CHAPTER XXI.

Natal — Durban — Pietermaritzburg — The Zulus — Bishop Colenso — Relics of Isandhlwana — The Native Contingent — A kindly Souvenir — Farewell to South Africa.

PORT ELIZABETH to Durban is about 400 miles. We left on Friday at noon, and at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, we lay off the Port. The bar, distant about three-quarters of a mile, was marked by heavy rollers. Our steamer was not very large; but, owing to the tide being low, it could not cross. So a small tender came alongside, lurching violently in the swell, and the unfortunate passengers had to watch carefully their chance of jumping from the one vessel to the other. The ladies were packed, two at a time, in a deep basket, and let down by a crane. Then, to add insult to injury, the bilge-water began to spout from the steamer's side, and completely deluged the little tug before it had time to move off. The whole arrangement was slovenly in the extreme. The tug crossed the foaming bar without taking on much water, and in a few minutes we had rounded the Point. The wharf was picturesquely crowded with townspeople, red-coats, and Zulus. We hired five black "boys" to carry our smaller luggage up to the town, about a mile and a-half distant. There is a railway from the Point to Durban, also omnibuses and drays; but, being Sunday, communication was stopped.

We walked up to town along a sandy road lined with tropical shrubbery. It felt very much warmer here than in Cape Colony, and we were glad when the sandy road led into the long main street of Durban. At the first hotel, we could get audience only with the brother of the proprietor, who thought there were no vacant rooms, owing to the return of so many of the military from Zululand. The proprietor himself was indulging in his after-dinner nap, from which we were told

he dare not be roused. After indulging in his forty winks, which occupied forty minutes, he kindly awoke, and told us "he was full." So we "trekked" off to other quarters, followed by our Zulu contingent carrying the luggage. We arrived at another hotel in time to get the only remaining rooms.

Durban is built on a sand-flat, which stretches from the bay to the Berea, a wooded hill rising three miles back from the coast. On the Berea are situated the villas of the wealthier inhabitants, while the town itself is mainly occupied by the numerous places of business. Durban has long wide streets, down which the houses and stores are comfortably ranged. They do not cramp each other in close, high, rigid masses as at home. In the middle of the town is a railed garden, rich in shrubbery and shade-trees. Close to it stands the elegant Post Office, which lost a good deal of its neatness by having a pile of sand-bags on the top of it. We saw, at a commanding corner, a store whose roof was also fitted up with one of these impromptu batteries. These told tales of the great scare in January and February of this year, when the folks were almost on the point of fleeing the colony, and when the shipping in the bay held itself in readiness to take on board the panic-stricken population.

Ordinarily a decent sort of place, Durban had been transformed by the Zulu war into a noisy, rowdy town. The canteens were doing a roaring trade; brawls took place at the street corners. The hotel echoed all day with the animal spirits of young officers. We met with all kinds of people just returned from "the Front." The "Front" monopolised all conversation. The streets of Durban are picturesque with Zulus and Indian Coolies. You marvel at seeing the alien labourers; but the Zulu is fitful and fit only for rough unskilled work. Hence he is useless on the sugar and coffee plantations, and hence has come about that extensive introduction of coolies, who can be relied upon for a number of years.

We gave eight concerts in Durban, in the Trafalgar Hall, which, like a good many colonial halls, is a concert-room, with

a theatrical stage at one end, and holding 400 or 500 people. We had good audiences, but the "gods" were the noisiest we had met with in any part of South Africa. This was chiefly owing to the war element—to the shady populace that follows in the train of an army. I am afraid that these rough customers kept some of the respectable "Berea people" away at first; for it was only after a night or two, when the celestials had quieted down, that the townspeople came out with their wives and daughters.

Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, is fifty-two miles inland from Durban—by railway it will be as much as seventy. The train at this time ran only half way, the engineering difficulties being unusually great. Leaving Durban, you pass through rich plantations and luxuriant bush. Shortly the line commences to ascend, and the curves I should think, are unparalleled in number and sharpness. When we got out at Botha's Hill, there was "Murray's Bus" waiting for passengers. This was a "Cobb's Coach," capable of holding about a dozen people, and their Lilliputian luggage, which is limited to 12 lbs. each person. Among our fellow-passengers was Mr. Russel, the Superintendent of Education, whom we found to be an Edinburgh man, and in conversation with whom the four hours passed pleasantly. The driver was a very intelligent fellow, who had once been a "gentleman," but had fallen somehow from the drawing-room to the splashboard. The vehicle had broken down the preceding day, and its underworks were now held together with ropes, while through a rent in the bottom the dust was wafted up as from a small volcano. The most notable part of the drive was the long Inchanga Hill, up which the passengers had to walk. Then on we sped, over grassy downs and over breezy ridges. They had need be breezy, in all conscience, as the air at most places reeked with carrion. Once we saw a party of Zulus cutting up a dead ox, while the large vultures were hovering hungrily a few paces off, till the natives had done with the carcase; and this, too, alongside one of the most travelled roads in South Africa. Crossing a neat iron bridge over the Umsindusi River, we passed the

Maritzburg Cemetery, which inauspiciously lines each side of the road, and in a few minutes finished our journey at the Crown Hotel.

Pietermaritzburg is situated in the heart of "fair Natal," on a gently-sloping plain, partly surrounded by hills. In the heart of the town, the streets are composed of large stores; as they stretch outwards, they gradually lose their municipal air, and become roads lined with trees, with a "sluit" running on either side, and cottages peeping coquettishly through a veil of foliage. Some of the suburban houses have their gables covered with vines, and their verandahs with luxuriant creepers. Everywhere there are gardens, while many of the hedge-rows are composed of roses. The town still bears some evidence of the Arcadian tastes of its founders,—those early immigrant Boers, who, in 1838, thought to make here a village Paradise. The Zulus are a continual source of interest in these towns of Natal. They are powerful, well-built fellows, and inveterately cheerful. It may be said that the Kafir supplies South Africa with laughter. If you hear merriment anywhere, ten to one it proceeds from the native, not from Boer or Africander. There is more sparkle in a Zulu's left eye than in a Dutchman's two eyes put together. Never was there a more appropriate word than that of "boys" as applied to the Kafirs. They are self-satisfied, jolly, happy-go-lucky in their work. Their clothing is never ample, but what they do wear is worn with grace. Their well-shapen bodies set off the most ragged coats or trousers; tatters on a Kafir never suggest dirt, squalor, or destitution, as on a home beggar. The men trim their hair into strange shapes, and any day in Maritzburg you may see them sitting on the curb-stones doing up each other's "wool." I have seen a "boy" with a piece of pink tape bound round his forehead, who looked as attractive as an Acis, and another equally handsome in a coronet of green leaves. Every native carries a stick, sometimes two or three, for you might as well expect them to be wanting an arm or a leg as be without their "knob-kerrie."

There are scarcely any Kafir women in service; the Kafir

woman is of great value, that is, as a marketable article. The father can sell her to a suitor for ten or fourteen head of cattle. You can imagine an old Kafir parent saying to the expectant bridegroom, with a twinkle of the eye, "Oh! yes; you can have your bonnie lassie—*when the kye comes hame!*" When the girl becomes a wife, she hoes the ground, sows and reaps, hews wood and draws water; while the happy husband loafs all day, merely doing such light work as milking the cows. The more wives he marries, the more ground he can cultivate, and the richer he becomes. There are no old maids in Zululand; and as long as polygamy exists, it will be impossible for Europeans to get a reliable supply of Kafir women for servants. The colonists, however, do not feel this so very irksome. A Scotch housewife in Maritzburg told me she preferred a "boy" to a Kafir girl, as he was so very much cleaner and handier. It takes a little time for one to get over the peculiar sensation of seeing a black man doing the cooking, cleaning the bedrooms, and making the beds. The relations between black and white in Natal seem to be more satisfactory than in the Cape Colony. The "boys" are more intelligent, vivacious, and industrious, and the colonists speak of them more kindly. At nine o'clock each night, a bell rings as a signal for the natives to leave the streets and retire to their homes. This seems at first rather a harsh restriction; but as the Zulus generally go to bed about eight o'clock, the regulation only affects a few confirmed loafers, and was made to prevent robbery and lawlessness. I have seen more than one European on Maritzburg streets at night, whom it would have been advisable to put under this regulation; but then, I suppose, we would hear a great outcry about "the liberty of the subject." One can pardon the European law-maker for being a little stringent, when one recollects the total whites of Natal number only 20,000, amongst 350,000 blacks.

We paid a visit to the suburban villa of a Maritzburg gentleman, famed for his plantations. The artist of the *Graphic* chanced to be of the party, and I had the honour of bestriding his steed which had been in most of the battles of the Zulu War. Under guidance of our host, we saw his garden and

forests—acres upon acres covered with timber. He sets from 10,000 to 12,000 trees a-year; one twelvemonth he planted 26,000. Our friend showed us a little Druid circle of oaks, which he did not seem to value so much because they were oaks, or had grown swiftly, but because they were English. Maritzburg used to be regarded as "a Sodom and Gomorrah," so hot and dry was it, and its hills so treeless; but now the land-owners have taken to growing timber, which will prove at once pleasant and beneficial.

I may here interject the remark that dairy produce not being plentiful in Maritzburg, we had to put up with preserved butter at the hotel. One day, my father, on the butter being handed him, said: "Are you sure, now, this is *fresh* butter?" "Oh yes," answered the waiter cheerfully, "just out of the tin this morning!"

One Sunday we went to hear the late Dr. Colenso, who was appointed Bishop of Natal in 1853. He was known in England as an eminent mathematician, and came out to South Africa as a missionary bishop, where he became equally famed as the social and political champion of the Zulu. Colenso preached in a neat little cathedral, with a good congregation. This Sunday, by a strange coincidence, we heard him discourse on the Book of Exodus,—his text having reference to the wanderings of the children of Israel, which he held to be a spiritual allegory. He said that St. Paul also held the same view of the matter; and that if the worthy Apostle had lived in these later days, he would have been brought before the Church Court, and subjected to damnatory utterances. Dr. Colenso lived at Bishopstowe, a charming residence some miles out from Maritzburg, where he had natives employed in printing the Bible, Prayer Book, and other works in the Zulu language.

While we were in Maritzburg the Carbineers arrived from the front. Half of the corps had been at Isandhlwana, and perished at the base of the lofty dark rock. We had presented to us a ragged book of MS. music from Isandhlwana, its pages covered with blood and dirt, and many of them torn and

trampled beyond deciphering—a ghastly memorial of the struggle.

One day I saw the return of one of the tribes of the Native Contingent. The thoroughfare was filled with a wild procession of Zulus, dressed in all the panoply of barbarous war. Every man had his large shield of hide, a bundle of assegais under his arm, a gun strapped on his back, another carried over the shoulder, a canvas bag slung at the back of the neck, and a portable commissariat of water-calabashes and mealie-bags at his back. The warriors were all ragged and weather-beaten. Trousers they had none, but round their waists they wore strips of hairy hide, or "moochees" of wild cat's tails, that flapped to the time of their agile steps. Some of the "braves" were almost entirely nude, and their gleaming black bodies adorned with strings of beads. Looking down the street you saw a long array of nodding plumes, battered slouch hats, gleaming bayonets, assegais, and knobkerries, appearing above the red dust stirred by the host of bare feet; while the whole line of the procession was covered with a wall of piebald buffalo-shields. Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highland army could never have matched this for savage picturesqueness. As it moved along it sang a hoarse chant of victory. The van shouted one part of the tune, the middle were at another, and the rear howled at its own free will. One time the voices would sink into deep grunts, that, given by so many hundred throats, sounded like loud thuds. Then the men would give a fierce sharp cry—half shriek, half whistle—that seemed to tear the very air. Never for a moment did the monotonous "thud, thud, thud," of the deep bass voices cease, now here, now there in the lengthy array. In front of the motley army danced a Zulu woman, screaming at the pitch of her voice, and waving a long stick. The warrior host had not the slightest affinity with the decent respectable street. The prosaic shop-signs of "Mr. Brown, Draper," and "Mr. Robinson, Bookseller," seen across the mass of wild-faced, semi-nude savages, and through the bristling assegais, had a most peculiar effect.

We gave nine concerts in Maritzburg,—more in proportion

to the population than in any other South African town. The last night was a "bumper." On that occasion the Mayor and Town Council attended in a body. A number of enthusiastic Scotsmen publicly presented my father with an address and a splendid diamond ring—their spokesman being the Speaker of the Natal Parliament. The ring was, as he expressed it, "composed of diamonds from Kimberley, and gold from the slopes of the Drakensberg,"—an appropriate souvenir of a kindly colony.

We embarked at Durban on the 19th August to catch the steamer that left Cape Town for England on the 26th. Next day we lay off East London, where we picked up some passengers—among them a lady and her daughters, who were brought over the rollers in a lifeboat. The passage of the bar had been most hazardous. The boat struck several times on the sand, while the waves repeatedly washed over them. At length, with great difficulty, they were brought on board, the lady's eldest daughter fainting with the excitement. We called next at Port Elizabeth, then at Mossel Bay. At the latter port we took on an elderly gentleman, who had travelled from a small village inland, and had never seen the sea before. His innocence was highly entertaining. Shortly after getting out to sea, he came to me with white, anxious face, saying, "I'm not all right here" (pointing to his head); "is this sea-sickness? I've often heard of it." And upon my assuring him that it undoubtedly *was*, the poor man took to his berth for the rest of the day. We reached Cape Town on Sunday morning, and on Monday night gave our farewell concert there to a splendid audience.

Thus ended our tour through South Africa. We had travelled 1360 miles of colonial roads, and 1800 miles of colonial waters —3160 miles in all. We had given 82 concerts, singing in 24 towns. Leaving out the sea-journies, we had an average of about 57 miles of road-travelling to each town. Including the voyages to the Cape and back, we had in our short tour of six months travelled 17,160 miles.

A party of Scotch friends assembled on the wharf at Cape

Town to see us off. Souvenirs of all kinds—a Zulu shield, gemsbok horns, a painted ostrich egg, and lovely ostrich feathers—were given us at parting. As the steamer moved away, our friends waved a warm farewell, and we returned their signals till we could see them no longer.

INDIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

Calcutta—The European Quarter—Native Servants—A Hindoo Festival—Street Scenes—Churches—Society—The Twilight Drive—Colleges—Native Music—Visit to a Zenana—A Sail on the Hooghly—Our Concerts.

ON the afternoon of the 2nd October, 1879, I saw my father, mother, and my sisters Helen and Lizzie, sail from Southampton in the P. & O. steamer "Khedive," bound for Calcutta direct. Then, that night I travelled via Dieppe to Paris, where I took a through ticket for Brindisi. All next night and half of the following day, I journeyed through the south of France. The train accomplished Mont Cenis tunnel in twenty-five minutes, and all that afternoon, night, and the entire following day (Sunday), traversed the long "Boot" of the Italian Peninsula. At 11.30 P.M. I flung myself into my berth on board the "Surat" at Brindisi, having travelled almost continually since leaving Edinburgh on Wednesday night. Three days' sail on the warm blue Mediterranean brought us to Alexandria,—to the "glorious East," with its dust, heat, and beggary. The harbour was interesting from its environments of white-washed palaces and forts. But there was little time to enjoy the spectacle. A tug took off the passengers to the train,—a string of small, dirty carriages,—and away we started on a night-ride across the Desert. Suez was reached at six in the morning. Deaf to the entreaties of the Arab donkey-boys, who vainly implored us to try the "Bishop of London," "Mrs. Langtry," and other steeds, we installed ourselves in the S.S. "Nepaul," which an hour afterwards was cleaving the waters of the Red Sea. Amid heat which stood at 96 degrees on the

companion-ladder, we sailed uninterested to Aden. Next day we were skirting Araby the Blest, with a cooling wind. In eighteen days from London we had sighted the cocoa-nuts of Bombay. The mail-train left at six in the evening, on its long journey of over 1400 miles across the hot plains of India, and sixty hours afterwards a black servant was pulling off my boots in a boarding-house in Calcutta. Thus ended my hand-bag journey across two continents. By this cutting off of corners I had reached the "City of Palaces" a fortnight in advance, to make the needful preparations for our concerts. I may here anticipate the narrative by saying that the "Khedive" arrived punctually, and that our concerts commenced the very night we had fixed on, before leaving home.

It was early in the morning when I arrived at Calcutta. Emerging from the large terminus I hailed a "gharry" or cab, and was driven across the Hooghly Bridge. The cab rattled on through native slums, as crowded as London streets at dinner hour, till at length it issued into the open European quarter, and landed me at a boarding-house. This was a large three-storied building, with heavy pillared verandahs, the space between which was covered half-way from the top by awnings. On my arrival, a number of natives salaamed, wishing to be engaged as servants, for everyone requires to have his own "boy" here. I engaged an elderly Mahommedan, Esouf by name, who could speak a little English. He deftly pulled off my coat, boots, socks, and other clothing, and escorted me with a flourish of towels to the bath, which convenience is attached to every bedroom. Ablutions over, he dressed me, and brought a cup of tea and a slice of toast—"chota hazaree," or "little breakfast," as it is called. While I was eating, old Esouf was ransacking my portmanteau and bag, picking out dirty clothes, hanging up clean things in the wardrobe, dusting my slippers, brushing my boots, and "arranging" my private papers. An hour later he showed me into the public room, where a dozen people were breakfasting under cover of a long punkah, pulled by a little wallah perched on a stool. After breakfast, Esouf, the old vagabond, came whining to me with a

long story that he had got the fever, pressing my hand on his brow to let me feel the heat of his head. He wanted my gracious permission to go to the hospital, and introduced a substitute in the person of his son, Gollam Hossein, who by a strange coincidence happened to be passing in the nick of time, and would act as general servant for Rs. 3 a-week (6s). He was a tall, sharp-looking lad, and I engaged him on the spot. Exit Esouf!

Calcutta is a wide-spread city, the native quarter with its "bustees" or suburbs being spawned over seven square miles. The population is about a million, of which only eight or nine thousand are whites. Most of the European portion centres round the Maidan and Dalhousie Square, connected with each other by Old Court House Street. The Maidan, or Esplanade, is a great open space intersected by roads, the dust of which bears the impress of countless naked feet. This large meadow lies between a mass of the native town and the river. One side of the Maidan is the fashionable Chowringhee Road, two miles long and eighty feet wide, along which extends at easy distances a line of white, flat-roofed mansions, with broad-pillared balconies—the abodes of rich baboos, rajahs, Parsees, and the cream of European Calcutta.

Old Court House Street, the principal business thoroughfare, is open and clean, and its vista closed in the distance by the façade and spire of the Scotch kirk. The shops stand back on broad pavements, and have no special display in their windows, owing perhaps to their being few or no European foot passengers to be casually attracted. The whites are carriage-people. From the shop door to the curb-stone stretches a covered way to shelter from the sun, or if this be wanting, a native servant stands with a large wicker umbrella to escort the customers to and from their gharries. We reach Dalhousie Square, at one side of which stands the large Post Office, occupying the site of the historical Black Hole. The centre of the square is a delightful reserve of tropical shrubbery, in which is set a "tank" or pond, surrounded by sloping green turf. Here, too, is situated the Dalhousie Institute, where we gave our concerts.

Being curious to see the city, I set out in the forenoon for a stroll, against all the warnings of the landlord, who said it was not the fashion for a European to walk, and not safe. The danger lay in the sun, which, however, did not feel very oppressive, though much hotter than an English summer sun.

