamy marble, while opposite is the Hall of Pleasure, the doors of which are made of sandalwood studded with ivory, and in the centre of this cool, dark room is an opening for a stream to flow down into the groove or channel which runs through the hall. With inlay and carved marble, glass and colours, the kings who took their pleasure in that now desolate pile made all that their eyes rested upon royal and superb, and the narrow, smooth-walled passages, with recesses where a man might wait for his enemy unseen, the labyrinth of steps, ascending and descending, and ever-present screens of marble tracery that may hide or reveal so much—all these things breathe of plot and counter-plot, league and intrigue."

We took our tiffin in the Audience Hall, with its far-reaching view over the valley, and watched the monkeys and squirrels disporting themselves on the walls of the palace. The meal over, we descended a steep path leading to the Khiri gate, beyond which, as it leads to Kantalgarh, one of the forts, no one is allowed to pass without an order. On both sides lay ruined houses and temples, and at the bottom was an old temple to Thakurji or Vishnu. It is white and beautifully carved, and just outside the door is a lovely square pavilion.

The temple of Jaght Sarwan was also a fine specimen of Hindu art, the carving of the pillars being exquisite.

We returned by the same route, and found the

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glare intensely trying, and the dust and sand blowing from the desert almost blinding.

As we looked back upon the Queen of the Pass with its streets, houses, and temples scattered among numerous ravines, we wondered how any ruler could desert such grandeur and beauty for the Pink City in the Plain.

In the afternoon we visited the Maharaja's palace in the heart of the city, with its beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds full of cypresses, fountains, palms, and flowering shrubs.

The Chandra Mahal, which forms the centre of the great palace, is a lofty and striking building, seven storeys high.

Among other remarkable apartments were the Diwan-i-'Am, Diwan-i-Khás, library and armoury, where we saw thousands of ancient weapons, including matchlocks, crossbows, barbed arrows, and scimitars sheathed in jewelled cases.

In the grounds we saw the tomb of the late Maharaja with a black statue of his favourite dog, which is buried with him, then passed on to the lake, where the muggers were fed within a few feet of us, and finished up with a hurried walk through the stables, which are royal in size and appointment. The enclosure round which they stand must be about half a mile long, and the horses, numbering over two hundred, comprised an astounding variety both in point of size and colour—all in perfect condition and stud-bred. Each stall contained above the manger a curious little bunk for the syce, who, in the words of Kipling, must assuredly die

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once each hot weather if he uses such accommodation. Not far from the stables is the Hawa Mahal, or Hall of the Winds, a fantastic and elaborate building decorated with stucco, which is, I believe, used as the zenana or women's quarters.

We drove back after stopping for a few minutes at the little church, and spent the rest of the day in peaceful quietude.

I feel I must ask the pardon of those who peruse this diary for the very brief and hurried mention I have made of the Maharaja's palace, but after viewing the Palace of Amber, with its wondrous beauty and venerable antiquity, the modern structure seemed to offend the eye with its meretricious gaudiness and tawdry decorations. There were candelabra, painted ceilings, gilt mirrors, and other evidences of a too hastily assimilated civilisation in overwhelming abundance, but after that lovely ruined city upon whose walls Time's chastening hand had fallen but to impart an added dignity and indestructible beauty, this gay, upstart palace struck a lamentably false note.

On **Saturday, October 7th**, we took it quietly all the morning and afternoon, indulging in a European breakfast and some music.

Then there was packing to be done, and I was shown over the old portion of the Residency House, with its cool underground apartments formerly occupied by the ladies of the Maharaja's household.

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There was a graceful little gazelle which had to be petted, and the stables to be visited, but we did not go outside the grounds till after tea.

About five other Englishmen turned up at 4 p.m., and the Colonel appeared in his regimentals, looking very spruce and smart—a worthy representative of the motherland.

It was a great day in Jaipur—this essentially native State—where Hinduism is the religion of all the inhabitants.

The Dasahara Festival (spelt also Dashaha and Dusserah) was being held in honour of Durga or Devi, the wife of Shiva, who on this day slew the buffalo-headed demon Maheshasur. On this day, too, Rama is said to have marched against Ravana, King of Ceylon, and for this reason the Mahrattas chose it for their expeditions.

When the Resident thought it was about time to start (there is a difference of half an hour between his time and the Maharaja's) we drove in two smart carriages through the city to the gate of the palace, where we all dismounted and walked solemnly in procession through the courtyard to the Audience Hall—an inquisitive crowd of court retainers and parasites peering at us as we passed along.

We ascended the steps and entered the Diwan-i-'Am, where a Durbar was in progress, His Highness Maharaja Dhiraj Siwai Sir Madho Singh, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., occupying the ornate throne in the centre of the hall. He was wearing a richly embroidered white robe and large bejewelled turban

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of the same hue, while his fingers were literally smothered with a wealth of precious stones.

A crimson-coloured fan was being waved by a grave-visaged menial in saffron-hued raiment, and all around sat the ministers of state, the vakeels, sardars, rajputs, rajahs, and feudal potentates.

The pavilion was, indeed, uncomfortably full, but luckily the ceremony was brief, and there was always plenty to engage the attention, the serried rows of variegated colour providing a veritable feast for the eye.

The Resident chatted for some moments with His Highness, and then at a signal from the latter we were marshalled before him, shaking hands with him in turn. But prior to this English form of greeting there was the Eastern salaam to make, and this occasioned me great trouble to master. As everybody knows, it is an obeisance executed by bowing the head with the body downward, in extreme cases nearly on a level with the earth, and placing the palm of the right hand on the forehead. But for some reason or other, in Jaipur the right hand is by no means invariably brought up to the forehead but far more often to a much lower position of the anatomy, with the result that the person who is making this ceremonious salutation appears to an observer to be calling attention to some gastric derangement, whilst, should the forehead be selected instead, he looks as if he were apologising for some affection of the brain. In either case the attitude is distressingly lacking in dignity, but etiquette and Oriental custom demanded that I should thus behave,

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so I adopted a middle course, and hit myself somewhere in the chest.

After another short interval, during which this deeply religious, intensely loyal Eastern ruler (who brought with him to England, when he attended the Diamond Jubilee, a supply of holy Ganges water) talked affably with the Colonel about the crops and other matters, we again passed before him, and this time he condescended to garland me with a collar of jasmine, rose petals and tinsel, which hung down to my knees, and sprinkled some attar of roses upon my specially chosen pocket handkerchief.

This concluded the ceremony, so we strolled through the palace grounds, which were all *en fête*, and in another courtyard saw the Maharaja's sacred horses drawn up in line, with their brilliant trappings, consisting of gold, jewels, and velvet coverings. Five of these magnificent creatures he worshipped later in the day, and rode in the procession through the streets his favourite—a pure white arab.

I noticed a wonderfully painted Juggernaut car in one corner, and just before quitting the palace we passed at very close quarters a number of royal elephants, patiently awaiting the spectacle in which they figured so prominently.

We viewed the subsequent procession from a housetop commanding a splendid uninterrupted view of the principal street down which it passed. We had a long time to wait, for the Maharaja spent an hour or more in puja (that is, worship), but in the meantime the scene below more than

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occupied my mind, and I shall never forget to my dying day the wonderful kaleidoscopic effect produced by the interplay of constantly changing colour in the crowd assembled to do honour to their ruler.

The ladies were very late in arriving, but were just in time to hear the loud booming of the guns fired as a salute to His Highness on leaving the palace. For a minute or so the sky was darkened by clouds of purple pigeons, scared at the noise, circling round the city. Then the long, snake-like procession wound its way round; the elephants, with their long flapping ears and sinuous trunks painted in gaudy colours suggestive of peacocks' feathers, tramping heavily along to the accompaniment of tinkling bells suspended from their ears, and tom-toms played by those seated on their gorgeous crimson howdahs, their tremendous ivory tusks encased in gold, and the mahouts who guided them through the streets looking consciously proud of their colossal charges.

After them the camel corps brought a subdued colour into the picture, the reddish brown standing out in marked contrast to the background of vivid hues in which white and saffron predominated. Their heads were held up by the drivers who directed them by means of a halter attached to a piece of wood placed through their nostrils, and just enough pressure was used to curve their necks in a graceful arch, which gave them a somewhat supercilious air.

Bullocks with green horns drew some mediæval

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guns behind them, which looked so ludicrously harmless that we felt almost inclined to laugh, and a regular herd of blackbuck followed—the spoils of sport.

The native troops were a very handsome set of men, and the Commander-in-Chief, a fierce-looking Rajput with long black moustachios, came in for a good deal of cheering.

The Goddess Durga, in whose honour the procession was held, was not a very prepossessing idol, but you cannot expect much from one who insists on being daily propitiated by sacrifices.

All the horses in the procession were as gaily caparisoned as those we saw in the palace, and the Maharaja's favourite, on which he was seated, was covered with the most sumptuous housings.

The beautiful colour picture which we thus gazed upon was one which left an absolutely ineffaceable impression. Even in the broad daylight the infinite variety of tints, ever-changing, ever-moving, produced an amazing effect, but with the fast-approaching twilight the colours deepened, the sky took on a violet hue, and the pink houses, black faces, and multi-coloured garments seemed to merge into one vast sea of delicately shaded monochrome.

This dazzling display of pomp and pageantry having finished, we proceeded to leave our excellent view-point, as there was no time to wait for the return of the Maharaja, who had gone to worship the tulsi or basil plant, which is sacred to the Hindus.

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On the way back I had the honour of riding in the same carriage as the Resident, so that we had a cavalry escort right up to the entrance gate of the Residency grounds. He called my attention to one or two places of interest on the way, and made me positively shudder by calmly pointing out a particular house where a former political agent was foully murdered.

The rest of the evening passed all too quickly ; a delightful half-hour or so on the Chabutarah talking and sipping vermouth, a daintily served dinner, another hour of complete restfulness amid the hum of insects, under a canopy of twinkling stars, and we had left this Eastern paradise to carry away with us one of the pleasantest memories of our lives.

The generous hospitality of our host and hostess we can never hope to repay, but should they ever chance to peep into this diary they will at least see that we did not fail to appreciate their unceasing efforts to ensure our comfort and enjoyment.

DELHI

Sunday, October 8th.—We left Jaipur at 23.23 and immediately made ourselves cosy for the night. As we both slept well it passed very quickly, and at 7 a.m. we steamed into Delhi station, having gone through Alwar, Rewari, and Gurgaon *en route*.

We drove straight to Laurie's Hotel, which lies a little way outside the city, and rested for a while.

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After Chota Haziri we engaged a carriage and went into the city, where we visited the Jama Masjid. Begun by Shah Jehan in the fourth year of his reign, 1630, and completed in the tenth, it still remains one of the finest buildings of its kind in India. Its front courtyard, 450 feet square and surrounded by a cloister open on both sides, is paved with granite inlaid with white marble, and commands a grand view of the whole city. The mosque itself, a splendid structure forming an oblong 261 feet in length, is approached by a magnificent flight of stone steps. Three domes of white marble rise from its roof, with two tall and graceful minarets at the corners in front. The interior of the mosque is paved throughout with white marble, and the walls and roof are lined with the same material. There are three noble gateways, but as of old the great doors of the main gateway were opened only for the Mogul Emperor, so now they are opened only for the Viceroy of India and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab ; but other visitors can enter from this side by the wicket in the doors. These are massive and overlaid with brass arabesques half an inch thick, which give them a very imposing appearance.

We were not permitted to take Simon with us owing to his being a non-Mohammedan native, and were ourselves obliged to have our feet covered with canvas slippers about five sizes too large for us.

A vicious-looking Mohammedan with a blue beard and well-blackened eyelids impressed his

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services upon us; so we accepted them, and he proceeded to conduct us round the building. In the centre of the courtyard is a marble basin and fountain, presumably used for the ablutions requisite before prayer, whilst at the north-east corner of the court is a pavilion in which are placed relics of the Prophet Mohammed. Among other things we were shown a hair from his beard, kept under a glass case, and also a copy of the Koran written by his grandson.

In the sanctuary or mosque proper, which is always the side towards Mecca, was a niche (Mihrab or Kibla) showing the direction of Mecca, and by the side of it a lofty pulpit or Mimbar, while in front of the pulpit stood a raised platform (Dakka), from which certain exhortations are chanted and chapters from the Koran read to the people. When one considers that a single prayer in a Jama Masjid such as this is equivalent to five hundred elsewhere, one cannot feel any surprise at the immensity of this building, for it must necessarily be a great centre of worship among the faithful; yet even so it is certainly in every respect well worthy of the ancient Mogul capital.

We went back to breakfast feeling somewhat tired, and did not go out again till the evening, as the heat in Delhi was very intense, the actual thermometer reading in our room being 94° ; while a day or two before it had even touched 100° , according to a credible informant.

The hotel which had been recommended us proved a very dirty, meanly appointed bungalow, in

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which we were the only visitors. The manager was a fat and bumptious little German, who became very garrulous with the slightest encouragement, and as he made a point of taking his meals in the dining-room with us, it was not always possible to check his flow of eloquence. However, the food was tolerably good and the drives were absurdly cheap, so we preferred not to cavil at any eccentricities on the part of this offensively loquacious but thoroughly well-intentioned little Teuton.

About 4.45 we took our second drive, this time through the main streets and bazaars, which were thronged with large crowds who had come to Delhi for the mela—a great annual gathering which is a species of festivity representing the native's most extended idea of dissipation. For once he throws off his mantle of sour dignity and enters heart and soul into the fun of the fair; dons his best clothes, which consist of a nice clean white chadar or sheet and a spotless turban of vivid red and yellow, and even suffers the women-folk to join in the merriment. No wonder, then, that the narrow winding streets were frightfully congested, and that on one or two occasions we barely escaped killing some of these merry-makers, since they—like other natives—persisted in walking in the middle of the road.

In the main streets the crowd was less troublesome, the principal thoroughfare, the Chandni Chowk, or Street of Silver, boasting such a width—74 feet—as to be easily navigable. Throughout the greater part of its length a double row of neem and peepul trees runs down its centre on both sides of

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a raised path which has superseded the masonry aqueduct that in former days conveyed water from the canal into the palace. Hundreds of stalls are collected in this space, where fruit and vegetables and every article of diet which the native consumes can be had almost for the asking.

“On either side meagre, ramshackle houses— one-storeyed and plastered with torn paper, their dirty blue paint smeared over decayed whitewash— lean one against the other, and expose on their vermin-haunted walls and raised floors trays of fly-blown native sweets, bowls of chillies or onions, framed oleographs of gods, and scrap-iron heaps.”

Yet in some of the shops of this famous street, despite their mean and often squalid exteriors, jewels and precious stones worth a king's ransom can be purchased.

We returned from our drive somewhat disappointed with Delhi, yet it would be difficult to explain the reason. For what more fascinating or picturesque scene could one wish for than the bazaar teeming with Oriental life, from the high-caste Hindu with his sacred thread, hideous caste-mark, and curious top-knot, carrying his lota or metal drinking-vessel, the palki-bearers hurrying along with the Purdah women peering from behind their curtained litter, to the shopkeeper squatting on the floor of his shop surrounded by his stock-in-trade, with the scales made of wood and string at his side in readiness to demonstrate his unscrupulous fairness on the appearance of a customer?

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After dark rockets and other fireworks were let off all over the city, but we were fatigued after our long day, and went off to bed at 9 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 9th.—We rose early and drove into the city by way of the Kashmir gate, on the outer face of which is a memorial tablet to the Explosion Party—that heroic little band of nine who blew up the Arsenal, with its enormous accumulation of munitions of war, rather than let it fall into the hands of the mutineers.

On the inside, the outlines of the Quarter Guard in which so many European officers were murdered on May 11th, 1857, are still traceable, while in front of the gate is St. James's Church, the old dome-cross of which bears marks of bullets fired at it in 1857.

Farther down the road is the Post Office, situated inside the enclosure of the old magazine, over the central gate of which is another memorial to Lieutenant Willoughby and his eight plucky comrades who shared in the defence.

A short distance on we found ourselves within the precincts of the old Mogul palace built by the Emperor Shah-jahan between 1638 and 48. It is surrounded by a magnificent red sandstone wall except on the eastern side, where it abuts on the river Jumna.

Since the Mutiny a great portion of the palace has been demolished to make room for English barracks, so that the few beautiful buildings which are still preserved intact, such as the Naubát Kháná or

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Entrance Hall, with its long band gallery, the Diwan-i-'Am, Diwan-i-Khás, and Rang Mahal, lose all their meaning and more than half their beauty without the courts and corridors connecting them.

The most beautiful building of all is undoubtedly the Diwan-i-'Am, or Hall of Public Audience, where once stood the famous Peacock Throne, whose estimated value was £12,037,500. This priceless treasure of gold, so wondrously embellished with precious stones, had the figures of two peacocks, composed entirely of costly gems of appropriate colours to represent life, standing on either side, while a parrot of ordinary size, carved out of a single emerald, occupied the centre of the back of the throne. This, the most gorgeous jewel ever made on earth, was carried off by Nadir Shah in 1739 at the Sack of Delhi.

The raised recess still remains where this costly ornament stood, and when we were there workmen were engaged on repairs in view of the Prince's prospective visit.

The general effect of the Diwan-i-Khás, or Private Hall of Audience, has been somewhat spoilt by the unnecessary removal of the marble pavement in front of it and of the pavilions on either side, but it is still one of the most graceful buildings I have ever seen. It is built wholly of white marble inlaid with precious stones, most of which, however, have been supplanted by coloured plaster and stucco, and the ceiling, which was once of silver, was removed by the Mahrattas, and has been restored in wood.

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At either end of the hall over the two outer arches is inscribed the boastful legend—

“Agar Fardaus bar rué zamin ast
Hamin ast wa, hamin as wa, hamin ast.”

“If heaven can be on the face of the earth,
It is this, oh! it is this, oh! it is this.”

Many are the historical associations of this hall. It was here the Emperor Shah Alum was blinded by the brutal Ghulam Kadir; that the reception of Lord Lake was held after the battle of Delhi in 1803; the trial of the old pantaloon the sham Emperor Bahàdur Shah took place, followed by his banishment to Rangoon in 1858; and the Ball in 1903 in honour of the coronation of His present Majesty.

Beneath the hall was the space known as Zer-Jharokha, or Beneath the Lattices, where the mutinous troops from Meerut called on the King on May 11th, with the words, “The King, the King! Help for the Martyrs! Help for the Holy War!” and it did not need a very lively imagination to conjure up the scene of alarm and confusion which ensued: the shrunken figure of the last of the Moguls in its wadded-silk dressing-gown, irresolute, wavering, as a feather blown this way and that by opposite counsels; Zeenut Maihl, the Queen, determined to seize this golden opportunity of crushing the supremacy of the hell-doomed infidels; and the Captain of the Guards’ final appeal from the terrace above, which only served to send a leaven of revolt to every corner of the palace.

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The Rang Mahal, or Painted Palace, once the residence of the Chief Sultana, is now used as a mess-house, but the Royal Baths are on view, and consist of three large rooms, floored with white marble, elaborately inlaid with pietra dura work.

The Pearl Mosque, on the opposite side, standing out like a carven snowdrift against the blue of the sky and the green of the trees, was built in 1659 by Aurungzebe and is said to have cost Rs.160,000. It is a lovely little building, but on a very diminutive scale.

We left by the Lahore gate, which in the opinion of many high authorities is the noblest entrance known to belong to any palace. It consists of a quaint, long, vaulted tunnel terminating in a cavernous arch, and is some fifty yards long.

It was at the foot of some steps in this gateway that the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser, met his death on May 11th, 1857, and in the rooms above were murdered the already wounded Collector and Commandant of the palace, the Chaplain, and two ladies.

A little farther on in the outer main court a tank formerly stood, where fifty Christians, mostly women and children, were brutally murdered on June 16th, 1857, having escaped the massacre of the 11th.

After a good breakfast we again set out, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly, considering the tropical heat, for the sun beat down upon us with fierce and cruel persistency.

We emerged from the city through the Delhi gate, and never shall I forget the scene of utter desolation which spread out before our vision.

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“ There were miles and miles of ruin-strewn sands where once stood cities more wonderful than any India knows to-day, cities that were sacked and burned and grew again, fort and temple and palace, with new names, new rulers, and new religions, but always with an undying pomp and splendour and pride of empire under Afghan or Persian, Hindu or Mogul.”

For about fifty square miles this wreckage-strewn plain extends; nothing but piles of palace walls and shattered aqueducts, so that the earth seems laden everywhere with the masonry of bared foundations and crumbling monuments of a long-forgotten era which speak of the vain dreams of men and of their splendid ineffectual struggle with relentless destiny.

Close to the jail we passed the spot where the three rebel princes, Mirza Mogul, Khair Suitân, and Aboul-Bukr were so wantonly shot by Hodson after surrendering unconditionally to him with his mere handful of troopers, while they had a strong force of five thousand men behind them.

To the left lay the Kotila of Firoz Shah, which formed the citadel of the city of Firozabad, founded by that emperor about the middle of the fourteenth century. Inside and above it rises one of the Lats of Asoka, on which is inscribed an edict in Pali prohibiting the taking of life. It dates from the middle of the third century B.C., and the characters are of the oldest form yet found in India.

A little farther along the Grand Trunk Road—a splendidly metalled highway—we passed a fine Pathan gate of decorated stonework known as the

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Lal Darwazah or Red Gate, which was apparently the north gate of the shortlived capital of Sher Shah, which was probably left incomplete.

Two miles farther to the south, on the site of the old Indrapat, which is supposed to date from the fifteenth century B.C., rise the lofty walls of the Purana Kila, with graceful high gates. It is well worth entering for the sake of the splendid view, and also to look at the handsome mosque of Sher Shah, constructed of red sandstone and adorned with fine floral carving.

On arriving at the Dargah, or Shrine of Nizam-ud-din-Aulia, we were conducted to a huge tank filled with revoltingly dirty green water, into which some youths dived from the surrounding walls for our edification, and their own financial advancement. An interesting tradition relates that the water of this tank was once turned into oil by the saint in order that his workmen (who had been requisitioned by the Emperor Humayun and forbidden any oil) might carry on their work at night. This defiance led to mutual curses and recriminations, ending in a plot against the Emperor in which Nizam-ud-din and Ala-ud-din were concerned; and the saying with which the saint comforted his disciples when told that the King was returning to punish him, and indeed was only a few miles distant—"Dilli hanoz dur ast" ("Delhi is still far off")—has passed into the currency of a proverb.

The tomb of the saint is a very beautiful structure of pure white marble eighteen feet square surrounded by a broad verandah. The walls are

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of the most exquisite marble tracery and the canopy over the grave is inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Having seen the tomb of Prince Jahangir, son of Akbar, with its elaborately carved marble doors, and also of Azam Khan, foster-father of Akbar, with the Hall of sixty-four Pillars, formerly the family vault of his sons and brothers, known as the Atgah Khail or Gang, from the royal favours showered on them, we drove on to the Mausoleum of Humayun. This was the first important architectural work of the Moguls in India, and the plan is that afterwards adopted at the Taj, but it entirely lacks the depth and poetry of that celebrated building. The steps leading up to the cenotaph are without exception the steepest I have ever seen, and worn out as we already were with sight-seeing, we elected to ascend by a side staircase with a more gradual elevation.

The cenotaph is very plain and even lacks an inscription, whilst all round the building are other chambers containing tombs of his wife, Haji Begam, two brothers of Bahadur Shah, and the emperors Jahandar Shah and Alangir II.

It was to this tomb that the last Mogul emperor and his sons fled in September 1857, and here they were subsequently captured on the 21st.

We did not get back to lunch before 2 p.m., having spent four of the hottest hours of a tropical day looking at the wonderful creations in marble of a bygone age.

The sun's fierce rays had evidently done their work, for we were both attacked by nose bleeding ;

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but it did not last very long, and after a quiet siesta and a cup of tea we took a drive in the cool of the evening along the historic ridge where for four torrid months, with a country flaming into revolt and disasters befalling us on all sides, our brave soldiers fought against overwhelming odds for the ownership of India.

But little remains to remind one of those months of undauntable valour, during which forty-six European officers were killed and one hundred and forty wounded, while the total loss of all ranks was one thousand and twelve killed and three thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven wounded. True, there is a monument planted in red Gothic unsightliness on the crest of the long hill, telling us of our losses during those desperate days, and the Flagstaff Tower still stands at the other end to bear witness to those awful hours of anxiety on the afternoon of May 11th, when the fugitive women and children looked in vain for the cloud of dust on the Meerut Road. But such well-remembered spots as the Sammy House, where some of the severest fighting took place, and Hindu Raos's House, the key to the position so gallantly held by Reid, are difficult to locate in their present ruined condition.

Not far from the Mutiny Memorial is another Lat of Asoka, and also a fine "baoli," which doubtless belonged to the Hunting Palace of Firoz Shah.

We returned by the cemetery where John Nicholson lies, "who led the assault of Delhi but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23rd September 1857."

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We returned to our solitary dinner at the hotel—but perhaps I ought not to call it solitary, seeing that a little grey squirrel with beautiful black markings had taken a great fancy to Kitty, and used to run into the inner room nearly every meal, eventually growing so tame that it would eat out of her hand.

On the mantel-shelf, too, a bird had built its nest in one of the vases, and in the rafters of the roof were further evidences of bird life.

The mosquitoes were a perpetual nuisance with their monotonous musical sing-song, evidently designed to lull the intended victim to a false sense of security.

We retired early and rose next morning at the almost incredible hour of 5.30 a.m., leaving the hotel at 6. As we wended our way through the sleepy streets but barely astir, many were the string beds or charpoyes we passed by the roadside, with their human bundles still lying white and motionless upon them, like corpses in the dim morning light.

Tuesday, October 10th.—We left the city by the Ajmere gate, and thoroughly enjoyed our long drive of eleven miles to Kutab. Now and again we met a weary-looking camel or two heavily laden with all manner of produce, or an elephant in the similar capacity of beast of burden.

