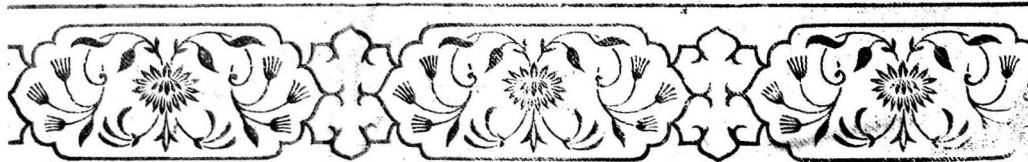
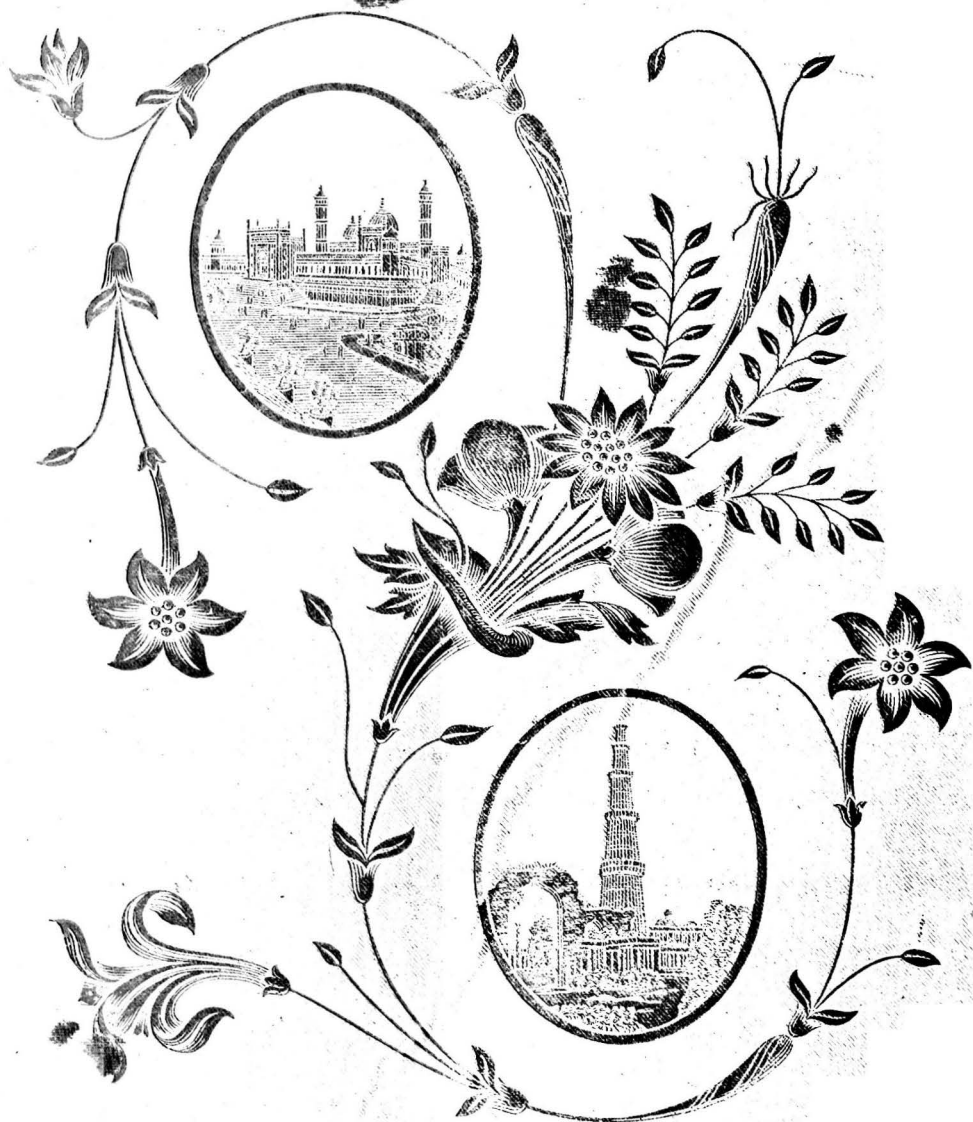


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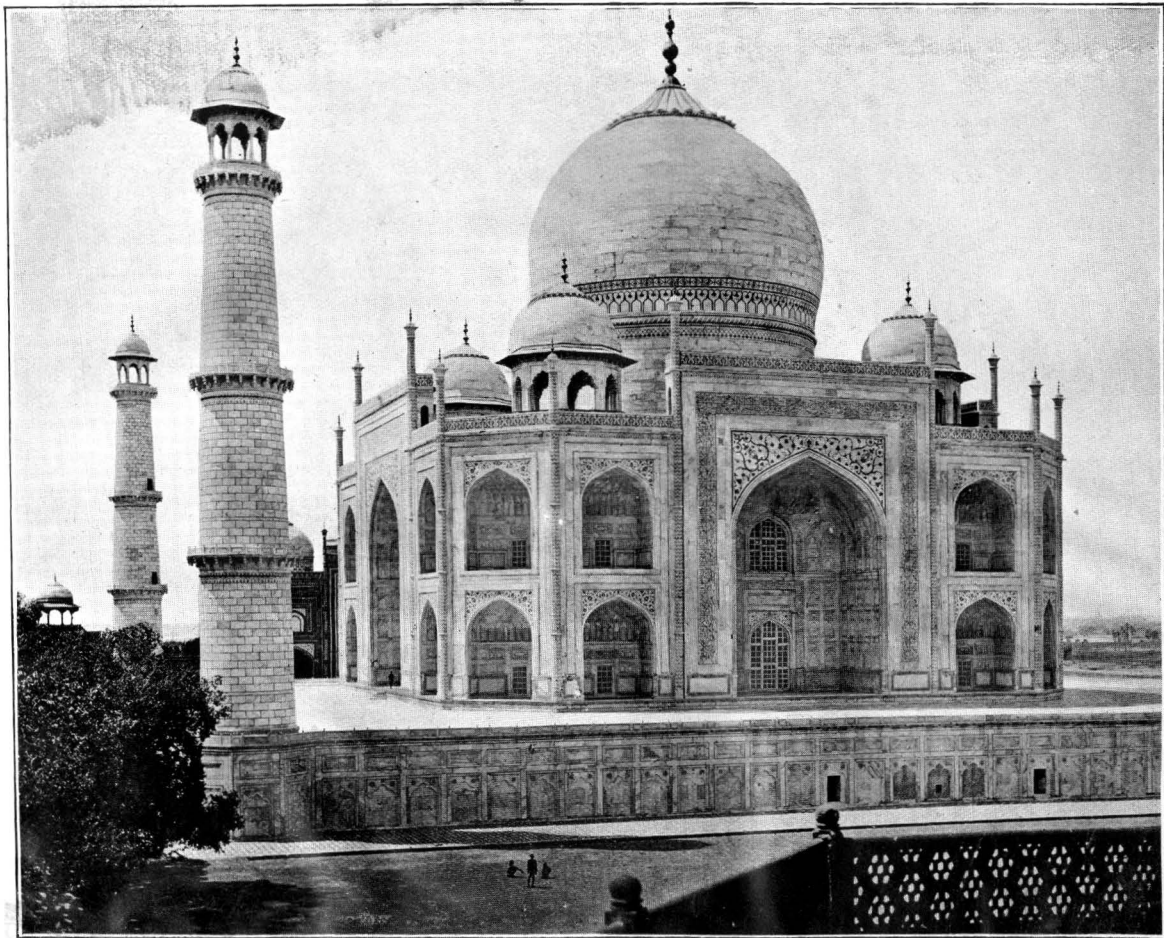
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THE TOURIST'S INDIA

“A traveller without observation is a bird without wings.”

Persian Proverb.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

[Frontispiece, see p. 109.]

THE TOURIST'S INDIA

BY

EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I.

*Author of "Cairo of To-day," "Jerusalem," "Rome," "Paris in its
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1907

INTRODUCTION

IN introducing this little book I am confronted with the initial difficulty of definition. It is not a guide-book, for I do not venture to compete with the many excellent standard guide-books to India. It is not a book of fugitive travel impressions. It is not a "beautiful book," whose chief merit appears to be a wealth of charming illustrations in three colours, which are too often elusive rather than allusive, having but a shadowy association with the letterpress. Nor, again, is "The Tourist's India" an erudite study of the political and sociological conditions of British India.

In short, it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. I may venture, perhaps, to describe it as a conspectus or popular sketch of the present-day topographical, archæological, historical and social aspects of the great show cities and tourist centres of India. I may, at all events, claim for it, that the details are reasonably accurate, and that in many cases I have gone to the fountain-head for information. For instance, a late Viceroy has kindly revised and corrected the chapter in which I have attempted to elucidate the Frontier Problem, while the chapter on the famous Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh has been carefully revised by a former Principal.

So enormous has been the output of books on India of late years, that some apology seems demanded for adding to their number. Indeed, in the last twelve months the flood of Indian travel literature, in great measure inspired by the historic tour of the Prince of Wales, has assumed

appalling proportions. It is not every book that offers the reader such a wealth of information on India and things Indian, imparted with such literary charm and distinction, as Mr Sidney Low's "Vision of India," and Mr Perceval Landon's "Under the Sun." But these delightful travel impressions are perhaps more readable than practical, and more entertaining than instructive. They presuppose a knowledge of India, which is possessed by scarcely a tenth of the innumerable cold-weather visitors to India. In "The Tourist's India" I have been careful not to assume a very profound knowledge of India and Indian affairs on the part of tourists and others; and my aim has been to embody as much practical and up-to-date information as possible on the present-day aspects of India of the Tourist in a readable and, perhaps, picturesque setting.

My acknowledgments are due to the Editor of *The Queen*, for kind permission to reprint some chapters, which in an abbreviated form appeared in that journal. I have also to thank the Editors of *The World*, *Chambers's Journal*, *New Liberal Review* and other periodicals for the same courteous permission.

But most of all my grateful thanks are due to an Anglo-Indian friend (who insists on preserving his anonymity under the Protean guise of "Panda," "Mofussil" and "Zakpho"), an ex-official of long Indian experience, who, like most of his kind, has a genuine and hearty affection for India and its people, and whose contributions have done so much towards enhancing any permanent value or interest this book may possess.

E. A. R.-B.

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THE TOURIST'S INDIA

CHAPTER I

WINTERING IN INDIA

When crisp the northern breezes blow,
Straight from the Himalayan snow,
When we forgot the summer's ills
In that cool greeting from the Hills ;
Then comes the tourist, and explains,
" He knows worse climates than the plains ! "

EASTWARD the tide of fashion wends its way, and the exodus from our shores, towards the end of autumn, of people of means and leisure, to spend the winter months in India, is each year more marked. After all, the vogue of India among fashionable people is not so extraordinary. It is merely a phase of the "wintering in the south" habit carried a little beyond the limits of the conventional visit to Egypt or the Riviera. Many, no doubt, consider the Riviera commonplace and hackneyed, while some want a little relief from the aftermath of the London season at Cannes or Monte Carlo. Then Algiers and the Canaries are considered slow and invalidish. Tangier is only semi-civilised, and even Egypt, with its incomparable climate, is getting too crowded and too tourist-ridden.

Then, again, the conditions of travel to the East have been, of course, almost revolutionised within the last quarter of a century. Bombay can actually be reached

in little more than double the time required for Luxor or Assouan, and the voyage is, as a rule, full of interest and variety.

Another attraction, no doubt, is the opportunity India offers of a pleasant winter climate under the British flag, with a thorough change of scene. This puts all Mediterranean resorts out of court, with the exception of the two little "outposts of empire," Gibraltar and Malta, which are too circumscribed, socially as well as topographically, to make altogether satisfactory winter quarters.

Then, of course, the supreme historic, archæological, and artistic interests of India, though they may appeal less to the fashionable globe-trotter than to that occasionally exasperating individual, "the intelligent traveller," have something to do with the increasing vogue of India.

But though the popularity of India with the rich idler and dilettante traveller is of comparatively recent growth, it is now beginning to take the place of the Riviera or Egypt as the world's winter playground. India has, however, long been a touring-field among English sportsmen; and it has, too, been a favourite hunting-ground of Members of Parliament, who, unfortunately, rarely omit to commemorate their tour by a hastily-written and necessarily superficial volume of *impressions de voyage*, a practice which has made the epithet "Padgett, M.P." proverbial. Indeed, nowadays a journey to the Colonies or India seems almost considered as a necessary preliminary to a parliamentary career.

No one can quarrel with this beneficial tendency of the age, except perhaps the unfortunate and much-maligned class of reviewers who are compelled to wade through an amalgam of hastily-compiled travels, one

half-diluted guide-book—or boiled-down blue-book, if the chief aim of the writer is to be informative—and the other half records of trivialities dealing with the tourist's personal experiences, though fortunately the tedious diary form is getting a little out of date.

Fortunately for the average tourist, who can rarely devote more than three or four months to a winter trip to India, the famous foci of interest, the great show cities, so to speak, are mostly in the Punjab and North-West Provinces, now officially, if somewhat cumbrously, termed the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. Indeed, the principal tourist places are within a comparatively limited area. This tourist zone forms roughly a rectangular triangle, Bombay forming the apex, and Lahore and Benares being situated at the extremities of the legs of this imaginary triangle.

Climate is, of course, a factor of some importance, even to the robust traveller, in the case of a winter sojourn in India, and I make no apology for devoting considerable space to this somewhat dry topic, for climatology might well dispute with political economy the epithet "dismal science."

It is a popular error to assume that because India is more "tropical" than Egypt, for instance, therefore its climate must be superior. Too soon will the visitor be disabused; the reasons would be appreciated only by those learned in meteorology, but a short stay will soon convince him of the fallacy of this reasoning. In the whole of India it would be difficult to find a climate the equal of Luxor or Assouan. Indeed, Upper Egypt seems intended by nature to be the world's sanatorium.

Consequently new arrivals in India are apt to betray themselves by an exaggerated display of tropical equip-

ment. In Calcutta, for instance, where during the cool season the residents dress in the main as in London, even the amazing tyranny of the high hat holds sway to a limited extent, so that the tourist creates amusement among his Anglo-Indian friends when he indulges in a prodigal use of duck or drill suits, pith helmets, sola topees, puggarees, blue spectacles, and so forth.

The climatology of India has formed the subject of numerous text-books, but it is not necessary to weary the reader with elaborate tables of meteorological records and columns of statistics. Then, of course, it is misleading to speak of the "Indian climate." We must remember the geographical axiom that India is not a country but a continent, with an area nearly equal to that of Europe, and that its climates are legion. Indeed, in this vast empire is to be found an epitome of all the climates of Europe.

They may be classified roughly into hot, rainy, and cold seasons, which are mainly dependent on the monsoons. Winter visitors to India are, however, only concerned with the cool season, which in Northern India—the goal of most travellers, as this comprises the great tourist districts of the Punjab and the United Provinces—begins in October and lasts till March. The extremes of temperature between day and night will perhaps be found trying by new-comers, the cold at night being intense—indeed, the extremes are as great as in Upper Egypt. Still, the winter is on the whole pleasant, and will be found fairly salubrious for persons in ordinary health.

As for serious invalids, especially consumptives, India is not indicated, to use a pet word of the faculty; though at the same time semi-invalids, especially those with delicate chests and suffering from a languid circulation, will find a winter in India decidedly beneficial to their

health. For ordinary travellers in robust health who can afford to ignore climatic conditions, the dry and genial, yet bracing, climate of the North-West Provinces will be found delightful.

But even that class of traveller spending a winter in India, not mainly for social pleasures or sight-seeing, but primarily in search of a congenial climate in a country less conventionalised than the Riviera, Egypt, or Algeria, should not disdain the advice of the medical expert. It may well happen that the prospective traveller, while scorning the imputation of being an invalid, would be well advised to consider the special applicability or the reverse of a tropical climate to his particular constitution. For instance, India is quite unsuited to one possessed of a highly nervous and emotional temperament. The trying fluctuations of temperature, and the inevitable discomforts and petty worries of travel, will in a great measure neutralise the good effects of a sunny and genial winter climate.

As for those whose health does not allow them to ignore altogether climatic considerations, as is done by the average globe-trotter, they should be careful to let the seasons and climatic conditions influence their itinerary. They should avoid making more than a few days' stay in Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta, and spend most of their time in Northern India—in the Punjab or the United Provinces. Though it is late for the hill stations, according to the iron decrees of fashion, yet November is really a good month for Darjeeling or Mussoorie, and the cold being dry will not be found trying. At all events, a stay here is a useful tonic after the plains.

But even the robust must not be above taking some common-sense precautions. An illness in India is likely to be a far more serious matter than at Nice, Rome, or

Cairo. To those ignorant of the tropics it may seem paradoxical to say that the chief precaution to be taken is against chill. But, as all Anglo-Indians know, chill in tropical countries is more easily taken than in a temperate climate, and the results are far more serious. It would be, perhaps, a counsel of perfection to advise the wearing of wool, or at least silk, next the skin, and those who regard the wearing of Jaeger costumes next the skin as a harmless fad, may affect to despise this warning. But the fact remains that the wearing of linen or drill is a frequent cause of catching cold, and though a chill may be trifling in itself, it predisposes one to malaria or cholera.

To sum up briefly the conclusions arrived at: for real invalids India is altogether unsuited; semi- or quasi-invalids, with due precautions as to locality, regimen, etc., will probably benefit by a winter sojourn; while ordinary travellers, provided they follow a few common-sense rules about diet and clothing, will derive much pleasure and profit from a winter in India.

I trust I may not be thought to labour unduly the point of India's unsuitability as an invalid resort, but this advice is scarcely superfluous in view of the increasing popularity of India as an alternative to a sojourn in Egypt or the Riviera with incipient invalids, especially those of a phthisical tendency. A serious objection to this practice of recommending a winter voyage to India, besides the more obvious drawbacks involved in the somewhat trying climate, the inferior hotel accommodation, and the long journeys which sight-seeing entails, is the crowded state of the great liners on the voyage out in November or December—the months when those travelling for their health would sail—and in March and April on the return journey, when the accommodation on the

homeward-bound P. and O. boats is strained to the utmost.

A native attendant is an essential encumbrance of the traveller, unless he has a decided preference for roughing it; and unnecessary roughing it, we are told on high authority, is debasing both physically and morally.

The traveller should engage a native servant at Bombay, preferably through some friend, but failing his good offices, through the hotel proprietors, or through Messrs King & Co., or Messrs Cook. He will be of appreciable service to the novice in Indian travel on the railways and at hotels or dak bungalows. "Presuming this traveller's servant be reasonably honest, according to the Indian standard, he will be content, like an Egyptian dragoman, with levying no more than the usual commission on everything his master has to pay out, which, alas! too often means sweating the poor coolies, by whom you do not mind being cheated to the extent of an anna or two. But he will be of real use in guarding your rooms and person from the attentions of light-fingered natives, and to some extent in supplementing the perfunctory service rendered to hotel visitors by the mob of turbaned hirelings." In engaging a boy some useful advice by Mr R. Hope Moncrieff, in an illumining article on Indian travel, is well worth remembering :

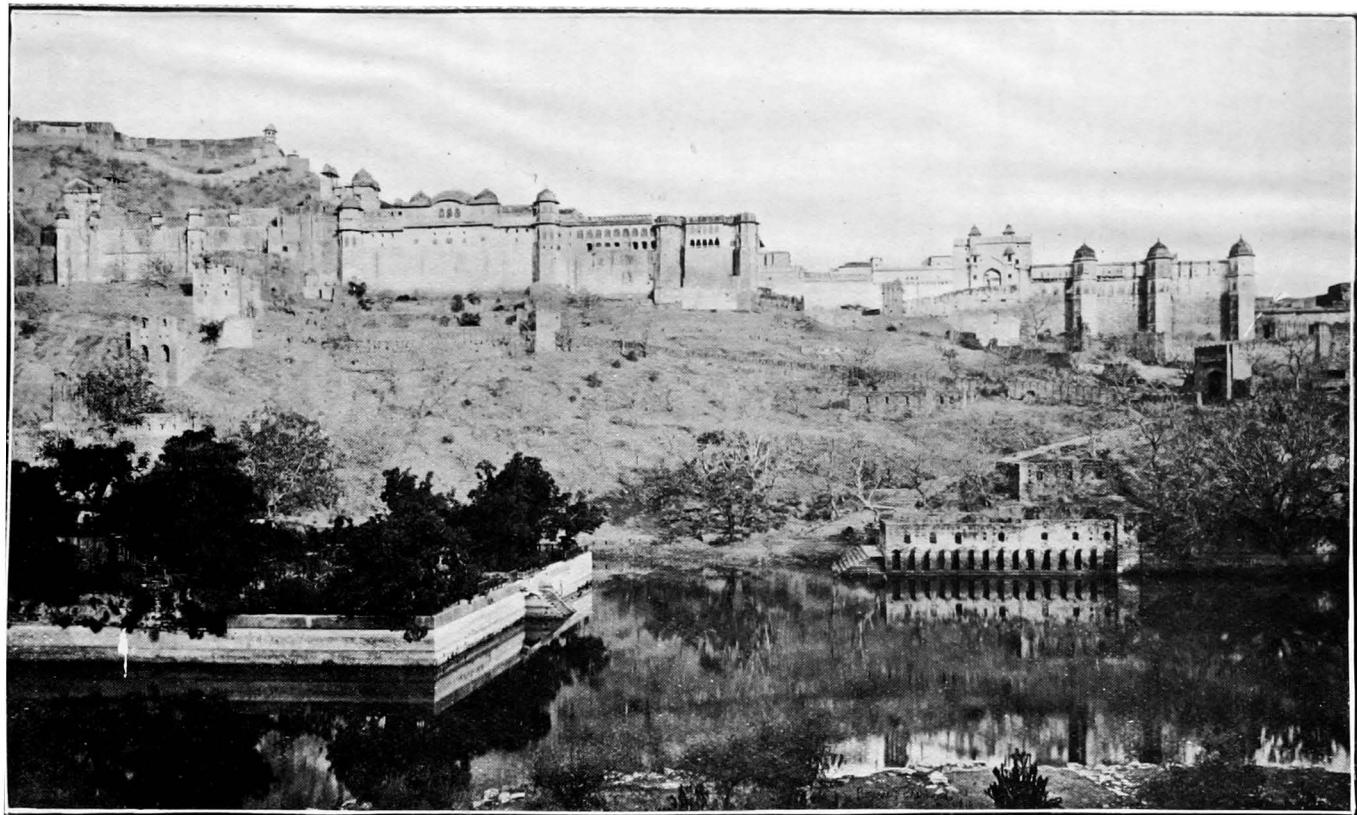
"The European stranger finds it almost necessary to travel with such an attendant, whom he is often tempted to pronounce a choice of evils. It would not be fair to judge the natives from the low-caste men who will take temporary engagements to make themselves generally useful. Though couriers of the kind are highly paid, as pay goes in India, getting as much as from 30 to 40 rupees a month, the demand for them has of late been

greater than the supply, and the tourist perhaps finds himself saddled with a stupid, knavish fellow, having a mere smattering of English, little experience in travel, and no means of commanding respect from baboo clerks or Mohammedan whiskeradoes. In such a case one feels as if one were taking this encumbrance on a personally conducted tour through his own country, where his main occupation is eating his head off at your expense, while he earns in a couple of months enough to keep him for half the year."