"Palki, Sahib! Palki! Pal-*keeeee!*"

No sooner have I set foot in the street than from all sides I hear this strange cry. It is shouted close into my ear, yelled at me enterprisingly from across the road, uttered expectantly far down the street, grunted disappointedly at me from behind. It proceeds from groups of four men seated every few yards alongside what seems a big black box impaled lengthwise by a pole. They are "palki-wallahs," or palankeen-bearers, this species of locomotion being fully as much in vogue as was the sedan-chair last century. The palki-wallah is a native of Orissa, and of better physique than the ordinary Bengali. He is a muscular, well-formed fellow, clad simply in a piece of cotton round his loins. His voice is sonorous, his features bold, and down the bridge of his hawk-like nose extends a white caste-mark, while his glossy hair, long as a woman's, is tied in a knot at the back. The palki-wallahs are specially trained for the work. That heavy palki, with its occupant, they trot along at the rate of five miles an hour, two of the men supporting and two propelling. Look at these poor fellows toiling with that portly old sea-captain, who lies full length inside, smoking his cheroot—the palki-wallahs' elbows jerking spasmodically, and their voices singing the comforting chant, "Oh the Sahib is heavy, but he'll give us big baksheesh!"—a hint the old salt will doubtless take.

During my walk of three or four hundred yards, I did not meet one white face. The pavements swarmed with natives, in all styles of raiment, from the loin-cloth of the coolie to the toga of the baboo. The baboo is a great feature of Calcutta. He is properly speaking of the clerk caste, but the term is applied generally to all educated natives—natives who can speak and write English. "Baboo" simply means "Mr." just as "Sahib" is the colloquial "sir." The baboo is dressed in

white, as are most of the natives, and this gives a bright appearance to the street crowds. He wears a waist-cloth of white cotton, with a muslin "chudder" flung over his shoulders. He wears patent leather shoes, and his legs are draped with muslin, folded diagonally so as to display his fat brown calves. He is bare-headed, has his black hair cropped close in the French fashion, and almost invariably carries an umbrella, as a sun shade. His form is portly, his carriage erect and dignified as a Tribune, and but little effort is required to imagine one's self in the Rome of Cæsar and Marc Antony. You jostle the "first citizen" and "second citizen" at every turn. You see the baboo in his shop in the bazaar; you see him as a pleader in the court; you see him in the merchant's office; you see him in the post-office; you see him perched on a high chair at the bank, his knees almost up to his chin, and the scratch of his quill alternating with a scratch at his bare leg.

This forenoon I called on several gentlemen in the way of business. The conversation never lasted more than two or three minutes before my *vis-à-vis* would turn red with anger, snatch up a roll of paper or anything handy, and throw it over my head at the punkah-wallah, who sat nodding behind. The price of coolness is eternal vigilance! A story is told of a gentleman whose bedroom-punkah was pulled from the apartment below by a string let through the floor. In the middle of the night he awoke sweltering, and seeing the punkah motionless, seized the ewer and emptied it down the hole. The spasmodic renewal of the punkah showed the "water-power" had proved effective. But an hour afterwards the punkah had stopped again. Repeated douches with the water-jug had no result, and looking down the hole the gentleman saw the punkah-wallah fast asleep, holding an umbrella over his head! The punkah-wallah is paid 4½d. a-day and 4½d. a-night for his most monotonous of occupations.

I got back to the boarding-house none the better for my walk, and in truth had to lie down the rest of the day. Next morning the guests were elated, for the sky was actually overcast, and one could get out for a walk! In company with a

doctor from Assam, I strolled through nine miles of the native quarter. Such crowds, bustle, and business—multitudes of one-storied dingy shops, forming "bazaars" as they are called—shops with no window or door, but consisting of an open front, in which the tradesman sat cross-legged amongst his goods. There was also the frequent shrine, with its red god. Once we noticed a Hindoo woman presenting nosegays, and praying to an idol placed on the narrow side-walk. Near her a large "brumleykite" was pecking at a dead calf's eyes, resting on the carcase till we were within foot's reach of it, when the vulture flapped its ugly wings and vanished.

We came home by the river, seeing the "ghauts," which were crowded with washing worshippers. Both sexes bathed breast high together—the men taking the ends of their loin-cloth and scooping the water over their heads. Ever and anon they would throw their arms up to heaven, or salaam to the holy Hooghly. At one part of the steps a Hindoo widow was crying bitterly and shrieking for money to burn her husband, who then lay dead at the bottom of the ghaut, with his feet in the river. All this transpiring, too, alongside of a prosaic Liverpool shipping bustle! Close by was a temple-like building with an open roof, from which came a great cloud of smoke, accompanied by a peculiar odour—a BURNING-GHAUT! The doctor and I went inside and saw several coarse log-fires, in one of which a body was being consumed. Four or five natives, with long poles, were poking in the protruding knees and elbows of the corpse. Ugh! One brute of a Hindoo, scraping amongst the dead ashes of a fire, brought us a charred thigh-bone, and asked for "Baksheesh." We turned away in disgust, the natives remarking in a stage-whisper, "Those poor Sahibs have got no money."

When my father and mother and sisters arrived, we occupied the lower flat of the boarding-house. We had now two "boys," both Mahommedans, for the Mahommedans will do more varied work than the Hindoos. The Hindoo with his rigid caste is fixed in a groove. If he attends you in the bedroom, he will

not clean out your bathroom—if he awaits on you at table, he will not dust your chairs, and so on. A Mussulman "khitmutghar" will serve at meals, go messages, brush your clothes, polish your boots, and make your bed. But even he will draw the line somewhere. He will not sweep out your bedroom, or do any of the menial work in connection therewith. That is performed by a lowly shrinking "mehter," who comes in noiselessly by the back door every morning, with a whisk-broom in each hand. Then the "khitmutghar" will not fill your earthenware bath, or your wash-basin, that being the task of the "bheestie," who comes in regularly with a capacious water-bag, like a large stomach slung under his arm.

We had breakfast at nine, dinner at three, and tea at six. In India the table service is enjoyably complete; the noiseless Bengali glides so expeditiously about the room. During the meals the servants mysteriously crouched on a piece of matting in the verandah, with a bowl of hot water and a cloth to clean the plates between the courses. I never saw so much done with so little means. It was almost paralleled by the miserably small kitchen, whence issued dishes no white *chef* could possibly have prepared under the same circumstances. At dinner we would be startled by the swoop of hungry hawks into the verandah, carrying off the scraps off meat. Outside, on the front plot, skipped and croaked scores of crows, poor comic wretches, one eye on the vultures, and another on the servants,—now perching on a verandah ledge, now making a daring dash into the very dining-room, which was already a fluttering aviary of little birds. This tameness is due greatly to the Hindoo's reverence for animal life.

We lived close to a bazaar, and one had a feeling of swarming population. Your "boy" will bring you anything or anybody at a moment's notice, from a tailor to a snake-charmer. But you have seldom to send for any shopkeeper from the bazaar. He comes uninvited, and cheerfully, and often, and brings his goods with him. The morning opens with a native barber armed like a bandit, his cotton girdle stuck full of scissors and razors. His services declined, he

glides off salaaming, as if under deepest obligation. Then the "dhobie" comes in—the washerman, who does your linen at Rs. 5 a 100. An old spectacled tailor hobbles up, and Mem Sahib hires his services at eight annas (1s.) a-day to do plain sewing. There he sits in a corner of the room, holding his seam with his big toe, giving self-important coughs, and staring eruditely over the top of his brass "specs" at his progress.

Sitting at dinner, we hear a footstep in the portico, and a native glides in with the usual salaam. Shiva and Vishnu protect us! It is the "box-wallah," or pedlar, at once the blessing and the curse of India. He does not condescend to carry his goods himself, that being done by a coolie, who darkens the door with the huge pack on his head. "No, no," we cry, "jao, jao!" ("go, go"); but the box-wallah moves in calmly and implacably as Fate, squats down, opens the bundle, and transforms the dining-room into a dry-goods store. Shawls, scarfs, handkerchiefs, neckties, collars, stockings, slippers, caps, frilling, jewellery, pens, ink, paper, scents, and ribbons lie in wide-spreading temptation. Can human nature resist it? A side-long, half-relenting glance is given at an attractive piece of goods. The Sahib's weakness is the box-wallah's opportunity. He lays the article on your knee—"Here, Sahib, twelve rupee—you have it." "Too much—I'll give you six!" "Nay, Sahib, me poor man, one price, twelve rupee." "Six rupee." "Twelve rupee." "Six rupee!!" "Sahib" (deprecatingly), "you go English shop, double price." "Yes, yes; but you're not big English shop." Raising his joined hands solemnly to heaven, the box-wallah vows his article is "dam cheap." Then, wily dog, he turns his oily tongue to the Mem Sahib and Missy Babas, and grins with ear-to-ear suavity: "Beautfool, Mem Sahib—you put on—all right—beautfool—eleven rupee, Mem Sahib." But Sahib bursts out with "Jao, juldee!" ("Go, quickly")—seven rupee!" and we turn our backs in indifference to his goods. The box-wallah relents a little: "All right, nine rupee." "Nay, nay, seven rupee." "Me *one price*, Sahib—here, cheap price, eight rupee." This haggling is the "*bate* noir" of Calcutta. The bargain is closed, and away glides the

box-wallah, no doubt laughing in his linen sleeve at his fifty per cent. profit. His chuckling is but short-lived, however, for in a few seconds we hear a wordy war at the gate, where the "durwan" or gatekeeper has got hold of him to extract the customary "dustooree" or commission on any sale he may have effected. This blackmail is universal. Whenever you hire a gharry, the gharry-wallah has to pay a percentage of so many annas to the "durwan," and also something to your "boy" who hailed him. When you buy anything in the bazaar, your servant, whenever your back is turned, pounces on the tradesman and demands his "dustooree." If your boy engages a barber or tailor for you the black-mail is at once extorted from the favoured tradesman.

Our boys spoke English very badly, but we found the knowledge of English on the part of servants to be a fatal qualification in the eyes of old Indians. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy, you should not have taken one of those English-speaking boys, they're such awful thieves!" It seems that it is an impertinence for a native to speak English to an old resident. "He daren't," we were told, "for he'd get something shied at his head double quick!" The young English prig, when he comes to Calcutta, makes a point of learning the strong language of Bengal, so as to accompany his boots and other missiles with appropriate remarks. Doubtless the native servants are not treated by the Europeans so harshly as by their own baboos and rajahs, who form the most arrogant aristocracy in the world; but they are treated in a manner one would scarcely adopt towards the lower classes in England. In up-country hotels you see the significant notice:—"The guests are requested not to ill-treat the servants." A young fellow who lived in this boarding-house told me his servant was about to leave him, "just because I gave him the strap too hard the other day!" I remember, too, when out driving with a friend up-country, there was a native in a cart before us. "Confound him!" cried my friend, "he's stirring up that dust on purpose;" and drawing up alongside the cowering wallah, he gave him repeated lashes over his bare head. The natives are at times

very exasperating—slow, forgetful, and lazy—but not more so than would be servants picked out of the slums of our large cities. Furthermore, the common natives are cleaner, their streets more respectable and savoury, than the poor and the purlieus of London or Edinburgh. As regards cleanliness, every native bathes at least once a-day, and his clothing, consisting of linen tunic, scarf, and trousers, is such that it can be frequently washed. Then the garbage of the streets is removed by the regular scavengers, assisted by the unofficial hawks and crows by day, and the jackals by night; while the highways and bye-ways are safer to the European than those of any home city.

One of the sights of Calcutta is the Burra Bazaar, to see which we hired a gharry, that most wonderful public vehicle, drawn by a couple of dwarf, shaggy horses. The cab itself is a square, rickety affair, with sliding doors, so that you can box yourself in from the sun. The wheels work at all angles. The bare planks on the floor are usually loose. If you lean your arms in the leather rests, one or other of the latter is sure to come off; and sometimes a window-sash tumbles upon your knee. A half-naked wallah is the driver; his "man," whom you can distinguish by his being a third less clad, hangs on behind, in company with an ungainly bundle of hay, which is to fill the ragged nose-bags of the decrepit pair when you alight.

Near the Burra Bazaar the streets were so narrow that one was compelled to leave the gharry and walk. We stopped at a small shop, and bought a tin trunk for Rs. 8. It was characteristic of native business that the shopkeeper's first price was Rs. 13. We climbed up cramped, tortuous stairs in pitch darkness, our feet occasionally slipping in pools of water on the various landings. A crowd of natives, as is usually the case, followed in our wake. At last we emerged on a flat roof; then went across a landing to the creaking balcony of the adjoining building; passing next through dusty attics filled with costly goods. A friend who accompanied us, jocularly asked a baboo if he had any second-hand frying-pans. "No"

replied Young Bengal, "haven't got them, but I'll sell you sóme second-hand gunpowder!" This gentleman told us that on one occasion he went to a neighbouring bazaar to price a certain article, saying he would give Rs. 20 for it. The figure asked was too extortionate, so he came to this Burra Bazaar, where in a dark den he priced some similar goods. In the middle of the bargaining, a voice came out of a dark corner, in a peculiar bazaar-patois which our friend understood: "The Sahib offered me more for it." It was the first shopkeeper, who had followed him all the way from the other bazaar. Upon this the Sahib sprung into the obscurity, dragged out the tradesman, and with a vigorous shove projected him down-stairs. Hearing the scuffle and the cries, the natives from all sides flew out angrily, armed with clubs, and it would have fared ill with our friend if they had not found out that his victim was a fellow from a rival bazaar. In one small room, package after package of silver jewellery was unfolded before us, till the floor was a glittering mass of heavy bracelets, brooches, and necklaces of barbaric weight and show. One is astonished to find costly goods in such forbidding holes and corners. It is the same as if the diamonds of Bond Street were sold in the garrets of Seven Dials.

On our way home through China Bazaar, we were pestered by scores of natives who came into the middle of the roadway, plucked us by the sleeve, and entreated us to look at their hats, coats, boots, and umbrellas—booksellers also touting—and as if that were not enough, there were Hindoos leaning out and shouting at us from second-storey windows to come up and have our photograph taken in their studios! When we got home I paid off the gharry-wallah, but was scarcely inside the door when I heard his voice crying anxiously, "Sahib! Sahib!" I went back and found him quarrelling with the "durwan," who had probably been too grasping. Not knowing a single word of their conversation, I was in considerable perplexity, when my aforementioned young friend burst out of his room, saying, "Hallo, Kennedy, can I help you with my knowledge of the language?" "Yes," I replied, "there's some dispute

here about the gharry-wallah's fare." "The gharry-wallah!" instantly exclaimed my energetic ally, "is *that* all?" and before I could explain, he had taken the unfortunate native by the shoulders and kicked him clear down the flight of steps. This was a "knowledge of the language" that certainly surpassed mine! The gharry-wallah picked himself up as if this were an ordinary occurrence, and the next I saw of him was at the gate, surrounded by a crowd of some sixty other natives, all vituperating the stolid "durwan."

This same night, or rather about two A.M., I was awakened by footsteps at my bedside, and saw a dim figure hurrying out at the door. After five minutes' silence, during which nothing was heard but the humming of countless mosquitoes, there commenced a peculiar sneezing and grunting; but upon my remarking "Shoo!" it ceased. I fell asleep, and remember nothing more till I was lying in the dim morning light, with Gollam Hossein bringing me my "chota hazaree." Through the mosquito-curtains I could see him stop dead, the tea and toast almost dropping from his hand. "Mas'r, what's that?" I peered through the muslin and beheld a young donkey!—a wretched beast, with extravagantly long ears, and its four legs stretched out at acute angles to prop up its feeble frame. With some difficulty Gollam removed the donkey, the animal toppling over when the process of eviction became too violent. It turned out that my young friend the boarder, returning from a prolonged convivial party, had picked up the donkey on the Maidan, and shouldered it home to my bedroom!

We drove through the chief thoroughfare of the native quarter during the height of a "Pooja," or festival. The street seethed with Hindoos, all in their snowiest linen. From the intersecting lanes gushed crowds of people, swelling the stream that filled the main street—a stream that lapped up into doorways and windows. Tom-toms were beating, cymbals clashing, pipes squeaking, people shouting and surging after the idols borne high over their heads. The god was Kartick, a four-armed monster, with a yellow face, fierce moustache, an abominable squint, and sitting on a peacock, the spreading tail of

which formed a canopy to the figure. Looking down the street, we saw a dazzling perspective—a dense white crowd, relieved by the gay-painted idols that seemed floating on a sea of heads. At night the native quarter was ablaze with a multitude of little cressets or oil-lamps hung in front of houses and shops, while the sky was studded with scores of fire-balloons.

Every forenoon, on our way to the hall, we crossed the open Maidan, which is covered with herds of decrepit donkeys and skinny kine. The roads are lively with Hindoos returning from their river-bath, the men drying their shoulder linen by streaming it over their heads in the breeze. Women pass us, wringing their wet hair—graceful, as are all the Bengali women, and carrying their brass "lota" or water-vessel under their arm. Prettier than all are the entirely nude cherubs who frolic along by their mother's side. Driving round into Old Court House Street, we encounter scores of itinerant vendors, who run alongside our gharry door, poking their goods upon us. First we are besieged by a man with looking-glasses and paraffin-lamps. Then the view is eclipsed by an enormous tea-tray. "Here Sahib!" cries a wallah, breathlessly, "here, scent-bottle!" but he is out-shouted by the fellow at the opposite side, who puts cans of potted meat upon our knee. We have scarcely got the ham and tongue successfully waved off, when half-a-dozen bars of soap triumphantly take their place. The vendor of an oil-painting does not run far. Then we begin to wonder whether the man with the opera-glasses or the one with the cloud of sun-hats will win the race, when fresh blood arrives from an adjoining corner in the shape of a fellow who flutters down on us with peacock fans. An exasperated "Jao!" repulses him, and looking out, we see his next victim, a choleric major, leaning out of his cab and whacking the fans to pieces with his cane.

One Sunday night we went to the Free Kirk, which was much like kirks at home, only the pews were wide, and had cane-bottomed chairs in them. The lattice windows were thrown wide open to admit the air. They also admitted the multitudinous sounds from the thronging bazaars. It was

unique to hear the "Old Hundred" accompanied by a tom-tom, an approach, perhaps, to the universal worship on the part of "all people that on earth do dwell." We went also to St. Andrew's Church in Dalhousie Square. The church is spacious, and the floor of marble. The punkahs were in full swing—large punkahs for the people, and a little one wagging over the pulpit. Another Sunday we visited the Cathedral. The splendid edifice looked gay, if one can use that term in reference to a church, what with the brilliance of the lights, the bright painting, and the large and fashionable assembly. It was a full choral service, admirably executed. One incident, however, marred the evening. Two baboos wandered by mistake into the Viceroy's pew, which happened to be unoccupied. Seeing this, a gentleman seated behind the choir became visibly agitated, hurried conspicuously down the long central aisle and whispered mysteriously to the usher. The latter, with much show of bustle, ousted the luckless native gentlemen from their seats. The whole proceeding was in questionable taste.