We encountered, too, many an ekka or native conveyance drawn by sturdy bullocks, then a cart carrying tree-trunks, and poor misused kine with emaciated bodies and possibly a missing horn being prodded and kicked to get out of our way.

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A little farther we would come upon a congeries of mud alleys, mud walls, and mud roofs, forming a village generally standing high on its own ruins, and girt round by shallow glistening tanks. Close by would be the village well, with the picturesque women in their crimson saris standing round holding their chatties on their heads, their anklets and bangles jingling, whilst others with their babes sitting astride upon their hips joined with them in the village gossip.

Tiny squirrels which were lolling in the sun would scuttle away at our approach, and green parrots, mynas, and brilliant blue jays take to flight on seeing us.

Near the tomb of Safdar Jang we changed horses, a flock of jungle kite watching us from the walls around, and before the sun had attained the zenith of its power we alighted at the Lal Kot, within which is the Kutab enclosure.

Kutab-ud-din was the favourite slave of Shahab-ud-din or Muhammad Ghori, as he is generally known in history. He it was who was set to govern the Indian conquests of his master after Delhi was taken in 1193. Muhammad Ghori died in 1206, being assassinated by some Ghakkar tribesmen while sleeping on the bank of the Indus, and Kutab-ud-din at once proclaimed himself Sultan of Delhi. He was the founder of what is known as the Slave Dynasty, which lasted till 1288.

The Kutab Minar, towering above all later structures, looks what it is intended to be—a Pillar of Victory. It is the tallest minaret in the world,

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being 238 feet high, and rises in a succession of five storeys, marked by corbelled balconies and decorated with bands of inscription which are extremely beautiful. The summit can be reached by those willing to climb 379 steps, but we were quite content with the wonderfully extensive view obtainable from the first gallery, 95 feet above the ground.

“The Iron Pillar, standing in the west corner of the Kuwat-ul-islam Mosque, is one of the most curious antiquities in India. It is a solid shaft of wrought iron, more than 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches in length. Its history is recorded in a deeply cut Sanscrit inscription, and it is called ‘The Arm of Fame of Raja Dhava.’ ‘It is said that he subdued a people on the Sindhu named Vahlikas, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period.’ The date of this inscription is probably the third or fourth century A.D.

“According to tradition, the pillar was erected by Anang Pal, 236 A.D., the founder of the Tumar Dynasty, and rested on the head of a great snake until the Raja unwisely moved it to see if this were so, an act which cost the Tumars their kingdom.”

The mosque itself, though now largely in ruins, is a beautiful piece of work, unrivalled for its grand line of gigantic arches and for the graceful beauty of the flowered tracery which covers its walls. It occupies the platform on which stood Rai Pithora's Hindu temple demolished by the Mohammedans.

The courtyard is surrounded by cloisters formed of Jain pillars placed one upon another. Most of

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these are richly ornamented with grotesque carving—which was quite the finest we saw in India.

“The Arabic inscription over the east gate states that the materials were obtained from the demolition of twenty-seven idolatrous temples.”

The tomb of Altamsh (who died in 1235) well repaid a visit. Curiously, it has no roof, though there is good reason to believe it was originally covered by an overlapping Hindu dome.

“In addition to the beauty of its details, it is interesting as being the oldest tomb known to exist in India.”

We took our tiffin beneath the shade of a fine old pipal tree just outside the enclosure, and then returned to Delhi by the same road as we came.

I forgot to mention that the old guide who took us round the enclosure was a splendid specimen of a loyal sepoy, with the warrior caste-mark unmistakably stamped upon his handsome features.

After tea we took a second drive round the ridge with its crumbling, tree-encumbered monuments of the siege, made one or two purchases in the Chandni Chowk, and returned to the hotel to pack for our next journey.

AGRA

On the morning of Wednesday, October 11, we had to be up at 5 a.m., which meant dressing before daylight. As we emerged from our room to enter

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the carriage, we were vaguely conscious of a crowd of silent native servants—sweepers, malis, peons, and punkah-wallahs—gathering round us with lanterns, expecting some remuneration in return for their purely gratuitous services. However, they were ignored by me, and Simon, to the best of my knowledge, pursued a similar policy of *laissez faire*.

The journey to Agra is very dull and uninteresting, but only takes four hours, so that we were at Agra Road soon after 10.30.

We drove to the Hotel Métropole in the Hastings Road, where we made ourselves comfortable till tea-time.

About 5 o'clock we took our first look round, driving through the native bazaar and park to the cantonments, where some magnificent bungalows are to be seen. We eventually came to the Polo Ground, where an exciting game was in progress, and we were intensely amused to see one of the players thrown by a fractious pony, which straightway cantered off the field triumphantly, oblivious of its dejected rider.

Returning in front of Government House, we discovered we were close to that *chef d'œuvre* in architecture, the celebrated Mausoleum of the Taj Mahal, with its beautiful domes and gardens.

“The last resting-place of Shah Jehan and the woman he loved is for many travellers, perhaps for all, the crown and goal of all that India has of beauty and romance. Generations have come and gone since that sad day when the most splendid of

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all earth's emperors bowed his head to the dust before his darling's tiny little coffin in the vault of the finished Taj, all new and white and glistening. There has hardly been a traveller in all that time who, in his own way, sage or sentimental, has not tried to set down his estimate of this marvel in stone."

Photography has done its best, yet nothing has ever baffled the lens so elusively as these white marbles, for no amount of art can bring out that subtle atmosphere of dreams, the indescribable feeling of being wafted into another world where virtue and beauty alone exist, which the sight of this ethereal shrine inspires.

"No sound broke the stillness as we stood in the twilight of the arched portals and saw love and death enthroned under the snow-white dome that hovers like a cloud over pale harmonies of marble interwoven with moonbeams."

The crimson hues of sunset had just faintly tinged this dream in white marble with an iridescence which gave it the momentary appearance of mother-of-pearl; then as the sun sank lower beneath the horizon the yellowing tints grew softer and paler till all colour was immersed in the radiance of the moon.

Having passed through the red sandstone gateway, we walked amid the scented undergrowth of an Indian garden on the edge of the conduits, wherein were mirrored, by the faintly rippling

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water, the cypress trees standing like dark sentries from the gate to the grave.

“In the central pond cool lotuses spread themselves in plates of bronze and green at the water-level—a resting-place for diamond-winged dragonflies of scarlet or olivine.”

We rested temporarily at this spot, and there before us floated this vast building on a panel-sided platform of marble.

“This plinth is twenty feet high but looks scarcely half. Every side of it is a hundred yards long, but you will have to pace it to believe it, and at each side stands a tall and graceful minaret, a watchful sentinel keeping guard by the silent tomb. In the centre is the shrine—the milk-white walls that court the mystery of the moon; the four deep portals where twilight lingers; the swelling dome that soars and shines through the tremulous air like a snowy summit of dreamland.

“‘Promise me you will never marry again,’ said the Empress Mumtaz when dying, ‘and promise me a tomb such as woman never slept in.’

“Shah Jehan promised, and the Taj is the living witness of what his word was worth. It is a love-song in marble, the richest material tribute ever rendered to a woman; for the exquisite beauty of this wonder of the world stands unrivalled, and affords an illustration for all time of the saying that ‘the Moguls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers.’”

Tavernier tells us that for twenty-two years twenty thousand men laboured at this stupendous work, that the scaffolding used was constructed of brick; while, according to others, Shah Jehan’s

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imperial treasury was impoverished to the extent of from Rs. 18,000,000 to Rs. 31,000,000.

Inside, in the gathered darkness behind the impenetrable walls of marble, a musical silence hovers beneath the dim vault whereunder the exquisite screen of delicately carved fretwork still guards the twin cenotaphs. The bodies of the lovers lie in the crypt below.

“In the obscurity one may well miss the quiet loveliness of this perforated and jewelled screen, yet Austin of Bordeaux scamped never a leaf-veining or a chisel touch as he set grey purple spar beside a whorl of cream onyx, or sparingly laid a touch of raw emerald just where the green ribbed agates of the fillet turn in their milky bed of Jaipur alabaster. And all this where only the occasional smoky glare of a red torch would ever reveal its beauties for a passing moment. Asia, indeed, opened her lap and poured forth her richest treasures—jade and crystal from China, turquoise from Tibet, sapphires from Ceylon, cernelian from Arabia, diamonds from Bundelkund, onyx and amethyst from Persia, jasper from the Punjaub, marble from the quarries of Jaipur, and red sandstone from the deserted palaces of Fatehpur Sikri.

“No words can express the chastened beauty of the central chamber seen in the soft gloom of the subdued light which filters through the double screen of white trellis-work. The eye grows familiar with the design and colour, but the ear can make nothing of the reverberations that roll like the roar of the sea about the domed roof.”

Every sound made is caught up and multiplied, so that the shrine is never completely silent.

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A priest chanted to us the inscription written on the tombs, and the deep-toned repetitions, gradually growing fainter as the echo died away, filled our ears with harmonies which seem even now to ring in them.

As we retraced our steps to the Great Gateway, again and again our eyes turned back and lingered on this wondrous monument of the dead, which looked as if it could not have been fashioned by human hands into such perfect symmetry, such infinite grace and elegance.

On **October 12th** we retired early and rose betimes next morning, visiting the Fort, an imposing building of red sandstone with walls and flanking defences nearly seventy feet high and exceeding a mile in circuit. It was constructed by the Emperor Akbar in the latter part of the sixteenth century, though much of it was built at a later date by Shah Jehan.

The approach by way of the Delhi gate is up a very steep slope leading to another gateway called the "Hathi Pol," or "Elephant Gate," where formerly two stone elephants stood with figures of Patta and Jaimall, the two famous Rajput champions of Chitorgarh, seated on their backs. The marks of their feet are still traceable on the platforms on either side.

The "Moti Masjid," or "Pearl Mosque," which we first entered, has been described as the most elegant mosque of Indian Mohammedan architecture, and we can well believe it, for the moment

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you enter, the effect of its courtyard is surpassingly beautiful.

The mosque proper is of white marble inside and out, and except an inscription from the Koran inlaid with black marble as a frieze, has no ornament whatever beyond the line of its own graceful architecture.

During the Mutiny it was used as a hospital. Perhaps the most interesting feature of it is the cloister screened off on the north side for ladies of the court, as Moslem women are usually supposed to say their prayers at home.

In front of the Diwan-i-'Am is an enormous monolithic cistern of light-coloured porphyry or close-grained granite called the Hauz of Jahangir, measuring five feet in height and eight feet in diameter. The Emperor is said to have used it as a bath.

The Diwan-i-'Am is on a much larger scale than the hall at Delhi, but scarcely equals it in beauty. Along the back wall are grilles, through which the ladies of the harem could watch the proceedings in the hall below.

The "Machchi Bahwan," or "Fish Square," is a very charming enclosure behind the Diwan-i-'Am Square, with a two-storeyed cloister running round it except on the side facing the Jumna, where the upper storey gives place to an open terrace; on this is a black throne with a long fissure, said to have appeared when the throne was usurped by the Jat chief of Bharatpur.

Beneath the terrace is a wide open space where

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contests between elephants and tigers used to take place.

In the north-west corner of the "Machchi Bahwan" is a beautiful little three-domed mosque called the "Naginah" Masjid, or "Gem Mosque." It was the private mosque of the royal ladies of the court and was built by Shah Jehan, who was afterwards imprisoned there by his undutiful son Aurungzebe.

In the courtyard beneath, merchants used to display their goods whilst the ladies of the court bargained with them from the pavilion above—any closer intercourse being strictly prohibited.

The Diwan-i-Khás is a perfect miracle of beauty with its exquisite carving, and the flowers inlaid on the white marble with red cornelian and other valuable stones are introduced with better because more sparing effect than in the corresponding hall of Delhi. The inlaid flowers, whereof every leaf is jade and malachite, every petal agate and lapis lazuli, so stand out upon this pearly bed that you might vow you could put your fingers behind the stalk and snap it.

The Mina Masjid, or private mosque of the Emperor, close by, is probably the smallest mosque in existence. The Saman Burj has some lovely marble lattice-work which seems to have been broken by cannon-shot in some places. Part of the marble pavement in front is made to represent a Pachisi or chess-board, a game played in those days with human figures. Opposite the Saman Burj is the "Shish Mahal," or "Mirror Palace,"

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consisting of two dark chambers furnished with fountains and an artificial cascade arranged to fall over lighted lamps. The walls and ceilings are decorated with pounded talc and innumerable small mirrors, which fill the room with countless points of light. In the Grape Garden is a lovely hall called the Khas Mahal, while under it are subterranean apartments which were used in the hot weather. Facing the river are the "Golden Pavilions," so called from their curved roofs being covered with gilded plates of copper. In them are bedrooms for the ladies, with holes in the wall fourteen inches deep, into which they used to slip their jewels, the holes being so narrow that only a woman's arm could draw out the contents. The room nearest the river is an octagonal pavilion in which, according to tradition, Shah Jehan died gazing upon the Taj. In a railed-in enclosure hard by stand the so-called gates of Somnath, twenty-five feet high, of finely carved deodar wood, captured by General Nott at Ghazni and brought to Agra in 1842.

The last part of the palace we visited was the Jahangir Mahal, which contains a beautifully domed hall, the ceiling of which is elaborately carved. Out of this a corridor leads to a grand central court, the design and ornamentation of which are pure Hindu.

A very interesting guide took us round this palace but forfeited our regard before we left, as he took great offence at the smallness of his reward, whereas he was given more than any guide we had previously employed.

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Before returning to the hotel we entered the Jumna Musjid, close to the railway station, which was very disappointing after the Delhi mosques. Its peculiarity consists in its three great full-bottomed domes without necks, built of red sandstone with zigzag bands of white marble circling round them.

In one corner a number of classes were being held, the Mohammedan youths sitting round their moonshee in a circle and learning their lesson by all talking at once, whilst rocking themselves backwards and forwards. Before the entrance was spread out the usual imposing array of native foot-gear which, carried our minds back to the bedroom corridors of an English hotel. But in place of the sombre blacks and browns to which we are eternally pledged, there was every conceivable variety of colour and material, from the lowly sandal to the gorgeous aromatic leather slippers with jauntily curled tips.

During the remainder of the day till tea-time we rested as usual, except for a short walk I took to the Bank of Bengal to draw out some more money on my Letter of Credit.

In the cool of the evening we drove to Sikandarrah, about five and a half miles from the cantonments, to see the Mausoleum of the Emperor Akbar. A fine gateway leads to the garden enclosure in which it is situated. It is of red sandstone inlaid with white marble in various polygonal patterns, very massive, with a splendid scroll of Tughra writing, a foot broad, adorning it.

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The general appearance of this handsome structure was considerably marred by the presence of a perfect network of scaffolding, as the cupolas destroyed some years back by earthquake were being repaired, or rather rebuilt, in view of the Prince's impending visit.

The Mausoleum itself is a curious pyramidal building seventy-four feet high, of four storeys, three of which are of red sandstone, the fourth enclosing the cenotaph being of white marble. The vaulted ceiling of the vestibule was elaborately frescoed in gold and blue, and a portion of this was being restored at a very considerable cost. The fourth storey is surrounded by a beautiful cloister of white marble carved on the outer side into lattice-work of squares of two feet, every square of a different pattern. In the centre is the splendid white cenotaph of the Emperor engraved with the ninety-nine glorious names of the deity placed immediately over the place where his dust rests in the vaulted chamber below. Four feet to the north of it is a handsome white marble pillar which, according to tradition, was once covered with gold and contained the Koh-i-Noor. This great diamond is said to have been found in one of the Golconda mines near the Kistna River, and worn five thousand years ago by Karna, one of the heroes celebrated in the Mahabharata. It passed through many hands to Baber (Akbar's grandfather), founder of the Mogul Dynasty in 1526; thence to Nadir Shah, the Persian invader of India in 1739, who gave it the name of "Koh-i-Noor," or "Mountain of

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Light," and from his successors in 1813 to Runjeet Sing, ruler of Lahore. In 1849, on the annexation of the Punjaub to British India, this famous stone was surrendered, and presented to the Queen in June 1850, though, when dying, Runjeet Sing bequeathed it to Jagannath, but his successor refused to give effect to the bequest. It now reposes in the Tower of London among the crown jewels.

After dinner that night (it being the day before the full moon) we paid another visit to the Taj to look at it under the witchery of the moon, and I must confess to a certain amount of disappointment. In the first place, I had expected to see its clear image reflected in a stream of pellucid water, whereas there was but a dull, blurred picture mirrored in a stagnant pool. Again, its magical quality, its greatest charm, lies in its transcendent coolness. Though constructed entirely of white marble, it takes the fiercest sun upon its face without the least glow of heat or lustre.

"The brighter the glare, the deeper the blue shadows in which it veils itself, for its walls are made of hollows in which shadows can hide. And these shadows are not the black gloom that settles under Gothic arches, but falling on the white marble curves, they are all pure colour, the mingling of clear purple and unfathomable blue."

The moon, too, lacked the size and brilliancy one is accustomed to expect from it at its full, and perhaps this was the cause and origin of our

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chagrin. Still, in spite of this we turned our backs upon those pearl-white domes with a sigh of reluctance and a full resolve to return again the following day.

On Friday, October 13th, we left the hotel at 7.30 and started on a twenty-three miles' drive to Fatehpur Sikri, where lies the royal but deserted palace of Akbar, which was inhabited from 1571-83.

Despite the length of the journey, we thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it, although there was a certain monotony in the surrounding scenery. Still, we were rather amused at the way the natives smear their animals—especially the donkeys—with great daubs and streaks of pink, purple, and blue paint, even the lordly cranes standing in the jhils hard by bearing traces of a recent application of some garish pigments.

At one point on the road a fleet-footed blackbuck bounded across our path but a few yards in front of us, evidently expecting every second to hear the report of a firearm ring out.

We reached our destination somewhere about 11 a.m., when the tropical sun was already high in the heavens, and we debated for some time as to the advisability of doing any sight-seeing at that hour. We decided to devote some time to it before lunch and finish late in the afternoon.

“Is there anywhere a city built at a great monarch's whim, which was scarcely lived in before it was deserted, and which still stands untenanted

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save by the jackal and the squirrel, with its grandeur and beauty hardly touched by time after the unrestrained erosion of over three hundred years?"

Owing to the fact of its early abandonment and its very perfect state of preservation, it undoubtedly forms an unique specimen of a city in the exact condition in which it was occupied by the Great Mogul and his court.

"The great Akbar built it, the man whose kingly qualities surpassed those even of Muhammed of Ghazni; great as a soldier, as a philosopher, as an administrator, as a legislator, and as a man. Blessed with an heir when he had ceased to hope for one, he turned his back on Agra, and here on this mountain of leopards decreed a capital, as a tribute to the Chishti saint, Shaikh Salim, who had promised him the son. Though its walls were over six miles in circuit, and its great buildings are carved and painted and inlaid, it took but seventeen years in building, and for only the last three or four of them was it the home of Akbar's court. Then suddenly he left it; none knows why. The reasons alleged are mere guesses: lack of water, unhealthy surroundings, a caprice of the saint—but nothing is certain save that here he built a royal city, with pleasure houses for his queens, halls of debate for his pundits, courts of justice for his people, and then abandoned it to the wild beasts and to the bats."

Our guide, who was a direct descendant of the famous saint, assured us that the reason why the Emperor went to Fatehpur Sikri was so that he

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should be near the saint for whose wisdom and virtue he entertained such a profound respect and admiration. Similarly our aristocratic guide told us that he left this new city owing to the death of the saint, as he had no further use for it after his departure. We must be content, therefore, to leave the problem for ever unsolved.

Having passed the Naubat Khana, from the upper rooms of which musicians played as Akbar entered the city, the remains of the Treasury, and what is known traditionally as the Mint, we entered the court in front of the Diwan-i-'An, surrounded by a flat-roofed cloister. On the west side is the Audience Hall, with a deep verandah in front and an isolated space for the Emperor between two pierced screens of fine geometric design.

In Akbar's "Khwabgah," or "Sleeping Apartment," literally "House of Dreams," are some Persian complimentary verses, which are terribly defaced, over the architraves of the doors. The remains, too, of some paintings which decorated it can still be traced.

The Sultana's Apartment, or Turkish Queen's House, is a very lovely room fifteen by fifteen feet.

"Every square inch is carved, including the soffits of the cornices. Inside is a most elaborate dado about four feet high, consisting of sculptured panels representing forest views, animal life, etc."

The carving is very like Chinese work, and exceptionally fine throughout the chamber. Near this is the Girls' School, on an open space in front

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of which is a Pachisi-board with the Emperor's stone seat in the centre, in the form of a cross laid out in coloured pavement, and it is said the game was played with slave girls as pieces to take the moves.

Having seen so much, and the heat becoming insufferable, we determined to go back to the Dak Bungalow and rest for some hours. The Dak Bungalow, or Government hostelry, is to be found all along the main Indian roads. It is a comfortable place as a rule, in charge of a cook or Khansâman, who generally catches and kills a fowl for you when you arrive, and serves it up within twenty minutes. The bedrooms in these bungalows have an adjoining bathroom, and are adequately, if roughly, provided with furniture and lights. They cannot be retained beforehand, the first comer having the preference, and after occupying a room for twenty-four hours, you have to give place to another if required. I must say we found this one particularly clean and comfortable, and the food extremely good. It was fortunate we had our factotum with us, as nobody in the establishment knew a word of English, and our knowledge of Hindustani was still confined to a few sentences that were never needed.

There were one or two people from our hotel there who had driven over earlier in the day in a motor-car. Heavens, what a glaring anachronism! what shameful desecration! Just fancy a twentieth-century infernal machine of that kind being allowed to come within ten miles of this grand old city and

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palace still instinct with Akbar's genius, an indelible monument for all time of his greatness and magnificence.

After two meals and a thorough rest we again started off, this time visiting first the underground chambers, including Turkish baths of a most luxurious description, teeming with bats and hornets, and very possibly snakes as well, but I am thankful we saw none of the latter. There is a very spacious and interesting baoli near here, from which the baths and this part of the city were supplied with water. Leading to the well at one end is a broad staircase enclosed on each side by rooms, while around the well are chambers for Persian wheels used for drawing the water.

We were next taken to see and wonder at the Gate of Victory, or "Buland Darwazah," which has been declared by a great archæologist to be the most noble portal in India, perhaps in the world.

"This majestic structure, insolent, unforgettable, yet a mere gateway, stands close on two hundred feet high, and is set on the verge of the hill, the steps of its sandstone terraces sloping steeply down towards the plain.

"From immediately beneath you can obtain scarcely a glimpse of it, it is set up above you so high in the heavens."

You want to descend to the dusty levels below some twenty or thirty miles distant, and when the palace and temples sink out of sight, and the very hill on which it stands is lowered to the horizon,

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you realise that for no building of man's hands was it designed as a porch, this Gate of Victory, for no habitation can be imagined which it would not overwhelm.

“It was not to a city it was designed to give entrance, but to a soul, to that victorious spirit which founded on the small State his father left him the Empire of the Moguls. This boundless outlook, this vast gateway to nowhere, was the most perfect expression of the man which he could find; who, with all his wisdom and wide experience, was conscious of achieving nothing but a point of view, a place of entrance to the Beyond; who, having built a city to amuse his fancy, wrote on this the last and greatest work of it: ‘Said Isa (Jesus), on whom be peace: “The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopes for an hour may hope for eternity; the world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is nothing.”’”

The doors of this great gateway are studded with horse-shoes affixed by the owners of sick horses who implore the prayers of the saint for their recovery.

The mosque proper is said to be a copy of one at Mecca.

The Dargah Mosque contains the tomb or dargah of Shaihk Salim Chishti, which is exceedingly lovely. It is built of white marble, with lattice-work screens of the most exquisite workmanship, whilst a canopy inlaid with mother-of-pearl enshrouds the actual graves. The doors are of solid ebony ornamented with brass. Close to it

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are the tombs of other members of the saintly family, among whom rest the father and grandfather of our illustrious guide.

At the back of the mosque is an enclosure containing an infant's tomb, said to be that of the saint's son, whose life was sacrificed at the age of six months in order that Akbar's son Jahangir might live when born.

Going through the camel and horse stable, we made our way to the palace of Jodh Bai and the palace of Birbal, said to have been built by Raja Bir Bal for his daughter, who, however, was not one of the wives of Akbar.

Raja Bir Bal was celebrated for his wit and learning, and was the only Hindu of eminence who embraced the new religion of Akbar (pure deism with a ritual based on the system of Zoroaster), whose favourite courtier he was. It is a beautiful little building, to which the words of Victor Hugo have been applied: "If it were not the most minute of palaces, it was the most gigantic of jewel-cases." But notwithstanding its profuse ornamentation, the stone-panelled walls and niches covered with intricate patterns and the beautifully carved geometrical designs on the cusp-arched doorways, I cannot see that it warrants such extravagant praise.

Not far off is the Karawan Sarai, consisting of a large court surrounded by the merchants' hostels; at the north end stands the Hiran Minar, or Deer Minaret, a circular tower some seventy feet high, studded with protruding elephants' tusks of stone. Tradition says it is erected over the grave of

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Akbar's favourite elephant, and that from the lantern in the top the Emperor shot antelope and other game driven under it by beaters. Our instructive guide, on the contrary, declined to admit the possibility of this tradition being true, as he maintained there was a vast expanse of water beneath the tower in those days extending to the very walls of the city.

Perhaps the building which took my fancy more than any other was the Panch Mahal, a building of five storeys borne by open colonnades, each tier being smaller than the one below, till nothing but a small kiosk remains. It was probably erected for the ladies of the court as a pleasure resort, as the sides were originally enclosed with pierced screens. The first floor is remarkable on account of the variety of the fifty columns which support the storey above, no two being alike in design. Many of the shafts are similar, but the caps vary: at the angles of one are elephants' heads with interlaced trunks, on another is a man gathering fruit. From the topmost floor we had a magnificent view of the country around.