It will be a good plan to retain the *chits* (testimonials) till the engagement is concluded, otherwise the employer will have little hold—a written agreement is of little use—on his attendant, who might otherwise incontinently leave him should he find, for example, that his perquisites, commission from traders, etc., fall much below his expectations.

It is important to insist at the outset on the usual forms of respect adopted by native servants towards their employers. For instance, it is well to insist on the servant removing his shoes when he enters the room or railway carriage. Such ceremonious behaviour may be thought unnecessary by the stranger. But he should remember that for a native to present himself indoors with shoes on is tantamount to an English man-servant entering the room with his hat on, hands in pockets, and whistling!

The Government has done much to popularise genuine tourist traffic in India, and in order to encourage English tourists a very comprehensive series of circular tours at greatly reduced terms have been arranged by the principal railway companies. But tickets are only obtainable through the recognised tourist agents by *bona-fide* tourists. A similar system of "travel-bounties,"



AMBÉR.

[Face p. 81.

it may be observed, obtains in New Zealand, greatly to the disgust of the Colonists.

The observant traveller will notice many points of interest in Indian railway services, compared with those with which he is more familiar in Europe. The first-class carriages—and few tourists would care to test the second-class accommodation—are certainly more comfortable and spacious than the ordinary carriages of the English and Continental lines. They are not so luxuriously equipped; but, in view of the great heat and the penetrating dust, luxury, as exemplified by the *trains de luxe*, with their wealth of padded seats and thick carpets, would be absolutely opposed to comfort in India. All decorative accessories must be sacrificed to coolness and the necessity of excluding dust. Each first-class compartment (which is meant for four, though as a rule it is occupied by two passengers only) contains two long seats, with racks, pegs, etc., while overhead are movable sleeping-berths, which are let down at night—for there are no sleeping-cars on Indian railways. Each compartment has a lavatory, while on the trunk lines a shower bath filled with iced water will also be found.

There is no excuse for mistaking the classes, as each carriage is painted in distinctive colours according to class, the first-class white, and the second-class dark green. This is a plan which might with advantage be adopted by English railway companies. It is already in use on the Trans-Siberian Railway, where the first-class carriages are painted blue, the second-class yellow, and the third-class green.

As in the United States, there is *theoretically* no distinction of colour among the passengers, but in practice natives are usually kept apart from European and Eurasian travellers, especially in the first-class. Indeed, through-

out all India, the European, whether "civilian" or mere globe-trotter, is given precedence. For instance, should there be only one seat vacant in a first-class compartment, with an Anglo-India traveller and two or three rich natives claiming it, it will generally be found that it is not the Englishman who is left behind. Very reprehensible, no doubt; but it is, at all events, one of the privileges the Englishman enjoys which may help to compensate him for the heavy price he has to "pay for Empire."

In this little sidelight of travel the visitor finds himself confronted with the great native problem—the relations between the English and the natives—a complex perennial problem which seems even harder of solution than the other crucial question of India, the Frontier Problem. It may, perhaps, afford him an inkling of the reason why the English in India have failed to earn the affection of the natives. Feared and respected no doubt they are, but certainly not liked. Indeed, few can deny that Anglo-Indians as a class—but the military far more than the "civilian" element—are somewhat lacking in sympathy towards the subject races, and that their attitude to the natives of all ranks is characterised by a sort of indifferent aloofness, though they are scrupulously fair and absolutely impartial in all their dealings with them. Indeed, the opinion the lower-class Hindoo holds of his rulers is probably pretty much like the proverbial criticism of the Rugby schoolboy of his headmaster (the late Dr Temple): "A beast if you like, but a just beast." As for the treatment of the Eurasian community in the large cities, this has been recently the subject of some severe criticism by Sir Harry Johnston.

Then the thoughtful visitor may perhaps ask how it is that the ordinary official, after a quarter of a century's

residence, seems no more in touch with natives generally, and has no more real knowledge of the native character, than he had after his first few years of Indian experience.

Should the new-comer venture to sound the Anglo-Indian official or soldier on this question, the result will probably be barren. The English tourist is, of course, hampered with abysmal ignorance of the conditions of Indian life, while the official is handicapped by professional traditions, and partly by a firm, if unexpressed, conviction of the immeasurable superiority of the English race over all other races, white or coloured. One must not quarrel with this rooted belief, which has no doubt contributed materially to the building up of the British Empire in the East; indeed, the proverbial aspiration of the Scotch gudewife, "God gi'e us a gude conceit o' oursels!" has much good sense behind it.

If, however, the Anglo-Indian condescends to give any specific reason for the great gulf between the English and the natives, from rajahs down to punkah-wallahs, he may perhaps urge the purdah system as the great bar to free social intercourse, or the inferior morale even of the educated native, his low standard of honour, indifference to canons of good form, etc.

But, if an outsider may venture an opinion, probably racial prejudice, the inherent antipathy between the white and coloured races, is at the bottom of this failure to assimilate.

Something, no doubt, is to be said on the other side. The late Mr G. W. Steevens, a mere traveller, no doubt, but one with a trained insight into motive and character and a wide experience of men and cities, East and West, seems to go more to the root of the matter than most Anglo-Indian officials with a quarter of a century's experience of India. The gist of his remarks is that only

the most visionary idealist can suppose that the good wishes and honest aims of those who sympathise with the National Congress party can bridge over the great gulf between the Europeans and natives in India. Only similarity of language and education and assimilation of manners, in addition to just government, can effect this. Can one expect any real social intercourse, when it is a gross breach of etiquette even to mention your native friend's wife? "Native men," observes Mr Steevens, "are antipathetic to European men; while native women must not be so much as seen by European men."

Indeed, the one man (the late Sir Richard Burton), who perhaps knew more of the Oriental mind and modes of thought than any Englishman, did not hesitate to assert his belief that the natives of India cannot even respect a European who mixes with them familiarly. In short, nature alone seems to have raised an insuperable barrier between East and West.

Much light is thrown on the native question, so far as regards the relations between Anglo-Indians and Eurasians, though in the guise of fiction, in Mrs B. M. Croker's "Her Own People," and Miss Alice Perrin's "The Stronger Claim," and in the romances of Mrs Frank Penny and Miss Sydney Grier. These illumining novels should be read by all interested in this difficult question.

As for the English officials in India, taking them collectively, probably "no class of men in the world toil more heroically, more disinterestedly, more disdainfully of adverse conditions. But while their zeal does not flag, their knowledge fails to keep pace with it."

Compare the French in Algeria and Senegal, the Germans in East Africa, the Belgians on the Congo, or the Dutch in the East Indies, and we may fairly be proud of our administration in India, "undertaken with a

single-minded devotion to the interests of the subject races which is without a parallel in the world's history." But after all this sociological question is not for the winter visitor, who obviously cannot hope to see more than the surface of things, and that most superficially.

The Imperial Durbar of 1903 did much to arouse the interest of the public in India and things Indian. Lord Dalhousie used to say that nothing short of a great victory was sufficient to create in English society even a transient interest in the affairs of India. It is said that when the news of the terrible battle of Firozshah, in 1845, in the Sikh campaign, which was at best a drawn battle, arrived, there was great consternation in the Ministry, whereupon the Duke of Wellington bluntly said, "Make it a victory: fire a salute and ring the bells," and thus was this emphatically Pyrrhic victory celebrated—a victory, indeed, which recalls the saying of a famous French general after the battle of Solferino: that another such victory, and no troops would be left to France.

But the most uncompromising opponents of war grudgingly admit its educational value, in that it teaches the man in the street geography. Equally should the most pronounced Little Englander tolerate the great Durbar, however ready he may have been to poke fun at it as the "Curzonisation," if only because it indirectly helped to dissipate the mists of ignorance concerning India and Indian affairs in which most people are enveloped. For instance, the stay-at-home Britisher will perhaps grasp the following elementary facts about Indian geography, concerning which great ignorance prevails even among presumably well-educated persons. He will learn that, like Singapore, Hong Kong, Cape Breton, and many other British possessions, Bombay is an island; that Ceylon is not a portion of the Indian Empire, but a Crown

colony; that Aden is an integral part of the Indian Empire, etc.—to give only a few striking examples. Anglo-Indians learn only too soon that it is politic to make allowance for the prevalent abysmal ignorance when they return home for good. An amusing but typical instance once occurred to the writer. At a dinner-party the Zenana Mission happened to be the general topic, whereupon a young lady, laudably anxious for enlightenment, turned to him with “But tell me, where *is* Zenana?” a question which can only be paralleled by the proverbial question of the sporting undergraduate. “What are Keats?”

CHAPTER II

INDIA AND ANGLO-INDIA

By "MOFUSSILITE"

Our common manhood ? Give it sway,
Our common brotherhood display,
Nor ask if White or Brown be best—
Yet East is East and West is West.

THE "Tourist's India" is a title which strikes a chill (a thing to be avoided in tropical climates) to the Anglo-Indian's very marrow. For even the kindest and the most courteous of tourists is an irresponsible being. He is necessarily, in Anglo-Indian phrase, a Griffin. Unless he be a pandit on his travels, like the late Professor of Sanscrit at Cambridge, or M. Sylvain Levi, the brilliant author of the latest and best book on the unique Sanscrit MSS. of Nepal, he knows no Indian tongue, must misunderstand and misinterpret Indian manners and morals, and is too apt to put his raw impressions into print. It is true that Mr Reynolds-Ball, himself a born traveller, has a word to say for some talented members of his tribe. He says, for instance, of the late G. W. Steevens, most brilliant of Special Correspondents, that he "seems to go more to the root of the matter than most Anglo-Indian officials with a quarter of a century's experience of India." Yes. "Of India"—that is precisely where the difficulty comes in. No Anglo-Indian pretends to know India. He would consider the pretension as exorbitant as that of one who should set to work to write a book

on Europe on the lines of Mr Bodley's France. And even of that admirable and laborious work the French critic inevitably reports that it is deplorably superficial. To the Anglo-Indian who knows a district or two, or, a rarer case, a Province or two, any general remarks about India as a whole are either so vague as to be applicable to all humanity, or else necessarily false in their application to one part or another of what, as we are often told nowadays, is a Continent as big as Europe without Russia.

It is a Continent infinitely more diversified than Europe. It has been estimated that in India 405 separate languages and dialects are spoken. The people speaking them belong to many more races than are found in Europe, and in India the tourist may find every degree of civilisation from the ancient culture of the Parsi, the Brahmin, and the educated Mussulman, down to the rough savagery of aborigines lower in the scale of humanity than the Kaffir and the Hottentot.

And here lurks one of the risks which the "Griffin" and the tourist must needs run. The new-comer to India, surrounded by a seething sea of brown faces (as I write I am reminded of G. W. Steevens' admirable and vivid account of the crowd crossing the Howrah Bridge at Calcutta), is struck by the superficial uniformity of the Indian people. Little differences of costume, of physiognomy, of physical traits, which leap to the eyes of the trained observer, escape him.

He can hardly tell a Hindu from a Mussulman, and like Sir Frederick Treves, he carries off an impression of a vast, monotonous, unsmiling crowd, as like one another as a flock of sheep. The first lesson, and by no means an easy one, that the new-comer has to learn is that an Indian crowd, even if it be entirely composed of men and women of one race, is infinitely more diversi-

fied and composed of people more different from one another than a similar crowd in London or in Paris. For what is caste but a recognition of the fact that the Indian peninsula has been invaded by hordes of immigrants from the North-West and the North-East, by races who were once as much aliens and foreigners as ourselves, and who strove, with varying success, to keep their blood unmixed and unadulterated ?

He is a poor student of Indian humanity who cannot tell a Rajput, a Pathan, a Gurkha, a Madrassi, an Uriya, a Bengali at sight. But to the new-comer all these totally distinct nations are blended into one dusky and undistinguishable mass. A brilliant and an observant traveller will say many suggestive and interesting things about his impressions, and even the most experienced of Anglo-Indians will learn something from the improvisations of a Pierre Loti or a G. W. Stevens. But what will interest him will be not so much the information (mostly superficial and incomplete) contained in the pages of such writers, as the light they throw on the author's personality when brought into contact with scenes and people, which to the Anglo-Indian have lost the charm and thrill of novelty. For your tourist and traveller must needs write of "India," and to the experienced Anglo-Indian, India is merely a convenient word for describing all the many and infinitely diversified nations, races, and tribes who are comprehended under the Viceroy's rule, the three hundred millions whom for brevity we nowadays call "Indian." Hence the writer who discourses of "Indian" castes, of "Indian" customs, of "Indian" manners, will probably say something which is true of this race or that, but will as certainly be inaccurate in assuming that what he says is true of India at large.

For instance, in M. André Chevrillon's charming book "Dans l'Inde" is an elaborate attempt to analyse and describe the inwardness of Hinduism. It is full of interest, full of the most suggestive and illuminating flashes of intuition and observation. But, as an account of Hinduism, it is just about as useful as would be a description of European Christianity which should ignore the existence of all the sects, all the churches, all the schisms, and should endeavour to detect the underlying doctrines which cause both the Roman Catholic and the Methodist, the Anglican and the Baptist to profess and call themselves Christians.

There is only this difference, that Hinduism is far more diversified than Christianity, since this most fluent, multiform, and tolerant of religions does not require the belief in even one God, or one set of gods. It is the religion which knits together all the immigrant races (as distinguished from the animistic aborigines), who preceded the Mohammedan invaders and the Parsi settlers. Each European race has its own hereditary forms of Christianity, due in part at least, as Anatole France pointed out the other day, to the nature of its own pre-Christian worship. So too, Hinduism is infinitely varied. In the North-West there is the pure and manly cult of Rama and Sita, in which scholars have recently detected traces of the primitive Christianity of India, and an interesting reminder of the fact that India was evangelised before the British Isles.

In the Eastern districts Hinduism is still haunted by the grim and bloody Tantric influences, survivals, probably, of pre-Hindu sacrifices and superstitions. And there are an infinite number of other varieties of belief and conduct, including a modern sect which reads the Bible, and worships Christ without ceasing to be Hindu.

In religions, in languages, in ethical and ethnical differences India is much more varied than Europe. Even in the same province one district varies from another more than adjacent countries in Europe, has a different language, different customs, different costumes. And all these differences quite commonly escape the new-comer, whose mind is under the obsession of an idea that all alike are brown men, scantily clothed, going for the most part barefoot, and talking very volubly in languages which, for all he knows, are one and the same jargon.

Yet the unifying influence of the common British rule has produced some effect, the results of which, political and social, have yet to be perceived. Lord Macaulay, who was no Oriental scholar, and, like most men of his time, despised Eastern philosophy and Eastern science, decided that the higher education of India must be effected by means of the English language and English literature. From this decision (and it is noticeable that our example has not been followed in French Indo-China) has arisen a race of educated people who do really call themselves "Indians," have formed a National Indian Congress, and profess a patriotism towards India as a whole which somewhat pathetically apes our feeling as Britons towards the British Isles. For these creations of our own deliberately adopted educational policy, we should have the keenest sympathy.

They are Indian cosmopolitans and internationalists. They are filled with many aspirations and ambitions, one of which, naturally enough, is to succeed to the government, not only of their own countries, but of India as a whole. They believe, as men with their Western education are bound to believe, that the Anglo-Indian "bureaucracy" is obsolete and alien, and should give

place to some form or other of "indigenous" government. They are astonishingly clever, these ambitious young graduates, and their command of the English language and English literature puts to the blush the linguistic acquirements of the average Englishman.

If the tourist wishes to know what their hopes and aspirations are, let him read Sir Henry Cotton's latest edition of his "New India," or, better still, M. Piriou's "L'Inde Contemporaine." These young graduates have every right to the Englishman's sympathy and respect. Theirs is a more difficult and dangerous situation than they themselves probably recognise. Before they came into being, the Anglo-Indians, during 150 years of intercourse with the races that preceded them, had found a place for themselves in the Indian social system. The well-read tourist will not need to be told that the British administration of India is in the main a copy of its Moghul predecessor. It is milder and, in some ways, more efficient. It has abolished the more cruel forms of judicial punishment, and has put a stop to such practices as sati and human sacrifice. But it is essentially an Indian Government, and owes its successes, such as they are, to that fact. Now the Young India of to-day wishes not only to take a larger and a better paid share in the administration, but would alter the government in accordance with Western ideas. Hence not only is there frequently friction between the more Conservative Anglo-Indians and the new followers of the Congress, but it may be doubted whether the latter are in tune with the ideas of those who do not yet call themselves Indians, but feel a humbly local patriotism for their own district or town.

I think the more thoughtful and benevolent Anglo-Indians are anxious to do all that they can to diminish

and, if possible, avert the feeling of misunderstanding and dislike which is beginning to show itself in the relations between Anglo-Indians and the new order of Indians, and not a few of the latter perceive and have the moral courage to say that an open split with the ruling race would be a misfortune to the aspirations of the new Congress party. Some, indeed, base their hopes on an alliance with one or other of the English political parties, and trust that Parliament will substitute indigenous agency for the present Civil Service. It is not likely that either of our parties will definitely accept or reject all the ambitions of the Congress, and therefore the present social and political situation will probably last for some time to come. Its happiest solution would be an understanding and a compromise between the Anglo-Indians and the educated aspirants who are a creation of their own policy. But there are obvious difficulties in the way. In the meanwhile it may be said roughly that the uneducated masses desire no changes in the existing system, as may perhaps be gathered (if I may quote a somewhat dangerous concrete example) from the agitation against the so-called Partition of Bengal. The average Anglo-Indian official in the "Mofussil" (that is, away from the great towns) does not often come into contact with the educated reformer. He has to deal with simple country folk (and the Indian peasant is one of the most attractive and lovable rustics in the world). He does his best to learn the language, the customs, the history, the wishes and hopes of the two millions or so of people who are entrusted to his charge, and he is often (the present writer pleads guilty to the offence, if it be one) totally ignorant of other parts of India.

Such, roughly speaking, is the country which the

tourist will visit under Mr Reynolds-Ball's practical guidance. He will see one of the most interesting and most beautiful countries in the world, and, probably, at that delightful season when, in Northern India at least, the climate is as bright and exhilarating as that of Southern Europe in autumn. From the railway or the steamer he will catch glimpses of the old-world India which is very much now what it was in Akbar's time.

In the great cities he will come into contact, if he has the right sort of introductions, with the New India of which I have tried to write without prejudice and without favour. Or he may associate, if he wishes, only with European officials, or soldiers, or merchants, who in Calcutta and Bombay form cliques and sets as inevitably as in London or Manchester. He may, if his tastes and habits lead him that way, mix with the admirable and devoted missionaries who see a side of India which escapes the busy and ubiquitous magistrate.

If his travel across India is rapid he will learn little that to the Anglo-Indian seems worth the learning. Any general statements that he may make about India as a whole will probably be false if applied to this province or that, to this race or that, to one caste, one class or another. He will come into contact with a society profoundly different from that of any European country, and, if he is wise, will resist a tendency to dwell on superficial resemblances, which probably only indicate our common humanity.

As a very distinguished member of the Indian Council said the other day: "Certainly there are many things common to human nature, both in England and India; but there are also many things in which India is very unlike England, and these are things which it greatly concerns us, both for the good of the people and for the

security of the Empire, to know. And to such knowledge the only adequate key is a thorough acquaintance with the popular speech, and with the minds of the people as exhibited in their spontaneous and indigenous literature."

The writer might have spoken of "literature" in the plural, for the tourist may find it interesting to know that India has as many separate literatures as Europe, and some of them as rich, as copious, as beautiful, as expressive, as those of England or France. These will, of course, be a sealed book to the traveller for pleasure. To him the rural life, the life of the great country houses of the princes and landlords, will be a mystery which is only partly revealed even to the European who has spent the best part of his life in the East.

But he will see the picturesque, superficial aspect of an ancient civilisation which, in some cases and in some of its forms, was in existence when our Briton forefathers were rough savages. He will find in the life of the people much that will remind him of the Bible, much, too, that, if he is a classical scholar, will recall the customs and the thoughts of Greece and Rome, since Sanscrit civilisation and the Sanscrit language are akin to the speech and the customs of the dawn of European civilisation. He will come into contact with a mediæval country in which the leaven of our own modern ideas has begun to stir. It is not a land or people about which any well-informed observer will willingly dogmatise, since, in the educated classes at least, it is going through a process of ferment and change which no one, and probably least of all the people themselves, can fully understand. The "Tourist's India" must necessarily be very different from the India of the Anglo-Indian who spends the whole year in the plains, through the burning blaze of

the hot weather, in the clammy and depressing vapour-bath of the rains, busied with administrative and social problems which vary from place to place, from district to district, and which need not occupy the attention of the traveller who wishes to gain some general idea of India as a whole.

The looker on, it is said, sees most of the game. But here there are many games, played by many kinds of gamblers, and the genial tourist, as he wanders from table to table, from room to room, will not necessarily be in a position to judge of the skill or the tactics of the players. But he is not bound to try, and if he wishes to enjoy his travel, he will not make the attempt. He will find the mere scenery, the mere superficial aspect of the infinitely varied Indian life, one of the most absorbing and interesting of spectacles.

But it is unnecessary to say this to a reader of Mr Reynolds-Ball's book, which is an epitome of all that is most picturesque and interesting on the beaten lines of traffic most affected by tourists. There are shy nooks and obscure districts which the tourist does not visit, and where his fellow-countryman, the Anglo-Indian, is very busy and happy, and acquires a very real local patriotism which is perhaps more really Indian than that new feeling of Indian unity and democracy which is the creed of the National Congress. But the Tourist's India is, as the reader of Pierre Loti and André Chevrillon and G. W. Steevens knows, a beautiful and attractive land. And what better guide can a tourist desire than a cicerone who has studied his needs in many lands, and is much better qualified to write about them than an Anglo-Indian whose experience has been confined to a single small province and that off the ordinary lines of travel? If I have consented to add a few words to the

“Tourist’s India,” it is only in the hope of anticipating and preventing hasty judgments of the new Indian, the old Indian, and the Anglo-Indian. Each has his own problems and difficulties subtly different from those of European races. Each makes mistakes, and perhaps takes himself too seriously. But of that our author cannot complain, for the nature of his task compels him to take even the tourist seriously! That will not be the tourist’s own attitude towards himself, since it will be his object merely to enjoy his travels, and bring home a series of pleasant and unforgettable pictures of what, some of us think, is the most beautiful and interesting country in the world!

CHAPTER III

THE COMPLETE TOURIST IN INDIA

There goes my Lord, the Feringhee, who talks so civil and bland,
Till he raves like a soul in Jehannum—if I don't quite understand.