European Calcutta leads a very artificial life, partly owing to the climate. The dinner-hour ranges from seven to eight o'clock, so that our entertainment, like others, had to commence at nine. Persons anxious about their health make a point of rising at six, to have a stroll in the cool hours of the morning. This is about the only time you see Europeans walking, save at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, when you may observe one or two gentlemen, in full evening dress, sauntering from the theatre to their "chummery." No European walks during the day, and everyone has his gharry, phaeton, or brougham. If a clerk in a warehouse invites you to dinner, he sends his carriage for you. Things are done on a princely scale in Calcutta, but style can be kept up very cheaply. A gentleman may have a dozen domestics, and they will not cost him more than perhaps two servants in England. Still, people live up to their incomes, and extravagance is a prevailing sin, fostered by the fashion of making money the test of social position. This is the more invidious, as the

whites of India are largely salaried officials, and one's income is known. It acts ruinously upon that class whose pretensions are beyond their purses. Native caste is thoroughly reproduced in European society—the same caste that reigned in the beleagured garrison of Lucknow, when the *élite* preserved their hauteur amid the shot and shell of the Residency. Indian life is coagulated into cliques, but if you get "into the swim," you may depend upon prodigal hospitality. Another peculiarity of European life in India is, that there are no white mechanics, no farmers. An engineer or a carpenter, when he arrives in the country, becomes an overseer; the natives do the manual labour. Not that there are no poor whites in India. One is astonished to find that in this "imperial" country there should be so many poverty-stricken Englishmen. Poverty is no crime in any country save India, where it is inveighed against in vehement terms. The European detests the sight of a "mean white," the distastefulness acquiring two-thirds of its poignancy from the fact that the disgrace is witnessed by the servile race. The Englishman, who lives in a state of continual pose as a person of wealth and influence, is in short ashamed of his "poor relations."

One phase of Calcutta life is to be seen in the twilight-drive down the Course. The heat of the day is over, and all the rank and fashion turn out. Pale-complexioned ladies, merchants, clerks, professional men, rich natives, are all here, on horseback or in their carriage. See, there is Captain D., in his Japanese chair-carriage, drawn by a trotting Mongolian servant. There is the great Mr. S., of the firm of S. & Co., who came out here in the old prosperous years as a steward in a P. & O. steamer. There is Mrs. Y., the great amateur singer, and pet of numberless "at homes." There is Baboo Ram Lall Doss, the rich Hindoo merchant, lying back in his costly shawls. There is Mr. Jabberjee Chatterjee, the bland Parsee tradesman. Here is the Rajah of Bouncepore, dashing along at a swift pace as do most of the native gentlemen, preceded and followed by two native horse-soldiers in red-plumed helmets and shining breast-plates. Oh, and here, too,

is young Brown, just free from his desk, and airing his little Burmese "tat" or pony. Here comes a portly nabob rolling in his gorgeous equipage, his coachman a *white* man. "Oh," whispers a friend to me, "whenever I see that degradation my blood boils!" Europeans and natives all blend in the stream, which cannot consist of less than two hundred carriages. But the two races have no more affinity than oil and water. The whites ignore the native gentlemen as much as they do the trees by the wayside. While this is going on, there is a band playing in the Eden Gardens. A long lawn is encircled by gas-jets in ground-glass globes, that shed a softened light upon the throng of beauty. In the dark grove on our right, shoot scores of gleaming fire-flies. Outside there are other fire-flies, for the stream on the Course has broken up, and the Maidan roads are glittering with the lamps of the carriages driving home to dinner.

Calcutta is not a "city of palaces," but a city of colleges it assuredly is. The "higher education" of Bengal is one of the most interesting developments of British rule. There are Government Colleges, and the institutions of the various religious bodies. Chief among the latter is the General Assembly's Institution, founded by Dr. Duff. Under the guidance of the Principal, the Rev. Mr. Hastie, we visited this large building, which occupies one side of Cornwallis Square. This is peculiarly the mission-district of Calcutta, most of the institutions being within stone's throw of each other. The first room we were taken into contained a children's class, the young heathen of which were at that moment loudly proclaiming there was only one true faith, the Christian religion. I cannot imagine what their orthodox fathers and mothers say to this, but they seemingly "take the risk" of their young ones being converted. They are quite aware that the Sahib's religion is in the curriculum, and they ignore this for the sake of their children gaining secular instruction. We saw an advanced class in the College Department reading "The Lord of the Isles," with copious marginal notes. The students ranged apparently from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, and unlike

students at home, many were married men and fathers. Another class were studying Sanscrit under a venerable native pundit, a high-caste Brahmin with a little pigtail. In a third room, about fifty or sixty Hindoos were engaged in natural philosophy, or higher mathematics, under a native professor of consummate ability.

The Bible is taught also in the College Department. Christian work is as yet but a faint cry in a vast wilderness, and no wonder the missionary sometimes feels depressed. The Hindoo is the most difficult subject in the whole range of Christian effort. He will be "Anglicised" many a long day before he is Christianised. His mind is not a blank like that of the Kafir. His heart and head have to be purged from idolatry and powerful prejudices, a stage successfully reached in many cases without, on the other hand, the student imbibing the principles of European religion. The first result of breaking a Hindoo from his old ways is to produce a violent reaction. He reads Strauss and Rénan, and keeps pace with the theological speculations of the magazines. He sneers at everything not European, and dresses in a costume, half Oriental, half English, that is but a reflex of his mongrel mental condition. There are few real converts made, though there have been numerous hypocrites, who have brought contempt upon the Christian name by their loose living and debauchery. We heard of a little girl running up to her mamma in a state of great anxiety, crying: "I'm a European, ain't I? The ayah says that I'm a Christian." "And what did you think a Christian was, child?" "Why, of course, a native that wears the Sahib's clothes and drinks brandy!"

Two days afterwards we heard, in the lecture-hall of this institution, an address by the Rev. Dr. Bannerjea, the first convert of Dr. Duff. He was seventy years of age, of venerable appearance, had a bald head, long white side-whiskers, and but for the darkish skin and slight foreign accent, might have been mistaken for a Free Kirk professor—a Church of Scotland professor, I should say, as Dr. Bannerjea pins his colours to the "Auld Kirk." To bring this subtle distinction

of sects into the broad realm of heathendom is very absurd. The proceedings commenced by the Hindoo secretary, a nervous youth, reading with quavering voice a report of the Young Men's Literary Society, in connection with which the meeting was held. There were 300 or 400 students present. They had the bearded heads of men and the manner of boys, laughing, talking, and in an excitable state most of the time. The lecture was followed by speeches from the missionaries. One speaker scolded the students because they did not prosecute study for its own sake, but simply to procure a good Government appointment. Another denounced the native propensity to lying, and counselled them to be straightforward in their dealings. My father was called upon for a song, and gave them "A man's a man for a' that," which did not seem to create much enthusiasm amongst the young Bengalis. Perhaps it sounded too much like an attack on caste! Some days afterwards, one of the professors met us and said, "Mr. Kennedy, you positively frightened the poor Bengalis with the vigour and spirit of your song; if there had been fewer of them there, they would certainly have run out!"

On the other side of Cornwallis Square is the Bengali Girls' College, which institution we surprised at the tiffin hour. Ascending the stairs that led to the large open tesselated court, we saw a charming sight—bevies of little girls playing about in "sarees" of yellow, red, and green—the bright sunlight glancing on their lithe forms as they sported round the pink pillars of the portico. We stood on the steps, the little ones gathering in picturesque groups, gazing in childish curiosity at us with their large liquid eyes—some with their chubby faces beaming with merriment. As if a panic had seized them, they suddenly broke up and flitted into the class-rooms. Going into the school, we could scarce believe that those rows of demure damsels, busy at arithmetic, were the same romping beauties we had seen a few minutes before. For our entertainment, they were gathered on a raised platform, where they sang "God save the Queen" in amusingly broken English—also a quaint Bengali song. We were told that one

of the little girls was a "married women." Which was she? Oh, that one there, dressed in green, with the ring in her nose. Her name being called out, the matron stood up bashfully, her thumb in her mouth. To-day, her lessons being more than usually correct, she explained that her husband had kindly helped her. But then he was double her age, being fourteen years old. In an adjoining room we heard some young Bengali ladies sing in the vernacular a "Prayer for the Prosperity of India." Several of them were "Brahmos"—that is, their fathers were followers of the great Chunder Sen, the latest prophet of the new theistic religion. A look over the shoulder of a girl who was studying "Psychology," and then we said good-bye.

On the following Sunday evening we were invited by the Rev. Mr. Macdonald to visit the Free Church Institution for Bengalis, founded by Dr. Duff after the Disruption. We drove in a two-horse open carriage through streets crowded with traffic, the two "syces" or grooms constantly leaping off the back of the vehicle, and running ahead to clear the way, with many cries in Hindostanee of "Out of the way, you jungly-wallah!—hi, there, you with the fruit-basket!—look out, old woman!—stop a bit, you palki-wallahs!—to the right, you pig of a bullock-driver!" Once we almost ran down a party of natives carrying a sheeted corpse. On one hand, church-bells were pealing; a large Hindoo theatre, with its flood of light, was admitting its crowds; while an adjoining burning-ghaut was sending its lurid smoke high into the night air. Close by was the institution, where a sermon was preached in English by one of the missionaries. There were about 150 natives present, of whom a number were mere boys. None of them were Christians, but students and others casually attracted. The service opened with a Bengali hymn. There was a screen at one corner, behind which sat the choir unseen by the congregation. As I afterwards found, it consisted of one of the lady teachers; three Christian native girls; a Christian Brahmin, Mr. Mookerjee, who led the choir; and two native instrumentalists, who sat cross-legged on cushions. It was

with great effort we kept grave while the hymn was being performed. It was so irregular and wild, and the instruments —oh, the instruments! There was a big guitar, that struck off four prolonged chords as an introduction. Then the verse commenced, a drum also accompanying. How the performer seemed to be wrestling with his instrument, coaxing it, stroking it, tickling it, producing sounds from it that I never heard from a drum before—groans, murmurs, knocks, rumbels—his fingers now and again rippling over the skin and ending with a sounding "skelp!" Then his contortions, dimly seen through the screen! The ludicrous, like the beautiful, is intensified by a little mystery. This drum was a long-bodied affair, to which an octave is added or subtracted by the performer simply sticking on or taking off a lump of dough in the centre of the tympanum—a practical illustration of the "movable Doh!" This was volubly explained to us at the close by Mr. Mookerjee, who is a "card," speaks English fluently, "chaffs" the missionaries, and is a sharp, cheery fellow. He accompanied us to the Rev. Mr. ——'s house, and joined us in several of Moody and Sankey's hymns, during which we were interrupted by a pack of jackalls that swept howling down the street. Mr. Mookerjee then showed us the immense superiority of Bengali over European music: how the former had twenty-two sounds in its scale (quarter and one-third tones), while the latter had no lower subdivision than semitones; how the Bengali scales were geometrically perfect, while ours were formed by temperament—with other learned matter. He was a composer, too—oh yes, that had long been a hobby of his. Now and then the Rev. Mr. —— would add some information, but glib Mr. Mookerjee burst in with, "Oh! you know nothing at all about it; I'll get your wife to shut you up!" Next day I called at Mookerjee's office, where he showed me some ancient Sanscrit music, and some antique instruments that "surpassed the piano;" amongst others, a large guitar which he avowed was identical with the ten-stringed psaltery of King David.

In company with a lady-missionary, my sisters one forenoon

visited a Zenana. They drove some miles through the native town, arriving at a large house in a busy thoroughfare. The dwellings of the wealthier baboos are built in the form of a hollow square, which during "poojas" or festivals is roofed in with canvas and illuminated. On its north side stands the family idol. The lady-missionary opened the gate, and they walked across the outer court. Ascending an outside stair they at length reached a balcony overlooking the inner court. There were eight brothers in this large house, with their eight wives. A Zenana is not a harem—it is an aggregate of distinct households, but all of one family. At the head of the stair two little girls met the party—the two daughters of the eldest brother's wife. It is reckoned a great honour to be welcomed and escorted by the daughters of the house. The children tripped along, and led my sisters to the end of the balcony, where they met an array of timorous femininity in diaphanous robes. The wives came forward, shook hands, and conducted the visitors into a bedroom, where stood two rows of chairs—an unusual addition to the furniture, couches and cushions being the Oriental fashion. My sisters sat and admired the abundant jewellery, for they were previously told it would give great offence if they failed to examine and comment upon each lady's adornment. They wore anklets, bracelets, necklaces, jewels in the hair, rings on the fingers, rings in their ears, rings in their noses, and round the waist a girdle of jewels. The latter was not ordinarily visible, but the ladies kindly raised their "saree" to show it. The wives are called "bows." They are not allowed to be seen by any man but their husband and male relatives. No other is ever admitted near them. It is even thought "bad form" to ask after a baboo's wife and family. You see women every day walking about the streets, but these are low-caste women, to whom "all things are common." Though the Zenana ladies are kept in close confinement, they exercise great control over affairs public and private. Nothing is discussed, be it a son's education, a marriage, or business speculation, without the wife having a voice in the matter, either to veto or encourage.

To return to our tale. These wives as a rule never left the house. They had not been out for months, and did not know when they would have that luxury. They looked plump and healthy enough, and have a good deal of freedom, there being the large open court in which to disport, in company with peacocks and rare birds. They are gentle, affectionate creatures, and very timid in the presence of strangers. They had beautifully-shaped heads, lovely black hair, and lustrous eyes. A baby of a few months old was handed round for admiration. Then the party were taken to a table where refreshments were laid out. One dish was potatoes and chicken. On a silver salver were a variety of eatables—"chupatties" or cakes, dough nuts sugared and plain, three-cornered "puffs," and "dall," a description of pea. There were mango-jam, sugar-cane chopped up in little pieces, bananas, the papaw fruit, and "bracelets" of candy. Lastly, there was "pawn," which the natives eat as a "digestive," composed of betel nut, nutmeg, and lime, wrapped up in a green leaf, and pinned together with cloves. My sisters *had* to eat this spicy preparation. The native lady chews the "pawn" throughout the day. Poor creature! her mind is a blank through want of education; she has nothing to occupy her thoughts but her husband and her other jewels! Scented water to drink was now handed round, and what was left was used to dip the fingers in. Everything was eaten with the fingers of the right hand, there being no plates, knives, or forks. The eldest brother's wife performed all the duties of hospitality; the other wives paid her homage. Occasionally they would accidentally jostle her, when they would stoop, kiss her feet, and touch their head in respect. While the visitors were eating, the wives formed a circle round them. They kindly explained that if the European ladies did not like this, they would leave the room, but that they did it as an Eastern act of courtesy. They were greatly amused at my sisters' red cheeks, and wanted to know "if it was paint, or what?" Before leaving, the party were taken into the bedroom of the eldest brother's wife, who sprinkled them with the precious attar of roses—giving them

also a little cotton wool dipped in the same scent, which the visitors had to put in the right ear. One of my sisters was then presented with a "saree" out of a wardrobe, after which the two little girls again led the way, the party waving a good-bye to the balcony where the ladies stood graciously salaaming in return.

Another lengthy drive brought them to the house of a Maharanee, or wife of a Maharajah. She was ushered into the room, accompanied by her governess and some relatives, all exquisitely dressed. The Maharanee was robed in a green muslin under-dress and a white "saree" trimmed with gold beautifully fluted at the edge. Her hair hung in a long plait, in which was entwined a piece of gold ribbon. This coiffure was remarkable, as even the youngest Bengali girl wears her hair in a Grecian coil. She was pretty in feature, though not graceful in person, wore embroidered shoes and white stockings, but altogether was not so neat as the women in the Zenana. The latter showed more freedom in their attire, while this Maharanee seemed aiming at the European fashion of dress by increasing the weight and number of her wearing robes. She is about fifteen years of age, and not long married; possesses a little education, is fond of painting, and sketches very well. Music also seems to be a hobby of hers. She requested one of my sisters to favour her with "Robben *Ad*-air," and in return sang and played a simple native air. As at the other house, there was the gift of a saree at parting.

Still another long drive brought them to a Brahmin's house. The good lady had been expecting her visitors for an hour, and being weary, had disrobed herself of her "braws." She was very aristocratic in bearing, but as our friends stayed and chatted, she seemed to unbend a little. She brought out an immense piece of fancy work, which bore some little resemblance to the tapestry feats of queens of old. In the house was a widow, who seemed to feel the full force of her fate. No Hindoo woman is allowed to marry twice. Now that suttee has been abolished, she is condemned to life-long widowhood. This poor female stood at the

door of the room, and would not speak a word. She has never combed her hair since her husband's death, and never will. The Brahmin's wife was allowing one of her finger-nails to grow an extraordinary length, so that she might go with it to a certain shrine and there pare it off as an offering to the idol. When her visitors asked for an explanation she laughed, and all the others laughed. She would not tell what sin she had committed, or what wish she desired fulfilled. This ended the series of visits. The lady-teacher goes the round of the Zenanas regularly, reading the Bible and talking to the women. The latter are possessed of many domestic virtues and graces of character, but it will be long, I fear, ere their minds are enlightened and raised above vanities. The first step to rapid advancement would be the enfranchisement of the women from the Zenana system, but here you have to fight the iron law of caste and custom.

We met with many kind friends in Calcutta, receiving now an invitation to a *recherché* dinner; now having an evening stroll on the flat roof of a friend's house in Dalhousie Square, the bright moon glittering on the waters of the tank, and lighting up dome and spire. A pleasant memory is that of a sail in a steam launch to Barrackpore, fifteen miles up the Hooghly, and opposite Serampore, famed in missionary annals. We steamed under the wooden Hooghly bridge, one of the largest floating bridges in the world—1530 feet long and forty-six feet wide. The river, with its crowds of native budgerows and dinghies, and occasionally a crocodile splashing lazily in the stream, had a very picturesque appearance. Squat Hindoo temples, embedded in peepul trees, alternated with busy jute mills on either bank. Equally enjoyable was the sail to the Botanical Gardens, a few miles down the river, where a friend entertained us to a bounteous pic-nic. Eight native servants promptly laid the cloth and set the dishes. Six of them waited upon us, while two tried to keep off the swarms of kites and crows that gathered above and around us. One hungry kite had the audacity to swoop down and make away with a roast fowl my father happened to be carving. We strolled

round the gardens, then returned to the river down a beautiful avenue of mahogany-trees.

We sang for a month in Calcutta, in the Dalhousie Institute. The acoustics of the building were not satisfactory, but a kind friend, connected with the shipping, draped the room with pennants and union-jacks, which were taken down and renewed as vessels happened to leave or arrive. The side-room was bare, hot, comfortless, and swarming with ants, while along its walls darted lizards in pursuit of flies. During the concert, some of the quiet pathetic songs would be spoilt by the wild cries of the jackals in the gardens—an unearthly sound, half mew, half bark, as if each brute were mimicking a cat-and-dog fight. Our ticket-seller was the baboo in charge of the hall, a college-bred native, and proprietor of one of the best nurseries in Calcutta. The doorkeeper and usher were two young Eurasians or half-castes. The audiences were cultured and appreciative—mostly reserved-seat people, as few Europeans care about being seen in second-class seats. Our back seats were composed of soldiers and sailors. Once-a-week the warmth of the audience would be sensibly raised by the influx of a large party of hearty Scotsmen from some of the jute-mills on the river. "Confound the Kennedys!" cried a gallant captain on the wharf; "they've made my life unbearable! Everybody says everywhere, Have you been to hear the Kennedys? When I say to a friend, What's going on to-day? he answers, O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad; and if I ask, How are you keeping? he says, My heart is sair for somebody!" Another, a Scotsman, remarked to an acquaintance: "I'd gang an' hear the singers, but the fack is I can listen to them in ma hoose the ither side o' the street; I gang to ma bed airly, ye see, an' the bother is that they wauken me up when they come to their lood sangs!" It was very trying work, singing every night in this weather, and in fact one night the concert had to be put off, as my father was down with a feverish attack. He recovered sufficiently for next evening, but after that, we took the precaution of having an occasional rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Travelling in India—A Railway town—A Military Station—Holy Benares—A search for a Piano—Temples and "Baksheesh"—Allahabad—An up-country Station—Hindoo devotees—Jubbulpore.