The last building of note is the Diwan-i-Khás—a very peculiar structure. From the outside it appears to be two storeys high, but on entering it is found to consist of one only, with a central pillar crowned by an immense circular corbelled capital, radiating from which to the four corners of the building are four stone causeways enclosed by open trellis stone balustrades. It is said that in the centre of this capital the Emperor sat whilst the

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corners were occupied by his four ministers, who expounded their different religions, from all of which he stood aloof, and eventually evolved his eclectic system.

Having seen the Anhk Michauli, where the Emperor is supposed to have played hide-and-seek with the ladies, and one or two other small unimportant buildings, we returned to the Dâk Bungalow, and had a very good meal served up before driving back to Agra in the moonlight. We could not refrain from comparing this Wonder of the East which we had just visited with the old palace and city of Amber, to which we felt bound to give the palm for beauty, both coming to the conclusion that it better accorded with our sense of the æsthetic than the red sandstone pile constructed in obedience to the capricious behest of the "Guardian of Mankind."

The drive back amid all the luminous mystery of the night was very enjoyable, and more than once it required a great effort to prevent ourselves from falling off to sleep.

We reached the hotel at 9.10, and soon went off to bed, to rise betimes next morning, after a very restful night.

Saturday, October 14th.—We crossed the Jumna by the Pontoon bridge, and took a peep at the tomb of I'timad-ud-daulah, which is the mausoleum of Ghiyas Beg, a Persian, who was the father of Nur Jahan and her brother Asaf Khan, and grandfather of the lady of the Taj. He became High

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Treasurer of Jahangir. In many respects this tomb has an individual character, being constructed of yellow-coloured marble, while the side rooms display paintings of flower vases, fruits, etc. The inlay work here is the earliest known in India (1628). The gardens around the mausoleum were beautifully laid out with scented mango groves, stately cypresses, guava, and fig trees. About half a mile north is the Chini ka Rosa, or China Tomb, which was probably erected in the reign of Aurungzebe. Externally it is decorated with glazed work, the flower patterns of many of the panels being very effective, and no doubt once very beautiful, but the whole place is now little more than a ruin.

We returned to the hotel in time for breakfast, after which we called at some half a dozen shops in a vain attempt to buy some really good picture postcards. We were also within an ace of purchasing an alabaster model of the Taj, but as the head of the establishment refused to accept the price offered, the transaction fell through.

After tea we paid a final visit to the Taj, on this occasion seeing it in full daylight. We did not enter the inner chamber owing to the troublesome officiousness of the High Priest and his satellites—the bane of India. These high dignitaries with henna-stained beards—signifying they have made a pilgrimage to Mecca, where every prayer they offer up is equivalent to 100,000 elsewhere—invariably filled me with a sickly repulsion and loathing I found it hard to conceal.

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On entering a mosque they would cringe and fawn with abject servility, but one knew it was all assumed with the sole object of extorting as much bakshish as possible. And if perchance a lack of small coins or sheer forgetfulness led me to commit the unpardonable sin of leaving their company without an acknowledgment of their nauseating behaviour, it required but a very slight imagination to read in their black looks and muttered execrations a sinister malevolence which would scarcely fall short of actual crime.

We took our last dinner in the ill-furnished room at the hotel soon after six, and were quite relieved to have it to ourselves, as at other times all the visitors sat at one long table, and an icy silence, which froze all efforts at conversation, prevailed throughout the meal.

At 8 p.m. we retired for the night in order to be in a fit state to rise at three in the morning for our journey to Cawnpore and Lucknow.

Sunday, October 15th.—It seemed very strange to leave thus in the middle of the night when the whole place was wrapped in the unbroken stillness of sleep, and I shall never forget arriving at the railway station to find it in complete darkness. The platform was bestrewn with the bodies of natives lying about in all directions, with just a white sheet or blanket to cover them, which we had to carefully dodge as we groped our way to the train. The reason for this midnight excursion was attributable to a desire to see something of

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Cawnpore on our way to Lucknow. A friend of ours, who shall be nameless, had kindly looked out a train starting from Agra at a more reasonable time, but on speaking to the stationmaster about it we discovered to our regret that this particular train was only intended for natives, there being no first or even second class compartments on it. Naturally we chose another train, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour.

CAWNPORE

We reached Cawnpore about 12.45, and on alighting marched straight to the refreshment room, where we had a meal composed chiefly of black ants. However, we felt much better after quenching our thirst, and started off in a closed conveyance with a wonderful violet-coloured window on one side, which helped to shield us from the vertical rays of the sun.

We first drove along the Grand Trunk Road which marks the southern border of the cantonment. How different from the Grand Trunk Road outside Delhi, with its avenues of banyan trees, acacias, and tamarinds affording a complete canopy impervious to the sun's rays which beat down upon us here with unchecked fury!

Skirting the Brigade Parade Ground we passed by the Savada Kothi, where the Nana lived during the siege, and where the one hundred and twenty-

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five women and children who had been spared at the Massacre Ghat were sent prior to their ultimate removal to Bibi-garh. Thence on by the native cavalry and infantry lines and the hospital to the site of Sir Hugh Wheeler's entrenchment in the summer of 1857. The line of defences and the principal buildings inside them are indicated by pillars. At one point we entered a small garden enclosure surrounding the well in which two hundred and fifty of the garrison were buried. The inscription on the cross runs—

“In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women, and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's Entrenchment when beleaguered by the rebel Nana.—June 6th to 27th, A.D. MDCCCLVII.”

When it is remembered that the whole number in the entrenchment did not exceed nine hundred, of whom more than half were women and children, one cannot but be appalled at these startling figures. Yet when one recollects the proximity of the enemy's guns; the fact that after the thatched barrack was fired on June 12th over two hundred lived day and night in the open in a temperature of 120–140 degrees of heat; and that when the British troops re-entered Cawnpore they found there was not a single square yard in the buildings in the entrenchment that was free from the scars of shot, these shocking figures become only too credible.

We next visited the Memorial Church, which

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is a very ugly building in the Romanesque style. It naturally contains a large number of memorials to those who fell near here in the Mutiny, but though deserving of a visit, these mute evidences of the terrible sacrifice of life during those early days in the Mutiny were very harrowing to us. We then drove to the spot which will ever be accursed for the crowning infamy of those troublous times.

The Sati Chaura Ghat, where on June 27th some two hundred and twenty-five men and women were brutally murdered after leaving the entrenchment under a promise of safe-conduct from the arch-villain Nana Sahib, is worthy of a better fate than for ever to be connected with such a foul deed. For nature has endowed it with a most picturesque setting. A grassy road between banks ten or twenty feet high lined with grand old trees, among which the murderers concealed themselves, leads down to the river. On the bank is a temple to Shiva shaded by the overarching branches of a sacred pipal tree, and in front a fine flight of steps descends to the river edge. The old temple was partly demolished by the furious British troops, grotesque paintings on the walls and ceiling in many cases had been totally obliterated, and the idol which formerly stood within it thrown into the river.

It was only too easy to reconstruct the terrible scene which took place here when the four hundred and fifty survivors of the siege had all embarked.

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“A bugle sounded on the order of Tantia Topi, the native boatmen left the vessels fixed in the mud, and a murderous fire of grapeshot and musketry opened on all sides. The thatched roofs of the budgerows burst into flames, having been ignited by hot cinders, and the sick and wounded were burnt to death or more mercifully suffocated by the smoke; while the stronger women with children in their arms took to the river, to be shot down in the water, to be sabred in the stream by mounted troops who rode in after them, to be bayoneted on reaching land, or to be made captives and reserved for a later and more cruel immolation.”

Even as we looked upon the steel-grey waters of the Jumna we shuddered at the thought of that vile act of treachery, and wondered whether the scoundrel who instigated such a deed really met his death by fever in the Nepalese terai or was reserved for a worse and more befitting fate. Surely, if he escaped the hands of his enemies it was so that the judgment pronounced by that Higher Tribunal might be more commensurate with his infamous betrayal.

After quitting the Ghat we were driven to the Memorial Gardens, which are beautifully laid out and well tended. As both Simon and our driver were natives, they were not admitted into the enclosure, which is sacred to the memory of those fellow-countrymen and women of ours who fell victims to Nana's final act of butchery.

Upon a mound in the middle of the gardens, raised over the well in which the victims of the

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Bibi-garh massacre were buried, is the memorial in the form of an octagonal Gothic screen. In the centre of the enclosure, on the actual well, is the figure of the Angel of the Resurrection in white marble by Marochetti, with arms crossed on her breast as if resigned to the Almighty Will, each hand holding a palm, the emblem of peace. Over the arch is inscribed,

“These are they which came out of great tribulation.”

Around the screen wall which marks the circle of the well is the legend—

“Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhundu Pant of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the fifteenth day of July MDCCCLVII.”

This culminating horror of the great tragedy at Cawnpore is so well known and yet so obscure that it is best told in the fewest and simplest words:—

“Among the herd of helpless victims huddled together in the narrow rooms at Bibi-garh there were but four or five men. When Nana Sahib learnt that Havelock’s army had crossed the Pundoo-nuddee, and was in full march upon his capital, he had them brought forth and killed in his presence, and instructions were given to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of their prison-house. Some soldierly instincts seem to have survived in the breasts of these men, and they intentionally fired at the

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ceilings of the chambers. So some butchers were summoned from the bazaars—stout Mussulmans accustomed to slaughter—and two or three Hindoos from the villages of Nana's guard. 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 with the sharp steel. And there the bodies lay, some only half-dead, all through the night, to be cast away next morning, the dying with the dead, into the adjacent well."

This bestial act of unmitigated cruelty sent a thrill of horror through the whole Christian world and roused English manhood in India to a pitch of national hatred that took years to allay.

It is a curious thing that on the particular day we visited the scene of that hideous massacre two or three natives were employed about the sacred enclosure, at which we were naturally rather surprised. The soldier who acted as our informant told us that they were only allowed in once a year to wash and clean it out, and that this happened to be the day selected in 1905.

Having left this hallowed spot, we drove by a statue of the late Queen down a most beautiful avenue of fan palms to the city, or rather its outskirts, and eventually back to the station. We had another meal there, and strolled up and down the platform for about an hour waiting for our train. Then occurred the most annoying incident with which we had yet had to contend on our travels. We had just got comfortably settled in a very commodious first class compartment, some-

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what weary and sick at heart with all the things we had seen and their sad associations, when the train pulled up at another station in Cawnpore and we were unceremoniously bundled out with the explanation that this train did not go to Lucknow. Of course the retort obvious was that we certainly did not seem to be in Lucknow, but I refrained from making it, as it did not appear to be quite in harmony with our mood. So we stormed the stationmaster's office instead, but the sole comfort we gained from him was that the train we intended to catch was discontinued on October 1st, and that we should be obliged to wait about two hours for the next. We felt very indignant with the Agra stationmaster who had so negligently misinformed us, and were inclined to report him, but on second thoughts decided to go for another drive to afford us a chance of cooling down, so Simon was despatched to look for a carriage. About an hour elapsed before a very smart barouche with a handsome pair of horses drove up; but as Simon had disappeared, and we were not sure it was intended for us, it remained there for some time. When he at last returned it was too late for a drive, so the carriage was sent back with a rupee for its trouble, and we betook ourselves to the refreshment room while Simon guarded the hand-luggage, which took up a large portion of the platform.

After a tedious wait our train steamed in, but every compartment was occupied, so for the first time during our visit to India we were obliged to

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separate, Kitty stepping into a ladies' carriage, while I disturbed a few officers who were enjoying a quiet smoke. Fortunately, it is but little more than an hour's run to Lucknow, so that soon after 8.30 we drew up at the platform.

LUCKNOW

However, there was a very inadequate supply of carriages, and Simon had to go and rescue the heavy luggage, which had already arrived by an earlier train; so it took a considerable time to get away, and when we finally drew up at Wutzler's Royal Hotel we both heaved very profound sighs of relief. Our apartment, too, increased our satisfaction, being quite the most comfortable and best furnished we had so far been allotted.

On Monday, October 16th, we were too fatigued after our trying experiences the previous day to take a drive before breakfast, so indulged in an English morning by way of a change.

About 10.30 we left the hotel, driving along Abbott Road, and up the Strand Road, (where the post and telegraph office and all the best shops are situated) in the direction of the Residency.

There was something peculiarly European about the place which made us feel quite at home, and there were far more white faces to be seen than in any other place we had visited, not even excepting Bombay.

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The Residency is probably the spot which all Englishmen would visit first in Lucknow, therefore it was only fit and proper that we should wend our way there the first morning of our stay.

“It is entered on the east side by a road which runs under the Baillie gate, and passes upwards between the Banqueting Hall on the right and Dr. Fayrer’s house on the left. This gate was banked up with earth inside during the siege, and Generals Havelock and Outram entered through an opening to the left of it.”

The Baillie Guard, situated on the lower ground below the hospital, was partly used as a storeroom, partly as the treasury and office, and partly as barracks for the Sepoys.

“The hospital was unfortunately in a very exposed position, and shot and shell came crashing in at all times—the sufferers were constantly shot in their beds, and at an early period of the siege the upper storey of the building had been rendered untenable.”

Dr. Fayrer’s house, which was occupied by a garrison commanded by Captain Weston and Dr. Fayrer, and on the first relief by Sir James Outram and his staff, has a number of subterranean rooms, or “taikhanas,” in which the women and children were protected. But its chief interest lies in its being the house in which that brave hero, Sir Henry Lawrence, breathed his last on July 4th, but three days after the historic siege began. It was on the second that he received his mortal

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wound while transacting business in his sitting-room in the Residency.

“He was lying down at the time while the A.D.G. read an official memorandum to him and awaited his orders. Whilst General Wilson was still reading, a crashing noise was heard; then the room was filled with smoke and dust through which nothing could be seen. The staff-officer was thrown to the ground, but on recovering himself cried out, ‘Sir Henry, are you hurt?’ At first there was no answer, but after a while the feeble voice of the Chief Commissioner was heard to say, ‘I am killed!’ And when the smoke cleared away it was seen that the bed on which Lawrence lay was crimson with his blood. A shell from the howitzer captured from us at Chinhat had exploded in the General’s room and a fragment wounded him fearfully on the left thigh. It is a striking instance of the manner in which what is called ‘the doctrine of chances’ may be falsified by actual events, that a shell had burst on the preceding day in the same room between Lawrence and Couper, leaving both unhurt. When the former was exhorted to shift his quarters, he answered it was not likely that another shell would burst in the same room.

“For two days he lingered, and except when on one or two occasions chloroform was administered to deaden the sense of pain, he remained in full possession of his faculties nearly to the last. His last counsel was, ‘No surrender! Let every man die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children!’

“Thus passed away one of the Nation’s greatest heroes.”

The Residency grounds are very beautiful, for combined with the tropical luxuriance of an Indian

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garden are the picturesque ruins of those historic buildings which played such an important part in the epic siege. So many of the original buildings have disappeared, and so much has been done in clearing the surroundings, that it is impossible to appreciate the desperate nature of the struggle without reference to a raised model in what were the "Women's Quarters."

An old Mutiny veteran—one of the few living survivors of the siege—escorted us round, pointing out the chief landmarks and detailing their history at such lightning speed that we missed a great deal through sheer inability to keep pace with his rapid flow of language. He had been through the siege so many hundreds of times since that memorable year, and gave us credit for such an intimate knowledge of the events which then occurred, that he omitted much that would have been interesting, and failed to explain many things which to us were wholly unintelligible.

The Residency building—the appearance of which is so well known even to those who have never visited India—is almost a complete ruin, though a very beautiful one; but it is still possible to ascend the staircase of one of the towers where throughout the siege the Banner of England floated—

“Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our Banner of England
blew!”

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Our old cicerone pointed out to us the site of Johannes House, from which that unerring shot, "Bob the Nailer," picked off so many of our men during the first days of the siege. It was blown up on August 20th by Captain Fulton, and sixty or eighty of the rebels were killed. Then there was Gubbins' Garrison, in the south-west angle of the defences, where our old hero himself bore the brunt of the rebels' attack, and where poor Fulton had his head completely severed from his body by a nine-pound shot on September 14th. He is said to have been indefatigable in his endeavours to foil the enemy, and by his assiduous countermining underground to have contributed largely to our ultimate success.

Then there was the Begam Kothi, which afforded shelter to so many women and children, among them the wife of our old guide's brother, who brought a child into the world amid all this strife and turmoil.

"Every spot in the Residency is interesting, but perhaps the most interesting, if the saddest of all, is the cemetery round the ruined church in which Sir Henry Lawrence, Brigadier-General Neill, and so many brave men and women and hapless children, to the number of nearly two thousand, sleep their last sleep."

Sir Henry Lawrence's grave bears the well-known inscription :—

"Here lies HENRY LAWRENCE, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"—

in compliance with his deathbed request.

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All natives are now excluded from the cemetery, as on several occasions in the past they have been observed to desecrate the grave of General Neill, who was left by Havelock to support English authority in the reoccupied city of Cawnpore, and in the performance of that duty inflicted dire retribution on the rebels he captured by hanging them to trees and leaving their bodies to rot there.

It was nearly time for tiffin when we got back to the hotel, and we rested till tea-time after our rather tiring morning.

We then took a delightful drive in the direction of the cantonments, and pulled up by the polo ground for some time to watch a handicap tournament in progress and listen to the strains of the military band. We drove back through Wingfield Park, which comprises eighty acres of flower-gardens and grounds adorned with many white marble statues and pavilions.

We came to the conclusion that Lucknow was a most charming place at which to make a stay, and resolved to remain there for four days if we really felt we could spare the time.

We had a particularly well-cooked dinner that night, for the cuisine at the Royal is quite equal to a first class English hotel.

The other visitors, too, struck us as much pleasanter than any we had encountered at the other hotels in which we had been quartered.

On Tuesday, October 17th, we rose about eight o'clock and drove past the Museum and Chhatar

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Manzil to the Machhi Bhawan Palace. Both the Chhatar Manzils are surmounted by an umbrella (chhatar), whence this name. The larger, on the bank of the river, used now as a club, marks the eastern limit to which the British position was extended after the relief of September 25th, 1857.

About twelve hundred yards west of the Residency is the great Imambarah, which stood inside the Machhi Bhawan enclosure.

The fort has been removed since 1857, and nothing now remains of it except the high site to the east of the Imambarah.

Both the palace, Imambarah, and its mosque were built by Asaf-ud-daulah, who removed the capital of the Nawáb wazirs of Oudh from Fyzabad to Lucknow. The Imambarah court is entered by a handsome gateway, and the great courtyard, with a lofty mosque and two minarets on the west side, and the immense structure of the Imambarah at the head of the steps on the south side, are decidedly fine, though the details will not bear inspection. For nearly all the buildings at Lucknow are of a degraded and barbarous type, entirely devoid of any architectural merits, and only too characteristic of the effeminate and utterly corrupt rulers responsible for their construction. An imambarah is a building to which the Shiahhs carry the "taziahs" or biers in the "Muharram." As this fast only takes place once a year and lasts ten days, we were somewhat lucky to visit the Imambarah during its continuance, since the taziah of the Nawáb who built it was in the Great Hall, and a more

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tawdry, tasteless, vulgarly ostentatious receptacle for the dead is wholly inconceivable. It was simply a mass of tiny mirrors and wax flowers surrounded by candles with a vivid red hue predominating.

It is interesting to observe that this religious festival, to which allusion is made above, is held in remembrance of the death of Hasan and Husain, the sons of 'Ali by Fatima, daughter of Mohammed.

“ They were both murdered in 668 and 680 A.D. respectively. The fast (during which no food or drink passes the lips all day till sunset) begins on the first of Muharram, when Moslems of the Shiah persuasion assemble in the Taziah Khana, or house of mourning. On the night of the seventh an image of Burak, the animal on which Mohammed ascended to heaven, is carried in procession, and on the tenth the taziahs or biers are similarly conveyed. These are thrown into the sea or other water, and in the absence of water are buried in the earth. The mourners move in a circle, beating their breasts with cries of ‘Ya Hasan! Ya Husain!’ or ‘Ya Ali!’ At this time fanatical feeling is apt to run very high and serious disturbances sometimes take place.”

To return to the Imambarah which we were in. It was built in 1784 partly to afford relief in the terrible famine of that time, which swept over all North India. The Great Hall is 163 feet long by 53 broad, and is one of the largest vaulted galleries in the world, but completely spoilt by its horribly tawdry fittings.

We wandered for a long time up endless stairs and through labyrinthine passages till we gained

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the roof, which is encompassed by innumerable domes and small cupolas. The view of Lucknow from this height was certainly very fine.

At the end of the roadway in front of the Imambarah is the Rumi Darwazah, or Turkish Gate, probably built on the analogy of the Sublime Porte, but much disfigured by absurd decoration.

“About one thousand yards on is the Husainabad Imambarah, and opposite it the Clock Tower and tank, and the Satkanda or seven-storeyed tower. The first was built by Muhammad 'Ali Shah 1837 A.D. as a burial-place for himself, and is small in comparison with the Machchi Bhawan.”

It stands in a large quadrangle which has a marble reservoir of water in the centre crossed by a fanciful iron bridge, and the general appearance more resembles that of a winter garden than a more or less respectable King of Oudh's resting-place.

The hall itself is simply filled with mirrors and massive chandeliers, and contains the throne of the King covered with beaten silver and his wife's divan with solid silver supports.

The seven-storeyed watch-tower was not completed when Muhammad 'Ali departed this life, so that only four storeys are built.

The Talukdar's Hall, which we next entered, is quite a nice private, house with billiard-room, drawing-room, and all complete. It contains a collection of portraits of the various Nawábs and Kings of Oudh. After gazing on their ignoble features we need no longer be surprised that one of

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them was frequently seen walking about the streets of his own capital in an advanced stage of intoxication, that another used to entertain his subjects with music and rhymes of his own composition, and that they were one and all irreclaimable profligates, sunk in abject debauchery.

The tank opposite the Barahdarri is an extremely fine and picturesque work, with its gleaming surface covered with pink and white lotus, and its sides edged with scarlet hibiscus.

We escaped from this lovely spot after rewarding a host of salaaming natives with appropriate Indian coins, and returned to the hotel.

We again rested till after tea, when we took another charming drive, in the course of which we happened on some military sports, which occupied our attention for half an hour or more.

We visited that afternoon the Alam Bagh, with the grave and memorial of General Havelock, which we had some difficulty in finding. It is a walled enclosure five hundred yards square, and was built by Wajid 'Ali as an occasional residence for a favourite wife.

The General's tomb is surmounted by an obelisk thirty feet high, with a very lengthy inscription recording his career and death on November 24th, 1857.

The rest of the day was spent in piquet and dinner, and we retired early, according to our almost invariable custom.

Wednesday, October 18th.—We drove before breakfast to the other side of the river Gumti, and

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entered the Shah Najaf, or tomb of Ghazi-ud-din Haidar Khan, surmounted by a dome and surrounded by walls of such immense thickness that neither the heavy guns of the Naval Brigade nor those of Captain Middleton's battery brought close up were able to make any impression on them. Some of the defenders of this impregnable stronghold are said to have made use of bows and arrows probably for the last time in Indian warfare (November 1857).

We were unable to gain admission to the Sikandra Bagh, so turned back and drove to the Martinière, a peculiar irregular building in a sort of debased Italian style. It has been styled "a whimsical pile," and bizarre it certainly is, though there is something striking about its great central tower. It is now one of the best schools in India for the education of children of European descent whose parents are permanent residents in the country or who hold subordinate positions under Government. It was built by Major-General Martin, who was the son of a cooper, and originally fought against the English under Lally. He shortly after entered the British Army and rose to the rank of a captain, when he took service with the Nawáb of Oudh. It is said that Asaf-ud-daulah offered him £1,000,000 sterling for the Martinière, but the Nawáb died before the bargain was concluded, and General Martin himself dying before the completion of the building, directed it should be finished out of the funds left to endow a school in it.

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The advance on the Martinière in November 1857 met with strong resistance from the rebels, who again held it in March 1858.

Hard by the College stands the modest monument to that dazzling figure of the Mutiny days, Major Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

The Dilkusha, or "Heart-expanding," is a very picturesque ruin lying in the midst of an extensive park. It was a villa built by S'aadat 'Ali Khan, captured on November 12th, 1857, by Sir Colin Campbell, and here, twelve days later, General Havelock expired with the knowledge that the whole garrison of Lucknow had been safely rescued from the Residency.

After breakfast we went out again, this time to the Sudder Bazaar and Chauk Bazaar in the native portion of the city. After a great deal of higgling and haggling we managed to secure a rather handsome silver bowl, and then drove back. The streets in the native part are too narrow for carriages to pass down them, so we had to remain rather on the outskirts all the time.

We were intensely interested in a native wedding procession which we overtook. It was a very gay cortège, accompanied by a cloud of blinding dust and the deafening blare of trumpets. The bridegroom—a mere boy—was seated on an elephant, and was wearing a long yellow veil, whether to hide his blushes or keep off the mosquitoes I have never been able to ascertain. The poor bride, arrayed in the splendour of vivid colours and tinsel—as if in acknowledgment of

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her inferior position—was carried some distance behind in a gaudily draped palanquin surrounded by a bodyguard of female sympathisers. A brass band, obviously introduced to make things hum, succeeded admirably in creating ear-splitting discord, while some native troops brought up the rear, presumably to maintain order and discipline.

In the afternoon we again drove through that lovely park with its velvety turf and endless variety of trees and flowers, watched some more polo, and returned to the hotel with a deep feeling of regret that our visit to Lucknow was over.