A VERY noticeable phase of popular travel within recent years has been the great expansion of the winter touring-field. Our grandfathers were satisfied with the South of France, South Italy, or Madeira; the next generation adventured themselves to the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and sought the brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies of Algeria or Egypt. Now, winter tours in South Africa, the West Indies, or India are in vogue, especially the latter.

The increasing popularity of India as a touring-ground is easy to understand. Its comparative novelty, its wealth of ancient monuments, its picturesque and varied scenery; its magnificent cities, its romantic history so rich in heroic stories of English courage and daring; and, finally, the potent fascination and mystery of the unknown Orient, all combine to arouse the interest and kindle the imagination of the intelligent traveller.

But though we venture farther afield in quest of health or sunshine, yet the typical, hidebound conservatism of the Englishman is painfully manifested in the tendency to follow unswervingly the stereotyped beaten track in the round of the great cities and show places of India. The India Grand Tour remains what it was when Messrs Cook first "discovered" the country for the tourist. It

would appear that to the ordinary tourist India consists merely of the three capitals, the two cities of the Mutiny—Cawnpore and Lucknow—Benares, Delhi, Agra, Lahore, Amritsar, Jaipur, and Mount Abu. The limitations of the "India of the Tourist" are indeed indicated by the stock photographs of the chief Indian photographic firms, for it is notoriously difficult to obtain photographs of cities which are not in the well-worn track of the winter tourist.

No doubt the lack of variety in the regulation Indian tour is due to the round being modelled on that arranged when Messrs Cook first took India under their patronage, when railways were few. Since the great expansion of railways, especially in the last few years, quite a new India is thrown open to the winter tourist. For instance, there is now a trunk line through the heart of unknown Rajputana, linking up Central India with the Punjab.

Then, in Burma, the railway towards the Chinese frontier now extends north of Mandalay—formerly the Ultima Thule of tourists in Burma—as far as the distance from Rangoon to Mandalay.

The time-honoured itineraries of the guide-books seem arranged with a view of seeing as many show cities and places of interest as can be crowded into the few months' tour without sufficient regard to a repetition of interest. For instance, when the Ellora Caves are in the itinerary, why waste time on the far inferior Caves of Elephanta, or if Gwalior is to be visited, why include a similar, but far less interesting, natural hill fortress like Jhansi—another of the many Indian Gibaltars.

Again, more days are allotted to the two least typical and characteristic of the great cities of India—Bombay and Calcutta—than to Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Udaipur, or Amritsar, perhaps the six most interesting or most beautiful cities in India. As for Lucknow with

its bastard, pinchbeck architecture, or Jaipur the freak-city, no traveller is allowed to omit these from his itinerary.

How to get to India is naturally the first point to be considered by the prospective tourist.

There is an embarrassing choice of steamship services to India. The chief lines are the P. & O., British-India, City, Hall, and Anchor. The return fare (good for two years) is exactly a single fare and a half on all the lines. The routes may be conveniently divided into the Bombay route and the Calcutta route. Speaking generally, the Calcutta services are the cheap ones, and the Bombay fast but expensive. (1) *Via* Bombay—the P. & O. from London, charging fifty-two pounds; then there are the three cheap lines, Anchor (no second-class), City, and Hall, from Liverpool, with a uniform charge of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings first and thirty-two pounds second-class. (2) *Via* Calcutta—P. & O. intermediate steamer, forty-two pounds first and thirty-two pounds second-class. Then there are the British-India, Anchor, and City lines, with the same charge as to Bombay.

For leisured tourists it will probably be found that not only is the P. & O. Calcutta service ten pounds cheaper than *via* Bombay, but more comfortable accommodation is obtainable than in the overcrowded crack Bombay steamers; so that on the whole this service is about as cheap as any, and well worth the few pounds difference by the cheaper services, whose charges, *via* Calcutta and *via* Bombay are the same. Then the saving is actually more than appears by the fare, as an additional week at sea is thrown in.

Venturing upon a delicate social question, it may be said that a distinctly better class of passenger is found on the P. & O. steamers than on any of their rivals; and it is significant that though Anglo-Indians growl at the

antiquated arrangements of some of the intermediate boats, they travel by the line all the same, if they can afford it. Next in popularity come the British-India and the City lines. As to travelling second-class there is much to be said in its favour. On the P. & O. the saving is considerable, and there is little to choose between the accommodation of first and second class except lack of space. But the great drawback is the early dinner instead of lunch. Indeed, it is said that were it not for the objectionable supper *versus* late dinner, the first-class saloon would be depleted.

As for hotels, no Anglo-Indian has a good word for them. It is hardly overstating the case to say that (with the exception of the fashionable hill stations, Simla, Darjeeling, etc.) there are not a dozen hotels in the whole of this vast empire which would rank as first-class according to the European standard. About the only thing that can be said for them is that the charges are moderate—averaging about seven or eight shillings a day. If one were to attempt the invidious task of specifying, one might say that when one has mentioned the Grand and Great Eastern at Calcutta, the Elphinstone and Connemara at Madras, the Great Western and Watson's (Esplanade) at Bombay, one or two at great tourist centres like Delhi, Agra, or Cawnpore, and a few at the fashionable hill stations, we have practically exhausted the list of first-class hotels.

Calcutta used to have the reputation of being the worst off for hotel accommodation of any city in India. There is a story told of a well-known traveller, newly arrived at Calcutta, who was told by Lord Curzon that he ought certainly to go and see the site of the Black Hole of Calcutta. "Oh, I have seen it," was the reply, "In fact, I am living there—room No. —, Hotel —."

Of course, outside the great tourist cities, to expect hotels on the Swiss model would be unreasonable, owing to the extreme sparseness of the European population—and no native, even the richest, wants a hotel—and the universal hospitality of Anglo-Indians. Possibly the recent marked developments of tourist traffic will sooner or later effect a change in this respect. It has already done so at Bombay, where an enormous *hôtel de luxe*, to be known as the Taj Mahal Hotel, has recently been built. This hotel is a magnificent building, and one of the finest modern architectural features of Bombay. It is perhaps the only hotel in the Far East worthy to be compared with the great hotels of the Gordon, International Palace, or Ritz type. A noteworthy feature is the large number of apartments *en suite* with bath-rooms—a reliable test of the modernity of a hotel.

The lack of hotel accommodation was keenly felt during the great Durbar of 1903 at Delhi, where there are practically only two good hotels, Maiden's and Laurie's. The proprietors were unable to resist exercising the proverbial tyranny of a monopoly, and visitors were fortunate who obtained terms at four pounds a day during the Durbar festivities. The result was the establishment of a ring of visitors' camps (popularly known as concentration camps) round the official and invitation camps.

The extraordinary demand for accommodation at the Great Durbar was amusingly brought home to the tourist by the fact that many of the ruined tombs and mausolea in the neighbourhood of Delhi had the inviting notice "To let for the Durbar" conspicuously displayed! In view of the absurdly prohibitive prices the Delhi hotel-keepers were asking, some tourists might even have preferred these sepulchral rest-houses.

The system at nearly all hotels is based on that of the

Continental *pension*, and three solid meals, plus *chota hazri* and afternoon tea, quantity taking the place of quality, are given for the daily charge of five or six rupees. But attendance is a negligible quantity. It is not even included in the bill, as it is usual for each English visitor to bring his own servant.

Yet, strange to say, the attendance is conspicuous enough in the hotels, as at *table d'hôte* there are often more waiters than guests; but as it is customary for each guest to have his own private servant, the independent traveller apparently loses caste with the turbaned horde of hirelings—at all events, he is, as a rule, left severely alone. Besides, ignorance of the language prevents his insisting upon some attention from this mob of hotel menials.

And, now, as to what the tourist should attempt to see during his necessarily hurried visit tour. It need scarcely be observed that India is a big country, and therefore it would be impossible for the ordinary winter visitor, even if he attempted sight-seeing on the well-known American principle of doing the maximum of sights and sites in the minimum of time, to see anything but a mere fraction of the places of interest in this country of magnificent distances. He will be well advised to confine himself, say, to half-a-dozen of the great show cities of Northern India, of which Delhi, Agra, Lahore, Benares, and Lucknow are perhaps the leading ones from the tourist's point of view. Cawnpore, of course, though it can show little of note in historical or artistic relics, will be the goal of every Englishman, hallowed as it is by the sad memories of the Mutiny and the awful well episode.

The Grand Tour of a past generation of travellers, which comprised the capitals of Europe and what we

should now describe as the great tourist centres, undertaken by young men of means and leisure under the auspices of a long-suffering bear-leader, has had its day. It was, no doubt, partly meant by way of liberal education, to serve as a counterpart to the finishing school of their sisters. So far as the Continent is concerned, tours and excursions, whether independent, co-operative, conducted or "escorted," have taken their place; while the "Grand Tours" of a former generation are now replaced by the Grand Tour of the Colonies or India, especially with budding politicians.

How India can best be "done" within a reasonable time, with most pleasure and profit, is, in short, the leading question most tourists put to themselves, or at all events that is the chief point on which advice is sought. Of course, much depends on the traveller's individual tastes and temperament, putting aside questions of season, climate, and means. He may be interested chiefly in Moghul, Brahmin, Buddhist, or Jain architecture, in the Hindus themselves and native life generally, natural scenery, or simply "sights." Probably the ambition of nine out of ten is merely to see as many as possible of the innumerable "things best worth seeing in India" in the time at his disposal.

The regulation "Grand Tour" of India usually occupies five months (November to March), during which period an intelligent disposition of time, and the adoption of a judiciously selected itinerary, such as is laid down by Messrs Cook, will enable the tourist in the three and a half months left for his disposal (after deducting the time consumed on the voyage out and home, and at Bombay and Calcutta, the two "front-doors" of India) to see most of the "show cities" and the great tourist centres with due comfort.

There is perhaps a sameness about the popular itineraries,

which almost invariably begin at Bombay and end at Calcutta. Of course the great shrines of tourist culture—Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares—must be included in every itinerary. What self-respecting tourist would dare to undertake an Indian tour and omit the Taj, the first Mohammedan shrine in the world? Indeed, there are those who unhesitatingly declare that the Taj by moonlight would alone repay the voyage from England.

Starting from Bombay, with Delhi as his first goal, the traveller should break his railway journey at Baroda, Ahmedabad, Mont Abu for its wonderful Jain temples, and Jaipur for the ancient ruined capital of Amber.

This programme would occupy a week at least. Then it is impossible to appreciate the architectural splendours of Delhi and its zone of ruined Delhis, Minar Kutab, Ferozabad, etc., in less than a week. Then on to Lahore, the capital of the "Land of the Five Rivers," stopping a day or two at Amritsar to see its world-famed Golden Temple. Then, when the traveller has arrived so far, a railway journey to Peshawar, the *ultima Thule* of the tourist in India, should certainly be taken. He will now begin perhaps to realise what the North-West frontier signifies—at all events he will have reached a new India. Returning southwards, the railway journey to Lahore and Delhi must be repeated so as to take in Agra—and several days at least should be devoted to the incomparable and indescribable Taj Mahal, Gwalior with its noble palace-fortress and its famous Jain temples, and Jhansi with its historic fort.

The "Mutiny cities," Cawnpore and Lucknow, will of course delay all patriotic tourists for a few days, and then we resumé the direct journey to Calcutta, stopping a couple of days at Benares, the Mecca of all pious Hindus.

Though Benares may be the most interesting and the most typically Hindu city in India, and may boast of a greater number of shrines, temples, and other holy places than any other city in the Indian Empire, yet a couple of days in this appallingly odoriferous and overcrowded city will probably be as much as most travellers can stand. From here to Calcutta there is nothing to detain the ordinary traveller, though those interested in archæology would find it worth their while to break the journey at Bankipur Station in order to visit the famous Buddhist Temple of Buddh Gaya.

Calcutta, arbitrarily termed the "City of Palaces"—a title which would seem more appropriately applied to Bombay—need not detain the "grand tourist" more than two or three days.

The guide-books recommend a trip up the Brahmaputra, which is rather absurdly named the Rhine of India; one might equally appropriately, or inappropriately, call the Nile the Rhine of Egypt. But if the tourist has at least a fortnight left, it would be worth while to devote this extra time to an excursion in Burma. He would be able to visit Rangoon and Mandalay; only he would have to forego the Irrawaddy route, and go by rail. Rangoon is only four days from Calcutta by steamer. If, however, the tourist has all along decided to include Burma in his itinerary, it would be better to book a single passage from London to Calcutta, and return direct to England from Rangoon by the Bibby line. By this arrangement ten days extra would suffice for a flying trip to Burma.

The next stage in the regulation round of India is by rail direct from Calcutta to Madras, the City of Clive; but a break should be made in order to visit the Nizam's capital, Hyderabad. Madras makes a centre for many interesting railway excursions, chief of which

is Tanjore, with its famous pagoda, the finest of its kind in India.

The final stage of the tour is now reached. We go by rail from Madras to Bombay, breaking the journey at Mysore City, from which excursions should be made to the deserted capital of Seringapatam and the Falls of the Kaveri, the Niagara of India.

With the exception of Mount Abu and the Ellora Caves, all these places are served by one or other of the network of railway lines with which India is now covered, so that all these varied and remarkable places can be comfortably seen in some six weeks or two months. For though "India is a big country," Tourist or Winter India is not of such vast extent as most people imagine, at all events in point of time.

At the beginning of the tourist season the hotels at Bombay and Calcutta are notoriously overcrowded, while the through express trains northwards and to Calcutta are equally congested, nine out of ten tourists hastening either north or to Calcutta on the arrival of the P. & O. boat at Bombay. If they do intend to extend this tour to South India—to Mysore, Bangalore, Madura, Madras, Trichinopoly, they usually leave this part of the tour to the last. Consequently, it is a good plan to reverse the time-honoured itinerary. Climatically, this course is preferable, while some comfort and a reasonable amount of privacy will be obtained on the railways. Therefore, the wise traveller, who is not a slave to tourist routine, will devote, say, a couple of days after landing in Bombay to attempting to assimilate India and Hindu city-life, and to an inspection of the few sights the Liverpool of India has to offer—chiefly modern public buildings—and then proceed south to Madras and Ceylon.

As to cost, the three and half months' travel in India

will amount approximately to about 3000 or 3500 rupees. But of this 400 or 500 rupees are allowed for a native servant or "boy," and I have allowed a very wide margin (nearly £50) for carriages, horse hire, excursions and incidentals, for it must be remembered that in India no European walks.

Hotels and railways are cheap, so that with reasonable economy an independent traveller can "do" the Indian Grand Tour for an inclusive expenditure of some £300 or £350 (including steamer fare), or if two are travelling together (when one servant would suffice for both, and the carriage expenses would be halved), there would be a joint saving of some £50 or £60.

It will be seen that, in spite of cheapness of locomotion and low hotel tariffs, travel in India for the ordinary tourist or globe-trotter, as opposed to the Anglo-Indian, is only suited to those of ample means. As a rule, for all extras and incidentals—carriage hire, guides, bazaar purchases, curios, photographs, etc. etc., the tourist will have to pay—and not unnaturally—considerably more than the resident. As for the bazaars, it may be said that there are practically three tariffs—native, Anglo-Indian, and Tourist.

Indian Tours are hardly yet so cheap as to come within the category of the typical cheap Continental trip—"A Week at Lovely Lucerne for Five Guineas"—but it is, however, possible to manage a holiday trip to India and back of about two and a half months' duration at a *cost of no more than one hundred pounds*. But of course this means second-class by steamer, no native servant, and a very limited itinerary, keeping strictly to the railway during the fortnight's stay on Indian soil. Such a tour should, of course, be regarded mainly as a holiday voyage and only nominally as an Indian Tour, the fortnight

between steamers being utilised for a hasty glimpse of a few of the great sights of India easily accessible from Calcutta. The tourist will, at all events, be able to see something of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Amritsar, and perhaps Lahore; and, after all, the Taj Mahal alone is almost worth the voyage from England.

The Indian Government, with a view of encouraging tourist traffic, grants specially reduced rates for certain specified circular tours. The one which would be most suitable for a hurried tourist is the following:—Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Jhansi, Gwalior, and back to Calcutta *via* Cawnpore and Allahabad. Fare, first-class, ten pounds fourteen shillings.

The total cost of this flying visit to India would work out as follows:—

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Second-class return P. & O. London to Calcutta (allowing £5 for incidentals on the voyage) | £53 |
| Railway fares | 14 |
| Hotels and meals on train | 8 |
| Sightseeing, guides, carriages, gratuities, and incidentals, say | 25 |
| | <u>£100</u> |

This no doubt is a hurried and superficial trip. The tourist will have learnt practically nothing of native life and customs: he will have seen merely the outside of a few of the great cities. But the limitations of such hurried travel are obvious, and at all events the tourist can console himself with the thought that he has seen more of the great cities of India than nine out of ten "civilians," who as a rule know little of India beyond their own province, and naturally spend their leave at

home instead of attempting to play the tourist in India. Besides, the very persons who scoff at this lightning method of sightseeing will probably consider one morning out of a fortnight in Paris ample for the glories of the Louvre, or will claim to have satisfactorily "done" Rome or Florence in a week.

I will conclude these rambling remarks with a little negative advice :

(1) Don't neglect to wear flannel or wool next the skin.

(2) Don't omit to wear a flannel waistband (cholera-belt).

(3) Don't take cold baths.

(4) Don't take alcohol merely as a beverage ; soda-water, obtainable everywhere, is a good and safe thirst-quencher.

(5) Don't drink unboiled water, especially at a railway station.

(6) Don't buy fruit or sweets from natives, especially at railway stations.

(7) Don't despise the *sola topi* (pith helmet), although it may be the badge of the globe-trotter. Residents are more or less acclimatised ; new-comers are not.

(8) Don't implicitly believe the certificates (*chits*) of native servants ("boys"). They are often passed from hand to hand.

(9) Don't treat constipation lightly ; it is as dangerous as relaxation in a tropical climate.

(10) Don't take long railway journeys by day.

(11) Don't expect hotel accommodation at dak bungalows.

(12) Finally, repress any inclination to "hustle" natives ; and, in railway travel especially, remember that the money of a native is as good as that of a sahib.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAND OF PILGRIMAGES

By "PANDA"

A million Shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient Kings ;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

ONE has only to read "Kim"—to go no further afield into Indian literature—to learn that India is the land of Pilgrimages and therefore of Tourists. Nowhere is the cicerone so established an institution. When he conducts Hindu pilgrims to some immemorial shrine under the Himalayan snows, as in Kashmir, or to the shore of the sounding sea at Saugar Island and Puri, or merely along the well-trodden track which leads to Kasi, the venerable city that white men, for reasons of their own, call Benares—when, I say, the cicerone is a Hindu and a Brahmin, he is called a Panda, wears robes of yellow, like a Buddhist priest, and mutters magic formulæ in a Sanscrit which let us hope he understands. But there are also Mohammedan conductors of pilgrims and Mohammedan shrines of sanctity scattered all over the land. Let the tourist keep his eye open for such places of resort, and inquire for local fairs and holidays, since Benares is not the only holy city in the holiest and most legend-haunted of countries. Even in Calcutta, most modern and most prosaically business-like of Indian cities, there is Kalighat, the temple of the fierce goddess

of the eastern Hindus, the multiform and the marvellous, now appearing to the devout in the mild guise of Uma the benign, now spreading death and destruction, plague and cyclone and earthquake as the feminine sakti or energy of the destroyer Siva.

In the new province of Eastern Bengal, not very well known to the tourist or to those who write for his amusement and instruction, are Mussulman shrines that attract many pilgrims from the remotest parts of India. In the town of Sylhet is the tomb, modest architecturally, but of infinite interest to the pious and patriotic Muslim, of Shah Jalal, that crusader prophet who led the Moghul armies from the Punjab right across India, and vowed he would never halt till he had reached rocks as red as those that frown on the Peshawar frontier. These he found at Sylhet (etymologically Srihatta, the "fortunate mart"), but was separated from them by that wide and flowing stream, the Sarma. That obstacle presented no difficulties to a mediæval saint, and the tourist may be interested to know that Shah Jalal performed the very miracle which Thackeray describes in his "Great Cossack Epic."

In the town of Chittagong, now the maritime terminus, the *gare maritime*, of the Assam-Bengal railway, is the tomb and shrine of the famous Pir Badr, whom the pious tourist should always invoke as every Bengali invokes him (be he Hindu or Mussulman) when he begins a journey by boat. For the traveller should not be too recklessly indifferent to the gods and saints of the country. Professor Monier Williams has recorded that he was the victim of a serious carriage accident in the Western Ghauts because, though a learned Sanscrit scholar, he neglected to mutter the formula commonly used before starting on a journey. In case the British tourist should

wish to avail himself of it (and what harm can the simple phrase do him ?) here is the prescribed invocation : "Sri Ganesaya namaskar." It is worth trying !

In Assam, again, is a Hindu shrine of infinite antiquity, interest, and holiness, situated on a beautifully wooded hill, from whose summit the pilgrim obtains a ravishing view over the Brahmaputra valley and towards the gleaming snows of a part of the Himalayas, which no tourist has yet trodden with profane feet, the shrine of Kamakshya Devi, the Diana of the simple Ephesians of the North-East frontier, or, as others darkly hint, a survival into modern days of a Venus Pandemos whose rites would astonish even Richard Burton, that dauntless inquirer into the lubricities of the luxuriant Indian imagination. Again on the sea coast of Chittagong, and now a roadside station of the Assam Bengal railway, is a local Benares, the beautiful and romantically situated temples round the burning springs of Sitakunda. Here is a miraculous waterfall under which the tourist may stand if he will, and increase the flow of water by shouting with the voice of faith the wonder-working syllables : "Boom, boom !" They may remind him that a word of similar sound has power over men's minds and consciences even in our prosy and practical West. India is still, luckily for the tourist, the land of marvels, miracles, pilgrimages, and the busy, ambitious baboo who has learned in the coastwise cities to perorate of politics in the European fashion is little regarded and scarcely known in the beautiful old land of pious pilgrimages. Let the tourist, if he would gain some idea of the contrast between modernised India and the slumberous, passive, pious India which still survives, read Mr Alexander Allardyce's "City of Sunshine." It is not a new book, and is not so much "up to date" as the works of Mrs

Steel and Sarah Jeannette Duncan, but it is the work of a scholar whose poetic and instructive sympathy with the old India makes him a sort of Anglo-Indian Pierre Loti. I have often wondered that his delightful and suggestive book has never been translated into French, now that Mr Kipling's more popular and superficial tales have gained so wide an audience across the Channel.