NOW commenced our "mofussil" or up-country journey. Our ideas of Indian railways had been completely revolutionised. We had vaguely imagined the traffic to be an occasional limited train, containing one or two wealthy Europeans, and perhaps a few portly nabobs, and that the lines were principally kept up for military purposes. But we found the trains consisted of about twenty-one carriages; that the overwhelming native traffic made the railways the best paying speculations in the country, and that but for the natives the Europeans would not enjoy such cheap travelling. The classes are divided into First, Second, Intermediate, and Third. Wealthy Europeans and native princes travel first-class, the latter reserving special compartments to themselves. A considerable number of the whites travel second-class; half-castes and some natives travel intermediate; but the great mass of the natives travel third-class. No native, as a rule, travels amongst Europeans. A gentleman told me that he was once in a first-class carriage with two ladies, when a Parsee had the "impertinence" to come in beside them. "Either you or we must leave the carriage!" exclaimed the irate European, who said to me he felt it his duty to remonstrate, as "one of the ruling race!" The first and second-class carriages are roomy and comfortable, while several of the windows being tinted blue, you can enjoy a cool livid landscape. A seat means the whole seat, so that every white can sleep full length during the long journeys of India. In this way, eight Europeans will enjoy as much space as is alloted to sixty natives.

When we got to the platform we found it occupied by

jostling crowds of natives, like holiday Cockneys surging to the Crystal Palace. Their baggage consisted of bundles of every size and shape—the "swell" native going into his carriage followed by his servants, one carrying his luggage, another his large "hookha" or pipe. As many of the crowd as possible were put into the carriages, but there were some scores penned off when the train started. At each station a "bheestie" came round crying "Pawnee!" (water), and the crowded, thirsty natives stretched out their hands for a drink. The scenery, as is the case over all the plains of India, was not remarkably attractive. First, there were stretches of jungle, with monkeys flitting through the trees—then sunny yellow fields of "paddy" or rice. In the midst of tracts of tall feathery grass could be seen green mango "topes," or small clumps of trees. Every few miles were miserable Hindoo "clachans"—groups of mud huts, with natives perched on high scaffoldings keeping their crops clear of crows, whilst others were tilling the soil with their primitive ploughs. Over the land hung a heavy simmering heat, to escape which the buffalo-cattle were submerged to the nostrils in the pools and lagoons.

At length we reached our destination, Assensole, 130 miles from Calcutta. There is no hotel in the little railway-town, so we were kindly entertained at the bungalows of two friends, our luggage being conveyed from the station, a long distance, on the heads of coolies. We sang next in Jummâlpore, called "the Crewe of Bengal," on account of its large railway repairing shops; then went to Dinapore, a military station. One of the most characteristic institutions of up-country India is the military station. It generally lies two or three miles outside of a large native city, just as if Woolwich were holding London at bay, or "Jock's Lodge" keeping watch over Edinburgh. On the one hand you have a closely-packed native population—on the other, some 200 or 300 Europeans in widely-scattered bungalows, occupying about the same area as the swarming city. Every house of the "station" stands in a compound or paddock of two or three acres, surrounded by a low dessicat-

ing wall of mud, surmounted by the prickly cactus to keep out snakes and wild beasts. The bungalow itself is one-storied, built of brick, and coarsely white-washed—rather shabby on the whole, and typical of the discomfort and negligence within. You ascend one or two steps and find yourself in a broad verandah under the rough thatched eaves. All around you stretch glades as in a park, and through the trees you see glimmering the distant white line of barracks. There is perfect stillness and glare in the hot noon, nothing being heard but the occasional whistling of kites and the rustle of little squirrels as they scamper across the road. Now and then you may see a solitary white-helmeted soldier strolling down the avenue with his dog; or a red-jacketed native carrying the cantonment letters. Most of the station-people are indoors. The subaltern lazily smokes in his bungalow, plays with his terrier, or chats with some brother-officer who has dropped in with the latest gossip from the mess-room. In the extensive, double-storied, well-aired barracks, "Tommy Atkins" may be seen in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his short "clay," perhaps playing cards with his "mates," or lolling over the newspaper in the reading-room. "Tommy" likes India despite its heat, for he has higher pay than at home, easier work, and the additional privilege of "bullying the nigger." Looking down the vista of continuous bungalows that compose the soldiers' quarters, you see the wife of Sergeant Gubbins busy over the wash-tub, or Mrs. Thomas Atkins soaping the dusty faces and combing the hair of her as yet robust children. Here and there rise the high parallel walls of racket-courts, and beyond them stretches a vast maidan, where in the early morning the troops parade ere the heat of the day sets in. Still further off can be dimly seen the Sepoy lines—rows of huts built of mud on a bamboo framework, and thatched with straw—where the native soldier lives and moves, with his loves and hates, in a distinct world of his own.

Dinapore is twelve miles from Patna, which latter consists of thousands of mud houses inhabited by a populace described as "devoted to banking and commerce!" Dinapore had no hotel,

so we lived at the railway refreshment-room, and drove down to the cantonments, distant three miles. We sang in the garrison theatre to a good audience, consisting of some rows of officers and their ladies, backed by a solid phalanx of red coats. When we got back to the railway station we found it strewn with sleeping natives, but by careful stepping we reached the door, to find it locked. After shouts at front and rear, we were leisurely admitted by a drowsy baboo. In the dead of night two drunken Englishmen came noisily into the refreshment bar, but the baboo refused to serve them, as it was long past hours. Then there was a wild scuffle, during which we could hear the poor native lamenting his "broken nose," and one of the Englishmen roaring that the "d—d baboo had torn his beard out!" With the help of some other natives the obstreperous couple were turned out. One of them shortly wished to "make friends," but the baboo declared he "wouldn't shake hands with him—no, not for a lac of rupees!"

Next morning I met an Irishman on the platform. I've been a guard for thirteen years out here," said he, "and I'm going home in two months' time. There's no chance for a man here. Look at that native over there. He's only been a few months in the company's service, and now he's assistant station-master!" There are more people than this Irishman who grumble. All the old residents growl that "India is going to the dogs"—*i.e.*, going to the natives. It is unblushingly stated that legislation should be all for British interests; that the native is too much petted; that education is too wide-spread; that soon there will be another mutiny, etc., etc. What the British have to fear now is not a military mutiny, but an educational rising, as the tide of capable baboos is month by month increasing.

Leaving Dinapore, a journey of 130 miles brought us to holy Benares. The train was filled with pilgrims, for the fâkir, instead of crawling on his belly hundreds of miles, now travels third-class. He finds that the gods do not object, so long as the offerings are as ample as ever. Leaving the railway station, we crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, amid a

dense, picturesque crowd of natives. Then after two or three miles' drive we reached the hotel in the cantonments. The first business was to get a Piano for the concert, as we did not carry our own small instrument with us on this tour. India beats the world for bad pianos, either owing to the climate, the want of tuning, or the fact of people flying to the hills and so not troubling themselves to buy good instruments. Wretched though they be, it is a most difficult task getting one. The following was a common experience. "You want a piano? oh, Mr. White, the storekeeper, is sure to have one; I'd lend you mine, only Mr. Black borrowed it for his garden party—you can call on him too, if you like." So says a friend; and hiring a gharry, I drive off to Mr. White. We proceed down a long avenue, and turn sharp off into a gateway. I am about to call the gharry-wallah's attention to his mistake in taking me to a private house, when I see a board: "White & Co., General Merchants and Provision Dealers." Then rolling along a carriage-way, as if approaching the country residence of some lord, we at length arrive at an imposing stone building, the interior of which is stocked with hams, crockery, stationery, millinery, and medicine. Mr. White's piano has lost a leg, and there is a serious hiatus in the keyboard which renders it useless. "But I'm sure Mr. Brown will oblige you," says the general merchant; and going to the gharry-wallah, he gives him lengthy directions in Hindostanee that bode ill for the distance to Mr. Brown. A mile and a-half of hot dusty roads, with infrequent houses to relieve the view, brings us to another gateway, and we drive round in front of Mr. Brown's bungalow. A native is crouched in the porch, but he gathers himself up, salaams profoundly, and bears my card indoors. In a few moments the fibre matting that covers the door is thrown aside, and Mr. Brown comes out, evidently disturbed at some meal. "Never lend my piano!—never!—my wife doesn't like it; but I'm positive that Madame Sepia, the music-teacher, will do so—she usually does." "Good afternoon;" and away I drive to get broiled once more in the small close gharry. The house lies two miles in another direction

and getting there I find that "Mem Sahib" has gone out for her evening ride. The sun has set now, and there is nothing for it but to drive wearily back to Smith and Co. to get another name. "No, they knew nobody else—except Mrs. Green; why didn't they think of her before?—she lent the piano for the last entertainment that came round." With hope springing anew in my breast, I urge the gharry-wallah to "Joa, juldee!" and the poor tired horse struggles bravely on. We pass down long shadowy avenues, through noisy oil-flaring native streets, out again amongst the trees the air filled with pernicious dew and pungent bazaar-smoke, arriving after three miles and a-half at a solitary house. A Mr. Gray appears, who tells me that Mrs. Green lives in the other half of the same bungalow. She is out dining with a friend, and will not be home before eleven; but Mr. Gray will convey any message desired. "Oh, a piano? *he* hadn't one himself, but his friend Mr. Brown—oh, you have been there? well it's very unfortunate." So I drive off on my long homeward journey, reaching the hotel to find, luckily, that my father has decided not to sing that evening, owing to our being so fatigued with heat and travelling.

Such was something of the experience we had at Benares. At seven o'clock next morning, an old lady drove up in a carriage to the hotel-door. This was Mrs. Kennedy, widow of General Kennedy, who had come like a succouring angel to offer us the use of her piano. Her kindness was most touching and refreshing in the midst of so much stiffness. When I returned the instrument at an equally early hour next morning, I found the good old soul bustling about as if she had been up for hours. The cantonment rang with the news about the piano, everyone declaring "she had never done that before to anybody!"

On our way to see the sights of Benares, we pass through a native "bazaar," which consists of a series of small thatched booths lining each side of a dusty road. We are at once in the midst of busy life. Here, a "Jingling Johnnie" rattles past —a diminutive cart covered with a faded crimson hood, under

which squat three or four native passengers, drawn by a scrubby pony with a collar of small bells. Here, a Mussulman rides past on a horse whose mane is dyed pink—here, a "hackery" or small waggon drawn by bullocks whose hides are stencilled in variegated colours. Numbers of children are romping about, some playing at "bhag bhandi," or "caging the tiger;" others flying tailless kites, the strings of which are powdered with glass, so that one player may cross and rasp his companion's line in two, and thereby win the game. Passing these, we come upon a native trundling a refractory sheep by the hind legs; then a group of little humped bullocks embedded in loads of hay, with nothing seen but their head in front and their tail wagging behind. We notice also a high-caste woman being carried along in a closely-draped palan-keen. About the street roams a Brahmin bull of great sanctity, and knowing it evidently, as he has an air of being a "most superior pairson." Around him skip secular goats, kids, hens, and geese. In the middle of the road women are gathering dung, whilst others flatten it in cakes to dry against the mud walls, to form fuel. "Imperial India!" says, with a shrug of her shoulders, a lady-friend who accompanies us. At a shop-door sits a group of natives, all sucking the bulbs of their tall-stemmed hookhas, and looking like a band about to play up. We see young men, tall and muscular; old men, skinny and wrinkled in the hide; women carrying their children cross legged on their hip. At the side of the road, under the thinly-foliaged trees in front of these shops, we see numerous "charpoys" or stretchers, with sheeted figures asleep in the sultry air. The natives are all clad in light cotton, for no matter how poor a Hindoo may be, he never wears any of our cast-off clothes. There is Ram Chutter, the oil-man, whose shop is bedecked with daubs of the gods, to attract orthodox customers. There is Mukhtar Khan, dealer in earthenware, putting up his light trellis shutters. There is Pandy Doss, the blacksmith, with his three assistants, and primitive bellows, blowing up a flame that seems about to send the bamboo shop into instant blaze. Outside, a native barber

plies his trade, clean shaving the poll of a customer, the operation being watched by a fâkir with ghastly whitened cheek-bones, sitting on his haunches close by. Pity if our shadow fall on that lank old fellow's tiffin, for assuredly he would pitch the polluted rice away. A group of four native policemen hastily get up, fall into line, and at the word "Tention!" give the military salute till we are past. As we walk along the sidepath, men step hastily into the street, women "back" into the angles of the walls, and children fly frightened as if the Sahib were a "bogey." It is things like these that make India worth having! Accompanied by smells of rancid "ghee" or clarified butter, we pick our way through tortuous paths—old pits, receptacles for broken crockery, sweepings, and manure—past tottering houses and feeding-troughs—till we come to an old well. Its creaking, ricketty scaffolding is overshadowed by tamarinds and peepul trees; and the village women, as they turn the windlass, are gossiping as only Hindoo women can—or Hindoo men. The bazaar is one Babel of babble.

We had an exhaustive exploration of Benares, which is one of the oldest cities in India. It was famous 2500 years ago, and may have sent its gold to adorn the temples of Solomon. Now, Benares is a filthy, fanatical, fetish-worshipping, fâkir-infested city—a rotten sham. We found the narrow streets, down which the fat elephant could scarcely pass, crowded with fierce bearded Mussulmen, intelligent-looking Hindoos, scented baboos, and handsome women. The shops on either hand were stocked with gold and silver brocades, cut brass and copper plates, toys, and costly fabrics valued as high as Rs. 900 the square yard. One store was said to contain goods worth a million sterling. We walked through sloppy winding lanes, past towering dirty buildings, down wet flights of steps strewn with damp flowers and leaves—the whole neighbourhood like the unswept floor of a vegetable market. The city is wholly given over to dirt and idolatry in equal proportions. There are 1500 "shivalas" or shrines, half-a-million idols, and 280 mosques. The first temple we saw was that dedicated to Shiva,

the patron god of Benares,—a building half-crushed in a corner by a press of other scaly-looking shrines, and called the "Golden Temple," from its copper dome having been "gold-leafed" by the Maharajah of the Punjaub. Our "boy" was not allowed into the temples, he being a Mussulman; but the plain fact is, there was no chance of extorting money from him. We, who were rank infidels, were gladly admitted, and our "bawbees" taken eagerly by the portly Brahmins in charge. It was like paying for admission to the shows at a country fair. In this Golden Temple is a reservoir three feet square and eighteen inches deep, filled with the coin of distinguished visitors. The aforementioned Maharajah was the only one who ever filled it with gold "mohurs," whilst scores have filled it with rupees, and hundreds with pice. As the temple business is a trifle overdone in Benares, and as the priests have a strong eye to profit, they send "pilgrim-hunters" over the length and breadth of the land, who urge the people to visit their particular shrine. There are more of these heathen missionaries in India, than there are Christian missionaries throughout the world. There are several Brahmins to every temple, and each has his special duty. One guards the door, and gives fans to the *fan*atics who wish to fan the idol; a second rings the bell to call the faithful to the shrine; a third places the sacred rice and sweetmeats before the idol, and helps himself and his followers to a large share of the dainties; a fourth holds up a looking-glass to the god, so that he may do his toilet; a fifth sweeps out the place, an office that he makes a sinecure, to judge from the garbage; a sixth beats the holy drum and blows the holy horn; a seventh is treasurer; No. 8 washes out the vessels, and acts as religious scullery-man; others prepare the idol's bed, and present him with a tooth-pick after meals; while the whole lot of them are arrant pests. The second temple visited was that of Bhaironath, a god with four arms. His face is of silver, while that of the attendant priest is brazen. The latter worries you for "Baksheesh," to receive which he holds out a cocoa-nut shell. This idol is propitiated by liquor, and several of the devotees may be seen

"fou" from partaking of the drink designed for Bhaironath. In the same shrine is Sitala, the goddess of smallpox, at whose feet all native gardeners worship, as they are the professional inoculators of India. One of the most disgusting sights was the Holy Cow Temple, a quadrangular building containing thirty cows—one of which, an ill-favoured beast, with wry mouth and one eye out, would insist on following us. The place was nothing more nor less than a religious "byre," and not at all relieved by the incongruity of half-a-dozen strutting peacocks. The cow is held in special veneration; if a Hindoo kills a cow, he suffers as many years in hell as there are hairs on its body. We next passed the Beggar's Temple, noticeable by the number of beggars, the lame ones carried on other beggars' shoulders. The cry of "Baksheesh" assailed us all over Benares. The Brahmins at the shrine, the legless beggars in the gutter, all alike whined "Baksheesh." Hateful word! Had they had the faintest right or title to alms, it would not have been so flagrant, but the crowd had no more claim to our coppers than the rest of the 240,000,000 heathen of Hindostan. If you look at any man steadfastly for two or three seconds, he will rise slowly off his haunches and mysteriously whisper "Baksheesh." All around us were cries for "Baksheesh," people flocking from all directions, and one howling louder than another. Palms of all kinds, damp, dirty, and greasy, were shoved under our noses. Here, a broken-backed child of four years toddled and lisped "Baksheesh;" here, a lad with paralysed legs swiftly paddling himself along with his hands amid a cloud of dust; here, a wretch with the stumps of both arms whittled off to a point like a black-lead pencil; here, a naked fâkir crawling along on his stomach, and characteristically pushing an alms-dish before him. The air hung heavy with "Baksheesh."

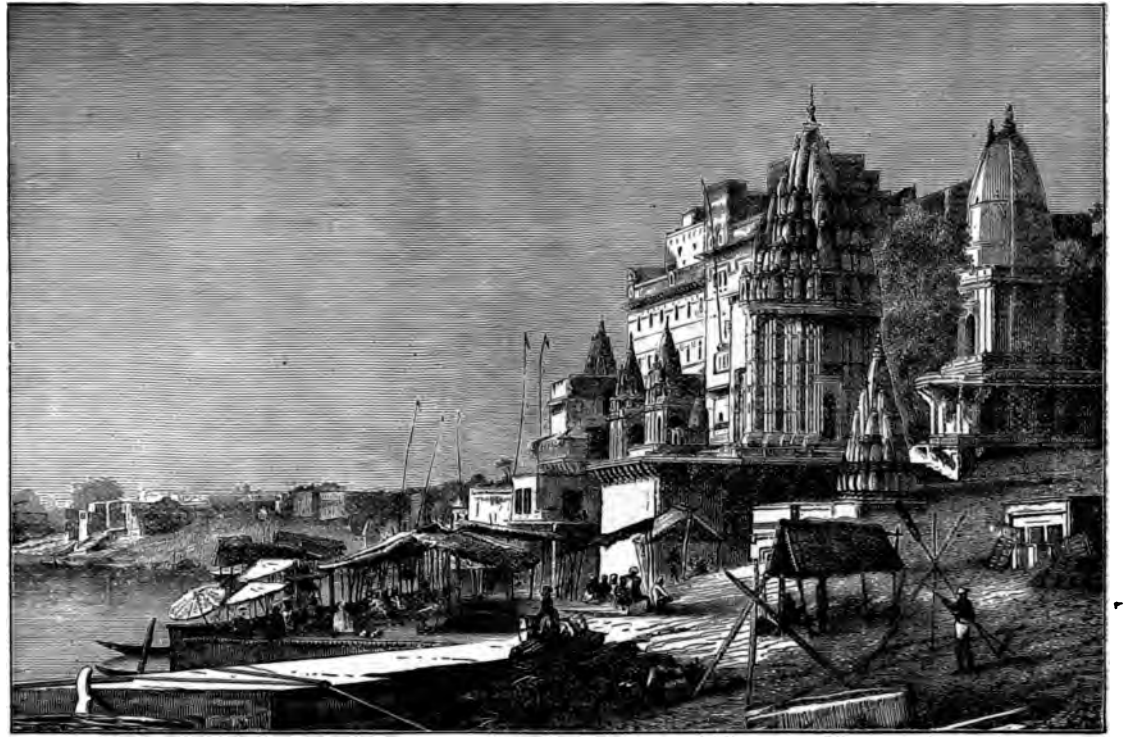
We had the satisfaction of peering down the Well of Knowledge,—a stinking, stagnant well, littered with votive flowers—a well at the bottom of which Truth would not have lain long—a well said to have been dug by Vishnu and filled with his perspiration Then we were conducted to the "Man Mandir,"

or Observatory of Jai Sing. Here some of the discoveries and calculations made by our handy modern instruments have been arrived at by large constructions of masonry. There is a mural quadrant, a wall eleven feet high and nine feet broad, in the plane of the meridian, while another points to the pole-star. There is also a double mural quadrant, an equinoctial circle made of stone, and other gigantic astronomical instruments. It was striking to see this fane of true science in the midst of so much false religion. The last of the temples visited was the Monkey Temple, where idolatry has sunk to incredible depths. The little brown monkeys were jumping up and down the steps of the temple, some running in the open streets, some on the tops of walls, some leaping on the house-roofs. Awful mischief-workers and thieves are those little wretches, as the shopkeepers all round well know! The temple is open-roofed and surrounded inside by a portico, in and around which were hundreds of monkeys, screaming, chattering, scampering, and carrying their young in many an aerial flight along pillar, cornice, and balustrade. The holy precincts echoed with our sacrilegious laughter! A priest gave us a dish of "koee," a kind of grain, which we sprinkled on the ground, and in an instant we were besieged by scores of scrambling monkeys, all ages and sizes, from the hoary patriarch to the orange-coloured babe in arms. There was no odour of sanctity about them, nor about the Brahmins, nor about the temple, nor any of the temples. You venerate the priest no more than the khitmutghar who waits at your table. The grand old religion of Brahma—for it *was* grand—has degenerated into a broad farce, supported by extortion and carried on by delusion.