We left at 8.40 next morning, and had rather a hot journey to Benares. At each station where we halted the bhisti walking up and down the platform, with his monotonous cry of "Pani, Pani," was in great request, and he had to replenish his sheepskin bag more than once to fill the brass and copper vessels of the Hindus and Mohammedans on our train.

It was interesting to observe how religiously the Hindus guarded their lotas or metal drinking vessels, to which they cling as a cherished possession when nothing else belongs to them in the world; for even in these revolutionary days, when the iron chains of caste are perceptibly relaxing their grip, the native would rather die of thirst than drink from another's cup.

At one station, a Purdah-lady, with a large sheet-like veil held over her by four attendants to conceal her features from the curious gaze of man, was shuffling along amid the jingle of gold anklets

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and rings, with which even her toes were covered, to the compartment reserved for her, while at another halting-place a number of big, grey langur monkeys afforded us no small entertainment by their human behaviour.

BENARES

We arrived at Benares soon after 2 p.m., where we were met by the affable manager of the Hôtel de Paris.

There was also a dirty-looking Mohammedan on our carriage, who importunately urged us to engage him as a guide—a request to which, in a weak and foolish moment, we acceded.

We rested until 4 p.m., and then started off with the plausible old humbug to see some of the sights of this sacred city of the Hindus.

The town of Benares is one of the most ancient cities on the globe, for twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, it was already famous.

When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, and Tyre was planting her colonies; before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, she had already risen to greatness, if not glory.

When Hiouen Tshang, the celebrated Chinese pilgrim, visited it in the seventh century A.D., he described it as containing thirty Buddhist monasteries with about three thousand monks,

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and one hundred temples of Hindu gods. And still to-day, after the lapse of thirteen centuries, it is the Mecca of the pious Hindu, the great northern centre of the worship of Shiva, the religious capital of India. It is computed that not less than one million pilgrims visit this Hindu Rome every year ; that the number of Brahmans, or members of the priestly caste, is upwards of thirty thousand, and that there are as many as four thousand temples and shrines in the place. But I am not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of these last figures, as they were given by our guide, in whose truthfulness I should not be inclined to put much faith.

Directly after tea we drove down to the heart of the city and plunged into a stifling maze of squalid, winding lanes, so narrow in parts that it was almost impossible for two persons to walk abreast, and a gharry would be jammed in between two walls before it had traversed many yards. In these winding alleys, littered with garbage in all the stages of decay, its rainbow hues sprawling across our path, the stench was at times so bad that we would have gladly turned back had we not feared to offend our miserable old guide. The level of these streets was considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have, as a rule, arched rows in front with little shops behind them ; while above, they are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad overhanging eaves supported by carved brackets.

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Unlike the bazaars we had previously visited, in which the houses were built mainly of wood and seldom more than two storeys high, these were built of Chanár stone, and generally of three or even five and six storeys. The outside of many of the houses is painted a deep red colour, while the most conspicuous parts are covered with pictures of flowers, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses in all the multiform shapes known in Hindu mythology.

As no two adjacent buildings are of the same height, the skyline along the streets is notched like the edge of a rag—one house leaning across the pavement while another staggers back from it.

Hanuman, red, shameless, and smeared with oil, lears at you from above stolid black stone bulls, knee-deep in yellow flowers. Bells clamour from unseen temples, and from the niches in the walls the blind, the lame, and the leprous hold up their mutilated limbs to the light, and bare their ulcerated breasts to the fœtid wind.

These Yogi, or Hindu religious mendicants, literally line the principal streets on both sides. Some have their arms or legs distorted by long continuance in one position ; others have kept their hands clenched till the finger-nails have pierced entirely through their hands. By this means, according to their weird ideas, they claim to acquire a miraculous power over elementary matter, and to effect a junction with the universal spirit.

Hinduism prescribes eighty-four lakhs (8,400,000) of rebirths before arriving at Nirvana, or the

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cessation of existence. Life must always be more or less painful, they say, and the object of every good man is to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of conscious existence by merging his individual soul into the universal spirit. This is Nirvana—the final rest of the soul—absolute annihilation ; and Yogism, with its meditation, renunciation of the world, and self-inflicted tortures, provides one of the short cuts to that final goal.

The Golden Temple, which is dedicated to Shiva as the Poison God (a name given to him because he swallowed the poison when the gods and demons churned the ocean), is one among a score of shrines which struggle to reach the light from out of this slough of crowding houses and hustling streets.

From the walled-in alley the great cupola which gives it its name is invisible, so we were led up a dark staircase to the upper storey of a flower-seller's shop, from which a very good view is obtainable. To the left rose a curious red conical tower or Sikra, next to it a gilt dome, and on the right the gilt tower of Shiva's or Bisheshwar's temple. They are covered with gold plates over the layer of copper which encases the stones, the expense of gilding having been defrayed by Maharaja Ranjit Singh of Lahore. After leaving this shop, where offerings of flowers were for sale to devotees of the shrine, we passed through a wet and stinking quadrangle to the famous "Gyan Kup," or "Well of Knowledge," where Shiva is supposed to live. It is protected by a high stone screen covered by a

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stone canopy, but the worshippers, by whom the quadrangle is always thronged, are no longer permitted to cast offerings of flowers, sweetmeats, etc., into it. Even when they were allowed, the crowd was usually so great that the water they flung towards the well as often as not fell on the heads and robes of those who were nearer the sacred brink.

This holy well must contain the dead flowers of ten centuries in one putrid pulp, and the horrible stench which rises to heaven like an acrid column of invisible smoke from this censer of putrefaction is the most glaring example of an odour of sanctity to be found in our present terrestrial habitation.

A huge red Nandi or bull, with a complacent smile on its face, waits patiently for worshippers on a small stone pedestal, while on another side is an iron railing within which is a shrine of white marble.

We then entered the temple of Annapurna, a goddess supposed to have express orders from Bisheshwar to feed the inhabitants of Benares, and in front were congregated a number of beggars. It was built about 1725 by the Peshwa of that date, Baji Rao. There are four shrines in the temple, dedicated to the Sun, Ganesh, Gauri Shankar, and the monkey-god Hanuman.

From time to time men and women entered and crouched down on blocks of stone half hidden in flowers, telling their beads the while, or prostrated themselves before one of the idols, muttering to themselves some invocation.

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“They would lay chaplets of marigolds, garlands of Asok leaves, and white champak blossoms at the shrines, and give a ‘jow’ to a deep-toned bell hung in the archway to attract the god’s attention. A faint smell of incense rose from braziers, sending up blue spiral flames of smoke, and then a waft of exquisite perfume came from the living flowers.”

Sacred Brahman bulls wandered about at will, and gay-coloured peacocks strutted round with the full knowledge that the place belonged to them, while pigeons flew down and pecked up the grains of rice from Ganesh’s grotesque body which the Brahman widows (distinguishable by the sacred texts printed all over their saris) had scattered about.

These shrines and temples are strangely interesting, with their idols of stone, wood, and brass; some daubed with red ochre or black paint, others smeared with a dubious white; this one rejoicing in three eyes and that one in four arms; one given an elephant’s head, another that of a monkey.

Yet it is all very real to the eager multitude of pilgrims who pour into the city year after year, where they hope to find a refuge from every sorrow, a shelter from every calamity. There is no sin from which they cannot obtain absolution by a payment to the priest and some form of ceremonial purification.

“These Brahmans or priests are gilt-edged individuals who toil not, neither do they spin, but are the representatives of hereditary holiness, to flatter, feast, and fee whom is the bounden duty

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of all good Hindus of inferior birth. Manu, the lawgiver of Hinduism, who flourished five hundred years B.C., assigned to them the 'duty' of 'receiving gifts' and declared them by right of birth the lords of creation. The Brahmans have certainly lived up to the privileges conferred on them with an undeviating exactitude during the last twenty-four centuries, and their influence is still enormous. They are the brain-power as well as the blood-suckers of Hinduism; the Zadkiel's Almanack, Everyman's own lawyer, and *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the social and domestic life of the Hindu. When in doubt, the Hindu pays a Brahman."

In some parts of India the sight of a Brahman coming down the highway used to be the signal for men of lesser degree to clear off it, but nowadays he is not regarded with quite so much awe, for his prestige is rapidly on the decline, and is only maintained at its ancient pitch in remote villages and in the fastnesses of superstition in great cities.

The Brahman who took us into the temples and guided our footsteps through the sordid paradise of Benares was a very fine, handsome specimen of humanity. Light of complexion, with an ample forehead, his countenance of striking significance, his lips thin and mouth expressive, his eyes quick and sharp, this noble-looking figure, draped in white, carried himself with the proud conviction of superiority depicted in every muscle of his face.

We eventually found ourselves in the Brass-market, where our crafty old guide lured us into a shop with the object of inducing us to buy something on which he would obtain a handsome

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commission; but we were not so easily gulled, and respectfully declined to make even the smallest purchase.

We drove back to the hotel before sunset and retired to bed early.

Friday, October 3rd.—Next morning we went down to the river Ganges, which at Benares is lined with the stone stairways of the celebrated ghats.

“On the crest of the bank are temples and palaces, lofty houses with white walls, immense caravanserais for travellers, and steeples visible to the pilgrim from afar.”

We embarked at the Dasaswamedh Ghat, one of the five celebrated places of pilgrimage in Benares, so called from the belief that Brahma here offered in sacrifice (medh) ten (das) horses (aswe).

I shall never forget the scene as we drifted out towards midstream. The grandeur of that amphitheatre, extending for about three miles in a graceful curve, the countless towers rearing their conical heads in all directions, the occasional dome of a Mohammedan mosque, and below the endless flight of steps descending to the water, covered with booths and shelters and pilgrims, the women with water-pots of earthenware or dazzling brass upon their heads, the men bathing and drinking the water of Holy Gunga, while the smoke from the Burning Ghat rose steadily skywards.

“The display of colour was indescribably wonderful. The wet stairs; the glistening brown

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bodies of naked men ; the moving figures in white, blue, yellow, and red ; the many-coloured flags ; the primrose-tinted umbrellas and their round shadows ; the glittering brass water-pots ; the green pipal trees ; and high above the restless crowd the broken line of ancient and solemn buildings."

We first went up the river, passing in succession the Munshi Ghat, which is perhaps the most picturesque of all, and belongs to the Maharaja of Darbhanga ; the Rana Ghat, built by the Maha Rana of Udaipur ; the Chausathi Ghat, one of the most ancient—where on an open terrace the sannyâsin in their salmon-coloured robes might be seen with their young pupils studying the intricacies of Pânini, the celebrated Sanskrit grammarian—and the Someshwar Ghat, so called from the adjacent temple of the moon, Soma being the "moon" and Ishwar "lord." Every kind of disease is supposed to be healed here, while close by is an alley in which is the shrine of Barahan Devi, a female Æsculapius who is worshipped in the morning and is supposed to cure swollen hands and feet.

Turning at this point, we passed the above-mentioned ghats again, and then came to Jai Singh's observatory behind the Man Mandir Ghat, the Nepalese Temple standing out by the Lalita Ghat, the Golden Temple gleaming brightly in the sunshine, and the Jal Sain, or Burning Ghat, which is one of the holiest places in the whole of Benares.

"It is a mere gap in the long embankment of steep stairs where the river bank is bare and black with the trodden ashes of centuries of pyres. Here

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is the mother bank of the old river, the one strip of untouched earth in the long array of temples, palaces, and steps. It is flanked on either side by huge square blocks of masonry belonging to the river wall, the line of bricks and stones breaking suddenly as if in awe of the place. Huge stacks of timber were piled up by the side of the ghat, and in three or four spots were pyres prepared for the reception of the dead. Here and there were strewed the charred remains of bodies already cremated, the ashes waiting to be thrown into the Ganges. But the ghastliest sight was the logs on which were laid bodies wrapped in a meagre cloth, the men in white, the women in red, the sharp outlines in their attenuated forms showing distinctly through the transparent shroud. The chief mourner, distinguished by his white dress, sets fire to the four corners of the stack, the red flame creeps up, the parched skin crackles, and soon naught remains but a mass of cinders where once was a human form."

We turned with disgust from the horrors of the Burning Ghat, upon the shore of which greasy black embers and an oily scum, rotting henna blossoms and blackened bones, are continually being washed on the surface of the lapping wavelets. For, precious as is a pilgrimage to Benares in the eyes of the devout Hindu, to die there by the brink of the sacred river is the greatest boon for which he craves, and when a man's days are numbered his one object is to reach the Holy City before the end comes. To die at Benares is to obtain plenary absolution, since the divine water washes away all impurities; yet strangely enough, on the other bank

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of the river the ground is held accursed, and is nothing but a desolate expanse of waste land. True it is that at Ramnagar stands the palace of the Maharaja of Benares, but when he feels the approach of death he too will hurry across the stream to die on the other side.

The Manikarnika Ghat, at which we disembarked, is considered the most sacred of all. It derives its name from Mani = a jewel, and Karna = the ear, Devi or Mahadeo having dropped an earring into the well which is at the top of the steps. The well, or, more properly, tank, is about thirty-five feet square and filled with filthy green water. Offerings of the Bel tree, flowers, milk, sandalwood, mehtoy or sweetmeats, and water are thrown into it, and the smell arising therefrom is in consequence anything but pleasant.

Between the well and the ghat we were shown the Charanapaduka, a round slab projecting slightly from the pavement, on which stands a pedestal of stone; on its marble top are two imprints said to have been made by the feet of Vishnu. Farther up this ghat is a temple to Ganesh. The idol has three eyes, is painted red, has a silver scalp and an elephant's trunk covered with a bib. As we walked along the steps we passed suttee-stones marking the spot where Hindu widows formerly immolated themselves on their husband's funeral pyre.

Farther on was a man squatting while his head was being shaved, for ^{sin} is supposed to adhere to the hairs of the head among the Hindus, who can

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undertake no religious ceremony or rite without being divested of their locks.

Under the shade of a large mushroom-like chuttree made of dried palm leaves, a poojari or master of ceremonies would be waiting with the little saucers of vermilion and sandal and sacred gypsum needed in his profession; for he earns his livelihood by the inherited right of hall-marking his fellow-creatures with their caste-signs when they come up out of the water. These caste-marks bring great spiritual pride to the wearers, who are thus able to distinguish the caste of those whom they meet—a very necessary measure among a people whose every action is governed by the arbitrary and often unjust rules of caste.

As we threaded our way through the cramped byways we noticed many of the natives, especially the women, shrink away from us as if afraid of being contaminated by our breath. This was due to the fact that the higher and "clean" castes are prohibited from touching the lower or out-castes, even the brushing of garments in passing being reckoned defilement and the shadow of the inferior considered unclean.

We went into the Ahmêty Temple, the stone-carving of which was simply wonderful with its cusped arches, graceful tracery, and row of winged figures under the main cornice representing the Gandharvas—the heavenly musicians—and the Apsarasas—the dancing girls of Indra's heaven.

Before leaving we were, of course, garlanded by the ubiquitous priest in expectation of the

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eternal bakshish, which was promptly forthcoming.

We then embarked again and passed by Sindhia's Ghat, where the foundations of the temple have sunk into the mud, so that the line of the ghats is interrupted by cracked masonry and helpless ruin. We noticed one or two others, particularly the Panchganga and Gau Ghats; the former so named from the belief that five rivers meet beneath it, the latter from the number of cows which resort to it.

We were then rowed back past the pilgrims bathing, praying, and muttering their mantras, returning to the hotel in time for lunch.

Whilst on the river that morning Simon and our Moslem friend nearly came to blows, and Kitty and I were already beginning to feel disgusted with him; but in view of the many extraordinary sights we saw, I do not feel justified in blaming the old scoundrel for his evident desire to race through his task as quickly as possible.

After tea we drove first to the Maharaja of Vijayanagram's Palace at Belipur, but were not deeply impressed by it, as all the knicknacks and ornaments were very cheap and tawdry, a clock with a musical inside being deemed one of the greatest marvels of the place.

We then proceeded to the Durga Temple, which is generally known as the Monkey Temple by Europeans. It is stained red with ochre and stands in a quadrangle surrounded by high walls. In front of the principal entrance is the band-room,

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where the priest beats a large drum three times a day. Directly we were inside the precincts, hundreds of monkeys of all sizes and ages swarmed round us ; but we were in no fear of attack, as most of them seemed well disposed towards us, though one or two old ones protecting their young looked as if they resented our intrusion.

Through the doors plated with brass the hideous image of the goddess who delights in destruction could be clearly seen, while in one of the corners of the quadrangle was a shrine of Kâli, the idol consisting of nothing but a metal mask and a collection of gaudy draperies. These masks, however, are often fine pieces of repoussé work, and an idol is sometimes provided with a series of them displaying a variety of expressions, to represent the different manifestations of the deity.

Prior to our departure, a Brahman with a shrewd eye to the main chance crowned us with floral chaplets and pronounced a benediction, expressing a wish that I might some day rise to the dignity of a Sheriff. It might be well to mention here, too, that our venerable guide frequently addressed me as "Your Honour," whilst Kitty was once dignified with the inspiring title, "Your famous Ladyship."

The cunning old rascal drove back with us to the hotel after this, and forced his way into our room, not because he was dissatisfied with the fee I paid him, but simply to obtain my signature to a testimonial enlarging upon his exceptional qualities as a guide. Though he produced chits signed by

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the Duke of Newcastle and other celebrities, I did not feel disposed to endorse their extravagant eulogies, and my persistent refusal caused the old man intense annoyance. However, subsequent information more than justified my attitude, as we learnt he had attempted to bribe Simon to further his interests, and that for every article we purchased in the bazaars he would have been given a substantial commission. Unhappily for him, we bought nothing there at all, as we could not beat them down to our price, and their very gods fought against them, one of the brass images inflicting a nasty wound on Kitty's hand, which the officious shopman insisted on bandaging with red rag.

Our apartments at Benares were very full of live things, particularly black ants, which had constructed a highway down the wall behind our beds and across the room. There was an endless procession up and down this road, which unfortunately overflowed eventually into my portmanteaux, and every time I dressed or changed my clothes I had to shake them well in order to get rid of the obnoxious vermin. In our bathroom, too, there was a hornets' nest which struck us as uncomfortably near, but these insects were considerate enough to keep to themselves.

We heard afterwards there was a cobra in the hotel compound which escaped, and perhaps it was as well for our peace of mind that Simon withheld the knowledge till we had left.

After dinner that night a wizened old man with a high-pitched, squeaky voice droned out a

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monotonous wail to the accompaniment of a dulcimer. As he was indefatigable in playing his one and only tune, the piteous notes of which still ring in my ears, we were obliged to request him, through an interpreter, to absent himself from the hotel till we were better able to bear what sounded like a Scotch ballad in a minor key sung intentionally out of tune.

Saturday, October 21st.—Next morning we went out to Sarnath before breakfast. It is about four miles distant, and the site of old Benares where Buddha taught. On the road we passed a well-preserved Stupa or Tope erected to mark some spot sanctified by the presence of Buddha or by some act of his during his long residence there. It is situated in the deer park where he took up his abode with his five disciples when he first removed from Gaya on attaining Buddhahood, and commenced his mission as a teacher. It is a very curious building, the basement of which is constructed of stones clamped together with iron to the height of forty-three feet, and above that it is brickwork to the height of one hundred and ten feet above the surrounding ruins. There are small niches all round, intended apparently to contain seated figures of Buddha, and below them bands of sculptured ornaments of the most exquisite beauty and design. Of course there is but little remaining now of this ancient city beyond acres of mounds and excavations, but in a little enclosed building there is a very interesting collection of

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stone busts and torsos of Buddha, and fragments of pillars, friezes, etc.

Among the ruins there is a curious stone column of a blue colour bright as a mirror, which the Chinese pilgrim mentioned nearly thirteen hundred years ago.

We were taken into a Jain temple hard by, which did not possess any great architectural beauty, but appeared very dark, the only light admitted coming from the door.

After buying what purported to be an old coin picked up among the ruins by a native stripling, we left this earliest scene of the holy Gautama's ministry and returned to the hotel.

Once more we went down into those fascinating yet revolting streets, passing now a corpse laid out on a bamboo stretcher, being carried down to the Burning Ghat, and a little farther on a wedding procession, in which all the presents and paraphernalia, silver and gold, fine linen and costly raiment, were being paraded and ostentatiously exhibited to the whole world.

That night about nine o'clock we left the Hôtel de Paris, arriving at the station rather earlier than we were expected. After waiting half an hour or so our carriage was brought up to the platform by an engine all to itself. On entering this, and having our beds made up by Simon, we were shunted off to a siding, where we remained till about three in the morning, a prey to a regular army of mosquitoes, who attacked us amid the strains of martial music which filled our hearts with a deadly terror.

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Sunday, October 22nd.—When we awoke we were still in the siding outside Benares, and it was not till about 3.30 that we were joined on to the Dehra Dun train and taken ten miles, *i.e.* as far as Mogul Sarai, to be again shunted about and finally tacked on to the Bombay mail.

As we travelled farther east the weather became more unsettled, until at last, after six weeks without a drop of rain, we experienced our first Indian rainfall. It simply pelted for a short time, and the sky looked very threatening, but before reaching Howrah it had practically ceased, though the clouds were still very heavy.

The meals on the journey were at very awkward hours, breakfast being taken at Mokamah at 9.40 and tiffin at Asansol at 2.35.

As we penetrated farther into the heart of Bengal we were struck by the luxuriant vegetation of the alluvial plains, the groves of coroneted palms and acres of paddy-fields, with here and there an adjutant-bird with its enormous bill and martinet air sedately watching us as we careered along.

CALCUTTA

Monday, October 23rd.—Howrah is a wretched station with an insufficiency of gharries, which resulted in a delay of half an hour before we left the station. We were rather disappointed at not meeting a friend there, but felt sure we should find him waiting for us at the Grand Hotel in

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Chowringhee, whither we repaired. Nothing was known of him there, however, so after dinner, Simon, upon whom we had now come to look as our servant, friend, and general agent, was sent round to all the principal hotels in Calcutta to make inquiries. Even then we failed to trace his whereabouts, so next morning paid an early visit at a house in Harrington Street, where relations of our elusive friend resided. They gave us the address of one or two offices where he might be but wasn't, and after racing round Calcutta on what seemed likely to end in a wild-goose chase, Simon proved himself a skilful detective, in addition to his many other achievements, by picking our friend out while driving along the Strand Road in a second-class ticca gharry. He naturally lunched with us after that, the meal being a very enjoyable one, as it afforded us a good opportunity of comparing notes with him and narrating some of our pleasant experiences since our last meeting in Bombay.

But this unwarrantable digression into the personal must end. That morning we took a short walk in the Eden Gardens, which are full of tropical flowers and plants, and contain a handsome black Burmese pagoda, brought from Prome and set up there in 1856.

Calcutta is often called "The City of Pig-styes and Palaces," and the appellation is certainly well-deserved as far as the latter part goes, for when viewed from the centre of the Maidan, that huge level studded with innumerable equestrian statues of men who helped to build up our Indian

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Empire seems to be bounded on the east side by a long line of immense three-storeyed houses standing in their own grounds, on the north by Government House, the residence of the Viceroy, looking like a mansion of one of the English aristocracy amid its picturesque environment, while on the other sides are the imposing block of buildings comprising Fort William and the stately if somewhat severe pile of St. Paul's Cathedral.

But of the pig-styes we saw no sign, though doubtless had we dived far into the great human jungle of the native city stretching from Burra Bazaar to Chitpore we might have been obliged to admit the appropriateness of that title too.

One reads a lot in one of Rudyard Kipling's books about the "Big Calcutta Stink," as he politely phrases it, which he describes in these words :—

"Benares is fouler in point of concentrated pent-up muck, and there are local stenches in Peshawar which are stronger than the B.C.S., but for diffused, soul-sickening expansiveness, the reek of Calcutta beats both Benares and Peshawar. Bombay cloaks her stench with a veneer of assafœtida and tobacco; Calcutta is above pretence."

He further goes on to say—

"The thing is intermittent. Six moderately pure mouthfuls of air may be drawn without offence. Then comes the seventh wave, and the queasiness of an uncultured stomach."

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Well, I don't want to be unjust to Calcutta, which was unfortunately built upon a stagnant swamp painfully reclaimed from the crumbling alluvial drift of the Ganges, and I unhesitatingly assert that its smell is no worse than that of many another Indian town, and certainly not to be compared with Benares. But I don't intend to let Calcutta off thus lightly, for I consider it a perfectly pestilential hole as far as climate is concerned. Though we only stayed two nights there, it seemed to completely sap out all vital energy and leave us pale and limp and spiritless. I cannot imagine a more unhealthy place on the face of the globe, and certainly the mortality return of 1900, when the death-rate was 43.54 per thousand, seems to afford some justification for my remarks.

After lunch we drove to the Botanical Gardens on the west bank of the Hooghly opposite Garden Reach. The drive there and back was most interesting, as it took us through the large and flourishing city of Howrah, teeming with native life, and out into the densely-wooded suburbs, where Bengali village-life afforded a pleasant study. There were endless palm-groves and wildernesses of bamboos, with here and there a glistening sheet of water hemmed in by a thick cluster of plantain trees and a small hut or group of huts nestling close to the water's edge.

The Botanic Garden at Sibpur is one of the chief attractions at Calcutta, and is visited by botanists from every quarter of the globe.

The tea-planting industry of the northern

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provinces of India owes its existence mainly to the Botanic Garden, and valuable services have also been rendered by the transplanting of the Quinine Cinchonas, the improvement of the sugar crop, and the further development of Indian cotton and jute.

On entering the Howrah gate one is immediately confronted with magnificent trees, an avenue of almond trees running along the river front, an avenue of Palmyra palms to the right, and one of mahogany trees to the left. But one's natural objective is the great banyan tree, which is one hundred and thirty-one years old, and covers ground nearly one thousand feet in circumference.