India, after all, is still a land of old-world credulities, of magic in the old sense as well as the new, of charms that have not merely the metaphoric meaning we attach to the word, of superstitions which bear the full etymological force and are survivals of ancient piety, sometimes gross, crude and cruel, but often solemn and touching recognitions of the mystery of our relations with the outer world, simple expressions of a sense of awe due to a primitive life spent in the open air, under the overarching sky, now implacably cloudless when the crops are perishing from want of rain, and now filled with hurtling masses of storm-cloud when the drenching rain of the cyclone destroys the ripening grain, just when the peasant was rejoicing in the thought of an abundant harvest. The educated few, the clever and ambitious disciples of our pushing race, imitate our cult of comfort, and when they travel are tourists rather than pilgrims, using first-class carriages and the complicated impedimenta that we carry about with us. But it is the third-class traveller who represents the truly indigenous tourist, the traveller who is stirred by a vague, timorous and half-shrinking piety to visit shrines which, appropriately enough, are usually placed in sites which to us seem romantic and beautiful, but which to the native mind are probably as "horrid" and "rugged" as they would have seemed to our eighteenth-century ancestors.

India, then, is a great travel country; and railways

and steamers, if they have given rise to a certain facile cosmopolitanism in the educated and English-speaking classes, have also brought grist to the mills of the *mohants* and the fakirs of many ancient shrines which had a more local and limited fame in days when travel was slower, more dangerous, and more costly. Only a hundred years ago, a pilgrimage was indeed a work of merit, for the pedestrian pilgrim had to face the risk of cholera, fever, and, above all, the highway robber, the *thug* and the *dacoit*. Now the simple piety of the pilgrim has become an infinitely safer and more comfortable business, and it may be hoped that the gods of the Indian Olympus (since they still exist and are worshipped) look with an eye of kindly toleration on the infidel engineers whose locomotives puff disrespectfully past the most venerable shrines and drag noisy trains through forests, which till thirty or forty years ago were the undisturbed haunt of the ascetic and the sage. There is a new leaven of scepticism and innovation stirring in India, but there is also the attendant protest. The curious agitation against the Partition of Bengal was essentially a Hindu movement, and the protesters marched through the streets of Calcutta chanting hymns and invoking the goddess who is the tutelary deity of the most primitive and elementary form of Hinduism.

The tourist will come into contact in the great cities with an India which has put on a veneer of Western civilisation, but that is an India of which he may catch glimpses in London itself, since young Indians cross the Black Water in ever-increasing crowds to take degrees or get called to the Bar. But even in their case there is a significant fact. How rarely, how very rarely, do any of them traverse the seas in order to enter the Christian ministry and to swell the ranks of the missionaries!

The Salvation Army has imported a few, but they are startlingly few when the imagination tries to grasp the three hundred millions who are mostly what they were a thousand years ago. Even the graduates and the barristers remain sturdily Hindu, and manage to retain their belief in gods and goddesses that are grotesque and primitive counterparts of the deities of Greece and Rome. So much the better for the intelligent tourist, if he goes to India for something more stimulating and exciting than a mere change of air and physical environment. In Greece the Attic sky is as blue as ever and the climate as invigorating, but the old nature cult which had so wonderful an intellectual harvest has gone for ever. In Rome the temples of the gods are broken ruins overlaid by the relics of near two thousand years of Christianity. But in India the old religion of terror, of bloody sacrifices and muttered charms, still survives, and the land is covered with pilgrimages more pathetically primitive than the hospital trains to Lourdes. The race and its creeds are as picturesque, as varied, as incalculable as the country it inhabits—and if the tourist would understand how it is governed, let him go to Hardwar, or some such place of pilgrimage, and note how a single white man, aided by a handful of uniformed native police, controls and directs hundreds of thousands of eager pilgrims, stirred by a dumb devotion to an outworn and fantastic creed, which the Englishman can only understand by some process of “rationalisation” only less fantastic perhaps than the creed itself, which is perhaps only a dim sense of the horror and the mystery of the changeful sky, now smiling in sunshine and now working irreparable mischief by sudden cyclone and tornado; of the gloomy depths of forests peopled with the wise and wicked beasts of prey of whom the tourist may read in

the "Jungle-Book"; of the ghosts and bogies who are far more numerous and blood curdling (though the casual tourist need never come across them) than the wraiths and spooks of matter-of-fact, materialised Europe. If the tourist has time, let him borrow from some public library in Calcutta or Bombay a literal translation of the great epic, the Mahabharata, such as the translation of the late Pratapa Chandra Ray, and read a chapter or two. (He will hardly care to struggle through the whole twelve volumes.) There he will get a glimpse of the tropical exuberance of the Hindu imagination, of the wistfulness, of the childishness, of the bizarre inventiveness which is the bed-rock of the Hindu mind, a mind curiously different from the plain prose of the average Englishman's attitude towards the facts of our common existence. The tourist may fairly ask himself whether the difference is simply due to the fact that the one race is Christian and the other Hindu, and, comparing the classic faiths of India with what he may happen to remember of his own schoolboy learning, he may well wonder whether the eager young graduates who aspire to govern India are quite so Europeanised as they and we would fain believe. The Tourist's India, after all, is still a land of old-world pilgrimages, of an unquestioning faith and old-fashioned reverence for the uncomprehended and irresistible powers of nature, a reverence which to us may seem puerile and obsolete, as it did to Lord Macaulay and the men of his time. They probably represent social and political forces with which educated India will yet have to struggle for life. The British government of India has been wisely and cautiously tolerant. Its educational system has been (in the cant phrase of the day) elaborately "undenominational." It has endured all things, it has suffered all things, and

European students of Indian problems have sometimes complained that it has done but little. There is now a tendency, reflected in a previous chapter contributed to Mr Reynolds-Ball's book, to say that it has done too much, and in the National Congress has raised a Frankenstein monster which, like *Oliver Twist*, is bound to go on "asking for more." But it is possible that India is less changed than we suppose, and even the passing tourist may get a glimpse of the sometimes beautiful and imposing, sometimes grotesque and puerile beliefs of mediæval India, as he travels comfortably in his saloon car across the sunlit land and watches the wide plains stretching under the clear sky of the Indian winter towards the Northern Snows.

CHAPTER V

THE ROYAL TOUR (1906) : SOME REFLECTIONS AND A MORAL

Here as I sit by the Jumna bank,
Watching the flow of the Sacred Stream,
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,
And the cannon roar and the bayonets gleam,
Is it a God or a King that comes ?

THOUGH the cynical " Little Englander " who once defined patriotism as love of one's own country, and imperialism as love of other people's country, might be inclined to belittle the Colonial and Indian tours of the Prince and Princess of Wales as a kind of globe-trotting *in excelsis*, yet few thinking people will deny their political and imperial importance.

One may say without exaggeration that the Royal visit to India is one of the most important landmarks in the history of the Indian Empire. It supplements, too, that memorable journey of nearly 50,000 miles over sea and land in 1901. It completes the royal progress through the oversea dominions which make up the British Empire; and—if I may be pardoned the obvious metaphor—it may be said to have put the coping-stone on the bridge of Empire.

It is neither easy nor profitable to make comparisons between the Indian and the Colonial tours, though the political significance of each is of the highest importance. Certainly the Indian tour entailed the hardest work—there was no restful interval, afforded by the long voyage from one great colony (or group of colonies) to another, in

the incessant round of ceremonial, for the most part undertaken in tropical heat, for in many parts of Southern India great heat is encountered even in the winter months.

It is significant that throughout the whole of these two great journeys the Prince did not set foot on one inch of foreign soil, with the exception of a few hours' visit—and that was incognito and strictly unofficial—to the American side of Niagara, and a short stay in Egypt which is, after all, as much a part of the British Empire as Tunis is of the French Republic.

There were, no doubt, good reasons why India was not included in the Prince and Princess of Wales' great Colonial Tour in 1901. Putting aside the difficulty of getting an adequate visit to this vast empire into the comparatively short time available for this momentous Royal progress through the British Empire, there were obvious objections to our greatest Eastern possession being "side-tracked," so to speak, and being simply included as a kind of subsidiary excursion in the Colonial tour.

It need not be said that this was by no means a mere pleasure or holiday trip. A glance at the programme shows that reasons of State were paramount.

But the Prince, as he showed during the famous Colonial tour, is fully capable of taking a broad and statesmanlike view of the aims and objects of his Indian visit. He travels, not as many other Royal globe-trotters, mainly for sightseeing or sport, but as the King-Emperor's personal representative.

It is no reflection on Lord Curzon—perhaps our greatest Viceroy since Lord Dalhousie—to say that, though technically the *alter ego* of King Edward VII. at the Great Durbar, yet as he was, of course, a subject of the Crown, many of the great feudatory princes did not hesitate to

express their disappointment at not having the opportunity of paying direct homage to a member of the Royal house.

It used to be said of his Majesty's historic Indian tour in 1875-76 that no Englishman had ever seen more of India in a single winter. But, of course, the Prince of Wales' travel record is far better, owing mainly to the enormous expansion of railways in the last thirty years. The King, for instance, did not visit Kashmir or the N.W. Frontier, nor was Hyderabad or Mysore included in the Royal itinerary. Rajputana remains, I believe, a terra incognita to his Majesty, though the Prince visited several of the Rajput States, and, thanks to the new railway, was able to traverse the great Rajputana Desert from one end to the other. Then the King did not, like his son, manage to comprise a flying visit to Burmah in the course of his progress through our great Oriental Empire. The King, however, included Ceylon (geographically, if not politically, a part of India), which the Prince, of course, visited instead in the famous Colonial tour of 1901. In mileage the honours remain with the Prince.

As a traveller, then, the Prince of Wales can claim the record among the Royal Houses of Europe for extensive travel. Indeed, the tours of the much-travelled German Emperor are to those of the Prince of Wales what the trips of a week-end excursionist are to those of a round-the-world globe-trotter. We might even go further, and if we include his Royal Highness' *Bacchante* voyages in his youth, we might search all history to find a parallel. Perhaps the travels of Alexander the Great or Hadrian afford the nearest one. But at the same time, the Prince does not claim to be an explorer like the Duke of Abruzzi or Prince Henry of Orleans, as his travels have necessarily been confined more or less to the great high-

ways of travel. But, after all, to regard the journey from the point of view of mileage merely would be absurd—this is merely a striking incident of the tour.

In spite of the ceaseless round of official duties and ceremonies incumbent on one visiting India as the personal representative of the sovereign, and the barriers of etiquette which fence round the heir to the throne, the Prince has made the utmost of his opportunities of getting in touch with all classes beyond the Court entourage. This as much as anything accounts for the personal popularity the visit of his Royal Highness evoked. Then the Prince inherits from his father the essentially royal gift of a remarkably retentive memory for names and faces. It seems a little paradoxical, but perhaps hardly any commoner comes into contact with so great a number of individuals of all ranks and classes as an English Prince of the blood.

Then the impetus given to the national expression of loyalty by the personal influence of the Princess of Wales must not be forgotten. The presence of her Royal Highness in this grand tour of the Indian Empire did much to inspire loyalty to the British "Raj" among all classes. The Princess' personal charm of manner, her unaffected demeanour and gracious affability, her bonhomie and quick and intelligent appreciation of everything brought within her purview, and, in short, her true womanliness, were thoroughly appreciated by all who come in contact with her. Then her unwearied devotion to duty, even to what may be described as official sightseeing as well as ceremonial functions, commanded the sincere respect of the officials and "civilians," and the "ornamental functions" of Royalty are no child's play.

In the Prince of Wales' speech at the Guildhall banquet on his return from India he gave a very instruc-

tive summary of the lessons he had learnt from his travels, and the passage is worth quoting verbatim.

“If I were asked to name any general impressions which I have formed during this exceptional but all too short experience, they would be that I have learnt to appreciate the fact that India cannot be regarded as one country. We talk casually of going to India. But the majority of us perhaps do not realise that it is a continent with an area equal to the whole of Europe without Russia, containing a population of 300,000,000 of diverse races, languages, and creeds, and many different grades of civilisation. I was struck with its immense size, its splendour, its numerous races, its varied climate, its snow-capped mountains, its boundless deserts, its mighty rivers, its architectural monuments, and its ancient traditions. I have realised the patience, the simplicity of life, the loyal devotion, and the religious spirit which characterise the Indian peoples. I know also their faith in the absolute justice and integrity of our rule. I cannot help thinking from all I have heard and seen that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we, on our part, *infuse into it a wider element of sympathy*. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever-abundant and genuine response. May we not also hope for a still fuller measure of trust and confidence in our earnest desire and efforts to promote the well-being and to further the best interests of every class? In speaking of my impressions I should like very briefly to record a few of those scenes and incidents which will be to us of lasting value. . . . But these are mere first impressions. I am fully aware how impossible it is to gain accurate and intimate knowledge of so vast a country by a visit of only four and a half months. Yet I would strongly suggest to those who are interested in the great

questions which surround the India of to-day to go there and learn as much as is possible by personal observation on the spot. I cannot but think that every Briton who treads the soil of India is assisting towards a better understanding with the Mother Country, helping to break down prejudice, to dispel misapprehension, and to foster sympathy and brotherhood. Thus he will not only strengthen the old ties but create new ones—and so, please God! secure a better understanding and a closer union of hearts between the Mother Country and her Indian Empire.”

That the purposes for which the Royal Indian tour was mainly undertaken have been successfully accomplished is generally admitted. It fostered the sentimental feeling which attaches to the person of Royalty in the East among the populace.

Then the native princes, many of whose ancestors were kings before the Bourbons or Hohenzollerns were heard of, were particularly gratified at the opportunity of meeting their future Emperor face to face.

The tour, too, was made at an especially seasonable time. The defeat of a European Power by an Asiatic State—the defeat of the West by the East—was no doubt considered in the Indian bazaars as a blow to the prestige of the white man.

Then the disaffected factions in India seized the opportunity of making capital out of the Swadeshi Movement (though local, and ostensibly economic only) as if it were symptomatic of an undercurrent of disloyalty and impatience of British rule.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales gave occasion for the amplest manifestations of the instinct of loyalty which the actual presence of the son of the King-Emperor was required to evoke. For these reasons

alone the Royal tour has been of considerable political value.

Then the religious toleration of the Royal visitors and their sympathy with alien faiths, manifested by visits to the principal temples and mosques, and their generous support of religious institutions, typified in the Jama Masjid of Delhi, the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, the Temple of Benares and the Schwey Dagon Pagoda, did much to intensify the attachment of the Indian people to the British crown.

The Prince's guarded reference to the need of a more sympathetic attitude towards the natives on the part of Anglo-Indian officials is significant. The warning may be regarded as a counterpart to the famous advice given by the Prince of Wales in the Guildhall speech five years ago on his return from the Colonial tour. This advice, it will be remembered, was crystallised in the terse expression of opinion that "England must wake up," if she is to hold her own among the great world Powers in commercial affairs. It is noteworthy that his Royal Highness should have put his finger on what is perhaps the one weak spot in our administration of the Indian Empire. Some suggestive, if paradoxical, reasons for this lack of sympathy are given by Mr Prevost Battersby in his "India under Royal Eyes."

". . . India has conquered all her conquerors because they have lived with her, and lost in her indolent arms their conquering qualities. Therefore, it might appear for England an exceptional advantage that she drew her Indian administrators from the tonic rigours of an island six thousand miles away. Yet so thoughtful an observer as the late Sir Salar Jung declared that none of our predecessors ever were so utterly foreign to the country as we are, and that in our inability to settle in India lay the

most insuperable objection to our rule. If that were true when it was spoken, it is still truer now. We are becoming more and more foreign to India, our isolation as a ruling race is growing with every decade more complete. This has been brought about to a great extent by the increased share which the native has been given in the administration of India. What he has obtained already has sufficed to alter the relations of the English official to the common people. There has come between him and them this layer of native officialdom, through which almost everything that concerns the life of the humbler classes is transacted: a layer spreading over the whole of India, and more than six million persons thick. To it the penetration of the average Anglo-Indian reaches, and no further."

Then no doubt this tour will be of some educational value to the British public. It is a common-place that the chief ethical advantage of a great war is that it teaches the British public geography, and certainly the Royal tour through the Indian Empire has done much to dissipate the dense mists of ignorance about India and things Indian in which stay-at-home readers are enveloped.

For instance, we are beginning to assimilate Indian atmosphere vicariously, and can distinguish between Chuprassies and Chupatties. Chota Hazri is now easily recognised as the Oriental counterpart of the French *café complet*, of which perhaps the nearest English equivalent is "crackfast." We can afford to smile at the historic globe-trotter who, on his first visit to India, when asked if he would like some Bombay duck, replied that he preferred a wing, evidently regarding this piscatorial delicacy as a variant of the American canvas-back duck. We know that Zenana means a harem, and not an Indian town or state, and we are able to avoid the pitfall into which a writer in a well-known London weekly recently

fell when referring to the Buddhist Nirvana as "a town in Thibet! Some of us can even appreciate the difference between a dhooly (stretcher) and a dhoby (washerman), and can smile at the famous "howler" of a well-known "Member for India" who, on one occasion in the House of Commons, when enlarging on some hard-fought engagement on the frontier, impressively led up by way of climax to the startling announcement that at the end of the engagement the ferocious dhoolies rushed from the rear to carry off the wounded! We can see the point of the favourite Anglo-Indian story about the recently-joined subaltern, who complained that all the villages in India seemed to have the same name—*Janta ne* (*i.e.* "don't know," the usual reply of his bearer). The list might easily be amplified, but the above will serve as typical "howlers."

CHAPTER VI

BOMBAY : THE FRONT GATE OF INDIA

Royal and Dower-royal, I, the Queen,
Fronting thy richest sea with richer lands—
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

BOMBAY is often described as the most European-looking city in India, but this is probably owing to its numerous public buildings, many Gothic or Early English, which are such prominent features in the first view of the city to the new arrival by steamer. Actually Calcutta is far more European in character. The publicity of life and the crowded state of the city is as marked as in Naples. There is no doubt great poverty in the native quarter but its aspect is not so repulsive or sordid as in London slums. Bombay has been graphically described by one of its former Governors, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, as the Alexandria of the modern world, and this certainly typifies the curious blending of East and West which the physiognomy of Bombay presents to the visitor.

The mingling of East and West is strikingly shown in the architecture of the great public buildings—Western in style, but Eastern as regards embellishment. Perhaps nowhere else in the British Empire are collected so many magnificent buildings in so limited an area. First, we have the gorgeous pile of the Secretariat in the Venetian style, then the Gothic University Library, and the French Renaissance University Hall, then the

great Clock Tower. Then follow the Early English Law Courts and the Gothic Post Office. But perhaps the most insistent architectural feature is the enormous pile of the Victoria Railway Station, which, though severe critics may regard it as an architectural monstrosity, is at all events a striking and impressive building.

The bazaars are the most cosmopolitan, perhaps, of any city in India. It is said that over forty dialects are constantly spoken here. The variety of colouring in the bazaars is extraordinary. They have been felicitously described by the late Mr G. W. Steevens as a "tulip-garden of vermilion turbans and crimson, orange and flame colour, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-coloured satin drawers, with mantles, drawn from the head across the bosom to the hip, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper . . . the scarlet and yellow and shining greens—each hue alive and quivering passionately under the tropical sun at midday—fill and dazzle the eyes. You are walking in a flaring sunset, and come out of it blinking."

The peculiar conformation of the "Island City" may be more readily understood if we compare it to an outstretched hand held palm upwards and cut off at the wrist, the wrist being represented by Salsette Island. The thumb represents Malabar Hill, the residential suburb, and the forefinger Kolaba Point, while between thumb and forefinger lies Back Bay. Continuing this homely parallel, the commercial quarter—Bombay City, in short—lies in the ball of the palm, bordered by the arm of the sea known as the Harbour.

Certainly the first view of Bombay from the sea is impressive and even fascinating—a vista of white palaces set in an amphitheatre of greenery, which, on landing, will resolve themselves into commonplace public buildings

and commercial houses. One feels indeed that Calcutta has unjustly arrogated to itself the proud title of City of Palaces, which should rightly belong to Bombay. Of course, in landing you must be prepared to be quickly disillusioned. Bombay will be found to be a city of appalling contrasts. The magnificent sea-front, lined with magnificent buildings—a medley of Gothic, Early English, and Indo-Saracenic architecture—serves as a brilliant mask to hide the squalor and filth of the teeming native quarters, where flimsy, if picturesque, huts and shanties alternate with frankly hideous tenement blocks.

The overcrowding in the city—which, lying on a narrow neck of land, defies all attempts at expansion—is, no doubt, the curse of Bombay, and is especially felt by the European community. The Byculla suburb, once the English quarter, is now thick with factories and native tenements, in which the Byculla Club is the only redeeming feature, and the English are driven to Malabar Hill. Even here a house or bungalow is not easily obtainable except at prohibitive rents, as all the best are in the hands of the Parsee merchant princes. Indeed, in despite of a roof to cover their heads, the British residents, officials, merchants, professional men, supposed to be lords of the city, are fain to live like gipsies in tents. Some Anglo-Indians suggest as a remedy for this that a reservation as in the Chinese treaty ports should be marked off confined to Europeans alone, or, in short, that there should be an English Cantonment, as in most Indian cities. This might have been done a quarter of a century ago, but considering the Parsees own practically all the Malabar suburb this admirable scheme is obviously impossible under present conditions.

As is well known, Bombay is practically run by Parsees. Though less than 50,000 in number, nearly

all the great industrial undertakings and commercial enterprises are in their hands, while they practically control municipal affairs, and own most of the real property of the city.

The rise of this small, but flourishing, community of Zoroastrians, who like ourselves are foreigners in India, has been extraordinarily rapid under British rule. Subject for centuries to Mahratta or Mohammedan tyranny and Hindu animosity, they were at last able to give the fullest scope to their commercial and financial instincts.

“ They were no longer afraid to make money, and were able to keep it. Some of them left off being small tradesmen, and developed into merchants, manufacturers, mill-owners, millionaires. Having no claim of caste restrictions like the Hindus, and no swathing of burdensome religious prejudices like the Mahometans, they got into contact with the white mercantile community, and assimilated some—not all—of our manners and customs with avidity. They learnt the English language, read English books, and sometimes wrote them, founded schools for their children on English lines, and joined with Englishmen in works of charity and benevolence” (“A Vision of India”).

There is little sightseeing likely to appeal to the hurried tourist, who, with reason, regards Bombay chiefly as the front-door or vestibule of India. Still, a day might be well given to inspecting the magnificent public monuments. It seems anomalous, but perhaps the finest public building in Bombay is the Victoria Terminus. This is, at all events, the crowning glory of their city in the opinion of the inhabitants. It is said to be the grandest and most imposing railway station in the British Empire. It is emphatically a grandiose building—“a vast domed mass of stone fretted with paint and columns and statuary.”