The best view of Benares is to be had from the river. We got into a budgerow with a peacock prow, rowed by four boatmen. Before us stretched the holy city, built on a long bluff, eighty feet above the river—temples, mosques, and palaces towering on high terrace-foundations. The city-front, with its sky-line of minârs, domes, and cupolas, was very striking. A long succession of rajah's palaces stretched along the river-

front, for the true believer likes to live near the Ganges, so that he may die with his feet touching its sacred waters. On the banks were scores of rafts covered with immense straw-plaited umbrellas, under which Brahmins were sitting and praying for their respective patrons, much as mass is said by Romish priests. There were numbers of bathing-ghauts, with Hindoos clustering dense as bees upon their well-worn steps, while the broad stream was strewn with the yellow "genda" flower, the favourite offering to the goddess Gunga (the Ganges). A burning-ghaut, with blazing piles, consuming their dead, sent their smoke and smell towards us. At intervals we came upon the ruins of large palaces and temples, the foundations of which had been undermined by floods; here, a boat moored to a fallen buttress; there, a group of vultures roosting on a sunken terrace. The river-bank was frequently relieved by huge idols—human figures gaudily painted, recumbent, with arms stretched out, and feet towards us—the absurd grin on their face, and helpless foreshortened attitude, being irresistibly ludicrous. Our sail terminated at the mosque of the Emperor Arungzeb, the conquering Mussulman, who demolished the old temple of Vishnu, and out of its ruins built this edifice to celebrate the triumph of Islam over Brahminism. The slender twin minârs of this mosque shoot up to a height of 170 feet, and are the culminating points of the quaint sky-line of Benares. The afternoon was spent by the time we had finished this river-panorama. High over head rose fretted arches, terraced roofs, and spires, their gilded points lit up by the setting sun. We saw our last of the city of delusion in a charitable and appropriate roseate illusion.

On our way from Benares, there were scores of Cabulese traders in the train—tall, burly men, with pale faces, long elfish locks, an unventilated odour, and dressed in wide-sleeved jackets, ample trousers, and dark-blue turbans. Each carried a large pack like that of a Jew peddler. They seemed a shaggy horde invading the peaceful plains to return with booty to their northern home. A short journey of ninety miles (short for India) brought us to Allahabad, at seven in the



A BURNING-GHAUT, BENARES.

evening. Here a kindly Scotch merchant met us, and accompanied us to the hotel. After dinner we were joined also by the Scottish clergyman and other gentlemen. The weather being remarkably cold, we gathered our chairs round the blazing log-fire in the dining-room, where we had an enjoyable "crack" till bedtime, on various subjects. One topic, I remember, was the uncomfortable openness of Indian bungalows. The houses are of course built for hot weather—numerous windows, holes for ventilation everywhere, and the various rooms not opening into each other by doors, but simply draped off by curtains. This is all very well in May or June, when a breath of air is Elysian, but in the "cool season" you are afflicted in the evenings by draughts. There is no privacy or domestic snugness in an Indian home. Every corner of the bungalow seems to have a native servant lurking about it. A gentleman told us, regretfully as I thought, that there was no courting in the moonlight here. All love-making transpired in the drawing-room, and just when you got to the important "popping," a native servant was sure to glide in with "Salaam, Sahib!"

The weather is a great topic of conversation at home, but in India it is even more so. During the few months of our tour, the thermometer as a rule marked about 120 degrees in the sun, 80 degrees in the shade. In that temperature the Australian bustles about at mid-day, while the Anglo-Indian shuts himself indoors. The sun of India is venomous. From the moment Old Sol pops his head above the distant mango-topes, till he sinks again into the far-off jungle, you must protect yourself from his rays. In the hot month of May the temperature is 106 degrees in the shade, while the very wind is 100 degrees. A merchant told me that it has registered as high as 106 degrees in his office, even with a punkah. These are the days when Government sits 7000 feet above sea-level, when the land lies quivering under the fierce rays of the sun, when cantonments are to all appearance striken lifeless, when the white man shields himself from the cruel heat behind wet "cusscuss tatties" or screens, when beast and bird seek shelter,

and when the poor crow, with ruffled feathers, sits ludicrously gasping on a fence, as if in mockery of panting man.

One hears conflicting statements about the climate of India. A ruddy-faced man once said to me in ringing tones: "Ha, ha! never was healthier in my life than I've been these last twenty years in this country." Not an hour afterwards a Scotsman remarked: "I never had a day's seeckness till I cam' oot here a year syne, and since then I've been doon five times." Another, evidently a successful man, exclaimed: "I like India—been twenty-five years in it! Just to think how I would have had to toil at home!" A man may keep himself healthy in India; but there is overmuch eating and drinking in the land. In the early morning there is a substantial "chota hazaree." Then comes the real breakfast, with meat and a bottle of beer; then tiffin about two, with more meat and another bottle of beer; then dinner at seven, with wines. "Och," said an Irishman, "folks eat and drink, and drink and eat, till they die; and then they write home that the climate has killed them!" The one anxiety of all Anglo-Indians is about the Liver. If they talk, it is about the Liver. If they ever walk, it is to "stir up the Liver." "You've bought a cob, Mr. Robinson?" "Yes, it's for my Liver." "Your wife's going to the Hills, Brown?" "Yes, she's Livery!" Then there is the other enemy, Fever. No "new arrival" in Calcutta is supposed to have the freedom of the city until he has made the acquaintance of that shaky firm, Fever and Ague. The fever is not very deadly, and is intermittent. It is said that a young lady will rise at an afternoon visit and say, "Excuse me, but I must go home for my five o'clock fever!" The debilitating effects of actual heat are very noticeable in the faces of Europeans in India. The men are sallow, the women look worn. "We exist in the hot weather and live in the cool," said a lady. India is no land for the fair sex. After a few years, the wife loses her health, and goes home with the children, while the husband hangs on to his Government appointment, to secure the pension. One or two gentlemen I spoke to had not seen their wives for six or eight years—one

had been separated from wife and family for sixteen years. There is scarcely such a thing as domestic life in India. Even where there is no marked ill-health, the wife every hot season becomes a grass-widow at Simla, Mussoorie, or some other hill-station, leaving the husband to toil amid the dust and heat of the plains. The children are another cause of separation. After they are six or seven years old, they must be sent to England, as they suffer morally from contact with native servants, and physically from the climate. The Europeans in India should have the full sympathy of all who take a pride in the great dependency.

Allahabad is the seat of the government of the North-West Provinces, and lies 630 miles from Calcutta. It is regarded by the natives as a peculiarly holy city, and stands on a point of land formed by the meeting of three rivers. Two of them, the Jumna and the Ganges, can be seen by mortal eyes ; the third, which flows from heaven, is invisible. The "station" is six miles long—a great extent of sunny, dusty roads, densely lined with trees, stretching as if in endless vista, with glaring white bungalows standing in their three-acre compounds. The names of these roads are on boards nailed to the trees, and like those of most other stations, are called Canning Road, Clive Road, Havelock Road, etc. The roads of India are all paths of honour! It is a strange thing to see about a thousand whites occupying the acreage of a Liverpool or a Glasgow. Allahabad is in appearance a gigantic village ; it is suburban from centre to circumference. In none of these up-country stations is there anything like a continuous street. In what might be called the heart of the settlement, the bungalows are a hundred yards apart.

Allahabad possesses one or two fine public buildings—also a public garden, redolent with thousands of exquisite roses. Here we heard the band play, late one afternoon, to a fashionable gathering, the ladies dressed in fur-trimmed jackets, as the night chill was setting in. One Sunday we visited a Mahometan mausoleum, surrounded by a high wall, and the place where the Allahabad mutineers of 1857 gathered in council.

The windows of the building are carved stone screens. In the centre stands the white marble tomb, on the top of which was placed a flick of peacock's feathers, so that the dead man could brush away the flies. The dome was so acoustically tempting that we sang that grand psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and I should not wonder if the good old defunct turned in his grave at the sound of those infidel strains.

At Allahabad is a large Fort, which commands the junction of the rivers. It was built by Akbar in 1572, but has been modernised into a formidable stronghold. A private soldier kindly escorted us over the Fort, which is 2500 yards in circumference. The first object of interest was an underground temple. We descended a few irregular steps into a dank-smelling subterranean passage, along which we were conducted by two natives who walked backwards carrying torches. They halted before the various idols, that stood in little niches. Our guides showed us with awe a hole in the wall, the entrance to a tunnel, which we were told was seventy-two miles long, leading to Benares, and along which a priest had once travelled on his hands and knees. This feat was abundantly proved by the fact that several of his friends who had spoken to him in Allahabad saw him a week afterwards in Benares! Another striking object was a banyan-tree, said to be 1500 years old, which we saw several pilgrims kiss devoutly. There were devotees of all kinds here: the devotee who has held his arm over his head for twenty years, and could not get it down now if he wanted to; the devotee who has clenched his fist so long that the nails have grown through the back of his hand; the devotee who has kept silent for years, and lost the use of his tongue; the devotee who has sat for forty years in one spot, and only risen for an occasional bathe in the Ganges. Our friend the soldier took us round the armoury, and presently stopped before an ancient Buddhist monolith, forty-two feet high, against which he seemed to have a special grudge. "Look 'ere," said he, "folk say as this is two thousand year old; now *I* don't believe that, 'cause I don't think folks was up to them sort of things so long ago." "Oh,"

we replied, "you forget the Egyptians in the time of Pharaoh —see what grand architecture they raised." "But," insisted he, pointing to the pillar, "this here was *before Christ!*" Our guide concluded by taking us to the battlements of the Fort, where we had a sweeping view of the confluence of the rivers. During January and February there are great "melas" or fairs held here, when thousands of natives assemble from all parts of the country. The first thing a pilgrim does is to get his head shaved on the river bank, as he knows he will get a million years in heaven for every hair that falls into the Ganges. It is a characteristic fact that numbers of Hindoos make a living by catching the floating hair and selling it!

More than once I had occasion to visit a printing-office in Allahabad. It was a sample of most of those up-country—a detached bungalow, in the open porch of which, and even in the open air, native compositors were working, whilst others were squatting and sorting out type on the front steps. Talking with the manager, a European, he said:—"Look at that native there, with the mutton-chop whiskers and moustache; he's getting three rupees a-month,—my Hindoo foreman gets fifteen rupees." I wondered why a "khitmutghar," or waiter, received twelve rupees a-month, while the compositor's wage was five or six. The fact is, the "khit" is every man's dog, while most of these Hindoo printers are well-educated, and desirous of picking up some gentlemanly, useful trade. "They are awfully independent," said the manager; "if I blow up a man for being slow, he just picks up his cap and hooks it."

We sang four nights in the Railway Theatre here— a commodious building. India requires to be "worked" differently from any country we have ever been in. For instance, we were told it was customary to leave tickets for sale at the cantonments. Acting on the advice, I got inside the inevitable gharry, and drove off to the military lines, down the sultry glades that take the place of streets. After some miles, we reach a rose-encircled bungalow, out of which a bluff major appears. This cottage turns out to be the officers' mess. I am recommended to take the tickets to the colour-sergeants of

the various companies. Off again, along the straight white roads. When I get amongst the barracks, I ask for the sergeant-major, who gives me four or five names to call on. Sergeant O'Flaherty is the first. "Oh, he went to his bungalow a minute ago." I drive there and find that, taking advantage of the cool day, he is out playing cricket opposite the artillery quarters. A long ride in the gharry brings me to the game, but O'Flaherty has gone to the orderly-room. I determine to see him later, and drop in on Sergeant Macpherson, leaving him a package of tickets. I am not so fortunate with Sergeant Blazer, for he is away at the parade-ground with Sergeant Thomson. Though it is a long round-about, I go to the maidan, finding Sergeant Thomson, who tells me that "Blazer's gone to the canteen." I follow him up, though I find I am gradually drifting further from O'Flaherty. At length I catch sight of Sergeant Blazer. "Yes, Blazer's my name," says he, "but I'm not colour-sergeant now — it's Scroggins—you'll easily find him at Company B's quarters." I get there and ask a private soldier for Colour-sergeant Scroggins. "Scroggins? he ain't colour-sergeant—you've made a mistake —Blazer's your man." "Oh no, Scroggins is colour-sergeant now." "Well, it's only since this mornin', then;" and growling as if under a grievance, he leads the way to Scroggins, who is deep in some commissariat papers. I give him tickets, and start for O'Flaherty; but he has left the orderly-room and will most probably be found at the mess-room. Says one of the men: "D'ye twig that buildin' 'igher than all the others as you see—well it's the far end of that—yer can't miss it." When I get there I ask half-a-dozen men, but none of them ever "'eerd tell on him before." He didn't belong to *their* company—perhaps it was Company D. I accost a passing soldier, who kindly walks over with me to another large building, where in the reading-room, I find the long lost O'Flaherty. I have a short chat with him, and then ask to be directed to the last of my list, Sergeant Jenkins. "Jenkins!" he cries; "why, that was Jenkins that brought you here!" Instantly I shout for the gharry, which has cast anchor two hundred yards off. I

pursue Jenkins, determined to capture him before he is lost in this brain-wearing maze, and it is with a deep sigh of relief that I hand him the last package of tickets.

Equally exhausting was the collection of the money two days afterwards. The last I called on was Sergeant Scroggins, who had eight annas of his ticket-sale to gather in. He asked me to call with him upon one of the officers, whom we found in all his dignity amongst a mass of blue documents. "Eight annas wanted?" said he; "well, Mr. Kennedy, just be seated for a moment." Taking out a large sheet of foolscap, he wrote a despatch, which he handed to a "chuprassie." The native went off, and after being absent for a full quarter of an hour at some remote part of the lines, returned with a handful of coppers. "Ah," said the officer, "here are the eight annas—you'll find it all right, I think——*sixteen pice!*" Anglo-Indians hate coppers as they hate heat, but the weight added to my pocket was less than the load of trouble off my mind!

A journey of ten hours, and we were at Jubbulpore, a pretty station. The drive to the hotel was enlivened by delightful flowers and foliage. The raging red leaves of the Mexican plant contrasted with the sedate blue bells of the convolvulus. Marigolds, too, and white jessamine, and the nodding heads of roses; while over all were the soaring plumes of the bamboo and the graceful feathery palm. Then Jackson's Hotel burst into view, built in shape of a wedding-cake, a novel design that I recommend to projectors of honeymoon hotels! The native city of Jubbulpore was the finest we had seen—broad, open streets, across which were thrown fretted Saracenic arches, flanked by red-painted mosques. The "Mohurrum" Festival was being held, and the gaily-dressed populace were greatly exercised over it. In the open street we saw naked lads being painted green from head to feet, with red spots, their faces daubed into hideous masks, and a tail tied on, to fit them out as tigers, in which character they were led by a chain through the city to the sound of cymbal and tom-tom. Others were having their heads covered with gold-leaf, and their bodies tricked out in silver brocade. Wooden shrines, gay in

paint and tinsel, stood by the roadside, whilst the monotonous drum called on the faithful to "walk up, walk up." It is a hybrid Mohammedanism that obtains in India, being largely modified by contact with Brahminism. Amongst the sights of Jubbulpore is the School of Industry, where are domiciled numbers of Thugs, that murderous caste. "Thuggee" has been abolished many years now, and its votaries are here employed weaving carpets. The "Marble Rocks," distant ten miles from Jubbulpore, are also well worth seeing—the valuable white precipices rising to a great height on either side of a rushing river.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bombay—A Parsee Bill-Poster—A Marriage Procession—The Caves of Elephanta—The Residency and Palaces of Lucknow—Cawnpore—An enthusiastic Guide.

IT was Christmas day when we arrived at Bombay. The streets were lively with tramway-cars crowded with Parsees, and drawn by horses whose heads were protected from the sun by white helmets; broughams also, and "ekkas" or native gigs, drawn by little grey "Arabs." Here were some hundreds of buffaloes being washed by natives at a large well in a reserve; at a large tank, scores of "dhobies" scrubbing and thumping linen; at another, fifty or sixty men and women performing their ablutions. Now a cavalcade of splendidly mounted native horsemen would ride past; now a regiment of Sepoys, in red coats and black trousers, and beneath the little round caps the same grim brown faces that once burned with wild mutiny. We lived at Watson's Hotel, a five-storied building which faced the Esplanade and the Bay, the sea-breezes blowing gratefully into the bedrooms. In the street below were native jugglers, musicians, snake-charmers, ventriloquists, and mimics, performing to the guests who gathered in the verandah.

Native life is more picturesque here than in Calcutta, Bombay seeming to be a microcosm of all the Indian peoples. There are the Mahrattas, with their immense turbans in a succession of rings, out of which springs a kind of horn. You see also Persian Arabs, in their dark-brown hooded cloaks; white-robed Armenians; Hindoos of all castes, with great latitude in the longitude of the women's raiment. Lastly, Parsees, the great feature of Bombay.

The Parsees have had a strange history. In the year 651 the Arab Mahometans invaded Persia, and drove the original Persians to the mountains. Many of these, who would not ab-

jure their faith in Zoroaster and embrace the Koran, emigrated and set up their fire-temples in Western India. There are 45,000 Parsees in Bombay, and to our eyes the Parsees seemed aliens in the land, so superior are they to the generality of the natives. They have been called the Saxons of India, and there is a perceptible push in the people. More than half of them are merchants. They are as suave and voluble as Frenchmen, and as sharp as Jews. They are a highly moral people, and their women are not kept in the seclusion and degradation of Hindoo females. Female Parsees may be seen walking about the streets—fair-faced women, in lustrous mantles of pink, green, yellow, and purple silk or satin. There are numerous fire-temples throughout the city. A Parsee informed me that his people did not worship the fire as an idol, but as a symbol of the one true God. They adored the sun also as a perfect fire, but they were pure theists. The Parsees bury their dead in the "Towers of Silence," large stone structures open to the heavens and erected on an eminence. Inside these the bodies are placed on a grating, to be the prey of vultures, the bones gradually falling through to the bottom of the tower.