The principal dimensions are worth noting. The trunk is 51 feet in girth at the height of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet; it measures 938 feet round the crown, is 85 feet high, and has 250 aerial roots according to the guide-books, and 464 according to a notice-board affixed to its trunk. All these aerial roots have spread from the main stem of the tree and taken root in the ground, and vary from a few inches to 12 feet in girth. This remarkable tree is said to be still growing rapidly, and in many places has to be propped up with wooden poles, to prevent its snapping off with its own weight.

The Banyan or *Ficus indica* (which is the Indian Bar or Bor tree) derives its name from the fact that Hindu traders (baniyas) used to worship under such trees at Gombroon (Ormuz).

We drove back rather late for tea, after which we rested before dressing for dinner, which we

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had with our friends in Harrington Street. It was a very sumptuous house, with spacious rooms and all the luxuries a big city can furnish, such a contrast to the bare, stablesome apartments, decorated with a wall-paper of flies, lizards, and ants, to which we had grown accustomed. Everything was scrupulously clean, and the billiard-room, to which we repaired after dinner to play a new game called Carolina, savoured wholesomely of the mother-country.

That night we were a long time falling off to sleep, as they kept it up very late at the theatre just beneath our window—the entrancing music of *La Poupée* evoking thunderous applause from an exceptionally noisy and enthusiastic audience.

Tuesday, October 24th.—Next morning we went off to the Zoo like good children, and were greatly impressed by the numerous specimens of animals which will not be found in any other menagerie. This zoological garden is by far the most important of its kind in Asia, and on first entering one wonders what the occupants may be of the “Gubbay House,” the “Ezra House,” etc., such names being unfamiliar. One discovers later that the various houses are named after Maharajas and other wealthy persons who help to maintain the establishment.

There was a most beautiful specimen of a Black Leopard in the Burdwan House, and also a tremendous man-eating tiger, reputed to have killed and devoured over two hundred human beings. If

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the story is true, it must be equally true that the monotony of this kind of food palled upon him, and created a distaste for such a delicate diet. For a drowsier tiger, or one more difficult to lash into a fury, never spent his weary days behind the prison-bars at a Zoo. Yet, notwithstanding his somnolence, he was undoubtedly the most magnificent creature I have ever seen.

A chameleon, which changed its colour with wonderful rapidity from a darkish brown tawny hue to a vivid green, and darted its convenient-sized tongue with lightning celerity at the grasshoppers placed within a foot of it, caused us much amusement, while a python about twenty feet long in the same house gave rise to a feeling of thankfulness that it was safely enclosed in a glass case.

We grew very tired as we trudged along from one house to another in this malarious climate, and were glad to return to lunch, at which we met two of our "Arabia" acquaintances.

We packed hard till 3.30, when we left the Grand Hotel for Sealdah, the terminus of the Eastern Bengal State Railway.

Here my temper was sorely tried by the blank refusal of the station officials to reserve a compartment for us, no matter how many tickets we took. Only Kitty's calming influence saved me from a disgraceful ebullition, which, combined with the effects already wrought by the enervating atmosphere of the past two days, would have left me in the last stage of exhaustion.

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JOURNEY TO DARJEELING

The view from the carriage window as we slowly threaded our way north to the Ganges was extremely fine. The low, flat, water-sodden delta stretched out to the horizon, but so great was the wealth of vegetation that twenty yards was often as far as one could see, except where some reedy bank, flaming with patches of rose lotus, opened out between the cocoanuts, teaks, and bananas, that continually shut in the view with their half-translucent green curtain. Everything was rank in growth and rich in colour. "Here and there an abandoned hut was almost hidden in the folds of the yellow karela upon its roof-tree, or of the upspringing pampas or datura beside its falling walls; here and there the jungle-overgrown house of some old Frenchman pretends that it is a human habitation still, and the crazy door-jambs and fungused lintels stand away under the bulging weight of the red bricks above."

We reached Damookdia Ghat about eight o'clock, when we left our train to embark on a ferry steamer, on the upper deck of which we dined.

I had often before read of a plague of flies, but never seen one. To-night, however, the sight was vouchsafed to me, and the experience is not worth repeating. Thousands, one might almost say millions, of flies, moths, and grasshoppers were flying round the electric light globes, attracted by

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the brilliant glare. They overflowed on to the steamer, where other bright lights shone, with the result that our meal was attended with the greatest discomfort. Before I could get a mouthful of soup to my lips, a winged insect had fallen into the spoon, while to leave one's beverage uncovered was to find the surface black with struggling flies. We were almost afraid to take a deep breath, lest we swallowed some with the inhalation, and our topees presented the appearance of fly-papers before we landed at Sara Ghat. There we again changed on to the Northern Bengal Railway.

The night journey was performed in comfort, except that Kitty woke me about midnight to know if we had reached Siliguri. We reached there at 6.11 and partook of a big chota-haziri before starting on the Darjeeling - Himalayan system. The little "toy railway" is considered a masterpiece of engineering skill.

"The line, which is a two-foot gauge, is practically laid on the old cart-road, the gradient being about one in twenty-five. Its construction was commenced in 1879 and finished in 1881, the total length being fifty-one miles, and the cost three thousand pounds per mile, while the cart-road made by Government cost originally six thousand pounds per mile."

The carriages, built on the lines of a small continental tram-car, were open at the sides, with just a roof-awning to shield us from the sun ; and every seat being occupied, there was no space to spare.

The scenery from Siliguri is of indescribable

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beauty, and at every turn a fine view presents itself. The great variety of scenery adds to the charm of the journey, for not only are the mountains with their lovely hues so gorgeous, but the beautifully wooded valleys intermingled with tea plantations, the quaint little bungalows of the planters, the native huts, the waterfalls, and the superb blossoms of creepers and flowers, combine to make the whole surroundings thoroughly enchanting.

Siliguri itself is of interest as the base of the expedition in Thibet, Lhasa being 340 miles distant by the most direct route. At Sookna, seven miles off, the ascent begins, and at each turn a fresh landscape of surpassing beauty is opened out.

“The sides of the mountains are clothed with lofty trees and masses of jungle rendered well-nigh impenetrable by the drapery of creepers which sheath the trunks or span the forest with huge cables joining tree to tree.”

At the eleventh and a half mile we crossed the first loop, and at the fourteenth a second loop at about 1850 feet up. Another mile or two afforded us a magnificent view of the Teesta River, and at the seventeenth mile we encountered the first zigzag or reversing station. These zigzags are clever devices for enabling the train to reach a higher level without the necessity of cutting a tunnel out of the rock. One of the most notable features about this railway is the entire absence of any tunnels, the necessity for which was no doubt

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obviated to a large extent by keeping to the cart-road as far as possible.

At Teendaria both we and the miniature ten-ton locomotive required refreshment, so we halted for about a quarter of an hour by mutual consent.

At about the twenty-fifth mile there was a very large watercourse known as the "Pughla Jhora," or Mad Torrent, where in July 1890 nearly fifteen hundred feet of road and rails were carried away by the heavy rains. At this level we ran into the clouds, and for the next two thousand feet or so were enveloped in a thick swirling mist which precluded us from seeing anything more than a few yards ahead. When we at last emerged from the cloud strata we were still winding in and out of innumerable lateral ravines intersected with water-courses which were nearly dried up at this time of the year.

The subtropical vegetation was not so dense here as at the lower altitudes, though bamboos abounded everywhere, and wild bananas were also abundant, while the graceful tree-ferns were seen by us for the first time.

At five thousand feet Kurseong was reached, and a hearty meal indulged in—a necessary precaution against the tremendous fall of temperature since we left the foot of the mountains.

A short distance above the station our train was pulled up opposite the Clarendon Hotel to take in a passenger. It is needless to state this irregular proceeding occasioned us a good deal of amusement. From this altitude the mountain-side

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was thickly covered with tea plantations, which, profitable as they may be to the growers, scarcely add to the natural beauty of the landscape.

At Ghoom, where the highest point of the railway was reached, viz. 7407 feet, the line is carried right through the main street, so that a man has to walk a few feet in advance of the train waving a flag and shouting to the villagers to clear out of the way.

DARJEELING

From this elevation a descent is made of four or five hundred feet before reaching Darjeeling. As we wound our way round the last spur the scene which met our eyes was one of unparalleled grandeur. On a narrow ridge high above the bed of the Great Ranjit River villas and bungalows were dotted about in scattered clumps, while beyond in the background towered the colossal Himalayan giants, an impassable barrier of pure white snow.

All the way up the natives had interested us largely with their diversity of features and increased respect for clothing. The higher we ascended, the more markedly Mongolian grew their type of countenance; the faces became broader and flatter, the eyes more oblique, the complexion sallow or often a clear olive, and the hair was collected into an immense tail plaited flat or round.

The inhabitants of Darjeeling, exclusive of Anglo-Indians, consist of Lepchas, Bhootias,

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Thibetans, Nepalese, Paharias, and Limbus. The Lepcha is the aboriginal inhabitant of Sikkim, and a prominent character in Darjeeling, where he undertakes all sorts of outdoor employment. But it is said he is being gradually driven out of the district owing to the increase of regular cultivation and the Government conservation of forests. For they still follow the nomadic form of tillage known as *jum* cultivation, which consists in selecting a spot of virgin soil, clearing it of forest and jungle by burning and scraping the surface with the rudest agricultural implements. The productive powers of the land become exhausted in a few years, when the clearing is abandoned and the same operations carried on *de novo*. In one respect he entirely contradicts our preconceived notion of a mountaineer, as he is timid, peaceful, and no brawler, while the Bhootias are quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel. Their head-dress is of a curious conical shape, and their boots are of a coarse cloth with longitudinal stripes reaching nearly to the knee. They are short of stature, broad and muscular, and have invariably a mild, frank, and engaging expression.

All these hill tribes seem very fond of ornaments, wearing silver hoops in their ears, necklaces made of cornelian, amber, and turquoise brought from Thibet, and curious silver and gold charm-boxes or amulets of great value. They contain little idols, charms, and written prayers, or the bones, hair, or nail-parings of a Lama.

When we disembarked at the station, our

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luggage was entrusted to some Bhootia women, who are much stronger than the men, and do most of the coolie work in consequence. Instead of carrying the trunks on their heads, as the coolies in the Plains do, they fix a long leather band to them and bring it right round their forehead—the weight being thus distributed between the head and the back. This use of a head-strap in carrying loads is assumed by some to be a predisposing cause of goitre, which is very prevalent amongst them, by the pressure it puts on the larynx. Anyhow, it is an excellent method to adopt in a mountainous country, and a case is on record where one of these women conveyed in this way a cottage piano up to the Sanatarium.

After a good lunch at the Woodlands Hotel, where we elected to stay, we took a short walk, but did not cover much ground as Kitty was suffering from a very bad sick-headache, probably a legacy left her from Calcutta.

It was pretty cold at night, and we were glad to sit near a fire at dinner.

We retired very early, and took good care to pile as many blankets and coverlets on our beds as we could lay hands on.

Thursday, October 26th.—We awoke to find it a most perfect morning, without a cloud in the sky and the air delightfully crisp and exhilarating.

Directly after breakfast we started off on an excursion to Sinchul, about six miles off. We were

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each of us carried by six stalwart coolies in a peculiar boat-shaped conveyance called a dandy, which is attached to two poles, one in front and one behind, revolving on a pivot. The sensation was quite novel and not unpleasant, even though they went at a jog-trot all the way. Coming down a steep declivity the shaking and jolting is apt to make one groan a bit, but it is undoubtedly a healthy form of exercise, for even the laziest persons can indulge in it.

As we turned and twisted round the narrow ledge from Jelapahar to Ghoom, the ever-changing view revealed to us was indeed magnificent. Then came a steep ascent along a path abounding in rare and beautiful plants and a forest consisting mainly of oak, magnolia, and rhododendron, which were, unfortunately, not in blossom at this time of the year.

The panorama which confronted us on reaching the summit was unspeakably grand.

Chumulari (23,929 feet) was seen to the north-east eighty-four miles distant, rearing its head as a great rounded mass over the snowy Chola range, out of which it appeared to rise, though in reality lying forty miles beyond—so misleading is the perspective of snowy mountains. To the north-west again, at upwards of one hundred miles distance, a beautiful group of snow-clad mountains rose above the black Singalelah range, and to our intense delight Mount Everest (29,002 feet), the loftiest summit on the globe, was clearly discernible for about five minutes. At eleven o'clock in the day

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even this momentary glimpse was an exceptional piece of luck, as it is generally obscured long before then. Of course Everest was disappointing, as only a very minute portion of the summit was visible, and viewed from a distance of one hundred and twenty miles its magnitude was completely eclipsed by lower peaks which were closer to us. But the most wonderful sight of all was that immediately in front of us, where across a vast chasm rose a glittering white wall of snow mountains, the peaks of which towered in the air and seemed to pierce the very sky. The actual extent of the snowy range is comprised within an arc of about 90° , or one-fourth of the whole horizon, along which the perpetual snow forms an unbroken girdle or crest of frosted silver; and in winter, when the mountains are covered down to eight thousand feet, this white ridge stretches uninterruptedly for more than 160° . No known view is to be compared with this in extent when the proximity and height of the mountains are considered; for within the 90° above mentioned more than twelve peaks rise above 20,000 feet, there are none below 15,000, while Kinchinjanga is 28,156 feet, and seven others are above 22,000.

The nearest eternal snow is on Nursing, a beautifully sharp, conical peak 19,139 feet high and 32 miles distant, whilst Kinchin, which forms the principal mass both for height and bulk, is exactly 45 miles off.

This stupendous landscape of silent pinnacles of aged snow, untouched by the disfiguring hand of

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man, at once so appalling and so beautiful, is best described in the words of the poet—

“Ranged in white ranks against the blue, untrod
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope, and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Lead climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seems to stand in heaven and speak with gods.”

But besides embracing this unrivalled view of the snow range over the Darjeeling spur in the foreground, the top of Sinchul commands also the plains of Bengal with the courses of the Teesta, Mahanuddy, Balasun, and Mechi rivers.

The extraordinary grandeur of the whole scene was immeasurably enhanced by a most glorious cloud effect just before we began the descent. Above was the deep blue vault gradually being overshadowed by the leaden hue of nimbi; before us lay the snows partially veiled in the gathering mist, while two or three thousand feet below white fleecy clouds were arranging themselves in a singularly seascape fashion. Dense masses of cumuli had collected and formed into an ocean of incomparable beauty. Waves of the purest white rolled majestically through the valleys till we seemed to be suddenly transported into some fairy region of enchantment or into a world turned topsyturvy. That marvellous change in the scene wrought by Nature's magic wand could never be portrayed on canvas or described in any language,

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for it is absolutely unthinkable, beyond the imagination, transcendently beautiful.

With Nature's subtle spell still upon us we returned to Darjeeling, feeling extremely loth to leave behind us that wondrous panorama, and after lunch took a walk as far as Chowrasta, having tea at the Carlton.

Friday, October 27th.—Next day it was too misty to climb hills in the morning, so we kept fairly on the level, proceeding as far as the Shrubbery (the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal).

There are no carriage roads in Darjeeling, so one is restricted to a dandy, a rickshaw, a hack, or shanks' pony.

After lunch we went to the Botanical Gardens, which must have been one thousand feet or more below our hotel. Kitty was drawn in a rickshaw, a clumsy vehicle rather like an elevated bath-chair or a reduced hansom, while I walked behind and helped to push up the hills and hold it back during the descent.

The principal bazaar was gay with marigolds and other flowers, whilst small Chinese lanterns and butties were in readiness for the illuminations at the Diwali or "Feast of Lamps" held on the New Moon of Kartik in honour of Kali or Bhawani, and more particularly of Lakhshmi, the goddess of prosperity, when merchants and bankers count their wealth and worship it.

It is said that Vishnu killed a giant on that day, and the women went to meet him with lighted

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lamps. In memory of this, lighted lamps are displayed from all houses and set afloat in rivers and on the sea, when auguries are drawn from them according as they shine or are extinguished.

The thick mist never cleared all day, so that we were unable to obtain even a transient view of the snows.

Saturday, October 28th.—We rose soon after 6 a.m. and left the hotel in a couple of dandies. It was a bright and cloudless morning, but when we reached the summit of Tiger Hill over nine thousand feet up, the range of snow-capped mountains in the neighbourhood of Mount Everest were with one solitary exception completely enveloped and hidden from sight. It is idle to deny we were both a little disappointed in spite of our good fortune on Thursday; it is also idle to deny we realised our helplessness in the event of these dandy-wallahs taking it into their heads to rob us or commit some other atrocity in this remote spot one thousand feet or so above human existence, for quite half of them were armed with daggers. Luckily they were all twelve content to rob one another, and while we munched sandwiches and gazed upon that lofty wall of granite of such prodigious breadth, which appears to cleave the summit of Kinchinjanga in twain, they whiled away the time with some game of chance to which they are addicted. It took them a long time to regain their breath after their last Herculean efforts, for they galloped us pretty well all the way from Sinchul, a matter of one

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thousand feet or so, and arrived at Tiger Hill puffing and blowing and expectorating as if they were at their last gasps.

On the return we had quite an exciting race with one of the little toy trains through the streets of Ghoom, and just succeeded in clearing the rails before it was upon us.

That afternoon we walked to Chowrasta and then up to Observation Hill, where there is a Buddhist stupa. All the trees on that eminence were decorated with bits of rag and pieces of coloured paper. There is a grand view from the top down into the deep gorge of the Great Ranjit River, seven thousand feet below, where with a strong pair of binoculars it can be seen white with foam threading the tropical forest with a silver line.

The mist again began to creep up the valleys and shut out the view, so we returned to the hotel after a refreshing cup of tea at the Carlton, in the gardens adjoining which a military band was playing some lively airs.

Our guide, philosopher, and friend went down to the bazaar that afternoon and invested in a few extra under-garments, as he was feeling the cold very acutely after the great heat of the Plains.

Before leaving the glories of Himalaya I should like to compare my impressions at Darjeeling with those I formed in the Swiss Alps two years ago. There is no gainsaying the fact that the point on earth which is nearest in touch with space is a peak of the Himalayas; it is equally undeniable that on these mountains alone, of all on the earth,

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can a traveller, as he climbs their slopes, obtain at a glance a range of vision extending five miles in vertical height from two or three thousand feet to twenty-nine thousand feet above the sea, and behold spread out before him a compendium of the entire vegetation of the globe from the Tropics to the Poles.

Yet the Swiss Alps, which possess but half the sublimity, extent, or height of the Himalayas, are far more beautiful, for they contain those other elements of the picturesque which the Himalayas lack: the softer features of hill, valley, and lake; the quaint Swiss villas and church spires scattered about in seemingly inaccessible places; and lastly, the pretty costumes one always associates with the peasants. Far be it from me to wish in any way to underestimate the glories of the mighty Himalayas with the wonderful play of colours on their snowy flanks, from the glowing hues reflected in orange, gold, and ruby from clouds illuminated by the sinking or rising sun, to the ghastly pallor that succeeds the twilight; for such dissolving views elude all attempts at description. But for pure picturesqueness, and the gentler, more graceful and delicate beauties of Nature, commend me to the Swiss Alps; while for noble grandeur and the more awe-inspiring wonders of the Infinite, the Himalayas unquestionably stand pre-eminent.

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JOURNEY FROM DARJEELING TO SOUTH OF INDIA

On Sunday, October 29th, we very regretfully left our comfortable quarters in this mountainous district, which had made such an indelible impression upon us, and slowly descended the hill-railway with its glorious prospects of the foreshortened tropical forests in the lower ranges.

The zones of vegetation were very clearly marked as we continued on our downward course. The mountain oaks with their brown leaves, the Himalayan cedar, drooping silver firs, spruces, austere pines, and all the varied foliage of chestnut, walnut, and maple, gave place to tree-ferns, bananas, figs, and plectocamia palms.

As soon as the level of the Plains was reached, with the humid, vapour-sodden atmosphere of the Tropics, the rank vegetation became a maze of wood and jungle; the deodars rising in stately masses, dense thickets of bamboo, with their graceful light green foliage intermingling with a hundred trees of lower growth, festooned with red and yellow creepers. The branches of the trees were themselves clothed with a luxuriant covering of mosses, ferns, and lovely orchids and flowering climbers. Then darkness fell, and we were constrained to wait in patience for Siliguri. Our train was fearfully overcrowded and had to be run in two parts from Darjeeling; Simon, with the other natives, preceding us by about ten minutes.

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At Siliguri we enjoyed a good meal and then settled down for the night in our new compartment. Before very long, however, we were rudely disturbed by some aggressive people, who, with true British doggedness, almost insisted upon getting in with us, although we had taken especial care to reserve the carriage to ourselves.

Monday, October 30th.—We woke very early, and were bundled out of the train about 4.45 and put on the ferry steamer, where we took chota-haziri while crossing the Ganges.

We were met at Sealdah by our friend, who accompanied us to St. Paul's Cathedral, which contains a fine window by Burne Jones, valued at £4000, and presented by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor.

There are a great number of marble tablets to the memory of Mutiny heroes and others who have played a prominent part in the history of British India.

Most, if not all, of the side windows were filled with violet glass, so that the light which filtered through was a very sombre colour and produced a rather gloomy effect, in keeping with the general character of the building.

We then drove round the racecourse, which is two miles long and one of the most famous in India. The splendours of Cup Day have been sung by a generation of Anglo-Indians. It is one of the principal society events of the winter season, and brings together a gathering of smart women and

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well-dressed men such as are only to be found on the Lawn at Goodwood or in the Enclosure at Ascot.

Then there was Fort William, a formidable fortress finished in 1773 at a cost of two million pounds. It is the largest fortress in India, covering an area of two square miles; is surrounded by a fosse thirty feet deep and fifty feet broad, which is kept dry but can be flooded in a few minutes by hydraulic pumps from the river; and it is stated that, in time of necessity, the entire European population of Calcutta could be safeguarded within its ramparts.

The prison cell in old Fort William known in history as the "Black Hole of Calcutta" no longer exists, but a marble tablet marks the spot under which those one hundred and twenty-three Europeans met their horrible death on June 20th, 1756.

After transacting some business of an important nature at King, Hamilton, & Co.'s new offices, we went to the Great Eastern Hotel, where we had engaged a room for the day.

After a good lunch and a thorough rest, not forgetting the inevitable bath, we took a final drive past the handsome High Court, built after the Town Hall at Ypres; Government House, the most magnificent of all the Viceregal residences, copied from Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Scarsdale; and along the famous Red Road to Eden Gardens, where the Town Band was playing.

A rather curious incident occurred during this drive. We were in the Strand Road, and had just observed the new moon for the first time,

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when suddenly, without any warning, our coachman drew up the horse, jumped off the box, and rushed down to the river brink, where he indulged in a lot of genuflexions and deep obeisances. At the same moment all the sailors on the vessels at anchor in the river adopted a similar reverential attitude, prostrating themselves on the floor for a minute or so, and those natives who were near the water at the time seemed to run helter-skelter down to its edge as if at a given signal. The only reason we can assign for this strange conduct is that it was just about sunset, which is one of the regular hours of prayer prescribed in the Koran, and doubtless the blind Muezzin was proclaiming the necessity for prayer at that moment from the minaret of one of the neighbouring mosques.

The sunset glories of the Hoogli that day will ever live in our memories.

“The day-long smoke-coils from the vomiting chimneys of Howrah and Calcutta had died down, and a rich brown sediment lay in the now windless air between the city and the nobility of the western sky. The reflected brown-crimson splendours of the horizon, and the orange and gold gradations leading up to the faint purples and steely blues of the zenith, were seen with all the unique enhancement of webbed black masts and rigging silhouetted against the colour. The tints mounted and receded; Government House in the distance took on a rich orange; Fort William stood out a moment in sepia before it fell away in the encroaching tide of lavender; the lights of the long string of carriages came out, and the scene was over.”

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We left the Great Eastern that night about 8.30 and Howrah at 10, on our long journey down to the south.

The distance from Darjeeling to Sealdah was 379 miles, while the mileage from Howrah to Madras is 1030, so that this journey, which was to occupy us three days including three consecutive nights in the train, was 1409 miles.

Tuesday, October 31st.—Both of us slept very soundly, and soon found ourselves at Khurda Road, the junction for Puri, having left behind us during the night or early morning Cuttack, the headquarters of Orissa, and Bhuvaneshwar, where there is said to be the finest example of a purely Hindu temple in India.

It may be of interest to those but ill-acquainted with Indian terminology that the oldest temple at Bhuvaneshwar, dating back to the sixth or seventh century, rejoices in the high-sounding name of "Parashurameshvara."

Although we had no time to visit Puri and the great temple of Jagannath, it is of such remarkable interest, was so close to us, and further, we are so firmly convinced that we saw it soaring skywards from the vantage ground of our railway carriage, that I must beg indulgence for a more than cursory allusion to it. The title of "Jagannath" (Juggernaut) is Sanscrit, and means "Lord of the Universe." It is applied to Krishna, worshipped as Vishnu, and the popularity of the shrine is due to the doctrine,

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artfully preached, that before the god all castes are equal. The image so-called is an amorphous idol, a rudely carved log believed to have been a Buddhist symbol adopted as an object of Brahmanical worship. The idol is annually dragged in procession on a great car (Rath) 45 feet high, 35 feet square, supported on 16 wheels of 7 feet diameter, by 4200 professionals, who come from the neighbouring districts, and during the festival live at Puri gratis. Crowds of fanatic pilgrims to the number of 100,000 used at one time to rush forward to draw it, with the result that fatal accidents occurred, and in some instances votaries were known to throw themselves beneath the advancing wheels; but the number of these accidents and suicides has been greatly exaggerated in the popular imagination.