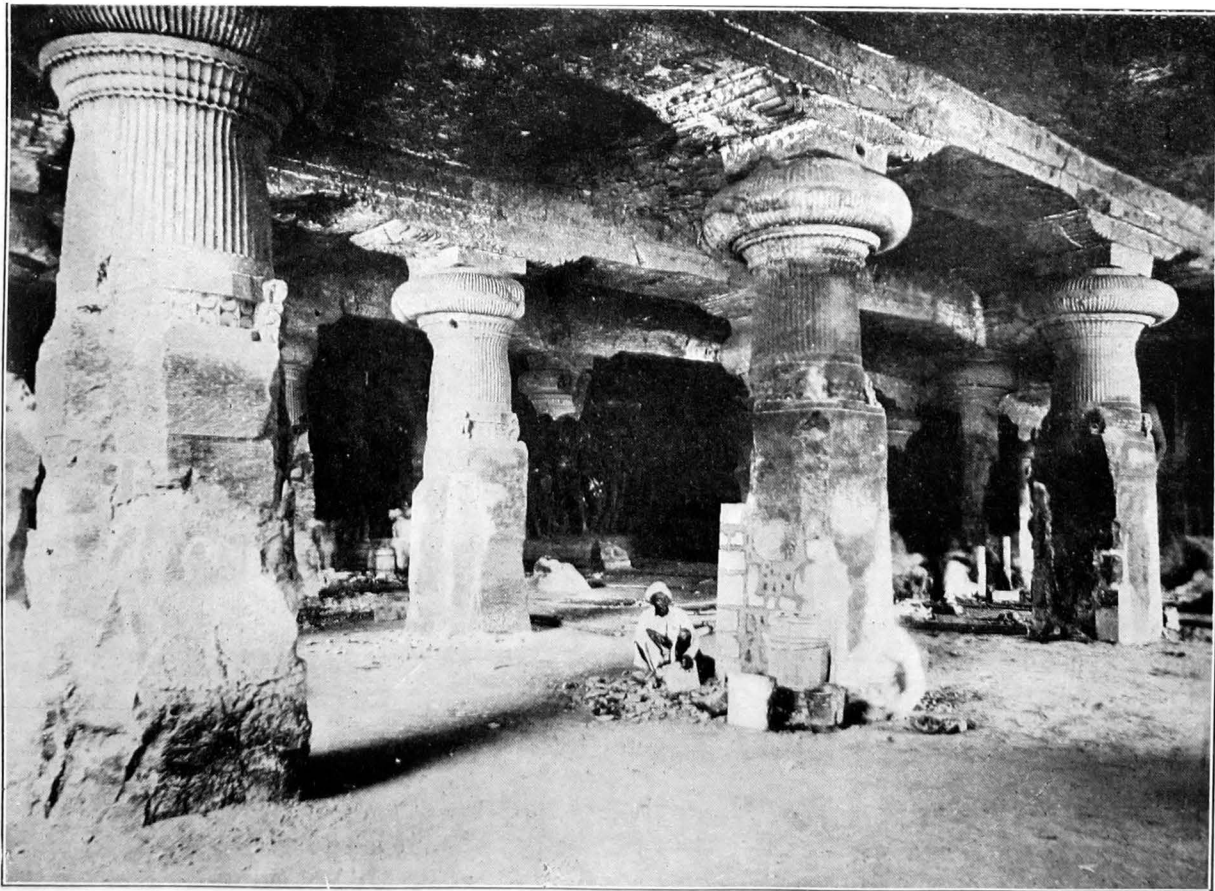
The all-the-year-round climate of Bombay is somewhat similar to that of Singapore, and the extremes of temperature are much less than in the inland cities. Temperature, of course, has little to do with latitude, and the summer heats are not nearly so excessive as in the inland cities of the North-Western Provinces many degrees farther north. Bombay is termed the "summer capital," but it is the only large city in India, perhaps, where residence all the year round can be tolerated.

Few visitors will omit a visit to the Towers of Silence, which the local guides evidently consider the great lion of Bombay. Very little is to be seen, and, considering the ghastly method of sepulture adopted by the Parsees, this is scarcely to be regretted.

The five mortuary towers, whose gruesome significance is veiled by the poetical term, Towers of Silence, are very prominent, and, indeed, insistent, features of the landscape, occupying with their beautiful garden—in startling contrast to this grim charnel house—a considerable area of the higher part of the Malabar Hill.

As everybody knows, it is contrary to the Parsees' religion to burn or bury the dead, and to avoid polluting the air, one of the sacred elements, the bodies are actually given to be torn in pieces by vultures, a huge colony of these unclean birds being in permanent occupation of the towers.

Visitors are only allowed as far as the Corner of Farewell, where the mourners take leave of the body. Here it is taken in charge by the guardians of the towers. The excitement among the ghoulish birds of prey when a funeral procession approaches is distinctly unpleasant to the visitor of imaginative temperament. No sooner is the body placed on the iron grating than an ominous flapping of wings is heard, and the vultures swoop down on their



THE GREAT CAVE AT ELEPHANTA.

human prey. It is said that in less than an hour nothing but the skeleton remains.

Perhaps from a strictly utilitarian or sanitarian point of view this is an ideal method of disposing of the dead, but certainly there is nothing even in cremation which does such violence to sentiment.

The great excursion in the neighbourhood is the one to Elephanta Island, and travellers will omit at their peril the trip to these world-famous caves. An admirable and very lucid description will be found in Murray's Guide. Messrs Cook arrange excursions (five rupees inclusive) by special steam launch almost daily during the tourist season.

Most authorities agree in giving a date somewhere between the ninth and eleventh centuries to these wonderful cave temples and sculptures. All the caves, including the Great Temple and the subsidiary shrines, can easily be seen in one day. The sculptures of the various gods in the Hindu mythology are of great archæological and historical interest; but for artistic impressiveness the Great Temple cannot be compared, for instance, with the famous rock-hewn Temple of Abou Simbel on the Nile.

One of the most striking of the subsidiary chapels or shrines is known as the Lingam Shrine. The Lingam Stone in front is an emblem of Siva, and symbolises reproduction, in which we see an analogy to the symbolical principle underlying the Egyptian obelisk, which also symbolises reproductiveness. The picturesque cave façade with the quaintly sculptured lions is the little temple to the east of the Great Temple. To understand the significance and meaning of all the sculptured symbolism in the Elephant Caves it is necessary to have some rudimentary knowledge of the elementary principles of the Brahmin religion, of which Hinduism is a development. A useful

outline of this will be found in the introduction to Murray's "Guide to India."

For India the hotels in Bombay are good. The best are the Taj Mahal, Great Western (Apollo Bunder), Adelphi (Byculla), and the old-established Esplanade (known to most Anglo-Indians as Watson's). This is a very comfortable hotel, with an *annexe* much in vogue with newly married couples. Another family hotel is the Camballa, pleasantly situated on Camballa Hill. Bombay in the Taj Mahal can now boast of the finest hotel in the East, and the famous Astor House at Shanghai will have to look to its laurels.

This hotel is built on the new quay known as the Apollo Reclamation, and from its enormous size and prominent site it is a striking building, although its artistic features may not appeal to the æsthetic traveller. The style is, with some appropriateness, Indo-Saracenic. Mr Tata, the well-known merchant prince of Bombay, is responsible for this latest example of architectural development in Bombay.

Bombay is distinctly lacking in public urban² amusements. It is true there are several theatres, but they are not much patronised by the European community, and mainly have to depend on travelling companies from Australia. This is partly due, no doubt, to the distance of the residential quarter from the city, the attractions of the club, and partly, no doubt, to the disinclination of the English official or professional man to leave his comfortable bungalow after dinner. Indeed, it is sometimes said that it is the magnetic influence of the Indian reclining chair that is at the bottom of the disinclination for urban amusements among the Anglo-Indian communities in Indian cities! Few seem able to resist its pleasant tyranny between dinner-time and bed-time.

There is, of course, a great deal of social entertaining, but balls and receptions on a large scale seem to be chiefly undertaken by the rich Parsee merchants. These entertainments are by no means tabooed by the European residents, but are never returned. This is, of course, one of the social problems which the mere traveller can never hope to fathom.

The late Mr Clement Scott has put the case very forcibly :

“ These highly educated, extremely intelligent Parsee ladies and gentlemen constitute the race whose lavish hospitality is accepted by Europeans, but by some mysterious unsigned order must never be returned. Thus you may play cricket with a Parsee gentleman, but you must not bring him back to dinner. You may attend the *soirée* of a Parsee lady, but you may not ask her to drink tea at sunset, on the terrace of the Bombay Yacht Club. You may beg for subscriptions from a Parsee capitalist in order to build, furnish, and equip a gymnastic club, but it is etiquette to turn his children from the doors. You may meet the *élite* of Parsee society at the Government House reception at Malabar Hill, but if you asked exactly the same people to your breakfast-table you would be ‘ cut ’ by English society.”

The Parsee typifies, indeed, the “ great social grievance.” Among the Bombay Parsees the fictitious character of the theoretical equality between natives and Europeans seems indeed more resented than among other communities. This is not unreasonable. Take the case of a prominent and highly educated Parsee merchant. He has become so English in his customs, and has thrown overboard so many of his Oriental ways and habits that he is apt to think of himself as a European. He occupies, in short, a somewhat anomalous position between the

Asiatic and the European. In this respect, and in this only, he may be compared to the Eurasian, though of course in character, intellect, standing, etc., there is no comparison between the Eurasian (the counterpart of the mean white in the Southern States of America) and the Parsee.

Then it would seem that the trump card played by the Anglo-Indian apologist, when tackled by strangers on the anomaly of social relations in India—viz. the purdah system, which is, no doubt, a bar to social intercourse between the two races—is not in this case available. The Parsee ladies are no more excluded from male society than are English ladies, but what the Anglo-Indian will probably tell the rash inquirer is that a few years' residence in the East will infallibly make the liberal-minded tourist as "bigoted" on the social question as the typical Anglo-Indian; an assertion which naturally closes the discussion.

CHAPTER VII

UDAIPUR : AN ORIENTAL WINDSOR

Where the wayfarer benighted, as he nears a village late,
Spies the red spark from the matches of the guard about the gate.

MEWAR (Udaipur) is the premier State among the score of independent Principalities which make up Rajputana. The relative importance of the great Indian chiefs is indicated, as is well known, by the quality of the salute to which they are entitled. The importance of the Maharana of Udaipur is shown by the fact that only three native sovereigns in the whole of the Indian Empire, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Maharajah of Mysore, are entitled to a bigger salute than the Maharana—that is, to twenty-one instead of nineteen guns. The salute is, perhaps, the most highly valued honour of any granted by the Viceroy as representing the King-Emperor, and the number of guns to which each ruling Prince is entitled has been at the bottom of the bitterest inter-state rivalries. For instance, the precedence of the two premier Rajput States, Udaipur and Jodhpur, was only settled as recently as 1870 in favour of Udaipur, which is entitled to nineteen guns, while Jodhpur has to rest satisfied with seventeen. The last important revision of the Table of Salutes took place in 1877, on the assumption by Queen Victoria of the title of Empress of India.

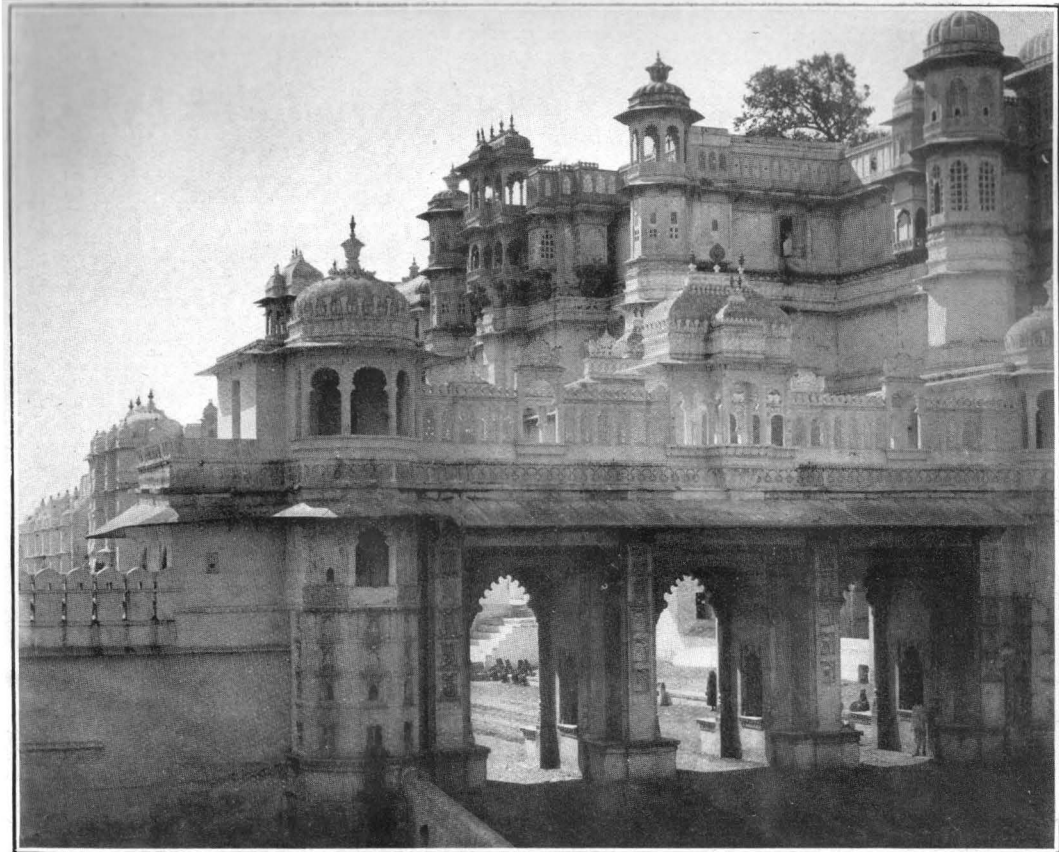
The various Rajput dynasties are among the most ancient in India, far older than that of the Imperial

House of Akbar. Indeed, the Maharana boasts of being the lineal representative of the mythical Rama. The Rajputs of Mewar even claim that their sovereign can count the Cæsars of Rome among his ancestors! This Imperial Roman ancestry claimed by the Maharana is said to be based on the marriage of one of his ancestors to the grand-daughter of Maurice, one of the Byzantine emperors; so the Udaipur Ranas represent at once the legendary hero of the Ramayana, the Sassanian kings of Persia, and the Cæsars of Rome.

In the Hindu Pantheon every Maharana of Udaipur is a sacred personage, and is an object of worship like the priest kings of ancient Egypt, and in pictures is always portrayed with an aureole around his head, while Mount Abu is the Rajput Olympus.

Udaipur is of peculiar interest to tourists, as here we find a picturesque survival of mediæval India. This feudal stronghold is one of the least occidentalised of any of the great native states. Though the government may deplore the backward condition of Mewar and its indifference to Western methods and practices and modern improvements, yet the people seem happy and fairly prosperous. Many viceroys, it is said, have come to Udaipur intent on schemes for modernising the City of Sunrise, and the utilisation of the State's great natural resources—wood and water. "But viceroy after viceroy has gone back from Udaipur well content to leave her as she is, unspoiled and unimproved, recognising that dynamo and driving band are poor substitutes for the splendid pattern of old-world chivalry and courteous tradition which this lovely lake-side palace sets, not to Rajputana only, of which the Maharana is the undisputed overlord, but to all India alike."

It seems curious that Udaipur, often described as the



most beautiful city in India, has hitherto been so neglected by tourists. Indeed, the only Rajput cities visited by nine out of ten English travellers are Jaipur and Ajmir. Its difficulty of access, till the branch line from Chitore was constructed a few years ago, no doubt partly accounts for this.

The first view of the city of Udaipur from Suggangarh Hill, with its magnificent row of palaces springing sheer from a beautiful lake, studded with islands and surrounded by wooded hills, is one of the most striking in India.

A famous traveller has compared the Palace at Udaipur to Windsor, and there is a certain superficial resemblance to justify the epithet an Oriental Windsor. Both enjoy those elements of scenic charm—massive towers and frowning ramparts combined with water and woodland. Perhaps, though, a happier comparison between Udaipur would be Windermere, especially as the Oriental note is not here very prominent, at all events in a distant view of the city and lake. A Scotsman might perhaps find a striking resemblance between Udaipur Lake and Loch Awe, the topographical parallel being intensified by the small island facing the city, which has a curious similarity to the island at the head of Loch Awe crowned by the ruins of Kilchurn Castle.

The Royal Palace can only be visited by a permit obtained through the Resident. It is an imposing pile of granite and marble, with walls over 100 feet high and flanked with octagonal towers.

“ But for a certain overpowering picturesqueness it is from the lake that the Palace should be seen, if only because there is nothing quite to match it in all India. Where on the land side was the climbing town, here is only a sheer precipice of wall ; wall of shorn granite and of

in-built marble, with its foot set deep in the lake water, and all of it whitewashed to one dazzling whiteness, so that there is no telling masonry from the solid rock. From this, the oldest part, the rest leans back from the lake, rising by bastions, terraces, and winding stairs to the crest of the hill, which is crowned by the Palace along the whole lifted length of it."

The writer of the above vivid word-picture is able to appreciate the æsthetic value of whitewash, which is not usually recognised. His pleading, if a little paradoxical, is certainly ingenious.

"Marble would have taken the grave elegance of age, it would have owed its charm to the tenderness of a thousand seasons, it would have grown mellow with the whole hillside. But one feels that this proud thing will owe time nothing: she will wear no sort of beauty which is not herself. She washes from her face, as though it were a defilement, the soft tint of the ages, she hides even the marble of which she is made. She will so insist on having nothing but her splendid shape and carriage as to make even her simplicity arrogant; but she will be incarnate youth as well, she will only be seen as she was in the day when her builder looked back and wondered how he had made her. And so she faces you at midday in her insolent whiteness, like some haughty beauty, daring you to look at her: indeed, to look at her in that hour is not the part of wisdom, for she not only does her best to blind you, but to look as unlovely as she can. It is only hours later that you learn the wisdom of her audacious whiteness, when she wraps herself in the sun's splendid yellows, and then when he is down, and the sunset faded, seems to let his colours slip off her into the water, and stands there in a tired pallor, dead white, almost pathetic, as though wearied already with her pretence of youth.

But when above that cold, clear wash of air in the west the afterglow rises, you turn suddenly to find her all flushed with rose, shy, tender, almost appealing, with her ivory crown like the blossom of peaches, and a deep amethyst dyeing the fringe of her skirts."

The other palaces can rarely be seen by strangers, and the only other specific sight in the city is the great Jagannath (Juggernaut) Temple. It is considered by Fergusson a good example of the Indo-Aryan style, though of late date (about 1640). The porch is approached by a bold flight of steps ornamented on each side by a large stone elephant, and in front is a shrine with a brazen image of Garuda.

A boating excursion on the lake will, however, be far more enjoyable than a visit to a temple which is not of great artistic or historical interest. One of the Maharana's boats is usually at the service of tourists, if application is made to the Resident. The islands which stud the lake are usually covered with gardens and groves attached to some fine palace or picturesque kiosk; some suggest the Borromean Islands on the Lago di Maggiore in Italy. The most interesting is the northern island, called Jagmandar, to which retreat Shah Jehan retired, when in revolt against his father Jehangir. It was here, too, that during the Mutiny the English ladies from the Neemuch garrison found a safe asylum.

Two miles or so from the city is the Royal Cemetery (perhaps one of the most beautiful in India), where the Maharanas of Udaipur have been cremated and buried since Udaipur was founded. The monuments, quite apart from their lovely surroundings, a beautifully kept garden planted with magnificent trees, are alone worth the journey to Udaipur. The finest is the Mausoleum of Singram Singh, which contains the ashes of this prince

and of "twenty-one of his wives." The cenotaph is of considerable architectural merit and of ambitious design, an octagonal porticoed hall crowned with a dome. Another very striking mausoleum is that of Amir Singh, which might have been a copy, with some slight Jain modifications, of the famous Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIKANIR : THE DESERT CITY

Grim the hoary city stands,
Grey amidst the tawny sands,
Home of chiefs that know no fear,
Grim as desert Bikanir.

LEAVING the highly cultivated Rajput State of Mewar, we plunge into the great Desert of India, which might be compared to the Kalahari Desert of South Africa. Here a comparatively unknown India is reached. In fact, it is only within the last few years that the locomotive has penetrated through the heart of this vast desert, and now a railway some 300 miles long links up Central India with the Punjab.

The history of this Rajput principality is highly romantic. About a century and a half ago, a certain adventurer called Bika, a cadet of the royal house of Jodhpur (Rathore), having no prospects in his own state, led three hundred of his clansmen into the desert to found a State of his own. Finally, after conquering in turn many outlying tribes, Bika obtained the chieftainship over the Jats, the leading desert tribe. "Here, on a little Kankar ridge at the back of beyond," he laid the foundations of the city appropriately named after its founder.

Even for these hard, wiry and sunburnt Rajput peasant-warriors the struggle for existence must have been a bitter one in this practically rainless country, whilst wells three hundred feet deep were being dug, but their grip of their hard-won territory never relaxed, and the

great warrior state of Bikanir is the result. As a writer in *The Times of India* pertinently observes, the very existence of Bikanir seems a defiance of nature. There seems absolutely no ostensible reason for its existence. The sun-baked, wind-worn, crenellated walls rise up abruptly from a vast sea of sand, and from its ramparts one looks out upon an illimitable tawny waste.

Bikanir is indeed unique among Indian cities, and the sun-baked walls and flat roofs suggest Damascus or Tripoli rather than a Hindu city. One feels it should be approached in a caravan or on camel-back and not in a banal railway carriage.

But in spite of its tradition and history, Bikanir is one of the most progressive states, not only in Rajputana but in all India. It may be compared in this respect with Gwalior, Mysore, and Jaipur. The present Maharajah is an excellent specimen of the modern school of Ruling Chiefs—enterprising, loyal, enlightened and humane. During the terrible famine of 1899-1900 he acted with zeal and conspicuous humanity and generosity. He was educated at Mayo College, and his magnificent contribution to the Imperial Service Troops—the famous Bikanir camel corps—proved of great value in China in 1900 (when the Maharajah himself was in command) and in the Somaliland Expedition in 1902.

Bikanir has nothing to attract the tourist—no ancient monuments, and no “scenery” in the conventional interpretation of the word. The greater part of the 22,000 square miles of which the State consists is waterless desert. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how the country can support a population equal to that of Glasgow; but, though apparently bleak and arid, camel breeding is conducted on a very large scale, and camels are the chief source of wealth. A considerable trade is also done in

woollen fabrics. Water is obtained with difficulty, wells having usually to be dug some 200 feet deep. It is rash to hazard a suggestion for a trade opening, but it would seem that dealers in artesian well equipment might find a market in Bikanir. It is only within the last few years that artesian wells have been systematically used in the deserts of West Australia, and the results have been, I believe, most encouraging.

But there remains the wonderful fascination of the desert, the impressiveness and solemnity of these vast illimitable wastes, to say nothing of the bracing qualities of the sand-dried atmosphere. Then, to all possessing a sense of colour, the beauty of the desert is undeniable.