I engaged the services of a Parsee bill-sticker, who took tickets at the hall-door, and did such odd jobs as interpreting in the bazaars when I had dealings with natives. He was very gentlemanly, with skin no darker than a Southern Italian's; had mutton-chop whiskers, and two curls hanging on each side of his head; wore a clerical frock-coat, light trousers, patent boots, and the peculiar skuttle-shaped hat of the Parsee; and boasted spectacles and a white umbrella. How immeasurably superior to the rough, whisky-breathing bill-sticker, sometimes met with in Old England! As he spoke English fluently, I gave him one day a number of circulars to address, but he took ten minutes to do six, so I finished the job myself, and set him to work sticking on the stamps. The word that had "floored" him was "Mackechnie." Macaulay he had spelt "Mauclay," and Macdonald came out three times as "Macdoland." Scotch names are a shibboleth to the native

population generally, and more particularly to the Hindoos. All Scotsmen, whether their names be Mackenzie, Macallister, or any other Mac, are invariably called "Muckintoast," doubtless because the first Scotsman in India may have been named Macintosh! We also knew of one unfortunate gentleman, a Mr. Domville, whom the natives always called by the better-known English name of "Damfool Sahib."

We gave our entertainments in the Framjee Cowasjee Institute, a Parsee philosophical, scientific, and literary institution. There are heavy lectures given in the hall, and in the library you find a collection of books containing too solid reading for an average European. We had several Parsees amongst our audiences—at one time, a spectacled Parsee editor—and it was amusing to see their faces brightening up at some recondite Scottish joke. Two of our ticket-takers were Goanese, or Christian natives from the old Portuguese settlement of Goa, further down the coast. The hall being on the verge of the teeming native city, our entertainment was interspersed with the cries of the vendors in the bazaars. Every night, in a lodging-house adjoining, a large company of Christian natives sang hymns lustily; but once their service of praise was marred by a number of Parsee women chanting a wild minor air in the room below. We sang a fortnight in this Parsee hall, concluding the series by a "bumper" house in the large Town Hall. Our advertisement was inserted in a Parsee paper. The fire-worshippers are well represented in the press—they having four or five journals, and also a Parsee *Punch*. We found that the motto of our advertisement, "Twa Hours at Hame," had been translated "Two Hours of Leisure in the City of Bombay." It was also stated that "Mr. Kennedy has a very great amount of talent for the Scottish Songs," while the words "pianoforte duet" were rendered: "Both the Misses Kennedy will sit at the piano at once."

We were taken by some friends to see the Scottish Orphanage at Mahim, some miles out "in the jungle," as they called it. On the way we passed through the native city, which was gay with a marriage procession. There were horses capari-

BOMBAY TOWN HALL.

soned in silver cloth, on one of which sat the bridegroom seven years old; children loaded with jewellery; women clad in rich fabrics of lilac, pink, green, and orange. It seemed like some grand theatrical spectacle turned out to the light of day. Thousands upon thousands of brilliantly attired natives filled the streets, which latter were composed of houses painted in flaming red and yellow colours that added to the gaudiness of the picture. We emerged from this chromatic fever, and presently were bowling into a cool, delightful bit of jungle. The fans of the cocoa-nut trees dropped over from every side, flecking the road with ornamental shadows, and forming a continuous bower. Now and again a yellow cottage or a vermilion bungalow, the home of some rich Hindoo, would blaze out amid the tender green of the jungle. At the Orphanage we were received most hospitably. After tiffin—one of the items of which was a seed-cake from Montrose—we had a pleasant talk with the superintendent and his good lady, who hail from Aberdeen. We have noticed that the North of Scotland has sent forth a large number of earnest philanthropical workers to foreign parts.

Another day we sailed ten miles up the harbour to the

island of Elephanta, famous for its caves. On landing, we climbed a long flight of steps leading up the face of a hill, and reached the caves, which are hewn out of the solid rock. These rocky halls, with their massive pillars and carved figures, seemed not unlike a low-roofed subterranean cathedral. In the dim twilight of these caves the faces of the gods looked down on us, stony, calm, majestic in their repose. One group was that of the Hindoo Trinity, or Triad as it should be more correctly called—Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu—said to be the grandest realisations of Godhead ever carved by man. But the figures in these temples are sadly mutilated, not being kept in anything like preservation. Returning, the steam-launch was discovered to be aground. For half-an-hour all the visitors, assisted by twenty coolies, heeled the large vessel from side to side, but without effect. A passing cutter was hailed, and despatched to Bombay for another steamer. Assistance did not arrive till six o'clock that night, which was all the more annoying as we were due to dinner at a Scottish clergyman's house at 7.30. Bombay was reached at 8.30, and ignoring prandial raiment, we drove straight to our host, who did not take our involuntary discourtesy amiss.

We travelled back again from Bombay to Jubbulpore, gave another concert there, and about two days afterwards arrived at Lucknow, where a friend took us a thorough round of sight-seeing. Apart from its being the scene of so many picturesque episodes during the Mutiny, Lucknow possesses deep interest from its splendid architecture. You drive along broad, sweeping roads—palaces, mosques, gardens, and parks meeting the eye at every turn. We bowled along the "Hazrat Gunj," or Road of Honour, down which we could see in imagination the "kilties" marching to the famous "Relief." On our left rose the Chutter Munzil Palace, a cream-coloured building with chocolate windows—formerly a seraglio, and now a club and reading-room, with a fine hall, in which we gave our concerts. To the right flowed the River Goomtee, on which Lucknow is situated, and over which Havelock crossed with his Highlanders. On both sides of this stream spread ample

views—expanses of green sward, extensive parks, and wooded slopes—while away in the distance, as if embowered in a dense forest of trees, rose domes, minarets, cupolas, and gilded spires. In the midst of all these fair surroundings, like a spectre at a feast, stood the gaunt, blackened ruins of the Residency. It

LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.

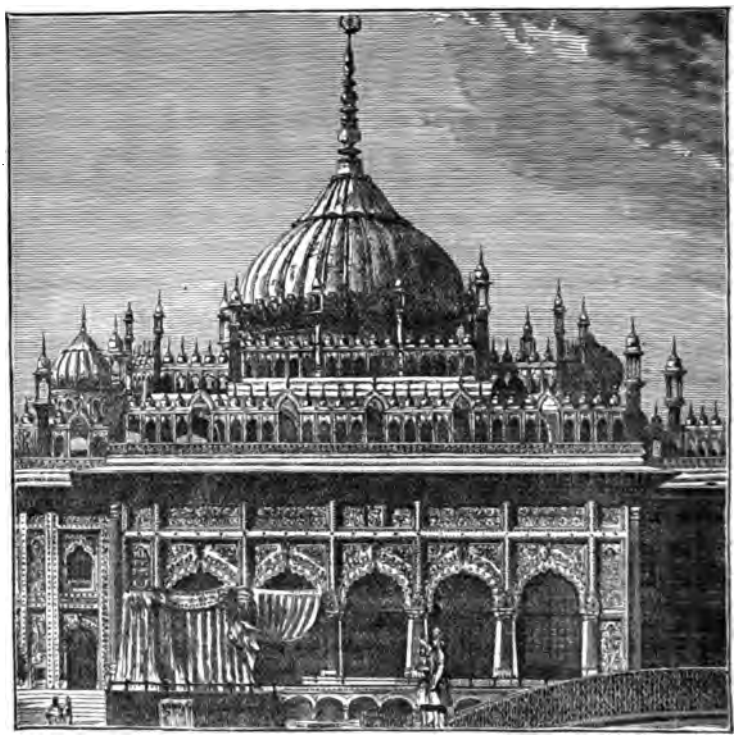
is situated on a slight eminence, and has been left in the same state as after the Relief. Originally a three-storied building, it has been wrecked into the appearance of an old tower. It is rotten with shot-marks. Five months of bitter siege, explosions, shells, and the contents of thousands of rebel guns, have left their indelible marks on the ill-fated building. We saw the portico which fell and killed so many of our soldiers, its ruins now draped in a cloud of yellow and purple blooms, haunted by bright green parrots. We peeped down into the cellar where the women and children sought shelter from that

storm of shot and shell, and where so many died. We visited the well-kept graveyard adjoining, where lie Sir Henry Lawrence, Niell, Banks, and hundreds of our troops killed in the battle of Lucknow. Not far off was the ever-famous "Baillie Gate," where "Bob Aitken," with his handful of brave faithful Sepoys, did such wonderful deeds of heroism. This was the gate where the rescuing Highlanders charged, and where the loyal natives, rushing out to welcome them, were fired into by mistake for the enemy. One can vividly see the tearing-down of the sand-bags, the waving plumes rushing in through the gateway, and the wild tearful welcome of the band of brave hearts—the Highlanders seizing the long-imprisoned ladies, and giving vent to their emotion by a hearty reel on the shell-strewn sward. Alas, there were no bagpipes! "Jessie Brown," fabled dreamer, had she ever existed, would have heard no pibroch strains along the softly-swelling knolls of the Goomtee.

The next point visited was the Imaumbarra, the architectural glory of Lucknow. With few exceptions the buildings are of plaster and brick, but one forgets this in their apparent grandeur. The Imaumbarra, however, is of solid stone. I do not remember any building in Paris that approaches it in its sweep and majesty. It is a Mahometan temple, raised by Nawab Asaf-uddaulah at an incredible expense. The architects who competed were told that the building was to be a copy of no other, and to surpass anything of the same kind ever built. The domes, the fretted archways, the immense court, the great Constantinople Gate, that in its colossal dimensions sinks the Marble Arch of London to a common villa gate, stamp themselves for ever on the memory. It is a glorious outburst of architecture. The grand hall of this Imaumbarra is 170 feet long, fifty-three feet wide, fifty feet high, has walls sixteen feet thick, and not a pillar in its entire length. This is one of the largest unsupported roofs in the world, its only rival being that of a chamber in the Kremlin of Moscow. This splendid apartment is now, in pursuance of British utilitarianism, used as an

arsenal, and packed with cannon. One may pardon this, but not the brutal taste which has plastered in black tar-paint, huge figures—31, 32, and so on—right over each of the palatial entrances, in the centre of the coat of arms of the Royal Family of Oude. From the summit of the Imaumbarra we had a comprehensive view of the city—a vision of palaces, mausoleums, and mosques floating in foliage. Immediately below us we saw more vandalism in the shape of a tennis-court drawn out on the flat roof of a mosque.

Proceeding on our journey, we passed the notorious Dowlat Khanna, the police-station where the great rebellion of Oude was inaugurated. Then came into view the Hosseinabad,



THE HOSSEINABAD.

which if not the grandest, is at anyrate the most charming building in Lucknow—a combination of mausoleum and mosque. Entering by a lofty and ornate arch, we found ourselves in a beautiful courtyard. In the centre was a long tank glittering with gold fish, lined with bright green shrubs, and surrounded by gleaming statues. Richly plumed cranes, with long pink bills, were stalking about, while purple peacocks displayed their gaudy tails on the shining marble terraces. On both hands rose alabasterlike mosques, their minarets pointed with gold, and at the head of the courtyard stood the swelling white dome of the tomb. Over all this the blazing sun shone with wondrous effect, for in India its rays act as the lime-light in the theatre, intensifying beauties and hiding defects. On closer inspection you find the buildings of this Hosseinabad thickly studded with iron hooks, like cloves in a ham, on which are hung innumerable little lamps at festival times. The Mahometans are clever at illuminations, and the reflection of these lights is seen for miles.

We visited the Musa Bagh, where formerly wild beast fights took place; then drove to the historical Secunder Bagh, a large walled garden, where 2000 of the mutineers were attacked by the 93d Highlanders and 53d Foot, and slaughtered to a man —a terrible scene, at which a piper lustily performed till two bullets burst the wind bag! The next scene of interest was the Kaiser Bagh, the palace of the late King of Oude, which was sacked during the Rebellion. Here took place an almost unparalleled looting. In fancy we hear the cannon blowing in the massive gates, and the rush of the soldiery into the gilded halls. We see the smashing of mirrors with bayonets, the tearing down of massive chandeliers, the ransacking of jewel-chests, the heaped-up bonfires of purple curtains, gold frames, and rich furniture. We hear the shouts of vengeance and the cries for mercy, the heart's blood of both foes streaming by the white statues round the glittering fountains of the courts. The echoes seem never to have died away. Kaiser Bagh is generally supposed to mean "Cæsar's Garden," but a learned professor told us it signifies "yellow garden," from the colour

of the surrounding buildings. The immensity of the Kaiser Bagh is most striking. If Lucknow could be called the Paris of India, the Kaiser Bagh would certainly be a worthy Versailles.

Passing through the tasteful Wingfield Park, which was one riotous profusion of roses, we reached that most fantastic of buildings, the Martinière. This edifice was erected eighty years ago by Claude Martin, an eccentric Frenchman, who came to India a private soldier, and ended his career as a Major-General with several hundred thousand pounds. He intended to present this palace to a prince of Oude, but died before it was completed, and ordered his body to be buried in it to prevent confiscation of the building. During the rebellion, however, the Sepoys burst open the tomb and made away with his bones. We were shown the vault in which he was interred, and which being also used as a cellar for ale-casks, gave rise to the grim joke of "Claude Martin and his 'beer.'" The building is the freak of a madman, a most strange and extravagant structure, combining all styles of architecture, and ornamented with statues of females, mandarins, all the gods and goddesses, and lions whose eyes at night are lighted with lamps. The Martinière was a great stronghold of the rebels, and it was long before they were dislodged. But where that desperate fighting took place there are at present cool dormitories for scholars. The Martinière is now a college. Lucknow is truly a city of palaces, though most of the latter have been transformed into hotels, clubs, and offices. We lived in one palace, posted our letters in another, and gave our concerts in a third, the aforementioned Chutter Munzil. The night of the last performance there was an adjoining portion of the hall curtained off as a dining-room, where a number of the bachelors of the station had invited a party of ladies to dinner. After the concert commenced, they rose from their wine and adjourned in a body to the hall. The hotel we lived at was a palace of the King of Oude's commander-in-chief, and had a dining-room thirty-two feet high.

A railway journey of forty-six miles brought us to Cawnpore.

The British cantonments are eight and a half miles long, a wearisome extent of dusty roads. As one sometimes sees a fair spot that might form a paradise, so Cawnpore forcibly suggests a purgatory. An air of gloom pervades the place. It is flat, sandy, and desolate. When we were there, a strong wind was blowing dismal clouds of dust across the bleak landscape. In company with a worthy Cawnpore man, who had been with the avenging army that burst into the city after the atrocities, we made the round of the places of interest. Our friend looked upon the visit of all strangers as a holy pilgrimage. The deeds of horror had burned themselves into his brain, and he waxed eloquent over the incidents of the Defence and the Massacre, though perhaps frequent repetition had produced something of extravagance and exaggeration in his narrative. He was stout and middle-aged, with florid face and long shaggy hair—a regular lion of a man. As we drove through the dust of the cantonment he told us the story of Cawnpore.

Nana Sahib, a Mahratta from the Bombay Presidency, was adopted by the Rajah of Bithoor, then in receipt of a hereditary pension from our Government. On his death we refused to allow the Nana anything, as he was not the real son of the Rajah, whereas it is a part of Hindoo belief that an adopted son *is* a son, and inherits all his foster-father's property. Nana Sahib had therefore a real grievance. He made many representations to the Home Government, but all to no purpose. Still the Nana kept up the semblance of friendship to an extent almost incredible when looked upon by the light of after events. He joined in the conviviality of station-life, was a special favourite with the ladies, invited the principal residents to champagne suppers and balls, and was generally regarded as a staunch friend of the British. Then the native troops revolted, and leaving their officers unharmed, were marching with mistaken patriotism to instate their king at Delhi, when they were met by the Nana, and bribed to attack old Colonel Wheeler in the entrenchments he had hastily raised at Cawnpore.

Our friend had got thus far with his narrative when we left the vehicle and walked across the open space held by the garrison—the worst position for defence that could possibly be imagined. We saw the well whence the beleaguered troops drew water, under a shower of bullets; also that other well, where every night, under equally deadly fire, they buried their dead. "Yes," cried our friend, "this is the spot where that devil with his thousands of followers hemmed in the English for three mortal weeks, popping at them from round corners, and behind stone walls, the cowardly beggars that they were! —rolling up big bales of cotton to a few yards of the trenches, and shooting at our men from behind that, too! Oh, the sufferings of our troops, and the poor women and children dying of cholera and fever; and then to think of the niggers setting fire to the buildings where the sick were, and all our folks living under shot and shell every hour of the day—oh, it makes me wild!" And his ruddy face flushed deeper, and his leonine locks shook with righteous indignation.

"Our troops," continued our guide, "held out bravely till that double-dyed traitor, the Nana——No, I never call him Nana Sahib—that's too dignified a title—I might call him Nana the 'Soor,' or pig, as his own townsfolk did. Well, this beast, he sent a message to old Wheeler, saying that if he surrendered, he and all his folks would get a safe passage to Allahabad. This was very tempting, you know, so they soon made a hole in their little mud wall—why, just at the very place you're standing on now—and in poured all the Nana's men, as if to escort our poor people off to the boats. This is the way they went, down here." We drove along the route taken by the betrayed garrison, several of the trees by the wayside still showing large gnarls where cannon-shot had "blazed" them.

We reached the Suttee Chowra Ghaut, where the first massacre took place. It is scarcely possible to realise a more cheerless, miserable prospect than that which met our eyes. We walked to the river-side amongst wind-blown sand-dunes covered with sickly shrubs! On a slope to our left skulked a

jackal, a dusty vagabondish kind of beast, that gave us a wicked furtive look as he crawled into a hole. Across the muddy Ganges was low, jungly country, at times completely hidden by the driving drifts of sand. Were there no melancholy associations clinging to the spot, one would still have the feeling of impending calamity. "Look," said the friendly Lion, "here is the place where the Nana brought the people. Some were put into the boats, and some were not. They were mostly women and children that he kept back. They went down those steps here, see; they're almost covered up with the mud now. Well, they were no sooner in the boats than the native rowers set fire to the thatch of the budgerows and jumped ashore. Then the black devils on the ghaut commenced firing at the boats. You see this little Hindoo temple we're standing beside? Well, the Nana had cannon hidden here, too, and they were let fly at the poor wretches. More of the Sepoys shot at them from the jungle here, and some from the other side of the river, and all in the boats were drowned, shot, or burned, only two living to tell the tale. Isn't that enough to make the blood boil, eh? But there's worse to hear yet—come along." Presently we were crossing a bridge, alongside of which a native was praying (as he prayed every day) that some white man might fall through. "Down this road," said our guide, "the fiend the Nana brought the helpless party of survivors, and crowded them into a building that's taken down now—that's the place where they were all killed, you know. When the Nana heard that the British were coming, he ordered two hundred of his men to fire in at the windows of this house, and shoot every soul there. Yes, sir; but the Sepoys were not so great wretches as their master, for they fired over the women's heads. After four hours there was scarcely any one killed, so the Nana was disgusted, and ordered fifty of his horse-soldiers to ride into the bazaars and get the lowest caste of natives to do the job. They were butchers by trade, and went in with their knives and hatchets. One fellow came out three times for a fresh knife. Look here, my friends; from five in the evening till half-past ten that

night, the bloody work was going on, while the women were screaming and praying, and babies were crying, and then the dead and the dying were flung in one heap into the well close at hand. When we marched into Cawnpore and saw the fearful sight, there wasn't a dry eye in the camp, nor any man in his senses. We were all mad, sir, that night—mad for revenge. Every prisoner that was caught, we dragged the devil to the massacre house, and there, sirs, we made him * * * * * * *."