It is said that the endowments of the temple provide a total annual income of £31,000; and the offerings of pilgrims amount to at least £50,000 a year, as no one approaches the god empty-handed. The richer pilgrims heap gold and silver and jewels at his feet; everyone gives beyond his ability, and many cripple their fortunes for the rest of their lives. The idol is treated as if it were a human being. There are officiating priests, warders of the temple, and pilgrim guides to the number of six thousand; the immediate attendants of the god being divided into thirty-six orders and ninety-seven classes. At the head of all is the Raja of Khurda, who

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represents the royal house of Orissa, and who is the hereditary sweeper of the temple. There are distinct sets of servants to put the god to bed, dress and bathe him, offer him a tooth-brush, count his robes, feed him with rice, carry his umbrella, and tell him the time. And to delight the idol, but more particularly the priests, there are one hundred and twenty Devidasi, or temple girls, who exercise a religious ministry and are termed brides of the gods. They are the only women who have any place or share in the rites and observances of religion, and in the same way that their professional sisters, the nautch-girls, hold a most esteemed place in Hindu society, so the Devidasi stand next in importance to the holy priests who sacrifice at the shrine. And all this absurd nonsense is about a bit of wood! Truly the Hindus are a peculiar people, with their absorption in dreams, their exaggerated reverence for tradition, and their subtle manipulation of impalpable ideas.

About fifty miles on the line skirts the Chilka Lake, some of the scenery along which is of great beauty—in the background lying the jungle-clad hills of the Eastern Ghats—while the lake itself is dotted with islands abounding in wild fowl. The lake is about forty-five miles in length, and every now and then one would see a flat-bottomed boat of peculiar structure with sails of bamboo-matting.

At seven o'clock we came to Waltair, two miles from Vizagapatam, where panjam cloth, ornamental

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articles of ivory, buffalo-horn, and silver filigree work are largely manufactured.

We had a hasty meal and then played piquet till about 9.30, Kitty giving me a severe thrashing—in fact, she beat me by no less than 642 points in three games.

We crossed two well-known rivers that night—the Godavery and Kistna—by bridges which are among the finest engineering works in all India.

Wednesday, November 1st.—The meals during the day were very irregular, chota-haziri being at 4.19 and breakfast at 10.30. But we were wise in time, and had provisioned ourselves with potted meat, biscuits, lemonade, and soda water, in addition to a tea-basket, which enabled us to stave off the pangs of hunger. However, we confined ourselves to the contents of the latter, as the leather was too hard for our consumption.

At Bitragunta we were hauled up for plague inspection, which consisted in being locked in our compartment during the Eurasian doctor's pleasure, and then made to sign a passport rendering us liable to six months in gaol or a fine of one thousand rupees in default of appearing before a plague passport examiner every day for the next ten days. A nice imposition for two law-abiding persons like ourselves!

The scenery was far less picturesque than on the previous day, for the Chilka Lake was left

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behind ; we were too far inland to catch a glimpse of the Coromandel coast, and the Eastern Ghats were barely discernible in the far distance. Yet it had its compensation in its entire dissimilarity from anything we had yet seen. Were we really in the same country as those prodigious heights from which we had but recently descended, or as those arid deserts of Rajputana which we traversed the first week of our visit? Indeed it seemed well-nigh incredible that one country could embrace so many varieties of scenery. Yet it was not only in their physical features that these regions differed, but in their inhabitants and languages also ; for India is a conglomeration of distinct kingdoms and peoples differing as widely in conditions and characteristics as Russia and Portugal or the Norwegian and the Turk. There are 147 distinct languages as vernaculars spoken in this extensive country, and no less than 721 dialects, while this polyglot combination of individuals belong to a dozen different nationalities, whose complexion ranges over all the gradations of colour, from the whiteness of the European to the soot-black of the Tamil and Talagu-speaking folk of Southern India. The scale of physical development is distinctly a sliding one as it drops down the peninsula, the comparative giants of the north melting into the middle-sized Indo-Mongolians of the Far East and the Dravidian dwarfs of the extreme south ; while here and there, chiefly in mountain or desert tracks, aboriginal races are encountered which display characteristics of their

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own. If you could muster a representative assemblage of all these peoples you would find them talking a Babel of tongues and displaying far greater divergences than a similar gathering from Continental Europe could produce.

MADRAS

We were met at Madras by one of the many friends of the Chaplain of Ootacamund. He very kindly accompanied us to the Connemara Hotel, where a most luxurious suite of rooms had been placed at our disposal. We were too tired to go out that evening, so admired the beauties of Madras from the chabutarah leading out of our sitting-room.

We were nearly suffocated by mosquito-curtains that night, but managed to survive till the morning.

The tub I had that day was of a very primitive type. It was not even made of zinc, like most of my previous ones, but reminded me of an overgrown stable bucket. It was made of wood painted a dull bluish green, was perfectly round, and contained water one might well imagine to have been taken from a sacred tank. It was a nasty dun colour, which defied the closest scrutiny, and when I stepped into its abysmal depths I felt my foot touch something slimy. I expected every second to have it gripped by some amphibious animal or reptile whose acquaintance I had so far avoided. The slime, however, did

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not wriggle about but remained a fixture, so that it was evident my fears, like my feet, were ill-founded.

Thursday, November 22nd.—We took a very interesting drive round Madras before breakfast, under the personal supervision of Simon, who, being a Madrassi, glowed with patriotic fervour and the pride of possession.

We first passed along Mount Road to the Plague Passport Examining Office, where we reported ourselves in obedience to the law, at the same time muttering beneath our breath the time-worn words, "Plague take it."

We then called at the Central Railway Station, a handsome structure, but hardly comparable to the Victoria Terminus, Bombay.

Having secured reserved accommodation for our journey up to Ooty, we drove past the General Hospital, through the People's Park—a fine open space, containing as many as eleven artificial lakes and numerous tennis courts—skirted Black Town—a densely populated part—and finally emerged from this labyrinth of streets on to the promenade by the seashore.

The Marina is the most fashionable drive and certainly the most beautiful in Madras. It extends for about two miles along the sea-front—a broad red road facing the Coromandel coast, so often swept with hurricanes of irresistible fury.

The coast is unusually flat seawards, reaching a depth of ten fathoms only at a distance of a mile from the shore, and to this is partly attributed the

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peculiarity of the Madras surf which prevails at all times of the year.

Masulah boats about thirty feet long, seven feet wide, and four feet deep, of special construction,—the planks being sewn together by cocoanut fibre,—and catamaran rafts made roughly of several pieces of wood lashed together, have to be used for conveying passengers and goods from the ocean-going ships to the shore.

Fort St. George, at the north extremity of the Marina, dates from the time of the siege by Lally in 1759, though the original fort was founded in 1629.

On the south side of the island, by the Cooum River, stands Government House, with the Banqueting Hall in a detached building. The latter is a noble room eighty feet by sixty, constructed during Lord Clive's government to commemorate the fall of Seringapatam, 1799. The gardens surrounding the house are very lovely, but the exterior of the structure itself appears sadly disappointing after the magnificence of Government House, Calcutta.

Chepauk Park and Palace, to the east of Government House, were once the property of the Nawabs of the Carnatic. On the death of the last occupant of the musnud in 1853 the property escheated to the State, together with the old palace, a structure of mixed Saracenic, Ionic, and Doric architecture. The whole building is now in the Moorish style, and occupied by the Board of Revenue offices. Not far off is the Madras Cricket Ground and the Jubilee Statue of the late Queen

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and Empress, presented to the city by the Raja of Vizagapatam.

To my mind the finest pile of buildings in the whole of Madras are the new Law Courts, which cover an area of 100,000 square feet. There is a lighthouse tower on the High Court (rather a strange place to select) 160 feet high, the light of which is visible twenty miles out at sea ; but whether it succeeds in elucidating the carefully concocted story of the "Fourpenny witness," in a land where perjury is the basis of all evidence, can best be answered by the illegal fraternity themselves.

We did not indulge in any serious sight-seeing in Madras, resting content with a drive which took us alongside the principal buildings. Whether this inactivity was attributable to sheer laziness, to the limited time at our disposal, or to the fact that Madras is strangely and unaccountably lacking in historic interest, is a debateable question.

Madras was certainly the site of the earliest important settlement of the original East India Co. to which Queen Elizabeth granted a charter, and was unsuccessfully attacked by Dand Khan, General of Aurungzebe in 1702, by the Mahrattas in 1741, while in 1746 La Bourdounais held the town to ransom for £400,000, and received in the name of the French King the surrendered keys, which were restored to the English by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Moreover, this kind of thing continued till the end of the century ; but since then life in Madras has run on placidly. The Mutiny left it undisturbed ; no turbulent frontier province challenges the pluck,

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character, or tact of those within its walls ; in short, her stormy youth is long past, the new battle-grounds are a thousand miles away from her, and far removed from even internecine quarrel between Mussulman and Hindu, she now rests and works in peace.

Madras snake-charmers and jugglers are perhaps the most famous in India. Two of them put in an appearance at the Connemara after lunch, so we let them exhibit some of their tricks. They squatted at our feet with the ugly little doll put in a conspicuous position, and proceeded to extort money from us on the pretence that it was necessary for the next item on their programme. One of these mountebanks produced an astonishing number of pebbles from his throat and caused a rupee (mine, of course) to move over the surface of the ground in a most uncanny fashion. So far the performance was good, but the younger of the two then undertook to tell our fortunes from a small book inscribed with certain cabalistic signs. He displayed a knowledge of our past, our means, and our future movements which would have been wonderful had it not proved to us beyond doubt that he was an impudent charlatan who had gained the ear of our trusted Simon. This conviction exasperated me beyond endurance, and the performance accordingly terminated somewhat abruptly.

We did not go out again till after tea, but granted an interview to a persistent box-wallah, who left our presence in an improved financial position.

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The Chaplain's friend who had so kindly met us on the previous day was also good enough to see us off, and on our way to the station showed me over the famous Madras Club, with its spacious rooms, isolated dovecot, and ridiculous conservatism. It is the first club in India (this statement may possibly be challenged by members of the Bengal and Byculla Clubs respectively), and in consequence terribly exclusive; in fact, no ladies are admitted beyond the pale—a chalk line which no amount of rain can obliterate and which, by a remarkable analogy, forms an impassable barrier to ant and woman alike. Our present Queen is, I believe, the only member of the weaker sex who has ever crossed the threshold of this highly respectable club-house, and that was on the occasion of her visit with the present King when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they visited India in 1875.

We left Madras at 18.15 with no very distinct impressions except that it was steaming hot, had a lovely sea-front, and could boast of shops standing in their own grounds of such a forbidding aspect that none would have the courage to enter without a good pedigree or a bank balance of a lakh of rupees.

Friday, November 3rd.—We woke after a good sound sleep, and had tea and toast at Podanur about 7.30. The line was bordered by cactus hedges between here and Mettupalaiyam, but the distant view of the Nilgiris, with their peculiar blue colour

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even in the early morning light, prepared us for the lovely scenery we were soon to behold.

After going through a station which boasted of nineteen letters to its name, "PERIYANAI-KANPALAYAM"—in fact, the station seemed to consist chiefly of name, as there wasn't room for anything else—we arrived at Mettupalaiyam, the terminus of the broad gauge railway, about 9.30. Here breakfast was taken and a change made on to the metre gauge railway which runs up the ghat to Coonoor. This line has only been open seven years, so is a much more recent bit of engineering than the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway, which was finished twenty-five years ago. It is about seventeen miles in length, practically level for the first five miles, after which it begins to climb at a gradient varying from one in fifteen to one in twelve and a half, when the rack rail comes into use. It differs in many respects from the Himalayan railway. In the first place, there are nine tunnels, though the longest is only about three hundred feet; secondly, there are no loops or zigzags; and thirdly, the gradient is twice as steep, but the central rack rail provides an efficient safeguard against any accident on that account. The carriages are covered, and constructed rather on the lines of an English dining-car, but, of course, infinitely smaller and without any tables. There are twenty-seven bridges spanned in the course of the journey, the one over the Bhowani River affording a fine view of forest and mountain torrent. Comparisons are necessarily odious, so perhaps it is hardly fair to

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contrast this scenery with that on the way up the Himalayas, which is naturally grander and more extensive, but not so reminiscent of the pretty hills and valleys of the old country.

At Coonoor we were met by the Padre, who gave us a very warm reception, and sent us both into fits of laughter before we had been in his company five minutes.

OOTACAMUND

A good lunch was taken here, and then we all tumbled into a special tonga, which took us the remaining thirteen miles—there being about three relays of mules *en route*. Simon and the other luggage were conveyed to Ooty in a bullock cart, and did not arrive till late in the evening.

We reached "Blackwood," the Chaplain's pretty bungalow, about 4.30, and spent the rest of the day chatting, walking, and playing Bridge, but principally chatting.

As we remained here with our friends for over three weeks, I think it may be as well to abandon the plan hitherto adopted of detailing the events of each day separately. Many of the happy days we spent in this haven of rest after our long journey of 1754 miles from Darjeeling, and our constant movement from one place to another, were passed in comparative idleness and indolence. Such an interval of complete quiet and tranquillity, pleasant

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as it is to look back upon, and highly appreciated as it was after our wearisome wanderings, affords but scanty material for a descriptive diary of this nature. I must, therefore, be content with a summary of the principal events of those three weeks, which indeed passed all too quickly.

On awaking our first morning at Blackwood, the fragrant perfume of the eucalyptus trees, in which Ooty abounds, greeted our nostrils, and a brilliant, cloudless sky gladdened our hearts. The garden or compound was gay with flowers of all kinds, and presented much the appearance of an old English garden in its wealth of colour, narrow paths, and lavish profusion. The porch was completely concealed beneath a canopy of honeysuckle, climbing geranium, and purple passion-flowers, whilst a portion of the roof at the back was enveloped in a lovely white creeper. A huge tree covered with a thousand blossoms of the sunset rose, delicately tinted with those faint pink and yellow hues which its name so aptly suggests, clambered up an adjoining wall, and in the lowest part of this beautiful garden Nature was so prodigal of her gifts that arum lilies sprang up with the rapidity and luxuriance of weeds.

We took a walk that day between hedgerows of wild fuchsias, roses, and geraniums. Bushes of heliotrope intermingled with pretty pink daisies and lilac-tinted verbenas, while the birds in the trees twittered and warbled as on a summer's day in England. We were both enraptured by this paradise of flowers, the like of which we had never

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seen before ; yet, according to our friends, Ooty was by no means in its brightest apparel.

We climbed to a height called Church Hill in the afternoon, whence we obtained a good view of Ooty and the surrounding hills. We had tea up there and walked back through a bit of dense jungle in which a tiger is supposed to lurk, but came across nothing more exciting than a few stray rhododendron blossoms.

St. Stephen's Church, which we both visited the following day, is one of the oldest structures in Ootacamund, having been founded in 1829 by the then Governor of Madras, Mr. Stephen Lushington ; but whether it is called after that gentleman, or the saint who enjoys a wider reputation, history does not record. The church was comfortably full although it was not the season, the confident assurance of a good practical sermon being no doubt answerable for this encouraging state of affairs.

In the afternoon we took a pleasant walk along a road skirting the lake, past the point where the extension railway to Ooty is being carried through the water, and returned by the native bazaar.

On Monday we were introduced to the golf links, which are charmingly situated in the bosom of the Downs. Kitty and I drove in a little pony-cart, whilst the Chaplain and his wife rode their bicycles—an arrangement which was afterwards adopted on all our excursions. It seemed to me then rather a one-sided affair, as the hills, which are practically everywhere, never lapse into forget-

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fulness of their true character, and bicycling in a hilly country is not an unmixed joy. And now, when I look back upon those long drives we took to the favourite spots for picnicking in the neighbourhood, and remember the steady, ceaseless inclines which exhausted the poor old pony, Chin-Chin, I appreciate more fully than ever the generous unselfishness of our host and hostess, who without exception always insisted on our driving, while they trudged up those pitiless hills on foot, or went on pedalling their heavy machines.

These were the first links I had played on out of England, and proved very difficult. Instead of on well-mown greens, the putting-holes were in the centre of a perfect circle called a "Brown," from the colour of its composition—a mixture of mud and clay. They are as flat and as smooth as the surface of a billiard table, so that if you merely look at the ball it immediately rolls to the other side and more often than not over the edge and down an artfully constructed slope. This is extremely exasperating to a novice like myself, and I can even imagine cases where it might be provocative of unparliamentary but approved golf language from thoroughly matured players. The Ooty course also bristles with unsuspected obstacles, such as soft, boggy places which swallow up the ball, tufts of earth in which it seeks refuge from the hard knocks of this cruel world, and big boulders against which it strikes and from which it flies off at impossible angles into the deep recesses of a caddy's pocket. There are two holes on this sporting course known

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as "Hell" and "Hades" respectively, into which the bad players are inevitably hurled; and my chief and most poignant recollections of golf at Ooty are my vain endeavours to clear that bottomless pit, my prolonged search for the ball in the river Styx (spelt "Sticks" in this connection), and long, weary struggle up the precipice on the other side of the Infernal Regions. The best part of the game was generally after it was over, when we retired to the club-house and pitched into some of the choicest cakes and brown bread and butter I have ever had the good fortune to taste. Presumably the provisional committee (I believe that is the correct term) feel they owe the dejected player some compensation after stumbling blindly into all those snares and pitfalls so cunningly disposed over the links.

We shall always associate those afternoons on the Downs with the most glorious sunsets, which contrasted strikingly with those of the Plains in that the presence of clouds imparted a deeper tone, and fiery reds and yellows were replaced by angry purples and lowering black shadows.

The picnic at Segur Ghât was an unqualified success, in spite of a little anxiety about the arrival of the tiffin baskets, which had been entrusted to the peons. I regret to say our host—who was running the show, so to speak—was put to a lot of unnecessary trouble, as he would go in search of the belated viands, so that I fear his great exertions must have robbed the picnic of half its pleasure as far as he was concerned. It was a most delightful

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day, and the view from our picnic ground was magnificent, commanding as it did a glimpse of the Moyar Valley, ignobly termed "the Mysore Ditch," profound and gloomy with forests and the shadows of overhanging hills.

After a repast which included "curry puffs," the very mention of which makes my mouth water, and tree tomatoes, a very luscious fruit, the Chaplain and I ascended a steep hill which took us through woods of wild-pepper and rhododendron, over rocks and crags and thickets of bramble and the hill-berry. Our surprising energy was well rewarded, for at the summit we found a number of stone circles built of rough unhewn stones of various sizes which must have been brought from a considerable distance. There was also a cairn of heaped-up stones which was unquestionably intended for a landmark, but the others are generally known as phins, and are believed to be constructed by the Todas for the reception of images, urns, relics, and prettily-wrought gold ornaments. These Todas are the most singular and least numerous of the hill tribes, for they do not number more than one thousand. They are a strikingly handsome race, tall and athletic, with Roman noses, beautiful teeth, and expressive eyes. They never wear any covering on their head, but their jet black hair is allowed to grow and form a bushy mass of curls. Their dress is exactly like the Roman toga of old—a thick sheet thrown loosely over the body. Their dwellings are called munds, and are generally situated on some

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lovely slope adjacent to the borders of a forest. We visited one of these after tea, having run the gauntlet of a herd of buffaloes, which filled the ladies with no little apprehension. Their dwellings are very curiously shaped structures, exceedingly well thatched, but containing only one apartment, admittance to which is gained by a small door about two feet high and very narrow. Into this chamber the whole family huddle. Like the hill tribes of the Himalayas, the Todas practise polyandry. The brothers of a family regularly have but one wife, and the practice extends to others not related. Infanticide is also said to prevail as it does among the Rajputs, but the Hindu religion makes the marriage of a daughter obligatory and threatens the parents with the most dire punishment if it is postponed after the year of puberty — punishment on a par with other Hindu religious penalties, which ordinarily include disgrace in this life and several million years in hell in the next. In the case of a Rajput, the social rule requires him to procure as a husband for his daughter a man of a higher clan than his own, which is often difficult and always expensive. But as endogamy is the strict rule among the Todas, and they are by no means orthodox Hindus, these considerations cannot weigh with them in committing such an act of callous selfishness. Their religion is a system of theism, as they have no idols but worship their dairy buffaloes, salute the sun on rising, and believe that after death they will go to “the Great Country,” a region the

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whereabouts of which they do not condescend to explain.

“Scattered over the hills are sacred groves, and to these herds of buffaloes are attached, the milk of which is exclusively devoted to the calves, and the priests of these groves are called Pal-al or milk-men.”

These indolent but honest Todas claim to be autochthonous, and the other tribes in the Nilgiris, such as the Badagas and Kotas, pay a certain contribution or “gudu” to them as lords of the soil.

Attached to their munds are dairies, the precincts of which are deemed so sacred that even the women are not allowed to enter. So these aborigines of the hills do not place their women-folk on a much higher plane than the average Hindu, who regards her as a mere chattel to be classified along with the cows, mares, and she-goats.

Amid the clamorous demands for yellam (backshish) from the younger generation in return for the service of keeping off the buffs, which were regarding us with some ferocity, we left the Todas' mund and cathedral, much interested in a race of herdsmen who engage in no agricultural pursuits but spend their days wandering over the hills.

Monsoon conditions prevailed for a few days, preventing us from embarking on any long walks or picnic excursions. With the weather more settled we ventured on another picnic not quite so

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far away, and on this occasion the Padre and I walked home by way of a shola or bit of jungle clothed with fresh verdure and the evergreen rhododendron. Orchids, and other epiphytical plants, a variety of moss and lichens draped the trunks and branches of the trees. In the moist, sheltered spots hard by a little brook the most beautiful maiden-hair ferns were growing in thick clumps, their fronds exhibiting a great diversity in size and delicacy of texture. Many other species of ferns flourished in that secluded nook, but as night was falling we were compelled, unwillingly enough, to return. On the way we picked up a glow-worm emitting a light of intense brilliancy, which was extinguished when in our hands. It was a remarkably fine specimen of the *Lampyris noctiluca*, with luminous properties of exceptional strength.

Crow-shooting occupied a large portion of my time up at Ooty, for this wicked bird always filled me with an insatiable desire to terminate its sordid existence. I should never feel the slightest qualm of conscience about taking a crow's life, for not only are their depredations, impudence, and rowdy noises notorious, but there is a constant and ruthless massacre of innocents going on wherever they are to be found.

The so-called "hooded crow" of India (*Corvus splendens*) is not very nearly allied to its European namesake, from which it can be readily distinguished by its smaller size and the lustrous tints of its darkest feathers, while its confidence in the human

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race has been so long encouraged by its intercourse with an unarmed, inoffensive population, that it becomes a plague to the European abiding or travelling where it is abundant. They simply swarm all over India. Every railway station has its colony of crows, which, like the hotel porters, meet each train and stalk up and down the platform with an eye for the main chance. They are not tied down to any special kind of food, for they will refuse nothing capable of being digested by an ostrich, even spoons, postage stamps, and babies' socks having been known to form the object of their predatory raids.

“In the hospital at Madras a special staff of ‘crow-boys’ (chokras of about eight to fourteen years of age) are kept, whose *raison d'être* is the alarming away of these pernicious corvi, for they often victimise the feeble patients by robbing them of their food.”

I have devoted all this space to *Corvus Splenden*, Esq., to show he is deserving of little sympathy since he is a bird of prey of the worst kind, and likes nothing so well as a tender young sparrow or bulbul fresh from the nest. I myself saw about fifty of them one morning murderously attacking and chasing a huge horned owl from tree to tree, determined that this poor helpless bird should provide them with a breakfast. Unfortunately, the Indian crow has just as much cunning and artfulness in his nature as malice and cruelty, and whenever I left the bungalow with a rifle in my hand he was immediately on the alert. If my rifle was

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unloaded my presence amongst them was treated with utter contempt, if loaded and at half-cock, then I was spied upon and watched with a wary eye, and directly I was ready to fire, these knowing birds forestalled my intention and flew off to another quarter. I may as well admit that I never had the satisfaction of bringing one down, though I expended quite fifty cartridges in the vain attempt, and when we left Blackwood I was painfully conscious of hearing a chorus of caws of derisive laughter in the tall gum trees. That triumphant chuckle from the whole corvine population around brought home to me the full significance of the often meaningless expression, "to crow over anyone," and I felt at that moment utterly wretched and discomfited.

One afternoon we drove to the Botanical Gardens, which are beautifully laid out in broad terraces one above another at the foot of a hill which gradually rises till it culminates in the peak of Dodabeta, 1206 feet above. Among the plants there were some gorgeous camellia trees enveloped in a mantle of the purest white blossoms of huge circumference, while others were draped with blooms of a matchless shade of pink and brilliant crimson. An arbour near the centre was covered with a mass of climbing passion flowers exhibiting three or four different varieties unsurpassed in beauty. Tree-ferns, a single-rose tree with blossoms of exquisite delicacy, numerous aloes, prickly pears, and other kinds of cactus attaining a great height were scattered about the grounds, which well repaid us for our visit.

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Besides the picnic at Segur Ghât there were many others which were equally enjoyable. One took us to a pretty spot on the Ampthill Road, where it literally rained mimosa blossoms, the road being strewn with a yellow carpet. Another was to Dodabeta, the highest point round Ooty, 8622 feet above sea-level. We started at 11 a.m. and reached the summit about 1.30, but could see very little at first as we were enshrouded in mist. After a lunch, however, which comprised such delicacies as game-pie, curry-puffs, and lollipops, it cleared, and a wonderful view, extending over one hundred miles, was presented to our gaze. Far down below us lay Ootacamund with its pretty winding lake—the grand mountains of the Kundas forming a fine background, while in the opposite direction could be seen the Government cordite factory near Wellington; the Barracks, an unsightly pile from this elevation; Coonoor, and the plains stretching out for miles beyond. The view to the east was for the most part obscured; to the south there was but little break in the continuous line of hills with which Ooty is encompassed. A few hundred feet below the summit the gnarled rhododendron trees provided a feast of colour, while still farther on were the Government cinchona plantations, which are not much in point of appearance, as the tree is low (25 feet) and has but little foliage.