“Does it seem absurd to call the desert beautiful? Yet in the hush of dawn when after a moment’s hesitation the glorious sunlight floods the sky, bringing with it the faint stirring breeze, it is nothing less. At eventide, when, to the unbroken stillness of the barren land, the sun goes down, wrapping the sky in the delicate yellow and fading into the exquisite green which we associate with clear winter evenings at home, it can leave none untouched. Even on the outskirts of the city the desert has its little mysteries, criss-crossed with tracks which begin nowhere and end nowhere, traversed by hard, lean, sunburnt peasants moving with the unhastened gait of the East, coming from and disappearing into the empty horizon.”

As Bikanir is quite out of the tourist track, and, indeed, is known to very few English people beyond the officials of the Rajputana Agency at Ajmir, introductions to the political agent are almost essential. But, as I have mentioned above, there is practically nothing to attract tourists, though a visit to some of the wells is interesting. They are not lined with stone or brick, but with a curious kind of basket work made with twigs.

Then the old Palace can be visited. Though imposing-looking at a distance, it is little more than a straggling group of bungalow-like buildings, containing an enormous number of rooms. This is due to the Rajput custom, which makes it undignified for a ruling chief to live in his predecessor's apartments.

The actual residence of the Maharajah, the magnificent palace on the outskirts of the city, called the Lallgarh Palace, is not, however, open to visitors. This palace, designed by Sir Swinton Jacob, is an enormous, but beautifully-proportioned, pile of carved red sandstone, and is one of the finest examples of modern palace architecture in India.

CHAPTER IX

JAIPUR : THE CITY OF PINK STUCCO

A rose-red city, half as old as time.

SOME poetic licence must be assumed in the application of this quotation, for Jaipur is in some respects aggressively modern for an Oriental capital, but certainly rose-red admirably describes this beautiful city. This is especially the case when seen at night, when the broad avenues are deserted and the picturesque and bizarre buildings look as if they were cut out of alabaster. Under the witching influence of moonlight there seems, indeed, something eerie in the aspect of this city, and the epithet fairy-like, which old-time travellers were fond of applying to it, does not seem too extravagant or far-fetched, and one is inclined to resent Lord Curzon's much-quoted description—"a pretentious plaster fraud."

The every-day aspect of Jaipur is rather melodramatic, and suggests a scene from a comic opera. It is more spectacular than romantic or Oriental. It is the only city in India built on the American or chessboard plan. Yet all the houses being painted pink or violet colour, the street life has a gay and charming setting.

It was founded in 1728 by Jai Singh, who was to Rajputana what Ranjit Singh was to the great Sikh Confederacy. This Maharajah bore the curious nickname of Siwai, which means "one and a half," and was intended as a tribute to his greatness. Hitherto Amber had been the capital but it was abandoned, it is supposed,

as in the case of Fatehpur Sikri and Golconda, on account of scarcity of water. As one of the special correspondents who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Indian Tour caustically observes: "A man who could have left lovely Amber, five miles away in the hills, to set down a city in the modern American manner on a dusty plain, must have been capable of anything, but Jai Singh's idea of a city was based apparently on a birthday-cake, and he built miles and miles of it in big rectangular blocks, with streets laboriously wide and depressingly regular, all of a painful mauve pink, embellished with flourishes in white stucco, which, by their resemblance to confectioner's sugar, complete the suggestion of a cake."

Jaipur has been termed a model native capital, and is supplied with modern sanitary improvements, a good water supply, European sewer system, gas supply, etc. But even the broad streets, laid out after the American pattern, cannot prevent Jaipur being one of the most picturesque cities in India, owing to its beautiful situation, set in an amphitheatre of precipitous hills crowned by forts, the principal one, called the Tiger Fort, perched on the top of an apparently inaccessible precipice, dominating the city.

"It is shut up in a lofty-turreted wall; the main body of it is divided into six parts by perfectly straight streets more than a hundred feet wide; the blocks of houses exhibit a long frontage of the most taking architectural quaintnesses, the straight lines being broken everywhere by pretty little balconies, pillared and highly ornamented, and other cunning and cosy and inviting perches and projections, and many of the fronts are curiously pictured by the brush, and the whole of them have the soft, rich tone of strawberry ice-cream."

The general effect, looking down upon this vista of

balconies and alcoves from the roof of the palace, is curiously unreal—like a scene in a theatre.

Jaipur is the most important city of the twenty principalities into which the ancient sovereignty of Rajputana is divided. Its population (1901) is 160,000, which makes it the fourteenth city in point of size of the Indian Empire. During the great Mutiny the loyalty of the State to the British Raj was so conspicuous that the Rajah was rewarded with a considerable increase of territory.

The present ruler, the Maharajah Siwai Sir Madho Singh, G.C.S.I., boasts of a highly respectable ancestry, being the thirty-fifth of the dynasty founded by Rama A.D. 967. He is one of the most progressive and enlightened princes in India. It was, perhaps, partly to mark the appreciation of the Government for his able and public-spirited conduct of his principality that Jaipur was one of the native capitals of Rajputana selected for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1906.

It is at one of these native capitals that one sees pageants and processions of real undiluted Oriental splendour without any European admixture, and the State receptions of the Prince and Princess of Wales naturally afforded the fullest scope for the *tamasha* which the Indian populace so delight in. The most striking feature was the mounted bodyguard of the Maharajah, formed of hundreds of tall and fierce-looking Rajputs in mediæval armour.

In any Indian city there is, of course, much to interest the traveller in the ordinary street life. In Jaipur the spectacular element seems more prominent than in Lucknow or Benares, for instance, where, owing to the throngs and the narrowness of the streets, we can scarcely see the wood for the trees. In the broad streets of Jaipur we seem to be spectators of a huge and never-ending Oriental

circus procession, or, as Pierre Loti picturesquely expresses it, here we find "tout l'Orient des féeries, processionnant à grand spectacle dans l'inimaginable cadre de camaieu rose."

Conspicuous in the living panorama of Jaipur, among bullocks, horses, and donkeys attached to all kinds of vehicles, are buffaloes with painted horns harnessed to huge waggons; then follows a string of camels buried under their towering loads of merchandise, state elephants almost concealed by their richly embroidered robes, dromedaries trotting past with necks stretched out like ostriches in full flight; then, lightly held in leash, a brace of the Maharajah's tame panthers, comically decorated with red sun-bonnets tied under their chins, and their tails decorated with rings, marching deliberately and carefully as if they were walking on eggs. Such are the novel additions to the usual kaleidoscopic aspect of street life to be seen in the Rajput capital.

The Palace of the Maharajah is a bizarre and fantastic structure, a pyramidal pile with innumerable balconies and verandahs, projecting windows, and turrets. The portion of the palace facing the main square is called the Palace of the Winds, but this is only one wing of the colossal building.

This remarkable building is regarded by severe critics as more ingenious than beautiful, though some may echo Sir Edwin Arnold's flamboyant rhapsody, and consider this bizarre palace "a vision of daring and dainty loveliness, nine storeys of rosy masonry and delicate overhanging balconies and latticed windows soaring with tier after tier of fanciful architecture in a pyramidal form, a very mountain of airy and audacious beauty, through the thousand frosted screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very highest houses."

But though a unique example of florid Hindu architecture, the building will not stand close inspection—a good deal of it, as Mr W. S. Caine points out, is a mere mask of stucco. A curious structural feature of the palace is the long inclined plane by which elephants and vehicles mount to the roof.

The Zoological Gardens contain some of the finest types of tigers ever kept in captivity in India, and nearly all of them have a most sanguinary record. Indeed, one is known to have killed and eaten no less than fifteen natives.

One of the “side shows” of Jaipur are the crocodile tanks in the gardens of this enormous palace, for, like the Kremlin or the Alhambra, the Maharajah’s Palace is a city within a city, covering, indeed, about one-seventh of the area of Jaipur, and within the walls are comprised, besides the Great Palace and its annexes, an observatory, printing offices, armoury, barracks, etc. The feeding of the crocodiles is an interesting sight. The huge reptiles, scarcely to be distinguished from rocks and boulders, lie motionless and apparently lifeless. Suddenly an old man dressed in white comes to the steps of the lake, and begins to chant a curious kind of song, at the same time throwing out his arms in an attitude of appeal. Instantly there is a startling commotion in the water, and the gruesome reptiles come swimming towards the singer with astonishing speed, accompanied by huge tortoises, which are said to be equally voracious. They form up in a circle, greedily snapping their jaws, round the old attendant, who, assisted by two servants carrying huge baskets of horse and goat flesh, throws into each gaping mouth the allotted portion.

There are, of course, the stock sights of a progressive modern capital to be seen by those interested in public buildings and institutions—Hospital, School of Art,

Maharajah's College, Museum, Durbar Hall—but, with the exception of the Museum (an "Oriental South Kensington"), these may well be omitted from the tourist's itinerary. After all, one does not go to India to see modern public buildings and monuments, and the time saved by omitting these "objects of interest" can more profitably be devoted to the numerous interesting excursions in the vicinity of Jaipur, such as the mausoleum of the Maharajahs at Gethur; the Temple of Galta, strikingly situated on a rocky plateau about two miles from Jaipur; the Sanganer Temple; and, of course, the remarkable ruins of Amber—a kind of Hindu Thebes.

No one should forego a visit to the famous observatory, one of the five observatories built by Jai Singh, the others being at Benares, Delhi, Muttra, and Ujjain. Many of the instruments—and the purpose of some of these baffles modern astronomers—were invented or designed by the Royal Astronomer, Jai Singh, himself. This observatory has lately been modernised by the present Maharajah, and the wonderful collection of gnomons, quadrants, dials, altitude pillars, astrolabes, and other wonderful instruments meaningless to the lay visitor, has been restored.

But the bazaars, though not so interesting and picturesque as are those of Lucknow or Benares, should certainly be visited, especially the jewellers' quarter, by those who wish to get specimens of the finest artistic jewellery still obtainable in India. Jaipur is famous for its gold and enamel work. The most distinctive form is that known as *champlevé*—"In which the pattern is cut out of the gold or silver vessel or jewel, and filled in with the enamel, which is fused on to the metal." A very pretty gold ring, enamelled in this way, can be bought for about thirty or forty rupees.

Then another specialty are the little models of Hindu gods and goddesses, Rajput warriors, animals, etc., carved out of the white marble, which is so plentiful in this part of Rajputana.

The great lion of Jaipur is the ancient deserted and half-ruined capital of Amber, some eight miles from the modern capital. The situation of Amber is remarkably picturesque, though for grandeur and impressiveness it must yield to Gwalior or Jhansi, twin India Gibaltars. It lies along the slopes of precipitous hills, and one side is skirted by a beautiful lake, which is a considerable height above the plains, like that of Kandy. What adds to the picturesque effect is the great fortress which frowns over the old city and the amphitheatre of hills, each crowned with a ruined castle, which are joined to the fortress by long, high walls of crenellated masonry.

There is nothing exactly in Europe which corresponds to this remarkable city, though some see a resemblance to Ronda in the South of Spain, while from one point of view Constantine in Algeria is recalled, and from another Tetuan in Morocco. But all will agree that Amber is one of the most striking places in India.

The time-honoured method of reaching the city adds to the attractiveness of the expedition. The last two miles are too steep for carriages, and it has always been the custom for the State to furnish visitors (duly accredited by the Resident) with elephants. Their progress, if stately, is slow, but tourists will not probably quarrel with the leisurely mode of progress, as the views are very fine. The Old Palace, which architecturally is worthy to rank with that of Gwalior, is a grand pile picturesquely situated on the precipitous banks of a lake.

The finest hall in this magnificent palace is the Jai Mandir (Hall of Victory), the walls decorated with panels

of alabaster exquisitely inlaid with birds and flowers. Over this hall is built a kind of gallery or alcove called the Jas Mandir (Alcove of Light), even more richly decorated. This served as a retreat for the ladies of the zenana, who could watch the revelries below without being seen.

CHAPTER X

GWALIOR : AN INDIAN ACROPOLIS

Mute witness of a thousand wars,
The rock-built palace-fortress soars.
Where the Mahratta Lion¹ fought,
Where Jain and Moghul limned and wrought,
There Scindia's royal court to-day
Holds juster, more unquestioned sway.

GWALIOR has a better right than many of the natural rock fortresses of India to the epithet the Gibraltar of India. The great fort is perched on precipitous cliffs of sandstone 300 to 400 feet high, forming the edge of this isolated plateau, which is about a mile and a half long and 300 or 400 yards wide. Its striking situation, standing out boldly from the surrounding plain, adds to the impressive effect and suggests comparison with Constantine in Algeria, perhaps its nearest topographical counterpart. The approach is equally impressive. It is reached by a colossal kind of stairway nearly half-a-mile long, formed of alternate rampes and steps. A continuous, winding road has, however, been built within recent years, and, the flights of steps now serve merely as a short cut for pedestrians. The six gateways which defend the ascent should be specially noticed. The best is the Badalgarh, dating from about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was built, as the name indicates, by a certain Badal, the uncle of Man Singh. An ancient temple, which, according to an inscription cut in the stone, dates from

¹ Man Singh.

A.D. 876, will be noticed just before the fifth gate, that named after Lakshman Singh. It is hewn out of the solid rock. Over the entrance is a huge sculptured relief of the Boar avatar, one of the nine incarnations of Vishnu.

The history of Gwalior abounds in romantic and picturesque episodes. The obstinate struggle between the Mahrattas and the Moghul Emperors lasted for centuries; Jhansi and Gwalior being the great strongholds of this turbulent people. When the East India Company began to acquire inland territory in India, the Mahrattas were the dominant race, and had they not been crushed by the British at Assaye and Delhi, would probably have extended their rule over the whole of South India.

The most picturesque figure connected with the story of Gwalior is the famous Rani of Jhansi. After defeating the troops of the Scindia (who remained loyal to the British Raj throughout the Mutiny), this Oriental Joan of Arc promptly seized his stronghold, Gwalior.

The death of this intrepid ruler is picturesquely treated by Colonel Malleon: "Clad in the attire of a man and mounted on horseback, the Rani of Jhansi boldly fronted the British horsemen. When inch by inch the British troops pressed through the pass, and when reaching its summit General Smith ordered the Hussars to charge, the Rani of Jhansi boldly fronted the British horsemen. When her comrades failed her, her horse, in spite of her efforts, carried her along with the others. With them she might have escaped, but that her horse, crossing the canal near the cantonment, stumbled and fell. A Hussar, close upon her track, ignorant of her sex and rank, cut her down. She fell to rise no more. That night her devoted followers, determined that the English should not boast that they had captured her even dead, burned her body."

The actual capture of the fort is a signal example of

daring initiative and disregard of military discipline, which only complete success could have excused. After the rout in June, 1858, of the Rani's rebel troops under the walls of the fortress (which they still held), two sub-alterns of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, Lieutenants Rose and Waller, decided on their own responsibility to attempt a night attack, and led their small detachment on this apparently forlorn hope. Forcing the gates, which commanded the rampes, in turn, after a desperate hand-to-hand contest with the rebels they captured the fortress. This was a feat which for daring, dauntless courage, and gallantry is worthy to be commemorated along with the famous assault of the Kashmir gate at Delhi, which has, perhaps, captured the popular imagination more than any of the innumerable heroic achievements of our troops during the Mutiny. The capture of this fortress seems still more remarkable when we compare it with that of Jhansi, which was only taken by Sir Hugh Rose after a fortnight's siege and the loss of some 350 killed and wounded.

In 1886 the Gwalior fortress was formally handed over to the Maharajah Scindia in exchange for Jhansi. Jhansi, as well as Gwalior, was included in the itinerary of the Royal tour. It is only some sixty miles south of the capital of the Gwalior state, and is another "Indian Gibraltar." In one respect it well deserves its title, for, though the rock on which it is perched is not so lofty or so striking as that of Gwalior, the fort has been fitted with strong armament, and the defences have been so much modernised, that, unlike the latter fortress, it is almost impregnable.

In the fort of Gwalior are several remarkable palaces and temples, which serve as landmarks in the history of what has been aptly described as the cockpit of Central

India, which has been held in turn by Mussulmans, Pathans, and Mahrattas, who still hold it under the Scindia dynasty. The term fort is, of course, here something of a misnomer, as it is not merely a citadel, but a fortified *enceinte* like that of Moscow (Kremlin) or Cairo.

The Palace of Man Singh, called the Man Mandir, which was built at the end of the fifteenth century, is one of the most interesting examples of early Hindu palaces in India. Its situation is bold and romantic, perched on the edge of the precipice, with its walls towering a hundred feet high, relieved by towers crowned with open-domed cupolas. The other palaces are for the most part ruined shells. Unfortunately, instead of imitating the tolerant policy of the Moghul conquerors, we ruthlessly destroyed, during our few years' occupation of Gwalior a century ago, many of the architectural monuments, on the grounds of military necessity. Indeed, as Fergusson has cogently observed, during the short occupation of the fort by the British, more was done to disfigure its beauties and obliterate its memories than was effected by the Moghul Emperors in a century.

The most interesting temple is the Teli-Ka Mandir, on the west side of the fort. At a distance it bears little resemblance to a temple, and looks more like a confused pyramidal mass of ruins. Even on a near approach it requires some architectural knowledge to pick out and appreciate the structural and decorative details. Not far off is the Jain Temple of Sas Bahu, which bears a superficial resemblance to the Teli-Ka Mandir.

The rock sculptures executed in the cliffs which form the great natural rampart of this Mahratta Acropolis are curious relics of Jain architecture. They consist of a series of caves or niches, with statues of all sizes, from

ordinary life-size to a colossal figure nearly sixty feet high, larger than any yet discovered in North India. Inscriptions show that all these sculptures were executed in the short period between 1441 and 1474.

The dirty and odoriferous old city, which lies at the base of the Eastern face of the fort, should be visited, on account of the Moghul cenotaph of Mohammed Ghaus. The gallery which surrounds the square tomb chamber is enclosed on all sides by a screen of the most delicately carved stone tracery.

The modern city is called Lashkar. This was originally a generic term applied to a permanent camp. Here the only sights are the new palace of the Maharajah Scindia, and the curious modern temple built by the mother of Scindia, with remarkable straight-lined sikras (spires) which are singularly ugly compared to the curved towers and minarets, so pleasing and typical a feature of most ancient Hindu temples.

The new Palace (completed 1874) is a vast building designed by Sir Michael Filose, and in its banqueting hall have been entertained both the King-Emperor, in 1876, and the Prince of Wales thirty years later. On written application the public rooms are shown to visitors.

CHAPTER XI

DELHI : THE IMPERIAL CITY

Never since Islam's conquering creed had birth,
Boasts her false prophet nobler shrine on earth,
Than where the Jama Masjid towers sublime,
And splendid Superstition laughs at Time.

DELHI is the one city in India which can justly claim to rank as a historic capital and an imperial city. Calcutta is a mushroom city in comparison, and is besides of exotic growth. No doubt the actual Delhi of to-day is a comparatively modern city from the antiquarian point of view, for the present Delhi is but the fifth or sixth city which has been raised upon its site, but the glamour of its glories under the Moghul Emperors still hangs round its walls.

Mr G. W. Forrest in his "Cities of India" has admirably summed up the historical vicissitudes of the City of the Moghuls :

"Delhi is the Empress of Indian cities. She has often been sacked and left naked and desolate. But she could not be despoiled of the incomparable situation which marks her for the metropolis of a great Empire. Standing on her high battlements, the eye can sweep over a wide expanse of yellow country scarred by ravines and dotted with trees and gardens till it reaches a long range of barren hills bathed in orange and lilac. Scattered over this wild stretch of land are surviving ruins, remnants of mighty edifices, tombs of warriors and saints, which convey a more impressive sense of magnificence than

Imperial Rome. They are a memorial not of a single city but of supplanted nations. Eight centuries before the Latins settled on the plains of Latium and Campania, a band of Aryans drove from here aboriginal savages, and founded on the left bank of the Jumna the city of Indrapatna, which grew into a mighty kingdom. Then the Moslem appeared on the scene, and Hindu civilisation disappeared in smoke and ruin."

It was owing to the historic and Imperial associations of Delhi that this city and not the British capital was chosen for the Imperial Durbar of January 1, 1877, and the Coronation Durbar of January 1, 1903. But the first of the three great historic Durbars which serve as landmarks of British rule in India, that of January 1, 1858, was, however, not held at Delhi but at Allahabad. This Durbar was summoned to proclaim officially the transfer to the British Sovereign of the dominions of the East India Company. This, too, would have taken place at Delhi, only the dismantled and half-ruined city had not recovered from the great siege in the previous year.

In an Indian tour a week at least should be given up to Delhi, but for most travellers this is a counsel of perfection. India is a vast country, and the number of places of interest which even the most hurried tourist must see is a little bewildering. Many, indeed, will attempt to do Delhi in three days. No doubt a hard-working, seasoned globe-trotter, who is not afraid of the sun, can visit all the popular sights of the Imperial city in that time if he chooses. But it is much better to ignore the stereotyped itinerary of the local guides, and omit many of the specific curiosities, devoting one whole day to the historic sights and scenes of the great siege, even if the visit to the Tomb of Humayan has to be omitted, I should recommend, then, one day to the Fort and Palace, and the Jama

Masjid, and a leisurely stroll in Silver Street ; the second day to the " Mutiny sites " ; and the third day to the excursion to the Kutab Minar.

The Jama Masjid is a magnificent temple of red sandstone and white marble. Though it is not, as is popularly supposed, the largest mosque in the world, it is certainly one of the most imposing. Its proportions are colossal, though artists find fault with its lack of balance. Indeed, like St. Mark's at Venice, it requires all its spaciousness to make up for its lack of height. But no mosque in the world, except that of Fatehpur Sikri, possesses such splendid portals as the three gateways of the Jama Masjid, each approached by a noble flight of steps.

The size of the courtyard adds much to the dignity of the building, and suggests the Haram es Sherif of Jerusalem. This mosque may be described as the National or Metropolitan Mosque of the Moslems in India, as the Hassan Mosque in Cairo is the National Mosque of Egypt. It is placed under the direct control of the Government and has been thoroughly restored within recent years. The history of the Jama Masjid is inscribed in panels near the principal entrance, though travellers are usually told by the guides that these are quotations from the Koran. Indeed, some guides, evidently anxious to go one better than their *confrères*, have been known to assert unblushingly that the panels contain the whole of the Koran !

In a subsidiary mosque are preserved some greatly venerated relics of Mohammed which can be seen by the curious. These include the prophet's slipper, his footprint, miraculously impressed in a stone, and what is apparently the most precious relic of all, enshrined in a silver casket, a hair (of a flaming red tint) from the Prophet's beard. Of more real interest is a beautiful copy

of the Koran, one of the oldest extant, dating from the seventh century.

The spacious area, with its congeries of buildings, palace, pavilions, mosques, barracks, Government buildings, etc. which is known as the Fort, is, like the Alhambra or the Kremlin, a city within a city. There is so much of interest to be seen here that those with little time to spare should confine themselves to the two Halls of Audience and the Pearl Mosque.

In the Diwan-i-Am (Hall of Public Audience) the mosaic work in the throne recess is extraordinarily rich and splendid. We have not here, as in the Alhambra, merely stucco and paint, but mosaics in precious stones of flowers, fruit, and birds, the work of the erratic genius and adventurer, Austin de Bordeaux, the favourite of the Emperor Shah Jehan.