The place where the foul deed transpired is now about the only lovely spot in Cawnpore. The Memorial Garden, as it is called, is a large enclosed piece of ground, beautifully laid out with shrubbery and plots of flowers. Here a simple white cross marks the site of the house of massacre. The well is now covered in by a very graceful memorial—a circular stone platform, on which stands the marble statue of an angel, beautifully designed by Baron Marochetti. On the pediment is placed the following inscription:—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the Rebel Nana, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the Well below, on the 15th day of July, MDCCCLVII." The figure is surrounded by an octagonal Gothic screen, of chaste and beautiful workmanship. No one can enter this hallowed enclosure without feeling the eyes dew with profoundest pity for the sufferers in that wretched fate. Cawnpore has been fitly named "a memory of fruitless valour and unutterable woe." Round the Memorial Well are the grass-grown graves of those who fell during the battles of Cawnpore. Distant about a stone's throw is the Station Theatre, where we sang. During the mutiny it was occupied and loop-holed by the rebels, and is the same building in which the Nana had often sat, applauding the amateur theatricals of the resident garrison. We could picture his cruel smiling face all through our entertainment. Verily, we supped full of horrors during our stay here. What a contrast between green, palatial Lucknow and sandy, sad Cawnpore!

CHAPTER XXV.

Agra—The Fort of Akbar—The Pearl Mosque—The Taj—Humours of Concert-giving in India—Delhi—Lahore—A picnic at Shalimar—The daily Life of our Boy—Meerut—Back to Calcutta—Farewell to India.

AGRA, 159 miles north of Cawnpore, was the next city visited. It is the chief architectural glory of India. One feels inclined to thank the invading Mussulmen, who came like a strong breeze into the still, slumberous life of Hindooism. The Mahometans have given architecture to India. Agra is full of grand edifices, several of which lie in the great Fort of Akbar. This is an immense structure, a mile and a-half in circumference, overhanging the river, with lofty walls of red sandstone towering like precipices of masonry, the embattled heights being relieved at intervals by turrets. We drove into the Fort by the Delhi Gate, a giant entrance-way, purely Saracenic, and flanked by enormous towers. A long paved way led to a spacious court, surrounded by arcades, and formerly a carousal or tilt-yard. We passed along corridors lined with marble, that more resembled ivory carving than stonework. Most of the buildings had a coolness as of a cave. The walls were of great thickness, and heat was resisted by their massiveness. These apartments and pavilions formed part of the Monarch's Palace, and extended round a central court, in which used to be the fountains and grape-garden of Akbar. Another court-yard was paved with black and white squares of marble, so as to form a chess-board—the game being played by Akbar and his wives, while the "pieces" were girls who trotted from square to square according to the various moves! Near here was the Shîsh Mahal, or Palace of Glass, a series of baths, the roof and walls of which were starry with thousands of little mirrors. As our guide waved a torch over his head, the light was reflected from a myriad points—an effect at once novel

and beautiful. These baths are now dry. Formerly the water fell into a marble pool, the cascade being lighted from behind by lamps, while the fountains in the centre were also illuminated from within. Streams poured from each side over marble channels carved so that the current produced the effect of swimming fish. Near here are strange underground passages, along which the ladies of the Zenana played at hide-and-seek, splashing through fountains, shouting and laughing, clad only in Paradisaic costume! At the end of one of these passages is a deep well, to which unfaithful wives used to be committed; but a short time ago, two private soldiers fell into the hole, so it has been summarily bricked up. We next visited the Dewan-i-khas, or Audience Hall, a terrace on which stands a throne composed of a black marble slab six feet square. This stone is cracked, as our guide told us, by its having been sat upon by the Rajah of Bhurtpore, a Hindoo, at which time blood also gushed forth. Renewed fracture and bleeding took place on another occasion when Lord Ellenborough rested on it. Our guide, a most intelligent man, and a thorough master of English, believed the story absolutely, and showed us the two blood-stains in proof. We all seated ourselves on the slab, but it showed no signs of disintegration, its heart having no doubt been completely broken already at so much contact with infidels. Retracing our steps, we arrived at the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. A massive door was flung open, and we found ourselves in the courtyard. The outside wall being of warm red sandstone, the effect is wonderful, and not anticipated, when you enter upon a dazzling white pavement, surrounded by white pillars, and are confronted by a white mosque with three shining marble domes—the white effect being heightened by the delightful blue of the open heavens. The prevailing idea of the Pearl Mosque is that of saintly purity.

The most remarkable building in Agra is the Taj, or tomb built in 1630 by Shah Jehan to his queen Mumtâz. There is nothing in India, nothing in the world, like it. One day we drove to see the Taj, which stands by the river Jumna, about

a mile and a-half from the city. We alighted at the principal gate, which is built of red sandstone, elaborately carved, and crowned with twenty-six marble cupolas. Passing underneath, we reached a paved avenue 1200 feet long, with a raised fountain-terrace half-way down, and a series of jets d'eau stretching from end to end. We stood in a thrill of delight as we gazed at the scene before us. At the extremity of the avenue of dark cypress trees rose the gleaming white walls of a marble edifice, surmounted by a dome of exquisite proportion—the most ethereal structure ever reared by mortal hands. It stands on a platform of red sandstone, at each corner of which is a tower bearing a marble kiosk. Two mosques occupy the east and west sides, one used for prayers, and the other a "jawab," or "answer," so as not to disturb the symmetry. On this platform stands another of white marble, in the centre of which rises the Taj. At each corner of this marble terrace is a graceful minâr, 150 feet in height. The walls of the edifice are seventy feet high, and above them swells up the unique dome, flanked by four small cupolas. It does not spring sharply from the roof, but has a cincture as elegant as the zone round the waist of a Hebe, from which the curves of the dome grow gently outwards and upwards. It is bulb-shaped, and seems as if about to float away into the azure, so light and delicate its form. The whole of the beautiful pile is of polished marble. Though so large, it is covered with ornaments designed in various coloured marble. Over the noble entrances and windows are long texts from the Koran, inlaid in black marble—a piece of ingenuity that at a short distance gives the idea of the white building being perforated, and thus adding to the lightness of the structure. Another effective artifice consists in the gateway being of dark red sandstone, after gazing at which your eye turns with renewed freshness to the contrasting whiteness of the Taj. Going inside, we were in a twilight beneath a lofty dome, which possesses marvellous resonance. Ordinary conversation is reproduced high up in the dim vault as mimic thunder. A vocal note soars overhead in a sound like the long drawn note of a

violin, so clear and prolonged is it, and dies away in a diminuendo so gradual as to form an invaluable lesson to a vocalist. You cannot tell when the vibrations cease—they seem to diminish to an audible silence. We sang one full chord, and it hovered in the dome in sweetest harmony. The most tuneless voice would be transformed into angelic strains by the magic spell of the Taj. In the centre of this rotunda is a stone screen, within which are the tombs of Shah Jehan and his Queen. These are not the true tombs, the latter lying in a vault below, but are monumental sarcophagi. They are of purest marble, covered with designs of flowers and leaves, inlaid in sapphire, agate, cornelian, amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, onyx, and lapis-lazuli. Nothing can be imagined more ingenious than the way in which the subtle shading of stalks and buds has been produced by the blending of the various precious stones. Every inch of these tombs, and the screen which surrounds them, is covered with this microscopic mosaic work. A strange piece of folly has lately been perpetrated inside the Taj, an ostrich egg having actually been hung in space, so as to show the exact centre of the dome! As was the case at all the objects of interest in India, we were pestered for "baksheesh." The requests in this instance came from two fellows who were presumably the custodians of the tombs, and who could not be satisfied under two rupees. We then went to the real tombs below, which were duplicates of the cenotaphs above, being overlaid with the same intricate ornamentation. One feels a little disappointment with the interior of the Taj. This superb sepulchre occupied seventeen years in its erection, and cost £3,000,000 sterling. As we were leaving, we could not refrain from turning again and again to have one more lingering look, and we wafted towards it a farewell kiss of our hands, as if it had been a dear old friend. The memory of it so haunted us, that after dinner we walked out to see the Taj by moonlight. When two or three hundred yards off, its snowy dome rose detached like a balloon above the bazaar smoke and evening mists. Entering the gateway we beheld the noble building, like the lovely ghost of its former self, looming in a calm, wan gran-

deur. The moon was almost vertical, and as it illuminated the upper part of the dome, gave it a buoyant rotundity that had an indescribable charm. The Taj looked like a floating palace at the end of that long sombre avenue. As we walked down in the dense shade of the trees, the fairy vision seemed to be gliding away from us; but presently we stood on the noble terrace, our eyes bewildered by the flood of white light reflected from the broad marble pavement. But for the delicious balminess of the evening, we could have fancied ourselves treading a plateau of snow. Above us rose the pale alabaster walls, and higher still the white marble globe, soaring into the bright starry heavens. It was a scene of ravishing beauty. We seated ourselves by the raised fountain in the avenue, and feasted our eyes upon the Taj, drinking in its loveliness, and all the elevating thoughts it stirs within mind and heart. The Taj, built by "infidel" hands, has touched all that is purest in art and noblest in religion.

Our advent in these up-country stations occasioned a good deal of surprise to many, such a large party being a rarity. Making enquiries in Calcutta as to the prospects of a professional company in the far north-west, we had been told that most of the concert-parties who came to India "got stuck" in the large Presidency towns. However, we found many "shows" in these small stations, most of them "single-handed." Amongst others was a conjuror, a ventriloquist, and a third who gave a light vocal entertainment. In addition to these was a gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, who announced themselves in large letters as "The Royal English Variety Comedy Company!" Moreover, most of the cantonments had some performer hanging about them for weeks, "working up" the different messes, co-operating with the local amateur theatricals, and getting each night the patronage of some officer more or less distinguished. The good folks of India are fully alive to the value of patronage. Our daring in going through the country without patronage excited no small wonder. Several times we were congratulated as "lucky" in drawing such large houses without the benign auspices of this

or that colonel. I remember calling with an advertisement on the editor of the "Ragpore Gushette," and being greeted with "Well, have you been round to see the people?" "The people!" I echoed. "Yes," said he, "all the big people of the station—Doctor Black, Major Boggs of Thunder Bungalow, Captain Laws, our cantonment magistrate, and lots of others—you should hunt them all up, and ask them to come and hear you—they won't budge out unless you do, I tell you!" Our tickets were generally for sale at the store of a general merchant, and it was amusing to hear the conversation between the public and the "box-keeper." The young man behind the counter would say, "Well, Mr. Johnstone, are you going to the concert to-night?" "Oh, I don't know—is—Mr. White going?" "No-o-o, he's not taken tickets *yet*." "Well, I'll just drive round and see if he's to be there, and then I'll let you know." "Shall I reserve some seats for *you*, Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but they must be in the third row, and I want to sit behind Miss Robinson, and she wanted me to ask if you could get a footstool for her; and is it off the draught?" etc., etc., etc.

Another amusing thing was the red-tapeism connected with the securing of halls. On one occasion I sent a letter 1200 miles to a municipal secretary, who wrote back stating I ought to apply to the deputy-commissioner,—there being thus 3,600 miles of correspondence entailed by the first gentleman not seeing fit to hand my letter to his brother-official, who was next door to him in the same building! I have now before me a bundle of letters, in connection with one of these up-country stations. The gentleman acting for us in that place sent in an application for the hall, and received Document No. 1:—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. SMITH, Esq.—B. No. 7,922—Dated Jan. 2—Memo: In reply to his No. 282 of this day's date, intimates that his application for the use of the Assembly Rooms will be laid before the President of the Municipal Committee, and his reply will be duly communicated, —AUGUSTUS B. FITZPATRICK, Secretary Municipal Committee."

After waiting eight days and no reply forthcoming, our agent wrote again, and was rewarded with the following lucid despatch :—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Dated Jan. 11—B. No. 8,280—Memo: In reply, has the honour to state that Mr. Kennedy may have the use of the Assembly Room for the night of the 28th inst. Undersigned will speak to the President about giving them the use of the hall.—AUGUSTUS B. FITZPATRICK, Secretary, Municipal Committee."

It was not till eleven days afterwards, upon renewed writing on the part of Mr. Smith, that this satisfactory epistle arrived :—

"Scribblebad Municipal Office—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Dated 22nd Jan.—B. No. 9,895—Sir, In reply to your No. 298 of the 12th inst., I have the honour to intimate that the President of the Municipal Committee has granted the use of the Assembly Room for the night of the 28th inst. to Mr. Kennedy,—Yours faithfully, AUGUSTUS B. FITZPATRICK, Secretary, Municipal Committee."

There was a still further despatch to the effect that "the rent did not include seating, lighting, or attendance of hall-keeper." Then when the affair seemed settled, poor Mr. Smith was plunged into another sea of correspondence in the matter of bill-posting, which he was told could not on any account be allowed. He sent in a petition to the proper quarter, and received a letter :—

"On Her Majesty's Service—Government of India—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Sir, I would suggest Mr. Kennedy advertising by hand-bills, as there are so few boards in the station for 'posters.'—Believe me, yours faithfully, P. W. SEYMOUR."

Another letter from our agent produced this important concession.

"Government of India—Scribblebad, Jan. 23, 1880—To J. SMITH, Esq.—Sir, You are at liberty to put up posters on the boards for the purpose, but not on the walls.—Yours faithfully, P. W. SEYMOUR."

It turned out that this consent was only partial, as it had to be ratified by the police authorities. Again our friend wrote, and the answer came graciously as follows :—

"Scribblebad, Jan. 24, 1880—Sir, There is no objection to notices being posted at the places set apart for that purpose. —Yours faithfully, G. SIMPKINS, Deputy-Superintendent of Police."

Then the mind of Mr. Smith attained well-earned repose!

Another railway trip, this time of 111 miles, landed us at Delhi, about a thousand miles north-west of Calcutta. At Delhi the train actually rushes through a cleft in the walls, with cannon-embrasures on either side, as if the train were crossing a draw-bridge. It is a strongly fortified city, its red granite ramparts, battlemented and turreted, circling five miles and a-half. It has a most fanatical Mahometan populace—tall, muscular men, who scorn to salaam, and who swagger with an air unknown to the weaker race of lower Bengal. Every two or three hundred miles you go up-country, you observe the inhabitants becoming more independent and robust.

We visited the Fort, well worth the visit, and Jâmi Musjid, another notable building of Delhi, and the most imposing mosque in India.

The principal street of Delhi is the Chandi Chowk, or Street of Silver, a mile long and 120 feet broad, with trees running down the centre of it. It is full of fine native shops, and here in the afternoons may be seen the native gentlemen on their horses, the gay trappings of which seem to be rivalling the gaudy robes of their riders. One day we saw an English missionary preaching in the same street, with a considerable crowd round him; a hundred yards off, a "moulvie," or Mahometan propagandist, expounding the Koran; and still further down the street, a Hindoo priest "holding forth" on the Shasters. In Chandi Chowk stands the Museum Hall, in which we gave our concerts—a splendid pile, with great seating accommodation, so as to fit it for "durbars," or native meetings. While we were there, the building was used through the day

as a native municipal court, presided over by a native magistrate, while native petitioners and persons appearing in answer to summons, sat in motley groups on the spacious floor. As our audiences in India were drawn entirely from the white population, a place was estimated by us according to the size of the British station or cantonments. Delhi, though a household name, has very few European residents. At the concerts we had several wealthy natives hearing us, and yawning audibly and sincerely at pieces not humorous. We remarked to one European gentleman that we had a pretty good house. "Good!" said he "you couldn't have a better—*everybody's here!*"

The train to Lahore was crowded with troops for Afghanistan. We had as travelling companions an officer and his wife, who had just returned from England. At the station where the train "dined" the military gentleman borrowed ten rupees from us, as he had got "stumped out." We met in India with a good deal of what might be called temporary impecuniosity. People never seem to carry money about with them, which was very awkward, for instance, at the hall-door. A major or a lieutenant would step up. "Ticket, please." "Got no ticket!" "Well, you can pay here, it's all the same." "Got no money!" "Couldn't some friend here oblige you?" "Oh, never mind, here's my card; but you'll have a difficulty finding my bungalow,—its a mile and a-half from here!" It never struck them they might send the money to us! There were many cases of this kind in an evening, and more than once we have had to leave behind us uncollected £2 or £3, our only equivalent for a sheaf of I O U'S and visiting-cards. In the majority of cases, however, these did not degenerate into bad debts.

Lahore is 1300 miles from Calcutta. The railway station is a fine building in imitation of a castle, and was constructed so as to be used for purposes of defence. This is a very important railway centre. When there is a "mela," or holy fair, the traffic is immense. Double-storied carriages are put on, each holding a hundred natives. Sometimes a train carries

2700 pilgrims, packed in carriages and trucks. The same fare is charged for both descriptions of vehicle, but the native does not care, so long as he can get on. There are twenty or thirty trains a-day, at festival times, representing a traffic of 40,000 or 50,000 people. The natives were the most robust and independent we had seen. Amongst them were many of the redoubtable Sikhs, who strode past us with high-shouldered swagger and stare that would have been resented as impertinent but for its bold haughtiness. The European community are very social and hospitable. We had four bumper audiences, and on two occasions, the Lieutenant-Governor attended—unasked, though by no means the less welcome. On Sunday we went to what was called the Union Church, composed of Dissenters—Free, U.P., Methodists, and Congregationalists. The numbers of each sect being too limited to allow of separate churches, they very sensibly combine, as is the case in several of the up-country stations. The congregation was largely composed of half-castes, and the minister a Scotsman, with whom we afterwards spent a very pleasant evening.

One afternoon we played lawn-tennis at a friend's house, afterwards strolling through the public gardens in the dusk, and returning to our host's to dinner. There we met, amongst other people, a young lady who was rather outspoken in her views of up-country society. She said she liked India *so* much better than England, because a girl got far more attention. "Here," said she, "there's six gentlemen to every lady!" We had been told that young ladies are very soon spoilt in India; they get so much flattery that their heads are turned. A Calcutta gentleman once said to me in a half-mournful way: "You see that girl over there? In Scotland she and I were great friends, but here, she won't condescend to look at me!" This aforementioned young lady of Lahore was rather displeased when I asked her how she endured the hot weather. She bridled up and said she "didn't know, as she always spent the summer at the Hills." I had "put my foot in it," for no one with any pretensions to being a lady ever

does such a vulgar thing as live in the plains during the hot season!

A few days afterwards, in company with these friends, we went to a pic-nic at Shalimar, three miles distant, the princely garden of the great Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, the same who built the Taj at Agra and the Jami Musjid at Delhi. It is half-a-mile long, and has three terraces rising one above the other. It boasts numerous fountains, besides numerous jets d'eau throughout the grounds. Coming from the hot dusty roads, it was cool and refreshing to rest the eye on the delightful velvety sward, bosky shrubbery, and shady avenues, the green bushes swarming with still brighter green parrots, and through the verdure gleaming the white marble of the fountains. We sat under the trees and gossipped for a quarter of an hour. A pariah-dog sniffed round us in a radius of about twenty feet, so timid that it fled even from a look. The children of our party, however, could approach without frightening the poor hungry beast. At a signal from our host, we retired to another part of the gardens, where lo! the busy native servants had set up a table in the wilderness, with a clean white cloth, table-napkins, wines, bounteous dishes, and chairs in order. It was as comfortable as dining in-doors, with the added charm of the bright blue sky. We were soon so intent on the viands that the pariah-cur forgot its shyness, and scrambled amongst us for the fragments.

The weather proved rather cold during our up-country tour. In the very early morning the air felt chilly and searching, but the sun was not long in waxing strong. The noontide is always hot in India; it is only the shade that seems to vary. Your hands and feet may be bitter cold, but at the same time you require to wear a sola-topee.