Our last excursion was to Snowdon, a height of about 8300 feet, approachable from the Kotergherry Road. We passed the site of Lord Roberts' bungalow when he was quartered at Ooty, and then

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somehow or other took the wrong path, which led to a patch of dense jungle. We managed by dint of great exertion to clamber up a precipitous track by the side of a gully, the profusion of soft velvety mosses and lichens which almost concealed the branches as well as the trunks of the trees causing us to slip a great deal during the climb. It was indescribably beautiful, and amply rewarded us for having lost our way. When we emerged from the shola we were still some distance from the top, and had to scramble up a hill which was as nearly perpendicular as it could be. The view afforded us from the summit was very grand but not so extensive as from Dodabeta. On the way down we sighted a huge jackal on the opposite slope. Kitty and I were almost disinclined to believe it was a jackal, as the specimens we had seen at Jaipur and Delhi were so very much smaller, and this one was provided with thicker hair and a fine bushy tail; Nature with her benign wisdom bestowing upon the animal in the hills a warmer coat. Two or three times a week in the season this excellent quarry, the Jack, is hunted over the grassy, undulating Downs, which afford the best galloping country in India. Lower down the hillside we encountered a small grass-snake of a bright green colour, but only about eighteen inches long, which was wriggling across our path with quick, sinuous movements. It was quite harmless, as was also a curious snake-like worm which I discovered in my bathroom one morning.

As everyone knows, this queen of Indian hill-

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stations is a paradise from the sportsman's point of view, for either on these hills or within easy reach in the forests of Coimbatore, Mysore, and the Wynaad, every variety of shooting can be obtained. Hares and porcupines abound in the gardens, where they do great havoc, and I nearly had the pleasure of shooting one of the former, which made a sudden dash for liberty from under my feet when I was crow-shooting one day.

Jungle sheep or muntjak are seen in nearly all the sholas round the station, while among the larger game, wild hogs, sambar or elk, pole-cats, martens, wild dogs, panthers, black bear, bison, elephants, and the royal tiger himself can be found without very much difficulty.

On one occasion we spent a very interesting half-hour or so in the company of two well-known Shikaris, who showed us their museum with evident pride. They informed us that they had shot so many tigers that they had quite lost count, but they could conscientiously assure us two hundred was well below the mark.

There were kennels in the compound full of all sorts and conditions of dogs, including the veriest mongrels, many of whom bore honourable scars inflicted by some wild beast they had tackled. We were told that the pluckiest, most fearless of all dogs was the fox-terrier—in fact, that he was the only one who could be induced to face a tiger, and that often as many as five or six were sacrificed in the unequal encounter. We heard tales, too, of hairbreadth escapes, of an instance when one of

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them had saved the life of a friend by keeping a cool head at a critical juncture, and we went away marvelling at their adventures, and investing them with the superhuman qualities of demigods.

One or two afternoons were monopolised by the visits of box-wallahs, who brought bundles of Indian silk and cotton fabrics, cloths made of pineapple fibre, delicate silver filigree work from Cuttack, Jaipur enamel and cloisonné ware, and a few fine old bronze ornaments. As is customary in India, these cunning traders invariably ask twice as much for their wares as they ever expect to obtain, probably with a lurking hope that their customer is either a fool or a millionaire. But if one happens to be one of those mediocre individuals who do not wish to be fleeced without a struggle, then the only course open is to devote a few days to the task of beating them down. Owing to my natural shortcomings in that direction, the Padre very generously undertook this disagreeable business while I betook myself to some other occupation of a less exacting nature. In each case this tedious bargaining resulted in a considerable reduction from the original price, to the mutual contentment of both parties to the transaction. But the box-wallahs always made a feint of packing up their goods and leaving, on the ground that the sum we offered would not even recoup the price they paid. Yet, strangely enough, we purchased them at less than that figure in the end, so that these poor ill-treated natives must have suffered a dead loss over it.

During our stay at Blackwood we had some

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splendid sets of tennis both down at the Gymkhana Club and on a private court. The club-house is a fine new pavilion situated on the Elk Hill side of Hobart Park near the Willow Bund. There are separate cricket and polo grounds in Hobart Park, while the racecourse that runs round it is deemed one of the finest hill racecourses in the country.

The tennis courts, like the large majority in India, are gravel, and consequently very fast. Unfortunately, the whole site is a reclaimed morass, which makes it a very unhealthy spot and one to be avoided after sunset.

There was a slight epidemic of enteric and pneumonic plague whilst we were at Ooty, so that we took extra precautions by restricting our visits to that quarter to the morning hours.

Our games on the private court were generally marred by indifferent weather, on the last occasion a driving mist making the conditions exceedingly unpleasant.

Badminton is a great institution, and no bungalow is complete without its full-size court, or one of smaller dimensions, when the game is called "Push feather."

We had some very exciting games of golf round the Blackwood Links, which so abounded in natural bunkers that intense amusement was caused by our well-nigh hopeless efforts to extricate ourselves.

Our evenings were devoted as a rule to the extremely fascinating game called Bridge, the luck alternating with fairly impartial regularity. During the first few games Yarboroughs came the way of

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my partner and myself with disagreeable persistency, but the delightful vicissitudes of the game were fully exemplified at a later date.

It would be ungrateful to leave Ooty without any mention of the canine pets which overran the Blackwood garden. There were two divinely sweet, outrageously ugly little dachshund pups, upon whom the distinctive titles of "Bubble" and "Squeak" were respectively conferred. Whether these names are supposed to bear any relation to their natures I am not in a position to say, but certainly the one was always bubbling over with irresponsible merriment, and the other squeaking her protest at the rough-and-tumble methods adopted by her brother and Irish playmate. The Irish terrier's name was Paddy, like all other Irish terriers, but she lacked the typical qualities associated with the Emerald Isle. Still, she evidently comprehended the uses of a rifle, as she invariably accompanied me on my crow-shooting expeditions. They were all three becoming quite adept at the art of sitting up by the time we left, though they generally flopped to the ground in a state of inelegant collapse a few seconds before that tantalising morsel of cake was surrendered for their consumption.

Having enjoyed no previous experience of an Indian bungalow, I am scarcely competent to give an opinion of Blackwood. But one has heard of the average bungalow, and may therefore be excused for contrasting it with that. First and foremost there was the verandah, of course, and to my mind it was the most delightful part of the

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establishment. Practically every room had direct access into the verandah, and most of the rooms boasted of at least two doors—in fact, our bedroom had no less than four. There was a central passage divided off by a chick leading from the middle of the verandah to the kitchen and storeroom, where many subtle-flavoured liqueurs and a miscellaneous collection of culinary ingredients were secured under lock and key. To the best of my knowledge, the cook was given admission there every morning with an assortment of plates and pots, made his suggestions, or more probably accepted those of the mem-sahib, for the menus of the day's meals, and proceeded to help himself to the exact amount of necessary foodstuffs. This is a check upon pilfering, for all Indian servants feed themselves, and at your expense if they can.

The servants' "lines" were a row of huts called godowns, at the back of the bungalow. Here Simon lived with his wife and family, and I understand he was allotted two huts as a mark of special favour instead of the usual single apartment.

While staying at Ooty I had occasion to call in a barber, who brought with him all the time-honoured appurtenances, and made a very deep impression on me by reason of his grave demeanour and general air of importance. The barber is, in short, no insignificant personage in the East, where every man is obliged to shave, and forbidden by his religion to operate on himself.

"He has an official appointment in the Hindu village, with an endowment of land to support its

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dignity, and a vested right to the shaving of its inhabitants, which can be protected by legal injunction in case of infringement. Like the Hindu, the Mohammedan also shaves his head (leaving a tuft for the Prophet to pull him into heaven by) but never his chin. The barber's claim to distinction rests, however, on a still broader basis, for he is the matrimonial agent of the East, and with his wife arranges most of the alliances, being the accredited go-between and matchmaker of Hindustan."

The astrologer, without whose sanction no prudent Hindu does anything of importance; the humble potter, who is also a hereditary village officer, makes the circular-shaped gurrah or pitcher in which water is stored, as well as those rude earthenware platters used by the poorer class natives, which there is a caste prejudice against dining off twice, and who enjoys the privilege of beating the drum at merry-makings; not to omit the native doctor, who is a quack pure and simple, assassinates openly, and takes up his abode in the patient's house, where he lives as long as he decently can—with none of these did we have any close dealings. Yet many strange sights did we behold during our travels, and not the least strange were the Fakirs, Yogies, Sunyassi, and other religious mendicants. The latter are the most repulsive objects imaginable, with their bodies smeared over with ashes, their terribly inadequate clothing, and long matted hair which is never washed except by a sprinkling of dust. And to think that such loathsome creatures should claim to

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have power over life and death and all the laws of gravity!

The Hindus are in truth a strange people, and nowhere are their racial peculiarities more noticeable than in the south, where caste reigns with a supremacy which is found nowhere else in India.

“There is hardly a village community in the south which is not full of quaint interest. Merias, thieves and descendants of men butchered on the elephant by the snake-eating Khonds; Arudras and Irulas, whose women are sufficiently married if a man allow them a whiff from the cheroot in his mouth, or a mouthful from his dinner, perhaps of roast monkey or boiled rat; Brahmans, who marry plantain trees; and men of Tanjore, who secure good harvests by swinging men from trees by a hook fixed in the muscles of the back—there is not a superstition or a caste prejudice of India which does not still flourish in Madras despite the spread of education. Some years ago Lord Amphill, the late Governor of the Madras Presidency, tried to explain the objections which the Indian Government entertained to the ‘hook-swinging’ practice. Finding that other considerations were urged in vain, His Excellency employed the *argumentum ad hominem*, ‘How would you like to be hook-swung yourself?’

“The reply was instant but disconcerting—

“‘I should have no objection.’

“In this flourishing great Eden there is still ample evidence of the vast gulf that divides not only the East from the West, but one part of the East from another. Still, in Madras there is the India that eighteenth-century travellers described—unchanged, unchangeable perhaps, certainly all the

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healthier for being allowed free and fair play, whatever the crooked bent of custom, myth, and tradition. Men have walked over red-hot iron bars within a drive of Government House; dead daughters are still married on the Nilgiris; to secure their husbands' escape the women of the Koragas still tear themselves till they faint for loss of blood. Yet the land is no whit the worse for these follies, and the inhabitants are much the happier."

Perhaps this digression into the idiosyncrasies of the natives may seem somewhat uncalled for; if so, I can only excuse myself on the ground that a country where everybody habitually sits on the ground and eats off the floor; where it is forbidden to eat with the shoes on, and customary in not a few castes to strip naked for dinner; where three men out of four consider beef-eating worse than cannibalism, and the fourth is morally convinced that a ham-sandwich could send him to hell; where boys are husbands before they have shed their baby teeth, and brides are occasionally married in their cradles; where there are no unmarried girls over fourteen, and many widows half that age; where a husband may not notice his wife in public, nor a wife so much as pronounce her husband's name; where wives wear a nose-ring in token of being in a state of subjection to their husbands, and widows are compelled to go bald, condemned to perpetual mourning, mortification, and degradation, and restricted to one meal a day; where, in short, the whole social and ethical system is diametrically opposed to our acknowledged standard

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of moral conduct and to all our preconceived ideas of proper behaviour—such a country, I say, cannot be passed over with a few casual remarks, but holds one enthralled with open-mouthed wonder, not infrequently stiffened with a strong dash of disgust.

Alas! all good things must come to an end, and the happiest times are always those which have passed most quickly.

So it was that our stay at Ooty, where we met with so much kindness from the Chaplain and his wife, at last, to our deep regret, came to its inevitable close. But the recollection of that delightful three weeks spent in one of the most beautiful spots on the globe can never be taken from us, and they who were so successful in making our visit such an unspeakably happy one may rest assured that its memory will ever remain one of the pleasantest in our lives.

JOURNEY FROM OOTY TO BOMBAY

It was about 2 o'clock on the **27th of November** that we tearfully took our departure from dear old Blackwood in a special tonga drawn by two spirited mules.

At Craigmore, the boundary gate where the name of everyone passing in and out is taken, a pompous official compelled us to take out a plague passport, the original of which I still possess and treasure among my Indian souvenirs.

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The drive down to Coonoor took about an hour and three-quarters, and was very comfortable, as the road, like all those in Ootacamund, is splendidly laid, though there may have been an occasional Irish drain. The road was well planted with trees, particularly mimosas with their delicate bipinnate leaves, which are so feathery and graceful. In parts it skirted a precipice of some hundred feet in height and looked down on patches of cultivation. As we neared Coonoor the hedges were adorned with a pretty little red and yellow flower, the name of which I have so far failed to discover.

The scene as we approached the station was gay and animated with the many-coloured saris of the native women engaged on the railway extension work, and the busy hive of men swarming up and down planks and along the deep cuttings made by blasting the rock.

We alighted from the tonga in entire ignorance of the news in store for us. Simon, who was there to receive us, came up with a grave, lugubrious face, and imparted the undesirable information that there were no trains running down to Mettupalaiyam, as the line had been washed away in one or two places by the recent rains. This appalling announcement left us utterly dumb-founded and speechless. Here were we thirteen miles from our friends at Ooty, with all our impedimenta, our tickets taken right through to Bombay, with a reserved compartment on the train from Mettupalaiyam that night, and no train to take us down the ghat. It was pre-

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posterous. We immediately interviewed the stationmaster, a well-meaning, affrighted-looking Eurasian (probably six annas in the rupee, I should say), who did his best to procure us a tonga or some other conveyance which would enable us to reach the Plains in time to catch the train. But although there were tongas and springless wagons, jhatkas, and bullock bandies in abundance, there were no mules or horses, which were rather an essential factor, as all the tail-twisting and horn-tugging in which the native takes such a fiendish delight would never prevail on any number of bullocks to drag us and our luggage twenty-two miles in three hours. I tried blustering and behaving like the conventional stage colonel whose prototype I have yet to meet in actual life. But it was all in vain. We appeared to be in a pretty hopeless predicament, and likely to remain stranded at Coonoor for the night, when the tonga agent who had been summoned gave utterance to a most brilliant suggestion, at which we clutched as eagerly as does a drowning man at a straw. The Royal Mail tonga had to descend the ghat with the mail bags from Ooty, he said, and he could make room for us if we had no objection to leaving all our luggage behind. Here was an opportunity not to be missed, as it revealed to us the one and only means of continuing our journey before the next day. Yet it involved parting with our baggage and Simon our shadow—a prospect the contemplation of which was too awful for words. Still, it was the thin end of the

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wedge, and opened out to us possibilities which a few moments before seemed as remote as the Himalayas. So at about 4.30, after a hasty meal, we went out to the station yard and entrusted our heavy luggage to the care of the stationmaster, with strict injunctions that he was to forward it on the morrow, while our handbags we absolutely insisted on taking with us. Accordingly, we boarded the Royal Mail—a luxury for which they were careful to charge, and were just driving off when we found Simon was not with us. To be deprived of Simon and our luggage at one fell swoop was too crushing a blow to be endured. Simon had to be taken at all costs, and amid the vehement protests of the tonga agent, and all sorts of extortionate demands, by dint of loud shouts and expostulatory gestures, to which Kitty contributed almost more than her share, we at last contrived to overrule the agent's objections. What an exciting drive we had down the Coonoor Ghat to be sure! We had started behind time, were probably carrying a heavier load than the driver had ever taken before, and were obliged to pull up at frequent intervals owing to the endless procession of bullock bandies laden with all manner of merchandise which generally monopolised the whole road. The result was we simply tore along at a breakneck pace whenever the road was free from obstacles, taking the blind corners and dangerous curves with a recklessness which positively thrilled us. The road wound through deep ravines and under lofty crags, whilst far

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below rushed the Coonoor River, forming beautiful cascades in its downward course. On the opposite side stood the Hulikul Drug—a grand bluff wonderfully diversified with scarp and crag, relieved with bright green foliage in each cleft or hollow, whilst its base was covered with rich tropical forest, gradually passing into stretches of waving bamboo.

As we dashed headlong down the ghat to the cheerful accompaniment of a horn, which our driver managed to blow simultaneously with his other occupation, I could not help thinking of the terrible disaster which might at any moment befall us if he should lose control of these mettlesome mules, whose capacity for speed was simply amazing.

About half-way down the ghat we changed steeds and took another passenger on board in the shape of a station official from Mettupalaiyam, who sat on the step for the rest of the journey.

The heat became almost insufferable as we reached the lower altitudes, and the air in the malarial belt of the jungle-clad tract, extending from two thousand to three thousand feet, was horribly stifling and oppressive.

As the dark mantle of night fell on us with enfolding gloom the noise of the cicadæ in the trees was almost deafening. Out of the stillness they would burst suddenly into full chorus with a voice so harshly creaking, so dissonant as to sound quite unearthly.

Myriads of fireflies flittered round us and

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illuminated the darkness of the forest with the phosphorescent lights they diffused. The air was thick with them, and when we halted once, owing to a defect in the harness, I caught half a dozen or more in my sola topee, which enabled me to submit them to a close inspection. The effect of these glittering points of light dancing and hovering about us in the air was to transport us into the fairyland of our childhood's days, and neither of us would have evinced much surprise had a party of gnomes and elves, and other tricky beings, appeared out of the earth or from the tree-trunks to beguile us with their mischievous antics. But nothing so romantic happened ; on the contrary, we were rudely awakened from our childish dreams to experience a very ordinary yet none the less unpleasant adventure. A bridge over a broad stream had been lately swept away by torrential rains and its place taken by a temporary structure. Unhappily, during the last few days there had been a further heavy downfall, which had caused the wooden bridge also to collapse. There was nothing for it but to ford the stream at its narrowest part. We had nearly reached the opposite bank in safety when the mules came to a standstill and refused to budge another inch. Then the weight proving too great for them, we slowly slipped back into the middle of the stream, where we stuck fast. Every moment we thought the tonga would overbalance and precipitate us, baggage and all, into the water below. The mules were unharnessed and the natives exerted all their

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strength in extricating us from this unenviable plight. By virtue of their great muscular efforts we were eventually pushed up on to dry ground again, but our position was still rather perilous, as the smallest movement would have flung us head-long into the rivulet, which though shallow was nevertheless damp.

After our rescue was effected the mules had to be found, as they had seized the occasion to wander off into the forest. At last we started off again, having been delayed about half an hour by this unfortunate mishap, and for the remainder of the drive we were jolted and tossed about in the most disturbing fashion. The road was, without exception, the roughest we had either of us ever experienced, and although our tonga carried the Royal Mail, it was practically devoid of any springs.

At last, after a fatiguing but ever-memorable drive, we drew up at Mettupalaiyam station, quite expecting to find we had missed the train. Imagine, then, our complete stupefaction when the stationmaster walked up and addressed us as Colonel and Mrs. Mathews, told us that the train was already half an hour late in starting, but that it would wait another twenty minutes or so if we were desirous of taking dinner in the refreshment room.

I don't fancy we ever felt much more important than at that moment. Here was I, a mere brainless law-student who had not even joined the Devil's Own, unexpectedly promoted to the rank

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of Colonel at a totally immature age. What a remarkable distinction! It must have been our military bearing and deportment during those last anxious moments at Coonoor that had made such an impression on the extremely intelligent station-master.

We took our time over dinner, determined to make the most of our transitory fame—a shortlived period of autocratic power such as might never again fall to our lot.

The train left fifty-five minutes late, and we soon settled down to sleep, glad of a good rest after our mad career down the ghat, during which we dropped four thousand feet in three hours.

Tuesday, November 28th.—But we were not destined to enjoy our slumber undisturbed that night, for at 3.30 our doors were burst open without any preliminary warning, and a male and female doctor proceeded unceremoniously to enter our respective compartments. My unwelcome visitor asked me in a very peremptory tone where I had come from, as if my life hung on the answer. This simple question, propounded at such an hour when I was but half awake, completely baffled me, and Kitty assures me I fatuously replied, “The deuce, I can’t remember.” But my good wife, as on so many previous occasions when we were in difficulties, quickly came to my assistance, and satisfied my churlish inquisitor that we had come from somewhere. He then requested me to put out my tongue—an achievement which I found

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comparatively easy—and finally felt my pulse in the neighbourhood of my elbow. Being practically convinced we were not plague-infected, these considerate people vacated our carriage, taking good care to leave the door wide open, for which inexcusable omission we had to pay dearly afterwards.

Shortly after leaving Erode we became aware there was something moving about the floor, and looking down found a miserable-looking fox terrier shut in with us. He had evidently crept in through the doorway at Erode, and already regretted the false step he had taken, for he began to whine piteously and looked thoroughly wretched. We resolved to hand him over to an English-speaking railway official at the next stop, but when we arrived at that wayside station there were only natives on the platform. This continued till day-break, when the mystery of his intrusion was solved, and he was recognised as belonging to the Erode stationmaster.

At about 3.30 that afternoon we reached Arkonam junction, forty-three miles from Madras, where we had to while away the time till eight p.m. Luckily, there are excellent waiting and refreshment rooms, so that after a good lunch we engaged private rooms and indulged in a much-needed bath. Then, towards sundown we took a very pleasant walk, inspecting with impertinent curiosity the bungalows where most of the railway people resided, some of which were of immense size and stood in large compounds.

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We started off through the native village, but thought better of it, and wandered in the direction of open country, where everything was so sun-scorched that not a blade of grass or a green tree were visible. We were a little amused to find a golf course laid out on this parched soil which offered few natural bunkers beyond an occasional clump of prickly cactus.

Before quitting Arkonam that night we tipped one or two station-men rather liberally so as to ensure the quick transit of our luggage in the event of its ever getting as far as that important junction.

Wednesday, November 29th.—We slept well that night, and awoke next morning in time for our last chota-haziri on an Indian train. This was taken at Gooty about 5.45, and breakfast at Raichur at 9.30. In addition to the poached eggs which always form part of the dietary in an Indian breakfast, we were treated to quails at this meal, to say nothing of the ubiquitous rice, the possibilities of which have never been suspected in this country, where it is only imported to be barbarously treated.

Raichur was formerly a portion of the dominions of the Bahmani kings in 1357, and when Bijapur became an independent kingdom, was its first capital. It is now the junction of the G.I.P. and Madras Railways, and just inside the native State of Hyderabad. A few miles farther north the railway crosses the Kistna River by a grand bridge

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three-quarters of a mile long, and at Wadi junction the Nizam's state railway runs east to Hyderabad, Secunderabad, and Bezwada.

Between Raichur and Wadi we passed within fifty miles of Golconda, where are the ruins of the capital of the Kutab Shahi kingdom (the third great Mohammedan dynasty of the Deccan, with Ahmednagar and Bijapur), which lasted from 1512 to 1687, and was overthrown by the Emperor Auranzeb.

The diamonds of Golconda, which have become proverbial and obtained great celebrity throughout the world, were merely cut and polished here, being generally found at Partial, near the south-eastern frontier of the Nizam's territory.

We were very much struck with the uniforms of the native constabulary—a fine set of men, with handsome beards and a mushroom-shaped head-dress in green and yellow.

We purchased an Indian paper at Wadi, where there was an exceptionally good bookstall. I shall never forget at Lucknow hailing with glee a *Daily Mail*, expecting to read some interesting news from old England, when, to my unutterable disgust, the date caught my eye—August 12, 1905—so that it was just about a month old when we embarked upon the good ship *Arabia*.

Gulbarga—the next station of importance at which we stopped—was the first capital of the Bahmani kingdom of the Deccan (1347–1500 A.D.), but was abandoned by the ninth of the dynasty in 1432 in favour of Bidar. It stands in an undulating

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plain, a somewhat dreary expanse of black soil, relieved by outcrops of limestone and thriving young plantations of trees. The old fort in the background black with age, and the numerous domes with which the plain is dotted, helped, however, to relieve the generally monotonous aspect.

The Hyderabad Deccan, through which we were now passing, is the premier native State in India, and about two and a half times the size of Ireland.

The Nizam being the principal Mohammedan ruler is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, a privilege shared by him with the Maharajah of Mysore and the Guikwar of Baroda.

That we were in a Mohammedan State again was readily ascertained, as henna-stained beards and green turbans were frequently noticeable.

The scenery for the rest of the day was mainly flat and featureless, save for the ruins of some ancient town or a noble citadel perched on an abrupt hill studded with huge boulders poised at a threatening angle.

At tea-time we opened our basket, which, to our dismay, was teeming with red ants blandly nibbling away at the biscuits. We managed, however, to exterminate them, and enjoyed our repast surveying the moving scene as we sped through the Land of Regrets.

Dinner was served at Dhond about 7.30, after which we soon retired, and at 6 a.m. next morning steamed into Victoria terminus, having completed 1035 miles since we left Ooty Monday afternoon.

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BOMBAY AGAIN

Thursday, November 30th.—We drove straight to the Taj—the streets of Bombay looking very fine in the early morning light—and ravenously devoured our tea, toast, and those huge red-skinned plantains which are such a speciality in Bombay.

King's, the Army and Navy Stores, a jeweller's where my old watch had reposed throughout our wanderings, and Tarachand Ramaswami were all visited before lunch.

In the afternoon we took another delightful drive round Malabar Hill, on the beauties of which I have already descanted, and on the way back met my gaily-beturbaned Babu friend in the bazaar.

We then visited the Apollo Bandar Hotel, where Kitty's friend of the *Arabia* had much to tell us of the gaiety and festivities in Bombay during their Royal Highnesses' visit.

Friday, December 1st.—We retired early that night after a long and tiring day, having previously instructed Simon to meet the six o'clock train at the Victoria terminus. We expected him to return about seven o'clock, with the luggage we left behind at Coonoor, but eight o'clock came and still no Simon. The next hour we spent was full of idle fears and vague misgivings, and we had almost abandoned all hope of ever seeing our cherished possessions again when the long-lost Simon turned up, bringing

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with him no luggage but the encouraging assurance that it was safely deposited in the cloak-room at the station, and only awaited our appearance to claim it in person. This was refreshing news indeed, and directly after breakfast we hastened to the terminus, where it was eventually restored to us after being carefully identified and subjected to the humiliating process of being weighed.