Here stood the famous Peacock Throne, which ancient travellers used to call the eighth wonder of the world. It owes its name to the two hybrid birds, of a species quite unknown to the ornithologist, perched on the pinnacles. They bore a faint resemblance to peacocks, whence followed the adoption of the peacock as a badge of Indian Empire. The expanded tails, thickly studded with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, etc., inlaid so as to represent the exact colours of the living bird, formed the back of the throne. Between the peacocks was a parrot, as large as life, carved out of a single emerald. This throne is (or rather was, for experts declare that very little of the ancient throne remains), no doubt, of immense value, the lowest estimate being two millions sterling. In shape it resembles rather a state bed than a throne. It is made entirely of gold—steps, sides, and legs—and is artistically chased and encrusted with countless precious stones. However, this remarkable chair of state is at Teheran.

(having been carried off with other treasure by Nadir Shah) and not at Delhi, and therefore could not grace the Coronation Durbar of 1903. Still, one cannot help thinking of the deep impression that would have been made on the Indian mind if the Viceroy could have received the feudatory princes of our great Eastern Empire, seated on a throne which for centuries was the outward symbol and the embodiment of Imperial rule.

Some of the mosaic panels in the throne recess are wanting, having been removed by the English after the Mutiny, and are now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The present juncture would seem a suitable opportunity for replacing them, and thus making some reparation for what some must consider an act of gross vandalism. Thanks to the urgent representations of Lord Curzon, the finest of these, the famous "Orpheus Panel," has recently been restored to its old position.

Enormous sums have recently been spent in regilding, renovating the mosaics, and generally restoring the architectural and decorative glories of Shah Jehan's earthly paradise, so that visitors will now be able to realise better what these splendid halls looked like when Akbar or Shah Jehan sat on the Peacock Throne.

After the splendours of this hall one may be excused for anticipating something of an anticlimax in the next Audience Hall, the Diwan-i-Khas. One would suppose that the acme of magnificent decoration had been reached, but these apprehensions will be ill founded. This Hall of Private Audience incontestably excels the other Diwan for beauty and richness and decoration. The much-quoted Persian distich—

" If there be a paradise on earth,
It is this, it is this, it is this "—

which is inscribed over the fretted and brilliantly inlaid arches seems to give the true note. The glories of these wonderful halls seem to defy analytical description as much as do those of the Taj Mahal, but one writer at least (Mr G. W. Steevens) has successfully essayed the task.

“The whole is all white marble, asheen in the sun, but that is the least part of the wonder. Walls and ceilings, pillars, and many pointed arches are all inlaid with richest, yet most delicate, colour ; gold cornices and scrolls and lattices frame traceries of mauve and pale green and soft azure. What must it have been, you ask yourself, when the peacock throne blazed with emeralds and sapphires, rubies and diamonds, from the now empty pedestal, and the plates of burnished silver reflected all its glories from the roof.”

The Diwan-i-Khas is certainly the most historically interesting of any of the halls of the Palace. Here in May 1857, the Sepoy rebels declared the *roi fainéant*, Bahadur Shah, King of Delhi, Emperor of India, and it was in this hall that, a few months later, he was tried and condemned to exile in Burmah. Here took place the grand ball given to the present Emperor of India (then Prince of Wales) by the army in January 1876, just a twelvemonth before the assumption of the title Kaiser-i-Hind by the late Queen Victoria.

Finally this hall was the scene of one of the most brilliant functions in connection with the Coronation Durbar of January 1903.

The exquisite Pearl Mosque is emphatically an architectural gem, for purity and elegance inferior only to its sister Mosque of Agra, the famous Pearl Mosque of Shah Jehan, a building of unsurpassable beauty. It is composed of white marble, and each slender column bears an embossed lotus. We have now seen the two glories of

Delhi, the Great Mosque and the Fort and Palace of the Moghul Emperors, but we must not forego one of the most characteristic sights of Delhi, its streets and bazaars.

To understand what native life is the tourist should spend an hour or two without any fixed goal in the Chandni Chauk, usually called Silver Street. This is the Mooski of Delhi, though, unlike that famous Cairene highway, the Chandni Chauk is a fairly wide avenue. The picturesqueness is not so much in the buildings, which lack the artistic outlines of those in the Mooski, as in the natives themselves. A striking feature of the street life is the extraordinary variety of colour, though this, indeed, the visitor fresh from the Bombay bazaars expects as a matter of course. This living mosaic has at first a bewildering effect on the spectator, but after a while this kaleidoscopic crowd can be resolved into separate units, each unit being an independent blend of orange and magenta, green and violet, or silver and scarlet. Extremely picturesque are the women as they glide through the throng, carrying water jars or brass lotas on their heads, their silver anklets jingling faintly. Then there is great variety in the animal and vehicular traffic. An elephant stalks along with heavy dignity, picking his way among a procession of gaily painted ekkas and carts drawn by sleek bullocks, like an ocean liner among a fleet of barges and ferry boats. The genuine native shops, as opposed to those which concern themselves chiefly with tourists, are feasts of colour, the goods as often as not being spread out on the ground, the proprietor and his assistants squatting among the wares and occasionally calling out their merits. In short, these street and bazaar scenes have a strong fascination for the observant traveller. What will probably impress the artistic visitor is the natural love of picturesque effect, and the correct taste in colour possessed by the Hindus.

In spite of the extraordinary variety of colours to be seen in the streets, one seldom sees any "colour discords."

Very striking too are the bizarre contrasts between the Oriental atmosphere of the City of the Moghuls and the latest development of civilisation afforded by the electric trams which have recently been started.

As to the accommodation for visitors, even under normal conditions it is scanty. There are, in fact, only two tolerable hotels in Delhi—Maiden's, close to Ludlow Castle, and Laurie's (Great Northern). Indeed, the fleeting and casual character of Indian hotels is curiously suggested by a statement of Delhi's latest historian (Mr H. C. Fanshawe) that "there are usually two or three hotels inside the Kashmir Gate." Of course, during the Durbar fortnight the hotel prices were enormous; indeed, £4 and £5 a day was not an unusual price to pay, even at the smallest, while it is said that Maiden's Hotel booked many guests at £10 a day.

The "Mutiny Sites," or, to be precise, those which commemorate the many glorious episodes of the siege and assault of Delhi, are, of course, of surpassing interest to every Englishman, and all visitors, except the small minority with whom the archæological and historical features of "Old Delhi" are of primary importance, will not be content with less than a day for this pilgrimage.

All are supposed to be familiar with the story of this great siege, so any recapitulation of its salient features would be superfluous. It is a mistake to regard the siege of Delhi as but a single and comparatively unimportant episode in the great rebellion—a single canto, so to speak, in the great epic of the Mutiny. On the taking of the Imperial city depended the reconquest of India, and round its walls was fought the struggle for our supremacy in the East. Indeed, in the opinion of most politicians

of the time it was agreed that a failure to take Delhi would mean the abandonment of India, with the exception of the great ports. No doubt, regarded solely as a military operation, the siege (which, indeed, was not strictly a siege, as the city was not, of course, invested) of Delhi is not of great importance, either from its duration or the number of troops engaged.

A climb to the top of the Mutiny Memorial on the Ridge will give visitors a good idea of the topography of this side of Delhi and of the various positions held by the troops. This monument itself is generally admitted to be an unworthy memorial of the Great Siege. It is certainly a badly proportioned and commonplace structure, and has been unkindly compared to a badly drawn-out telescope. It would no doubt be considerably improved and rendered more dignified and pleasing if it were raised some twenty or thirty feet.

The position of the siege batteries on the Ridge have been carefully marked out. One which is of especial interest at the present day is the one near Ludlow Castle (at present the headquarters of the Delhi Club), as it was to this battery that Lord Roberts was attached as a subaltern.

The great hero of the assault (General Nicholson) is now worthily commemorated in the city where he fell, as a statue has recently been erected to the famous "Nikalsain Sahib" on an appropriate site in the Nicholson Garden just outside the Kashmir Gate. It is on the very spot where, on the eventful 14th September, 1857, Nicholson was awaiting, at the head of his little column, the bugle announcing the blowing up of the Kashmir Gate.

The sculptor, Thomas Brock, R.A. (who is already represented in India by statues of Queen Victoria at Agra and Sir Richard Temple at Bombay), has chosen very

feliculously this dramatic moment for his treatment of the famous general. The statue is one of Mr Brock's finest creations, and is instinct with life and vigour. The monument is some distance from the actual spot (close to the Kabul Gate) where Nicholson received his fatal wound, but close by is the little cemetery in which he is buried.

Near the telegraph office a gateway of the old magazine is still standing. It has been preserved as a memorial, an inscription giving details of the heroic deed it commemorates.

Then the tourist should not omit, in his pilgrimage of the Mutiny sites, to inspect the new memorial to the telegraph operators who at the peril of their lives remained at their post to warn the authorities at Umballa and Lahore. The inscription closes with the famous words of Sir Robert Montgomery : " The electric telegraph has saved India."

The real history of this famous telegram has recently been revealed through the discovery, in 1906, among the old Government Records preserved in Lahore, of the original telegram. The message runs as follows :—

" Date, 11th May, 1857, from Umballa, to all stations : the following just received from Delhi : we must leave office. All the bungalows are being burnt down by the sepoys of Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off, don't roll to-day. Mr C. Todd is dead—we think he went out this morning and has not returned yet. We heard that nine Europeans were killed. Good-bye."

This message was despatched by the signaller at Delhi to the signaller at Umballa. A copy of it was taken that same afternoon to Major-General Sir H. Barnard, C.B., Commanding Sirhind District, and he sent on a copy by post to Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the

Punjab, who happened to be temporarily at Rawalpindi, and another copy to General Anson, Commander-in-Chief at Simla. The message was also wired to all stations, and the copy which reached Sir John Lawrence at Rawalpindi is that still preserved among the Secretariat's records.

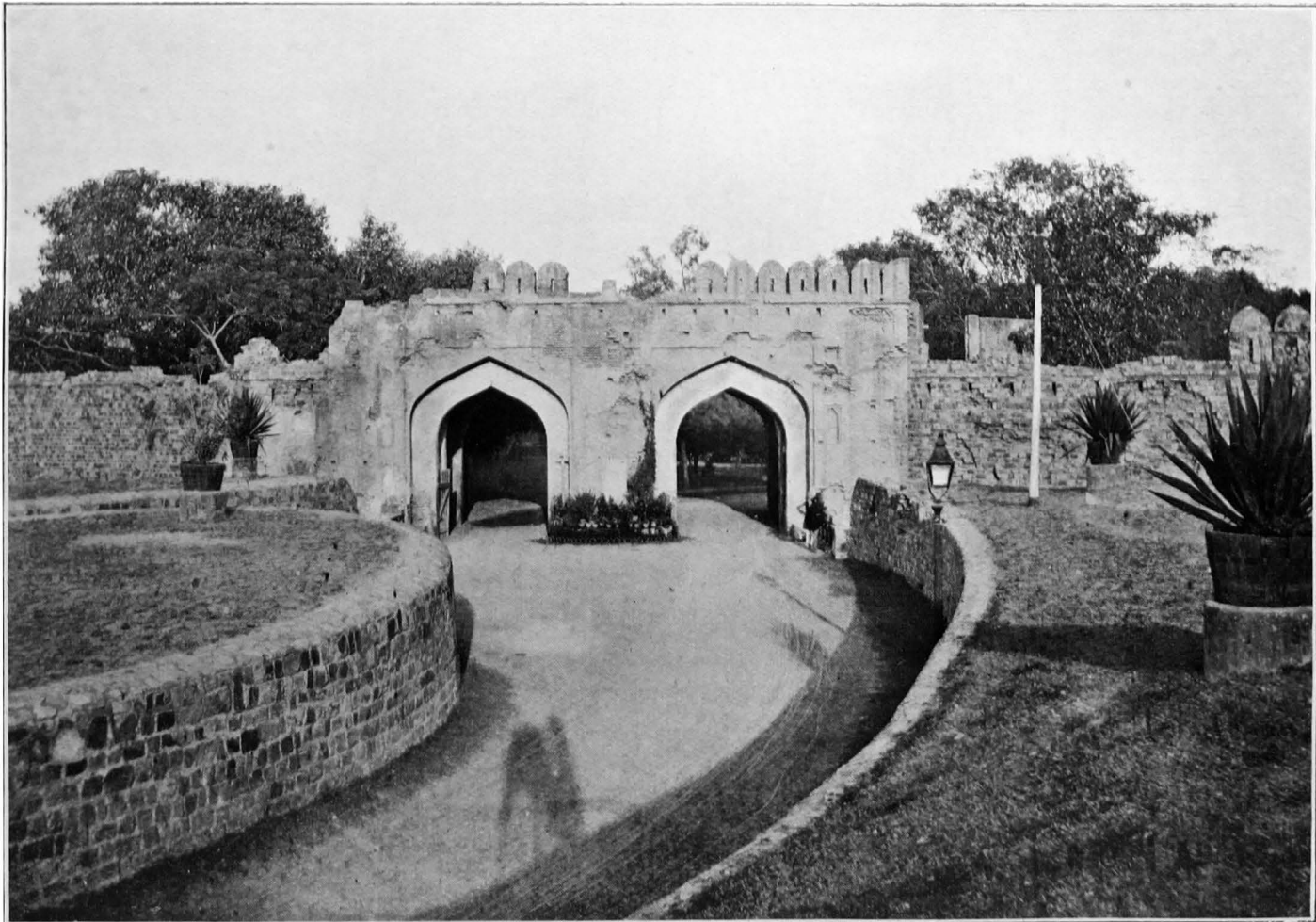
The phrase "Don't roll to-day," means "Don't ring us," for the message is not official but merely a conversation between the signallers along the wire.

Another relic of the siege is an outhouse in the compound of the Delhi Bank, where Mr Beresford, the manager, with his wife and daughters, made a heroic, but unsuccessful, stand against a horde of Delhi rebels. Surely this also is worthy of a commemorative tablet.

This supremely interesting pilgrimage might be appropriately concluded with a visit to St James' Memorial Church near the Kashmir Gate, full of monuments and memorials to those who fell in the Mutiny. This church has a curious history. It was built by the famous Colonel Skinner, C.B. The founder was a remarkably tolerant and Catholic minded man, for he simultaneously endowed a Mosque for the Mohammedans and a temple for the Hindus! One is glad to find, however, from a tablet in the church, that on his death-bed Colonel Skinner decided personally in favour of Christianity.

But, after all, the grandest memorial of the siege is the Kashmir Gate itself, and that battered curtain wall between the Kashmir Gate and the Mori Gate. This wall, like the Lucknow Residency, has been left untouched, certainly a manifestation of good taste and true sentiment on the part of the authorities, which goes far to make up for the gross vandalism of dismantling the palace of the Moghul kings to make room for barracks and officers' quarters.

The Kashmir Gate and Breach serve to show the execu-



THE CASHMERE GATE, DELHI.

tion done by the siege batteries on the Ridge during the few days before the glorious assault of 14th September 1857. It will be noticed that for many yards the parapet of the walls on either side has been stripped off to facilitate the storming of the breach.

The blowing up of the Kashmir Gate is, perhaps, the most dramatic as well as the most heroic of all the innumerable glorious feats of arms in the Mutiny. It was one of the forlornest of "forlorn hopes," with the exception, perhaps, of the blowing up of the Delhi magazine, throughout the great Indian Rebellion.

Reading the restrained and cut-and-dried official report of this heroic episode, it is difficult to fully realise the noble courage and devotion to duty and absolute indifference to life, shown by the little band of five (Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and three sergeants) in what seemed a thousand to one chance. But the mere fact that three out of the five perished indicates the enormous risk. Let us look at the arduous conditions. In the face of a hail of bullets from the walls the devoted band had to affix several bags of powder to the gate and light the quick fuse. Even if they escaped being shot down, they would be blown to pieces by the explosion unless they could get under cover within thirty seconds or so. Indeed, as it turned out, only those who had escaped the bullets during the operation, and were able to fling themselves into the ditch before the explosion, escaped with their lives. The actual gateway, it should be explained, was so masked and protected by outworks that it was out of reach of the batteries, consequently the terribly hazardous operation of blowing down the gate by a storming party was absolutely necessary. This fact is usually omitted in the histories of the siege.

This thrilling scene is vividly and graphically described under the guise of fiction by Mrs F. A. Steel in her

famous Mutiny novel, "On the Face of the Waters." This description I am kindly permitted to quote :

"Home of the Engineers first with two sergeants, a native *havildar*, and ten Punjabee sappers, running lightly, despite the twenty-five pound powder bags they carried. Behind them, led by Salkeld, were the firing party and a bugler. All running under the hail of bullets, faster as they fell faster, as men run to escape a storm ; but these courted it, though the task had been set for night, and it was now broad daylight.

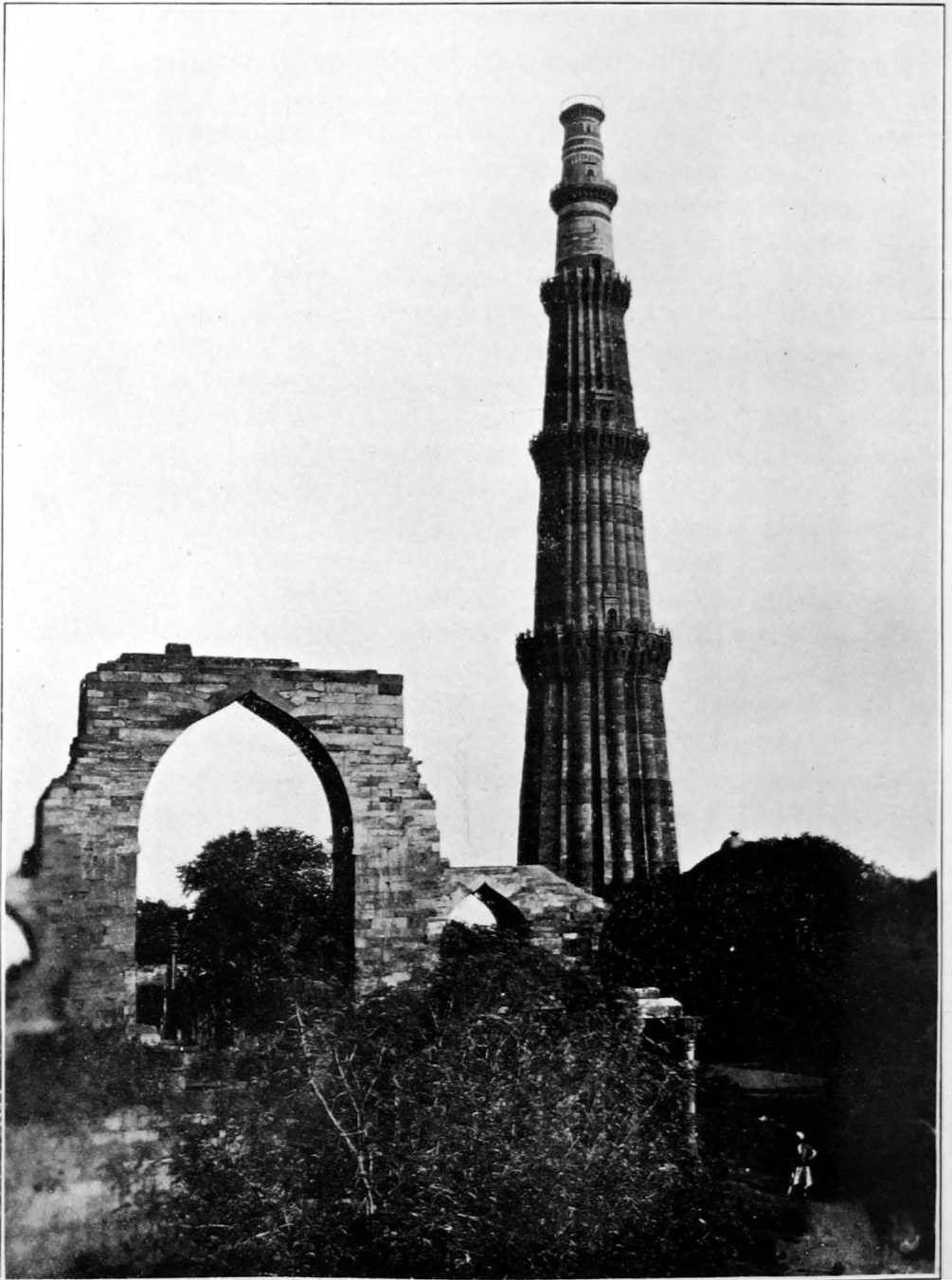
"What then ? They could see better. See the outer gateway open, the footway of the drawbridge destroyed, the inner door closed save for the wicket.

" 'Come on,' shouted Home, and was across the bare beams like a boy, followed by the others.

"Incredible daring ! What did it mean ? The doubt made the scared enemy close the wicket hastily. So against it, at the rebels' very feet, the powder bags were laid. True, one sergeant fell dead with his ; but as it fell against the gates his task was done.

" 'Ready, Salkeld !—your turn,' sang out young Home from the ditch, into which, the bags laid, the fuse set, he dropped unhurt. So, across the scant foothold came the firing party, its leader holding the port-fire. But the paralysis of amazement had passed ; the enemy, realising what the audacity meant, had set the wicket wide. It bristled now with muskets ; so did the parapet.

" 'Burgess !—your turn,' called Salkeld as he fell, and passed the port-fire to the corporal behind him. Burgess, *alias* Grierson — someone perchance retrieving a past under a new name—took it, stooped, then with a half-articulate cry either that it was "right" or "out," fell back into the ditch dead. Smith, of the powder party—lingering to see the deed done—thought the latter, and,



KUTAB MINAR, NEAR DELHI.

matchbox in hand, sprang forward, cuddling the gate for safety as he struck a light. But it was not needed. As he stooped to use it, the port-fire of the fuse exploded in his face, and, half-blinded, he turned to plunge headlong for escape into the ditch. A second after the gate was in fragments.

“‘Your turn, Hawthorne!’ came that voice from the ditch. So the bugler, who had braved death to sound it, gave the advance. Once, twice, thrice, lest the din from the breaches should drown it. Vain precaution, not needed either; for the sound of the explosion was enough. That thousand on the road was hungering to be no whit behind the others, and with a wild cheer the stormers made for the gate.”

Having duly performed the patriotic duty of visiting the various sites and scenes of the great siege, a day might be profitably spent amidst the ruins of Kutab Minar (Old Delhi).

The various capitals of the successive dynasties who built their seat of empire on Delhi Plain seem at first a little difficult to follow. But the main facts can be easily mastered; it will suffice to remember that what is now called Kutab Minar is the site of the original Delhi, and between this Delhi and the foundation of modern Delhi (Shahjehanabad) were built Siri, Tughlakabad, Firozabad, and the city of Humayun which immediately preceded Jehan's City of Delhi.