In our up-country tour we had one servant with us—not Gollam Hossein, but a brother of his—a boy who was surely some relation of the fat boy in "Pickwick," for he was capable of any amount of sleep. There the analogy ended, however, he being thin as a skeleton. His face was pinched, his eyes lustreless, his hands and feet as small and delicate as a girl's. He

could not hold up against the cold of indoors, so in his plentiful leisure moments he would sun himself on the verandah, or curl up in a corner in a shapeless heap beneath a load of blankets. After serving at breakfast, he would vanish for three hours, and re-appear with the statement: "I've had my food, mas'r." Then he would sit down and commence darning some hole in his coat or pants, an operation that speedily ended in his letting his head drop between his knees, sound asleep. He would awake dazed for lunch, and afterwards "moon" about for a little while, with a show of arranging papers in one's room, or putting the looking-glass at a proper angle, or heaving up his faculties to stick the comb into the hair-brush. Then he would mutter to himself, and leave with the air of doing something he had forgotten. A few minutes afterwards, in going out at the door, you would stumble over his prone carcass, snoring across the threshold. Once a week he could be seen with a scrap of paper on his knee, a pointed stick in his right hand, and an ink-bottle in his left, painfully scratching a letter in Hindostanee to his wife. He was a most faithful husband, and was always talking about his wife. In Bombay he went the length of buying her a showy new dress, which he requested "Mem Sahib" to take care of till his return to Calcutta. Upon our arrival there, we were astonished to hear from Gollam Hossein that "his brother" was *not* married. This may have been a fib on Gollam's part, for Truth is not a bosom friend of the natives. We even began to doubt if Gollam *was* the other fellow's brother, there being not the slightest family resemblance. We had had occasion to suspect Gollam before this. One day he came with a story that his sister was dead, and that he wanted leave of absence for the day. A short time afterwards he again desired a holiday, as his sister was about to be married. "But didn't she die last week?" "Oh no, mas'r it was my mother!" The mortality amongst your boy's relatives is alarming. It is a good servant whose father does not die more than three times a-year.

On the whole, the "boy" was not of very great service.

True, he did not cost much, as he always travelled third class, one farthing a-mile. Second class is three farthings, and first class 2¼d. a-mile. This is cheap railway-travelling, but the mileage rate would require to be low, as the distances from place to place are so great. For instance, we travelled from Bombay to Jubbulpore—616 miles, nearly as far as from Land's End to John o' Groat's—sang there one night, and next day started for Lucknow, distant 405 miles. Thus, to sing in two places we journeyed 1021 miles. Two or three times we had distances of 300 miles, and 130 miles was a frequent and, as it seemed, an easy stage. Altogether, we travelled 4405 miles of Indian railway.

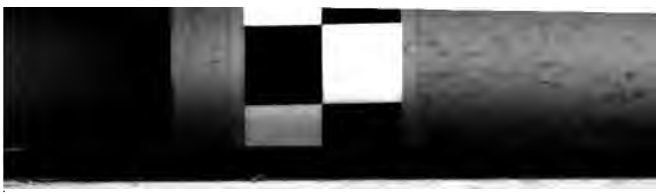
Our longest journey was from Lahore down to Allahabad, 713 miles, occupying 37 hours. We left the capital of the Punjaub in the evening, and early next forenoon passed Meerut, ever-famous as the scene of the outbreak of the great Mutiny—a wide-spread cantonment, with the stern military lines marshalling out from behind the trees as the train rolls past. All that day we travelled through the heat and dust. Night closing in, we stretched ourselves out, each occupying a whole seat, with pillow and blankets, and enjoyed a thorough sleep. The train arrived at Cawnpore at one A.M., when I was awakened by the landlord of the hotel there, who had kindly brought us a considerable sum which he had received from the barracks in payment of soldiers' tickets at our concert. At half-past six in the morning we reached Allahabad, where we gave a farewell concert. The weather here had been rather warm for the cool season, the temperature a few days previously being 138 degrees in the sun and 80 degrees in the shade. But now there had come a great storm of thunder and lightning, with tempestuous showers, the first rain we had seen in India for four months. During the forenoon I happened to be in one of the leading stores of the station, when a "mean white" made his appearance at the counter. His ragged clothes displayed the fact of his having no shirt. He was damp, tremulous, and smelling of whisky; but his voice and manner were those of a gentleman. "For God's sake, give me assistance," he gasped,

feebly holding on to one of the show-cases. "Go to the Charitable Institution," cried the ashamed and displeased assistant. "Oh," pleaded the unfortunate, "Oh, but I'm ill—oh, for the love of heaven, give me a stimulating draught." "Go to the hospital, it's just a short way off." "But I couldn't walk that distance" (sinking into a chair)—"give me some medicine; I've got rheumatics—been sleeping out in the wet."

"Been getting drunk, that's what is the matter with you!" However, the fellow was taken to the dispensary counter, where a bitter was administered. He quaffed it, and tottered off to a house some hundred yards down the road, where I heard him beg piteously, not for drink, medicine, or work, but "for the love of heaven, rupees!" Imperial India has its tramp.

Next day we travelled to Dinapore, where we again gave a concert. As before, we took up quarters in the railway refreshment-room. A fearful storm broke out towards evening, the rain falling in dense sheets, and the lightning being extremely vivid. Our three-mile drive to the cantonment theatre in the evening was not without mishap, as might well have been expected in that inky blackness. We had not driven for five minutes, when the wretched horse, half swerving, half blown by the gale, dragged the equally frail gharry into a ditch. Luckily this happened near a stable, where we got a fresh horse. An hour and a-half were consumed in travelling these three miles; but we were rewarded by the spectacle of an unexpectedly large and sympathetic audience of redcoats.

The following afternoon we left for Calcutta, arriving there about six next morning. This second visit was fully as enjoyable as the first, many pleasant friendships being now established. We gave a fortnight of farewell concerts, meeting with warm sympathy from large audiences. The weather was much hotter than during our first season. We sailed from Calcutta for England on the 2d March, our friends, one and all envying us the chance of escaping the great heat. We had made use of every moment of the "cool" season, and felt somewhat like cowards flying from India with Old Sol singeing our heels. Partings were said to Calcutta friends. Our two



"boys" came to the wharf to see us off. We were about to shake hands with them, when we recollected that was not Oriental, so we waved good-bye in answer to their graceful and repeated salaams. Poor Gollam Hossein and his brother seemed much affected at the parting, their last words being:—"God know, we be glad to see you back here again."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Madras—Ceylon—The Cinghalese—Aden—Suez and Port Said—A Maltese Monastery—Gibraltar to Southampton.

IN four days the "Mirzapore" was lying off Madras. It had been a great desire of ours to sing there, but no hall was available. As seen from the steamer, Madras did not present a very favourable appearance,—an open roadstead, with a long glaring sandy beach, and behind it one or two large edifices standing uncomfortably in the scorching sun. Round the "Mirzapore" were gathered numbers of coal-lighters, manned by coolies so coolly clad as to excite the envy of the broiling passengers. The clothes of those natives consisted of a small piece of rag in front and another piece behind, hung round the waist by a string so thin that on a side-view the men looked wholly nude. Well might a horrified Scotsman exclaim: "Michty! a yaird o' calico wad clothe the nation!" I thought that in the course of a rather exhaustive experience of Australian, Maori, and Pacific Island craft, one might know something of adventurous sailing; but it all went for nothing when I saw the Madrassie sitting in a small scooped-out log, and navigating the heavy swell with a single rude paddle. Seven or eight of these men hovered about the steamer, which lay fully half-a-mile from the shore. Further out still were bobbing a number more, all that was seen being the man himself, a black speck now and again half hidden by the roll. One close to the steamer was so daring as to stand up in his frail canoe, posing like a "bare-back" circus performer as he rode the billows. His "clothes" were drenched, and it would take him full five minutes to dry them over a spirit-lamp when he got home. A passenger came on here—a young man suffering from lightness of the head caused by sunstroke, which frequently led him to mistake the saloon-bar for the doctor's

cabin. Poor fellow! he was nicknamed "the Viceroy," by reason of his pompous talk; "Captain Bags," because of his ample trousers; and "Old Blasphemy," from the oaths he used to let drop between the puffs of his after-dinner cigar. Numerous babies toddled and sprawled about the deck, each with its attendant "ayah." A chattering pack these ayahs were, with flowing red robes, wide rings in their noses, and heavy anklets clanking at their heels.

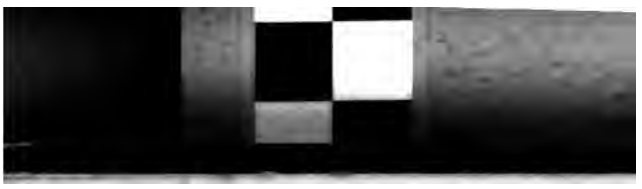
Four days' sail from Madras over sunny seas brought us within sight of Ceylon, its coast-line fringed with the graceful cocoa-nut palm, and verdant hills and richly timbered mountains, towering far in the interior. We were soon in the beautiful bay of Point de Galle. Its tropical vegetation, circling wooded heights, and far-stretching purple ranges made up an enchanting picture. The "Mirzapore" had scarce dropped anchor, when there buzzed round her a swarm of "catamarans," the safest canoe ever built. It has a weighty log floating parallel with the boat at the end of two heavy outriggers, which prevent anything like a capsize. We were taken on shore in a large Custom "gig," by a friend who had invited us to dine with him. His house being a mile or two inland, our journey was continued in a "bandy," a kind of covered-in dog-cart on four wheels.

The drive through Point de Galle was most interesting. Though almost a hundred years have passed since the Dutch rule ceased in Ceylon, many traces of their occupation still remain. There are the Fort, some Dutch houses, and an old Dutch church, besides a marked Dutch flavour about the people. There are a good many Dutch, and these are as a rule well-to-do burghers. The buildings are large and one-storied, with a verandah extending along the whole front. To a cursory observer the Cinghalese are all of one sex—female! The men wear their hair long, and coiled in a knot at the back —the feminine resemblance being increased by their wearing ear-rings, and by the large tortoiseshell crop-comb pushed back from the brow. Then they wear petticoats—not a mere kilt, or a robe, or a shawl, but absolute petticoats. If an

inhabitant is walking in front of you, it is impossible to tell whether it is a man or his wife. You see a little girl tripping before you, and you revel in the delightful picture till she turns out to be a boy, and "slangs" you volubly as you drive past. An elegant maiden, with erect carriage and well-formed feet and ankles, is going along the road bearing a pitcher on her head. Towards her comes a youth with a cigar in his mouth. A bright look steals over his face as he beholds her. Ah, love, love! it is a gentle thing! Their heads meet, no doubt in tender greeting, and you drive up to find that the sweet maiden is a man too, giving the other fellow a light from his cheroot. Our journey through Point de Galle was in this way one continuous fraud, and we got tired, after a while, conferring softened glances upon men with peaked beards, and gracious smiles on old ladies who would persist in becoming grandfathers.

The way to our friend's house lay for some distance along the mail-road from Galle to Colombo. This is a superb avenue of seventy miles of cocoa-nut trees—winding by the sea-shore, and its sylvan beauty reminding us more of a palm-section in a botanical garden than a practical, every-day country road. We reached the bungalow of our host, who was an Irishman, and were introduced to his wife, a young lady from Melbourne. Previous to dinner, we lay in the depths of canvas chairs in the broad cool verandah, with bosky masses of shrubbery and trees, fresh, cool, and green, shutting in the foreground. Cattle roamed about, a cow breaking its way through a hedge of the compound, and drawing down upon itself the railing of one of the Tamil "boys" about the place. A she-man, with a super-excellent comb and irreproachable coiffure, announced dinner, and presently we were engaged in a sumptuous repast, under the auspices of a broad-sweeping punkah, and attended by several petticoated men-waiters.

Next morning the sky was laden with thunderous clouds, and squalls of blinding rain fell at frequent intervals. Under the poop awning of the steamer, had gathered crowds of those vendors and touters who persecute the passenger at every



port. Here were sellers of tortoiseshell combs, tiny ivory elephants, gold rings and workboxes. Dealers, too, in "precious" stones, suavest and most successful of rascals—fit deceivers of the silly dupes who believe they can buy a cut diamond for fifteen shillings, an emerald for twelve, or a topaz for ten. One deluded passenger showed me a "gold Albert," for which he had just paid £5. The burning desire in human nature to expend money on worthless bargains, reaches its highest development on board a P. & O. steamer at a port-of-call. Ivory made of cow-bone; gold rings from Birmingham; pasteboard sun-hats; brass-plated pewter; tipless ostrich feathers; glass brilliants; tortoiseshell made of shellac and glue; cashmere shawls from Coventry—all equally tempt the omnivorous spendthrift tourist.

The branch steamers from Japan and Australia steamed into the bay, and after taking on board a crowd of passengers, the "Mirzapore" steamed away into the Indian Ocean, on the long stretch of 2134 miles to Aden. Amongst those aboard there was a missionary from Yokohama, with his two little boys, who spoke Japanese fluently; a planter from Java; a German professor, returning from the Australian Exhibition; four or five gentlemen, members of a Cable Company, homeward bound after laying a line from Australia to Singapore; a prison chaplain from Melbourne; a gentleman from Sydney interested in the cause of frozen meat; and an English lord, who affected seedy garb and lounged all day in lonely dignity. A number of the passengers were musical, and we had singing and pianoforte-playing nightly, the lamp-lighted, canvas-roofed poop making a pleasant concert-room in the balmy evenings. In nine days from Ceylon we reached Aden, an English military station in the heart of an extinct crater, and one of the hottest spots on the face of the earth. Reliable persons say there is only a sheet of brown paper between Aden and Hades. The natives, Soumalis as they are called, look half-singed, their yellow hair standing out like a frizzled mop. They are a tall, wild-looking race, with a mixture of greed and cruelty in their eye. Water is scarce in Aden, as it rains about

once every three years. There is hardly a green blade of grass to be seen. About the only objects of interest are the great "Tanks," ten or twelve in number, situated in a gorge overlooking the town. These are built of solid stone, like fortifications, and can hold two or three years' supply of water, which is carried down to Aden by donkeys and camels. Scores of the native youth, in small boats, gathered round the steamer, shouting alternately in high and low voice, and without intermission, like a steam-pump: "HAB-A-DIVE—*dai-a-dive*—HAB-A-DIVE—*dai-a-dive*,—HAB-A-DIVE—*dai-a-dive*." Flash! went a sixpence in the water, and in one universal splash disappeared a score of the little nude "yellow-haired laddies," their trumpet-shaped mouths coming up again to the surface with the everlasting cry, "HAB-A-DIVE—*dai-a-dive*," as if they had been saying it all the time they were beneath.

Three days later we were at Suez, in phenomenal weather, a sharp, piercing wind blowing across the desert. In the harbour lay an Egyptian transport, about to convey a body of troops down the Red Sea. The wharves were alive with soldiery dressed in heavy hooded greatcoats as protection from the bitter morning air. A large section of ground was occupied by their tents, in front of which the men were picturesquely grouped. Close to the troop-ship were squatted a long row of heavily-ironed convicts of various races—Kurds, Arabs, Egyptians, Algerians, and Turks—waiting to do coolie work on board. Here we took on more passengers—one of them an old man of eighty-three years of age—a Scotsman, who had fought at Waterloo, and was now making a tour of the world. What a number of old soldiers we met in our travels! I had a most interesting talk with the veteran, and his communicativeness helped to relieve the monotony of the Suez Canal. He left the steamer at Port Said, as he was bound for the Holy Land, and, deaf to the courteous quarter-master, shouldered his portmanteau himself, exclaiming, "I'm a young man yet." Port Said, the northern terminus of the Canal, was a most unsavoury place—a combination of French, Arab, and Egpytian. The streets were lined with tobacconists' divans, rapacious curio-

dealers, cheap and nasty photograph sellers, and other ill-flavoured shops; while along the pavements crawled loafers of all Eastern races, sailors of every clime, and Arab boys touting in English, French, and Hindostanee for dens of infamy. Port Said is a mushroom growth of yesterday, and presents all the worst features of a "new diggings."

We stayed but an hour or so here. The island of Malta, a thousand miles distant, was reached in four days. Valetta, the capital, has a noble harbour, lined with fine buildings, towers, and fortifications. Many traces of the old Knights of St. John are to be found here, as one toils up the hilly streets of the city. We had time to visit the famed Church of St. John, and a Capuchin monastery with large catacombs, which we were determined to see. In the Capuchin Chapel we were accosted by a monk—an old fellow with rough bristly chin, coarse flabby features, a shaven pate, and a large paunch. He was attired in a dirty brown vestment, and round his middle (one could not call it "waist") was tied a piece of new clothes-rope, the only clean thing about him. He had a dirty, blinking, crafty look in his eye, and as he waddled his barrel-body, one could not believe he had a soul above beer. Had he been seen driving a brewer's dray he would have occasioned no remark. This "holy friar," with a stump of candle in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, led us to what resembled a spirit-vault. He opened the door, which disclosed a flight of stone steps; then he locked it behind us, and we groped our way by the guttering taper. He paused, and held the light towards a niche in the wall. There stood an upright corpse! Further on, another—another—and another!—dozens of them, all standing sentry in these recesses, and each supported under the elbows by a cross piece of wood. They had all originally been placed in attitudes of devotion, but the grinning heads now hung limp behind the clasped hands, and some who had been posed in an ecstacy of strong faith had toppled sidelong into the comic plight of a "drunk and incapable." The cowl and gown of the defunct still remained, but had collapsed upon the shrunken body. The bones stood

out boldly through the cloak, the dust of years lying in thick ridges on the ribs, like snow-drift on a railing. Our unceremonious guide held the candle close under the chins of the dead, frizzling up the cobwebs that now did duty as whiskers, and making the spiders start out of the eyes. The mouth resembled a burst cricket-ball—gaping, dusty, and full of leather-like stuffing. The close light of the candle caused the faces to stand out weirdly in the surrounding darkness,—all of them with musty smiles of their parchment features, as if produced by some grim joke of the charnel-house passed along the ranks. One reverend brother had been standing sniggering there since 1620. Fancy a chuckle 260 years old! These were the bodies of the saints who had died in the monastery—their names being put on tickets hung alongside the bodies, as if the latter had been museum-specimens. Whenever one of these Capuchin monks depart this life, it is the rule for the oldest mummy to courteously make way for the new-comer, the former being henceforth put on a shelf. "Ah!" said our guide, heaving a corpulent sigh, "one day I shall stand there too!" We thought he would have to wait a long time till he thinned down sufficiently to be inserted in one of these niches. After thoroughly seeing this human wax-work exhibition, we ascended the stairs, preceded by our pious Falstaff. He hung about with greedy eyes till we had given him a gratuity; then rolled up the chapel-aisle, and presently was chanting an "Ave Maria" with his fellow-monks.

After some days' enjoyable sailing on the calm Mediterranean, the "Mirzapore" was lying beneath the frowning heights and defences of Gibraltar, the first of the three great fortified stations—Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden—that guard our highway to the East. Leaving the historical "Rock," we steamed through the Straits that form the entrance to the Mediterranean—the "Pillars of Hercules," or Atlas group, 12,000 feet high, on the African side, and on the other shore the lofty Sierras of Spain. In five days from "Gib" we reached Southampton, happily concluding a five-weeks' voyage from Calcutta.

My father, mother, and sisters had left the "Mirzapore" at Suez, crossed the Desert, and taken steamer for Italy. Proceeding to Milan, they were met by my sister Marjory and my brothers Robert and James, who were then engaged in the study of Italian vocal method. Before returning home, a concert was organized, at which my father sang Scottish songs to the evident delight of the Italians, who, though they might not fully understand the words, could fully appreciate those "touches of nature" which "make the whole world kin."