All the necessary preparations for our departure from India on the morrow having been satisfactorily finished, we both felt at liberty to enjoy ourselves for the rest of our last day in the fascinating East. So we decided to go over to Elephanta, a small island about six miles from the Fort of Bombay. Of course, Cook's steam launch was not making the excursion, as there were not enough passengers to fill it, so we engaged a bandar boat all to ourselves, and invited Kitty's friend to accompany us. The boat we hired was very comfortable, but seemed unnecessarily big for our purpose. It was rigged with a lateen sail—that is, a triangular sail extended by a long tapering yard, slung at about a quarter the distance from the lower end, which is brought down at the back, causing the yard to stand at an angle of about 45 degrees. The bamboo mast of great flexibility was placed in an exceptionally forward position. We left Bombay landing stage about 12.30, and were rowed the whole way to the island, as the sea was perfectly calm and there was certainly not enough breeze to fill a sail.

On the way we passed close to Butcher's Island,

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where persons coming from sea with infectious diseases, such as smallpox, are placed in quarantine.

To the north was the hill known as the Neat's Tongue, or Trombay Island, which is one thousand feet above sea-level.

The highest point of Elephanta is under six hundred feet.

Being ignorant of the exact time this excursion would occupy, we had taken the precaution to order a tiffin-basket at the hotel, and to see that it was amply stocked with sandwiches, sweets, fruit, and non-alcoholic beverages. So during the outward passage we all attacked the viands with right good will, and demolished all but a few cakes left for our tea.

Elephanta is called by the natives Gharapuri, which means "the town of the rock," or "of purification," or "of excavations," according to different authorities. The caves are called "Lenen" by the natives, a word used throughout India and Ceylon for these excavations, most probably on account of the first of them being intended for hermitages of Buddhist ascetics.

Elephanta, the European name, was given to the island by the Portuguese in honour of a huge rock-cut elephant that stood on a knoll a little to the east of Gharapuri village. As it was sinking down into a shapeless mass of stone it was removed in 1864 to the Victoria Gardens in Bombay. The island was till within recent times almost entirely overgrown with wood, and is still covered with low

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corinda bushes and tall palms. The present landing-place is anything but convenient, as it consists of a rather slippery pier of isolated concrete blocks, while the approach to the caves is up a paved ascent constructed in 1853 by a native merchant at an expense of Rs.12,000.

Directly we landed we were surrounded by a crowd of jabbering natives, who thrust in our faces matchboxes filled with the most varied selection of coleoptera, alive and dead. As some of them displayed the most brilliant metallic lustre, the elytra exhibiting the appearance of burnished gold or of rubies inlaid on emerald or ebony, I invested in a few boxes, but was reluctantly restrained by my better half from buying any living ones. Now that we are home again I can see that their importation to England would have been attended with considerable difficulty, as they would in all probability have either been quarantined for six months or sent back to Gharapuri as undesirable immigrants.

As the caves are about a quarter of a mile from the beach, and have to be approached by one hundred and thirty steps of various width of tread, the ladies were prevailed upon to make the ascent in very rough, ill-balanced conveyances scarcely worthy the name of sedan chairs, albeit of the same design.

The villagers, who were wildly excited at our arrival and followed us right up to the plateau in front of the great cave, were a very uncivilised set of people and managed to cut down their clothing to even less dimensions than that affected

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by the natives of the mainland, which until then I had always regarded as an irreducible minimum.

The view from the plateau was one of exceeding beauty. To the right lay the well-wooded slope of the east Elephanta hill, and beyond in the north-east the Belapur ranges. To the north beyond the brushwood-covered slope, the bare rice-fields, the mangrove-fringed shore, and a belt of bright sea, was the bare but graceful rounded hill of Trombay, bounded on the north by the village of Chembur, and on the west by a small Mussulman temple called Pir Pao, and a large dwelling-house belonging to a Parsee gentleman of Bombay.

Passing the custodian's dwelling and the police guard-house we at last reached the actual entrance to the caves.

“When one enters the portico passing from the glare and heat of tropical sunshine to the dim light and cooler air of the temple, and realises that one is under a vast roof of solid rock that seems to be supported only by the ranges of massive columns that recede in the vistas on every side, the impression on the mind may be imagined rather than described. And this feeling of strange, uncertain awe that creeps over the mind is only prolonged when in the obscure light one begins to contemplate the gigantic stony figures ranged along the walls from which they seem to start.”

The most striking of the mural figures is the colossal three-headed bust facing the north entrance, which is acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of sculpture in India. The bust represents

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Shiva in the three characters of Brahma the creator, Rudra the destroyer, and Vishnu the preserver. This gigantic bust is nearly eighteen feet high; the longest face is four feet; while the three heads measure approximately twenty-three feet round at the level of the eyes. The varying expressions on the three faces, intended to differentiate the characters they represent, are very wonderfully portrayed. The central, heavy-lipped face, symbolic of Brahma, looks mild and peaceful, and the ears are slit and drawn down to signify a composed, placid mind. The destroyer's brow has an oval swelling about the nose resembling a third eye; the mouth is slightly open with an amused, perhaps bhanga-intoxicated look; and he smiles at a cobra which is coiled round his wrist and with outstretched hood looks him in the face. Vishnu, the preserver, is holding a lotus flower in his right hand, his hair falls from under the head-dress in neatly curled ringlets, and his expression is typical of gentle placidity. There is little doubt that the famous bust is meant to be Shiva invested with the triple character of creator, preserver, and destroyer, an aggregation of attributes always assigned by the sectarian Hindu to the divinity of his preferential adoration.

The next compartment contained a number of figures grouped round a gigantic four-armed half-male, half-female divinity known as "Ardhanarishwar," who combines the active or manlike and the passive or womanlike principles in nature. Though many of the figures in this group are

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damaged, partly owing to decay and partly to violence, yet some are still splendidly preserved, such as a woman bearing a chauri or fly-whisk, Varun riding on an alligator, and Indra mounted on an elephant.

Another recess holds two immense figures of Shiva and Parvati. Shiva has a high cap, from the crown of which rises a sort of cup or shell, in which is a singular three-headed female figure, symbolising the Ganga proper, the Jumna, and Saraswati, which three streams are supposed to unite at Allahabad, to form the Ganges fabled to flow from Shiva's head.

In the west aisle of the cave is the central shrine or chapel with four entrances, at the side of which stand eight giant doorkeepers about fifteen feet high. With the exception of one, which is practically intact, they are all terribly damaged, but the features in one of them bear a very striking resemblance to Her late Most Gracious Majesty.

Among other groups of interest is that representing the marriage of Shiva and Parvati, in which the position of Parvati on the right of Shiva shows that she is his bride; for to stand on the right of her husband and to eat with him are privileges vouchsafed to a Hindu wife only on her wedding day.

Perhaps the most remarkable sculpture is a relief of Bhairava, a terrible form which Shiva assumed on hearing from his first wife Sati that he was not asked to attend a sacrifice given by

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her father Daksha. The expression of the face is fierce and passionate, the skin is wrinkled in a frown over the eyes, which are swollen, while the teeth are set, showing a long hanging tusk at the right corner of the mouth. Over the left shoulder and across the thigh hangs a rosary of human skulls, and two of his eight hands are devoted to the slaughter of a human being.

But to enumerate all the remaining groups would involve a too lengthy description of these caves, and bore my readers to distraction. Therefore, in conclusion, let me observe that this intensely interesting temple, hewn out of the living rock, is known to be of great antiquity, but authorities display an extraordinary diversity of opinion as to the exact date of its construction. Some well-educated native gentlemen of the present day actually maintain that the caves are fully four thousand years old, but this theory must be regarded as wholly untenable; others agree in assigning them to about the middle of the eighth century A.D., while the present superintendent of caves regards the second or third century to be nearer the mark. Whatever their real age may be, one fact remains incontrovertible, namely, that their present state of preservation is wonderful, considering the mutilation they undoubtedly underwent at the hands of the Portuguese, who in the blind fury of their bigotry desecrated the temple in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Before leaving the island we partook of some light refreshment, and the superintendent of caves

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very courteously made me a present of what he was pleased to call a bit of iron ore picked up on the beach. Closer examination has disclosed the fact that in all probability it is a meteorite which has fallen from the heavens; but so far it has not been submitted to a scientific test, so that there is no certainty attached to this hypothesis.

Followed by a procession of yelling barbarians, we made our way back to the boat along the slippery pier, and had a very enjoyable sail to Bombay. A slight breeze had sprung up during our stay on the island, which enabled us to accomplish the return journey in an hour and a half.

The changing colours of the sky as the sun sank lower beneath the horizon, combined with the growing distinctness of the countless domes and landmarks on the mainland to produce a very effective picture. And as the warm golden hues were gradually replaced by the cold silvery moonbeams, the air became chilled, and our eyes gladly rested on the lights of the harbour now springing up in all directions.

That night we put the last labels on our boxes, so that by eight o'clock next morning we were both dressed and all our luggage had been removed by our agents.

After breakfast Kitty drove to her friend's new bungalow overlooking Malabar Hill, and professed herself very charmed with its situation.

I settled up with King's and the hotel people, and then Simon approached me with a request the nature of which I was for some time at a loss

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to understand. To my shame be it said, I was quite under the impression that he was endeavouring to extort money, when Kitty once again came to the rescue and suggested it was a testimonial he required. The delightfully expressive word "Chit" chanced to fall from our lips, and acted like magic, for Simon and we arrived instantly at a complete and thorough understanding.

The sole ambition of every native is to amass an unwieldy collection of chits which he can flaunt before his prospective master. Of course, it is a matter of supreme indifference whether the contents of the aforesaid chits refer to the holder himself, a remote paternal ancestor, or even an utter stranger. So long as they are there, and contain fairly intelligible matter, they are invaluable.

Simon's chit, in this particular instance, showed such eulogistic tendencies, and was couched in such highly flattering terms, that it should stand him in good stead if he ever leaves his present master, to whom he is so devoted, and wishes to earn his livelihood as a travelling-boy.

At the entrance to the Ballard pier about twelve o'clock that day quite a pathetic leave-taking occurred between two rather dejected-looking travellers, just about to embark on the s.s. *Peninsular*, and a swarthy native of Madras, with a frank, engaging expression, whose services to these Sahib-lôk had been inestimable. Strange as it may sound, having regard to the racial differences existing between them, those white-folk had

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formed quite a strong attachment to this kind, good-natured, simple-minded black man who had piloted them safely round the vast continent of India, and studied their interests and comfort with such single-hearted sincerity. And for this great boon, without which our long, tedious journeys by day and night in a strange country would scarcely have been possible, we are for ever indebted to the Chaplain of Ootacamund and his wife. The full extent of their generosity in placing their most trusted servant at our disposal for so long a time probably none but Anglo-Indians can thoroughly appreciate. Yet, though we can hardly claim to be Anglo-Indians, we have enjoyed the profuse hospitality for which they are proverbial, and during our delightful sojourn at Ooty were able to form some idea of the loss our friends sustained through their magnanimous act.

Before we leave the country where we received so much kindness, let me once more place on record our deep gratitude to those who, by extending us such a warm welcome, so materially augmented the enjoyment of our tour. The brief stay at Jaipur, where we were introduced under such exceptionally happy auspices to all the pomp and splendour and quaint mediævalism of a typical native state; and those delightful days spent at the queen of Indian hill-stations, where all the peerless natural beauties associated in one's mind with this lovely England of ours are found hand in hand with the glamour and enchantment of the East—these two visits will ever linger in our

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memories and stand out most prominently when in our old age we indulge in fireside reminiscences. Nor will the many other demonstrations of friendship from those with whom the voyage first brought us into contact cease to be gratefully remembered, since they impose on us a lasting obligation which we can never hope to adequately discharge.

FAREWELL TO INDIA

We weighed anchor about two o'clock that afternoon, and slowly drifted out of the harbour.

On the port side lay the cruiser H.M.S. *Terrible*, which had escorted their Royal Highnesses from Italy. She is a magnificent four-funnel ship of five hundred feet in length and seventy-one feet beam, with a speed capacity of twenty-two knots.

The battleship *Renown*, which carried the Prince and Princess, was also lying within a short distance of us, and, like the *Terrible*, was painted a peculiarly luminous grey-green colour, to celebrate the great honour of carrying the heir-apparent to the British throne on his visit to the Indian Empire.

The vessel on which we had embarked was the s.s. *Peninsular*, of about five thousand tons and but six thousand h.p., which plied between Bombay and Aden. She was much smaller than the *Arabia*, on which we made the outward voyage, but a far better sea-going boat, with little or no motion and a high average speed. One day we made four hundred and eleven knots in the twenty-four hours

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—a far higher rate of speed than we ever attained on the *Arabia* or the *China*.

Although such a comparatively small boat, our cabin was almost larger than the one allotted us on either of the others—a piece of good fortune altogether unexpected, as we were quite prepared for very cramped quarters.

Of course, the deck accommodation was of necessity on a greatly reduced scale; the promenade deck being considerably shorter, and only the starboard side assigned to the first saloon passengers. Still, we managed to obtain as much exercise as we needed, for the atmospheric conditions were not conducive to a greater display of energy than was necessitated by the periodic ascent and descent of the companion ways at meal times.

There were very few passengers on board, but we soon discovered some with whom we had mutual friends, and conversation at table generally flowed pretty briskly.

The captain, whose wife we met on the *Arabia*, was exceedingly kind to us, and gave orders the first day that we should be given seats next to him in the dining saloon. On one or two occasions he took us into his cabin, which was sumptuously appointed, and showed us some of his treasures, among which was a strangely silent parrot.

One afternoon, when Kitty was enjoying a quiet siesta, I had a splendid view of two whales within thirty yards of us, one of which emerged a good four feet out of the water. It was quite impossible to gauge its length as but a small

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portion of the body was visible at one time, but judging from the enormous quantity of spray thrown up during its expiratory efforts, the lung capacity must have been exceptionally well-developed.

There was an appreciable diminution in the number of flying-fish in the Indian Ocean during the homeward voyage. Outward bound we encountered millions of them without the slightest exaggeration, and the sight of these bizarre-looking objects darting out of the water on all sides as we sped along afforded us endless amusement. From our observations it was made perfectly clear that their course, as they skimmed the glittering surface, was horizontally straight in a calm sea, and that any deflection was due to external circumstances, such as wind-pressure, and not to voluntary action on their part.

The day before we reached Aden there was quite a heavy squall in the early morning, during which a waterspout was seen by some on board, but Kitty and I were not among the favoured ones.

During the progress of this interesting phenomenon we are said to have passed the *Arabia* on her way out to Bombay, and those who saw her assert that she looked more like a phantom ship than an eight-thousand tonner in that disturbed condition of the elements.

The last morning on the *Peninsular* my intense eagerness to see the famous Southern Cross dispelled any hope of sleep after 5 a.m., so rising secretly and noiselessly I stole upon deck, like a

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thief in the night, to view that celebrated constellation. It was only partially visible at this hour, so that the southernmost star, which is said to be the brightest, was still below the horizon. The other four were certainly there; the northernmost a clear yellow, the two lower ones a diamond white; while a miniature ruby seemed to have crept in amongst them by mistake. It was a distinct disappointment to me, as I expected to see four brilliant stars of perfect cruciform shape, whereas the sight afforded was that of an ugly isosceles triangle. However, the heavens were studded with a million other lights of varying lustre and intensity, the contemplation of which more than compensated me for any vexation I felt with the Southern Cross. And, after all, the reproaches that would have been hurled at me had I not availed myself of this splendid opportunity of viewing it while in the Tropics would have been more than I could bear.

We transhipped from the *Peninsular* to the *China* after dinner that night, and as practically everything was done for us, were not seriously inconvenienced by the change. But our feelings as we proceeded to embark on the strange ship were anything but enviable. The passengers who had travelled on her all the way from Australia naturally regarded us in the light of unwelcome intruders, so that as we paraded up and down the long deck we were uncomfortably sensible of being closely scrutinised by our friends from the Antipodes. Still, we escaped the awful humiliation of a young couple of honeymoonish appearance, who

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came on at Port Said. The first night they came down to dinner they imprudently arrived a course or two late, and as every table was full they had to submit to the indignity of waiting for at least five minutes while the outraged steward produced at his leisure a tablecloth and the other necessary adjuncts of a meal. Their complete isolation, coupled with a slight confusion, doubtless accentuated by the knowledge that they were looked upon as newly married, enlisted the sympathies of many, but only served to increase the merriment at our hilarious table.

The Red Sea was very much pleasanter than on the outward voyage—in fact, the thermometer never rose above 84° ; that is 10° lower than before.

Kitty joined in a game of Shuffleboard one morning, but never played again, as it was productive of boisterous shouts and general rowdiness which was scarcely relished by the non-playing passengers.

We reached Suez about 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and were surprised to find it very cold there. The sun was just setting when we left our anchorage, and the cerulean sky, liquid blue waters of the Gulf, and weird, mysterious cliffs on the African side, provided us with a beautiful study in blue ranging from deep cobalt to pale ultramarine.

There was a cold blast blowing from the east as we passed up the canal that night, which poignantly forced on us the realisation that we were now out of the Tropics.

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Almost as soon as we entered the canal we were obliged to tie up for a cargo boat to pass. Some excitement was caused by the cable with which we were moored to the bank suddenly breaking loose, with the result that we immediately swung round into midstream. Had the boat for which we were lying up been close upon us at that moment she must have caught us full on the broadside. Luckily, though bearing down on us, she was able to shut off steam in good time to avoid a collision.

The canal looked very pretty at night with the searchlights, electric masthead lights, and buoys gleaming with their luminous paint.

We were again unable to land at Suez owing to the short stay there and the distance of the roadstead from the town.

At Port Said, on the contrary, we went ashore about nine o'clock with two fellow-passengers who were returning from a short visit to Ceylon. We took much the same drive as on the way out—along the beach and through the Arab town, still teeming with its heterogeneous population, composed for the most part of the dregs of humanity.

Subsequently we lunched at the Eastern Exchange, where we also had our first chance for weeks of perusing some fairly up-to-date English newspapers, a luxury which none can fully appreciate save those who have travelled in distant lands.

We heard terrible accounts of the weather in the Mediterranean prior to leaving Port Said, but the next day was so fine that we began to cherish

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the hope that these reports were either grossly exaggerated or that the storm alleged to be raging had already spent itself. These vain hopes, however, were rudely shattered the following morning when we awoke to find an exceptionally heavy gale blowing in the Ionian Sea between Crete and Sicily.

I promptly succumbed, and effected a proportionately quick recovery. Kitty, however, gradually grew worse, until at tea-time things reached a critical stage, and she retired to her cabin with a splitting headache and all the other recognised symptoms of *mal de mer*.

Although the two days in the English Channel and Bay of Biscay on the voyage out were bad enough, the weather on those occasions was of an entirely different nature. We then learnt for the first time the true interpretation of the phrase "to roll" and "to pitch" as applied to a ship. When the port and starboard side of a vessel rise and fall alternately, or when the good ship plunges lengthwise into the sea's trough with accommodating regularity, one does not so much mind, but it is the combination of the two movements known in naval phraseology as "scending" which is apt to reduce one to the depths of despair. It was a *bonâ-fide* storm at sea to which we were being treated. The sky was an inky black lit up occasionally by a flash of lightning, while the distant roll of thunder could be heard above the noise of the engines and the booming of the waves against the hull.

One very amusing incident occurred in the

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course of the day which my sense of humour forbids me to leave untold. The screw by which an iron seat was secured suddenly gave way during a 30° roll. At the time there happened to be three or four occupants—among them an old gentleman of exceedingly unwieldy proportions—while in front were two or three others reclining peacefully in ordinary deck chairs. Without the least warning the heavy seat, and the equally heavy old gentleman, tobogganed gaily across the deck, carrying all before them in their unchecked advance. As they dashed along one could distinctly hear the sharp snapping of wood followed by an ominous thump, and before one thoroughly realised what had occurred they were all swept higgledy-piggledy into the scuppers. There they remained prostrate and helpless, in a state of almost inextricable confusion, till a rescue party hastened to their assistance. It was one of the most diverting things I have witnessed for a long time, even the principal actors in this unrehearsed little comedy being fain to admit that it had its humorous side. Of course it might have easily resulted in a serious accident, considering the impetus with which they were flung against the bulwarks; but fortunately the tragic element was confined to a few bruises, in addition to the mental shock inseparable from such an unexpectedly rapid and indeed totally unforeseen journey through space.

Of course all tarpaulins were out and fiddles used at meals that day, but even they proved powerless to prevent wineglasses and teapots

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from turning somersaults and plates from engaging in an innocent game of Blind Man's Buff with one's knife and fork.

Next day the fury of the storm had abated, and we passed through the eddies and swirls of the Straits of Messina under perfect weather conditions.

The distant view of Mount Etna, wrapped in a glistening mantle of pure white snow, was one of entrancing beauty. Above its lofty summit was poised an opaque white cloud which rested motionless while it reflected the dazzling splendour of the snow beneath.

Between us and the radiant white surface standing out so clearly against the azure vault of heaven lay that favourite resort of Emperor William—the picturesque town of Taormina, magnificently situated at the edge of a precipitous cliff.

Farther on, Messina, with its unbroken line of white-fronted houses gleaming in the sunlight, attracted the eye. The houses rise in tiers on the slope of a hill clad with the mellow hues of vines, orange, and lemon trees, while in the background loom the wooded mountains.

On the other side of the straits rose up the rugged cliffs of Calabria intersected with fertile valleys.

Perched on a rock which from the sea looked absolutely inaccessible could be seen a ruined castle, a church steeple, or even a small hamlet.

Below were spread out the luxuriant gardens

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and orchards of Reggio which have been celebrated for centuries. Broad, dried-up watercourses spoke eloquently of a bygone age when mountain-torrents here sought the sea in their headlong course, but one looked in vain for ocular evidence of that disastrous earthquake which had but recently wrought havoc in the district.

Our captain very considerably steered an erratic course as we neared the Lipari Islands, and took us close alongside the volcanic Stromboli, which was not as violently eruptive as when we passed it three months before. There was plenty of vaporous steam issuing from the mountain, but no tongues of flame leapt up, and the stream of lava had dwindled away to insignificant dimensions.

The inhabitants of the little village lying to the south of the volcano had recently fled panic-stricken to the mainland during the period of its unwonted activity.

There was a good deal of speculation on board as to whether they had yet returned, and all the telescopes and field-glasses available were concentrated on that peaceful little village. Personally, I was unable to detect any signs of human existence; the houses gave me the impression of being untenanted, and no children rushed out to greet the passing vessel. Still, there were some who clearly saw human beings, so it is possible that some portion of the inhabitants had decided to defy Providence again in spite of repeated warnings.

The next day we reached the Straits of Bonifacio about one o'clock, and had an excellent

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view of the island of Corsica, famous as the birth-place of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Lofty spurs of that central mountain range which covers the greater part of Corsica terminated abruptly on the shore or projected boldly into the sea, forming bays and gulfs affording excellent harbours.

Many small villages were discernible along the shore, but on the Sardinian side there were no traces of human habitation, and the bare, rugged outlines of the rocky coast were unrelieved by any of the softer tints of Nature.

Our sea voyage came to an end the following day, when we left the *China* at Marseilles to continue our journey home overland.

We were invited to a large luncheon party at the Hôtel de Genève by two of our fellow-passengers, one of whom was going to stay in the Riviera during the winter, as he had but recently recovered from typhoid.

After a very hearty meal most of us drove round Marseilles, taking practically the same route as on our previous visit. But Marseilles in the middle of winter, with long avenues of leafless trees and a biting east wind, is a very different place from the Marseilles we first saw with its crowded outdoor cafés and streets bathed in the glorious September sunshine. Still, we were such a merry party that even this woeful transformation could not diminish our enjoyment on that delightful afternoon.

The Bombay-Calais Express, in which we crossed France, left the quay about six o'clock and

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landed us at Calais soon after midday on Sunday, 17th December. It was a very comfortable railway journey, but with all due respect to continental *trains de luxe*, the Indian mode of travelling is far preferable, though it would not, of course, be practicable over here, for passengers would never consent to carry their own bedding.

The Channel crossing was as smooth as it was cold, so that when we finally reached the shores of our native land we were rejoicing in red noses and shivering frames. Nevertheless, we love this dear, gloomy old England, with its climatic vagaries and stubborn refusal to adhere to the stereotyped seasons, for it testifies to that spirit of independence, that love of liberty which is the proud boast of every true Englishman.

The tropical heat of India in which we revelled during our brief sojourn there is tolerable enough when one is free to leave it if it become excessive ; but month after month of cloudless sky and scorching sun is far more monotonous than the variegated weather upon which we can always safely rely. And yet we grumble at our climate ; we curse the unwelcome rain, protest against a three weeks' drought, and find fault with the fogs and east winds. But with the exception of a few sickly folk, these climatic freaks don't kill us ; we are not dependent on the weather for our lives and fortunes. On the other hand, a couple of inches of rain withheld in its due season in India will often cause as much human suffering as Napoleon did in his whole career. Still, the Ryot goes on his uncomplaining

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way, and when nothing lies between him and salvation but a shower of rain, his only comment is, "Khoda Ka merzee," "It is the Will of God." He thus unconsciously furnishes an example of Christian patience and humility which many of the Governing race would do well to follow—especially in their dealings with the natives.

But a diary is hardly the place in which to assume a didactic tone, particularly when the tour which it so feebly attempts to record has already reached its commonplace conclusion at a London terminus, where all dutiable articles have to be declared.

So the "Golden East" must make way for the leaden skies in the West, and we who have had the double experience must strive like the alchemists of the Middle Ages to transmute the lead into gold in the crucible of our hearts.

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