It is possible by making an early start to go the round of these dead cities in a day, as they would necessarily be included in the regular excursion to Kutab Minar and the Tomb of Humayun. Such a trip is not, however, recommended. The best plan is to drive direct to Kutab Minar, and spend the night at the Rest House (“hall-marked with the utilitarian ugliness of the Public Works

Department"), returning next day by Tughlakabad and Humayun's Tomb.

The road from Delhi to Kutab Minar has been felicitously described by a French traveller as the Asiatic Appian Way, and the ruins of all ages which border the road indicate the appropriateness of this epithet. We drive past an endless succession of ruins, mosques, temples, shrines, tombs and mausolea, monuments of all ages and faiths, so numerous that the guide-books seem to give up the task of description in despair.

Indeed, as Lord Curzon has graphically expressed it, "the environs of Delhi are a wilderness of deserted cities and devastated tombs. Each fresh conqueror, Hindu, or Moghul, or Pathan, marched, so to speak, to his own immortality over his predecessor's grave."

Kutab Minar is about eleven miles from Delhi. The enormous size of the earlier city—an Indian Thebes or Babylon, destroyed by Mussulman hordes some 900 years ago—is indicated by the ruins of four Hindu forts. But the Moslem city is now itself razed to the ground, only a few scanty walls and pillars showing where once stood the Great Mosque built from the stones of the great Hindu temple.

But if only those of archæological or historical tastes can appreciate properly the antiquities of Kutab Minar, all must admire the magnificent tower, the great lion of the place. It is said that this monument suggested to Bishop Heber his famous simile, "The Moghuls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers." For grace and elegance and general impressiveness perhaps only Giotto's Campanile at Florence excels this wonderful structure. Indeed, Fergusson does not hesitate to declare the Kutab Minar the most beautiful example of its class known to exist anywhere.

It was, no doubt, built as a tower of victory. It symbolises, indeed, warlike energy, just as the Taj is a symbol of love and passion, the Tomb of Akbar typifies majesty and wisdom, and the Diwan-i-Khas wealth and splendour.

For the benefit of those with a weakness for statistics it may be added that the tower is 240 feet high (about 10 feet lower than the Giralda of Seville and the former Venice Campanile). At the base it is 47 feet in diameter, and 9 feet at the top.

The next place to be visited is the Great Mosque. The insignificant-looking pillar, dwarfed by the noble proportions of the great archway, is really one of the most remarkable antiquities in India. It is a solid shaft of wrought iron, about 24 feet high, dating from the third or fourth century after Christ. The ordinary tourist may not be much impressed by this curious relic, but to engineers and scientists who are aware that only within recent years have English ironfounders been capable of forging a bar of iron of anything like these dimensions,¹ the famous pillar of the Kutab Minar is of peculiar interest, offering as it does a problem which defies solution.

The great archway and the characteristic iron pillar are familiar to all tourists from photographs, so it was amusing to see in a well-known London weekly, in a highly imaginative illustration of the State entry into Delhi of the Viceroy at the Coronation Durbar, that the artist had coolly transported the archway and pillar to the Lahore Gate, Delhi, some dozen miles distant !

Few visitors go five miles farther to see the remarkable ruins of the fortress and city of Tughlakabad, as interesting as the Epipolæ of Syracuse in Sicily. The dome of the Emperor Tughlak's mausoleum is the earliest in India.

¹ For it must be remembered that an analysis has shown that it is of pure malleable iron.

CHAPTER XII

AGRA AND THE TAJ

Here stands the Taj.
This is the snowy tableland wherefrom
Rises the House of Snow, mountainous, pure,
As any topmost peak in Himalay.

POLITICALLY Agra is but the second city of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, of which Allahabad is the seat of Government; but to the tourist it is, next to Delhi, the most important city in all India, its architectural monuments being of unique beauty and interest.

Agra with its palaces and shrines marks the culminating period of art during the Moghul dynasty. Akbar—usually called the Great, though as Akbar means Great, this title is as absurdly tautologous as the well-known example of Westminster Abbey—for some reason preferred Agra to the Imperial city of Delhi, and in 1566 he removed the seat of Government to Agra, and built the famous fort and palace, still known as the Palace of Akbar. But the reign of Shah Jehan from 1628 to 1658 is always admitted to be the golden age of the Moghuls. During the years 1652-57 were built the famous monuments, the Moti Masjid, the Great Mosque (Jama Masjid), and the world-renowned Mausoleum, Taj Mahal, which has been described by Sir W. Hunter as the most exquisite piece of Mohammedan architecture in the world.

After the death of Shah Jehan, Aurungzeb restored Delhi to its position of capital, and Agra remained a mere

provincial city in the Bengal Presidency until, in 1835, the East India Company made Agra the capital of the North-Western Provinces, instead of Allahabad. In 1877 Oudh (annexed in 1856) was joined to the N.-W. Provinces, and in 1902 these provinces were called the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

An important landmark in the history of the city is the Great Durbar held by the present King-Emperor in 1876, though why this Durbar was not held at Delhi, the *de jure* capital of India, is not clear.

Such, in a nutshell, is the history of Agra during the last three centuries.

The Agra Fort, from its size and situation, is, perhaps, the most magnificent fortress in North India, not even excluding Delhi. Its frowning walls of red sandstone, some seventy feet high, are nearly a mile and a half in extent ; and even the famous Lahore Gate of Delhi, the only one in the Imperial city of great architectural pretensions, cannot compare with the magnificent Delhi Gate of Agra.

To see the many " objects of interest " properly—the mere enumeration of which excites the curiosity of the traveller—the Pearl Mosque, Mirror Palace, Princesses' Baths, Jasmine Tower, Akbar's Palace, Golden Pavilion, Gem Mosque, Elephant Gate, etc.—requires a whole day at least, though most tourists devote but a couple of hours or so to the Fort, and then hurry on to " do " the Taj in a single afternoon.

The Moti Masjid, popularly known as the Pearl Mosque, so called from an inscription in black marble, which declares that the mosque can only be compared to a precious pearl, is lined throughout with white marble.

This Mosque owes its charm to its perfect proportions, its harmony of design and its beauty of material rather

than to richness of decoration and ornament. In design it is similar to most temples of this kind : a courtyard with a fountain in the middle surrounded on three sides by arcaded cloisters, while on the entrance side and that facing it are exquisitely chased marble screens. Indeed, it is only in India that one learns to appreciate the great artistic and decorative value of marble : "Into the fair body of the India marble the Moghuls could work designs and arabesques borrowed from the Persia of ancient history, and flowers of exquisite hue and symmetry suggested by the more advanced and civilised Florentine artists, who were tempted over by the well-filled coffers of Shah Jehan." The Moti Masjid was the private mosque of the Court, holding an analogous relation to the Agra Palace that St George's Chapel does to Windsor Castle.

The palace buildings in the Great Square of the Fort have been ruthlessly razed to the ground to make room for Government storehouses, but the Diwan-i-Am (Hall of Public Audience) has fortunately been preserved. It was here that our King held, as Prince of Wales, a great Durbar of feudatory princes in 1876. Unfortunately, the provincial authorities could not refrain from restoring the hall, and, as Lord Curzon caustically observes, the opportunity was too good to be lost, and the splendid sandstone pillars were thoroughly whitewashed.

Among the collection of obsolete, artillery preserved here as ornaments are three guns taken from the Sepoys in the Mutiny, to which a ludicrous story is attached—one of the few serio-comic incidents of this terrible time.

After the fall of Delhi a column was sent to relieve Agra. The Sepoy forces broke in confusion on the unexpected appearance of these reinforcements, and among

the pursuing English was a certain civilian, Sir George Campbell. Unfortunately, his horse bolted, and carried him into the midst of a fleeing battery. His only chance was bluff; so he rode straight at the enemy, waving his sword and shouting, whereupon the demoralised native gunners fled, leaving their three guns behind them.

Naturally Sir George was at a loss how to carry off his capture single-handed. He intended shooting the bullock teams while he returned for assistance, but his pistol would not go off. However, in the end the guns were brought back to Agra in triumph, and Sir George could claim the unique distinction of being the only civilian, or indeed the only soldier, who had captured three guns from the enemy single-handed!

The Mirror Palace (Shish Mahal) is really a bath, of which the walls and ceilings are decorated with thousands of convex mirrors, arranged in all kinds of arabesques and other Oriental designs. The Shish Mahal was tastefully restored by Lord Northbrook in 1875. Then there is the Diwan-i-Khas, worthy of more than the casual inspection given to it by most tourists. One may be forgiven for describing this as a dream of loveliness. Perhaps no hall or shrine of the Moghuls can boast of such exquisitely carved *pietra dura* work, which has been admirably restored, comparing favourably with the cheap and inartistic restoration of the other Diwan-i-Khas at Delhi.

But there is still much to see, and we must press on. In the Princesses' Golden Pavilion adjoining the Khas Mahal we find ourselves in the Imperial Zenana of the Shah Jehan. Here narrow little alcoves in the walls will be noticed, which were used as receptacles for jewellery, and so designed that only a woman's arms could enter the holes to take it out.

The Square facing the Khas Mahal and surrounded by arcades is the Anguri Bagh (Vineyard). It served as the married officers' quarters, when the English were compelled to take refuge in the fort during the Mutiny.

"The Anguri Bagh," observes Mr Havell, "is a typical specimen of a Moghul garden with terraced walks and stiff geometrical flower-beds." The improvements recently effected, by which the straggling arbours and bedraggled shrubs have been cleared away, if divesting the garden of some of its picturesqueness, at all events add to its dignity.

On the river side of the Anguri Bagh are the beautiful set of pavilions known as the Khas Mahal. They are thought to have served as the model for the Diwan-i-Khas of Delhi Palace. It is stated that the niches in the walls formerly contained portraits of the Moghul Emperors. If true, this is remarkable, as representations of the human form are strictly prohibited by the Moslem faith. A staircase leads from the Khas Mahal to a labyrinth of underground rooms in which the Emperor and his Zenana sought relief during the summer heat. Here is a typical Baoli, a set of rooms surrounding a well, instead of a courtyard, a favourite device in the Agra palaces.

In the Anguri Bagh are preserved those notorious archæological frauds, the so-called "Gates of Somnath," a curious relic of the 1842 Afghan Expedition. These gates in an uncritical age were believed to be the famous sandalwood gates which Mahmud had carried away to Ghazni in 1025. They formed part of the British loot when Ghazni was captured.

Lord Ellenborough, who was not an archæologist, in a somewhat grandiloquent proclamation announced that by the capture of these gates from the Afghans he had "avenged the insult to India of 800 years ago." These

spurious relics were conveyed with great pomp to Agra and placed in the fort as a kind of pendant to the famous Chittore Gates (trophies taken by Akbar on the capture of Chittorgarh in 1657) which form the principal entrance to the Machi Bhawan (Fish Square).

It was soon discovered that these gates were not genuine, as the wood is deodar, not sandalwood, and the style of the carving is obviously not Hindu.

Other features of interest in the Fort are the famous Elephant Gates, Jehangir Palace, and the charming pavilion known as the Jasmine Tower.

The Palace is known as Jehangir's Palace, though it shows traces of Akbar's more severe style of architecture. The contrast between the meretricious elegance and excess of decoration of the later Moghuls, and the dignity and stately massiveness of Akbar's buildings is very noticeable.

The inner Delhi Gate, known as the Elephant Gate, is as magnificent a specimen of Moghul architecture as the famous Lahore Gate of Delhi Fort. Here the observant visitor will notice the curious "living clock" referred to by Mr Hallam Murray in his "High Road of Empire." It consists of a huge beam fixed between two stone pillars, Twelve balls are suspended from the horizontal beam from which hangs a brass gong. At the expiration of each hour a native passes a ball to the left and strikes the gong.¹

From the Jasmine Tower (Samman Burj) formerly occupied by Mumtaz Mahal, and supposed to be the place of Shah Jehan's seven years' captivity, we get that incomparable view of the dome and minarets of the sublimely beautiful memorial built by Shah Jehan to enshrine the remains of his beloved wife.

¹ This primitive clock is not here but outside one of the Taj gates.

The gaze lights
 On that great Tomb, rising prodigious, still,
 Matchless, perfect in form, a miracle
 Of grace, and tenderness, and symmetry,
 Pearl-pure against the sapphire of the sky.
 Instinct with loveliness—not masonry,
 Not architecture, as all others are,
 But the proud passion of an Emperor's love
 Wrought into living stone."

The tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah across the river is similar in design to the Tomb of Jehangir at Shahdara near Lahore, and, indeed, the latter was probably copied from the Agra Mausoleum. The tomb was built by the Empress Nur Mahal, the wife of Jehangir, for her father, the Emperor's Prime Minister.

In this elegant mausoleum we see a new element in architectural design introduced, which culminated in the Taj. "It marks," observes Mr Havell, "the transition from the style of Akbar to that of Shah Jehan. The Hindu feeling which is so characteristic of most of Akbar's buildings is here only shown in the roof of the central chamber over the tomb; in pure Saracenic architecture a tomb is always covered by a dome."

The screen of marble fretwork which surrounds the two marble tombs is beautifully chased, and does not suffer from comparison with the exquisite screen of marble lace-work in the Taj.

The Taj Mahal is little more than a mile from the Amar Singh Gate of the Fort, and the road passes the ruins of many ancient palaces and tombs, which are naturally ignored by the tourist, whose eyes are attracted by the magnificent gateway which leads to the garden of the Taj. This gateway is itself one of the finest in India, and is a fit vestibule for the culminating glories of Shah Jehan's and Mumtaz Mahal's mausoleum. The chief feature of these beautiful gardens, which at first

suggest a glorified replica of the famous Generalife Gardens of Granada, is an avenue of cypresses some 300 yards in length, which borders an artificial lake with marble banks; and the vista is closed in with the exquisite dome of the Taj of purest white marble. Through the beautiful screen of alabaster exactly under the dome we can see the inmost shrine, the tombs themselves.

Again we must fall back on Sir Edwin Arnold's exquisite imagery :

Here in the heart of all,
 With chapels girdled, shut apart by screens,
 The shrine's self stands, white, delicately white.
 White as the cheek of Mumtaz-i-Mahal
 When Shah Jehan let fall a king's tear there.
 White as the breast her new babe vainly pressed
 That ill day in the camp at Burhanpur,
 The fair shrine stands, guarding two cenotaphs."

A significant inscription was engraved by Shah Jehan on a panel of the actual shrine. It is not a verse from the Koran, as the guides will tell you, but from the Hudees (ancient traditions): "Saith Jesus, on whom be peace, this world is a bridge. Pass thou over it, but build not upon. This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen." This suggests the legend so often seen on old English sundials: "Pereunt Horae et Imputantur."

The splendour and variety of the jewels is apt to be overlooked, so cunningly have they been harmonised with the pure white loveliness of their setting. Yet no mausoleum in the world is so richly jewelled. The whole of the Orient seems to have been ransacked to adorn the tomb of Shah Jehan and his consort. Jasper from the Punjab, diamonds from Golconda, sapphires and lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, onyx from Persia, turquoise from Thibet, agate from Yemen, coral from the Red Sea, crystals from Malwar, garnet from Bundelcund, etc.

Certainly, if purple patches are excusable in the description of famous buildings, they might be pardoned in a description of this supremely lovely shrine, emphatically the most beautiful mausoleum in the world. The fascination it exercises upon the spectator is easily explained. The shrine itself, in spite of its elaborate ornamentation, gives an impression of simplicity and artistic restraint which is wanting in the Diwan-i-Khas of Delhi, for instance. Then, of course, there are the romantic associations of the burial-place of the hapless Shah Jehan, for many years before his death his own son's state prisoner, whose only consolation was the contemplation from his palace prison of the tomb he had built for himself and his beloved Sultana, Mumtaz Mahal. Add to these attractions its lovely setting, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and its isolation, for there are no other buildings to distract the attention from this incomparable shrine, which seems to flash like a "priceless jewel in the glorious blue setting of the Indian noonday sky."

But no visitor should be satisfied with a single visit. It should be seen under varying atmospheric conditions. The view by moonlight is even more impressive than that in the blaze of the noonday sun or in the early morning. To use a hackneyed phrase, the Taj is emphatically one of those sights which grow upon one. The oft-told tale of the impressionable tourist on a hurried visit to India, who began his tour with Agra, and spent the whole of his holiday there, seems, indeed, not only credible, but not altogether unreasonable, for there is only one Taj in the world.

Severe critics who object to the "effeminacy" of the architecture of the Taj, and compare it, to its disadvantage, with the Parthenon and other classical buildings, fail to appreciate the significance and purpose of this

unique monument. It is essentially symbolic—it typifies eternal love—its personal character is more pronounced almost than in any Moghul monument. Indeed, as Mr Havell observes in his illuminating monograph on Agra, such a criticism is the highest tribute to the genius of the designer—“The Taj was meant to be feminine.”

It is only recently that this marvellous creation of Moghul art could be properly appreciated by travellers. Formerly squalid bazaars encroached on the ill-kept gardens. Now the gardens have been beautifully restored, and the overgrowth of trees which used to obscure the view of the mausoleum has been thinned down. As far as possible the enclosure has been brought back to its original state.

Fortunately the Indian Government have realised their responsibility as guardians of the archæological and art treasures of India, and have spent on Agra and the Taj alone over £50,000. Compare this with the action of the Government under Lord William Bentinck some eighty years ago, when it was seriously proposed to demolish the Taj, and dispose of its wonderful marbles and jewels! It was at this time that the English residents of Agra were in the habit of giving picnic parties in the Taj, when the chief amusement was chipping out pieces of mosaic from the Royal mausoleum!

CHAPTER XIII

FATEHPUR SIKRI : THE CITY OF CAPRICE

There's not a stone of yon grey mosque but bears
Some stirring memory of long vanished years,
When fast and far the Imperial eagles soared
And vanquished India found a Muslim lord.

THERE is hardly a more impressive city in all India than the abandoned city of Akbar, which stands in splendid isolation in the plain, some twenty-three miles from Agra, its supplanter. The City of Victory is far more striking and impressive than the two other famous "cities of the dead," Amber and Golconda. Here we see the impress of Akbar's architectural genius, as if fresh from the builder's hands, over three hundred years ago. It has not been wrecked by marauders—saved from this fate owing to its remote position in the wilderness—nor has it been spoilt by vandalism under the guise of restoration. "It stands in petrified perfection through the ages."

The City of Akbar is a very striking monument of the power and caprice and severe taste of the greatest of the Moghul Emperors. "Shah Jehan built more lavishly, more artistically, and more perfectly, but none other raised a magnificent city in the jungle, stamped it indelibly with the impress of his own great soul, and before the last stone was laid, left it to the bat and the panther, and moved his Court elsewhere."

Its history is romantic and strikingly characteristic of the great emperor. In 1564, Akbar, returning from one of

his campaigns, halted at the village of Sikri, where dwelt a famous Mohammedan saint, Sheik Salim Chisti. The Emperor was oppressed with grief at the recent death of his twin children by his Rajput wife, Mariam Zamani, and sought the advice of the saint on the subject of his heir. The holy man advised the Emperor to come and live at Sikri. Nine months later Mariam gave birth in the Saint's cave to a son, afterwards the Emperor Jehangir. In gratitude Akbar made Sikri his capital, which was called after the conquest of Gujerat, Fatehpur (City of Victory). He embellished the new city with the finest mosques and palaces, and excavated the lake which turned the plain into a smiling meadow. But the glory of Fatehpur Sikri was short-lived. After seventeen years Akbar abandoned the city and withdrew his court to Agra. Many reasons have been hazarded. Possibly the caprice that built this Indian Escorial prompted its desertion. According to some historians the city was unhealthy, owing to a deficiency of water. Another story is that Salim Chisti was disturbed in his devotions by the gaieties of the court, and advised the Emperor to leave.

“ But whilst the vivid desertion of Fatehpur Sikri affronts by the audacity and wastefulness of its abandonment, the City fascinates by the completeness with which the characteristics of the founder are wrought into the fabric. Without other guide, his brief capital affords an index both to the cast of his mind and the main purpose of his life. Akbar's strong, virile, masculine being sought a fitting medium in the rugged red sandstone of the vicinity, and marble was but sparingly employed in works. His noble soul found its best expression in dignity and breadth rather than in subtle perfection of detail, and only in the adornment of the feminine apartments was the decorative skill of his Hindu architects allowed to run riot. The

Buland Darwaza, or "High Gate," bespeaks the soldier. Simple almost to the point of bareness, this splendid portal, standing on the point of the ridge over which the Court buildings are scattered, impresses by the sheer majesty of its proportions, and for miles around it was a visible sign of the power of Akbar's sword. The Jama Masjid reveals the deep religious mind. In the reserve and dignity of its decorations it is unsurpassed, and the cloisters of the great square are true haunts of peace. The marked Hindu feeling in Jodbhai's Palace, Mariam's House, and Birbal's House, betrays the Catholicity of his artistic instincts and his love for the solid and enduring. The variety of ornamentation, in the Turkish Sultana's House, and other of the women's apartments discloses the lighter side of his æsthetic tastes. Then this grouping of Hindu, Jain, and Saracenic styles in his new city, all of which are embodied in the quaint five-storeyed pavilion—known as the Panch Mahal—evidences the liberality of mind and broadness of vision which distinguished Akbar from all his contemporaries. Fatehpur Sikri is the man himself in stone."

There is a great deal to see at Fatehpur, and a couple of days at least should be devoted to Akbar's capital, of which every stone bears the impress of his genius.

The Agra Gate is the usual entrance for visitors. The guides tell a characteristic story of Akbar in connection with this gateway. The Emperor had observed from here a highway robbery being committed close under the walls. He asked an official why such an outrage was permitted in his presence, and was diplomatically told: "It is always darkest under the shadow of the lamp."

On the right is a building which is thought—for many of the buildings are arbitrarily named—to have been the

Mint.¹ The brick domes are of considerable architectural interest, as they are probably the earliest examples in India of the use of radiating courses in dome construction instead of horizontal layers.

Passing through the quadrangle of the Daftar Khan (Record Office), which until recently (following the utilitarian Vandalism which used to characterise Government methods) was used as a dak bungalow for travellers, we enter Akbar's Palace. One of the most interesting apartments is Akbar's bedroom, or "House of Dreams" (the literal rendering of Kwabgar). The frescoes on the walls, which have been unfortunately covered with a coating of varnish, are evidently by Persian artists. One of the frescoes represents the birth of Jehangir. As the baby is represented in the arms of a winged figure, some erroneously attribute a Christian influence to this curious painting.

Opposite the Kwabgar is the Diwan-i-Khas, one of the most beautiful halls in this city of palaces. Its most striking feature is the exquisitely carved central column with a magnificent bracket capital which is the sole support of the Hall, like the famous central pillar in the Chapter House of Wells Cathedral.

In the south-east corner is a kind of throne with a canopy, which is a testimony to the wide religious toleration of Akbar in an age of bigotry. This is known as the Yogi's seat, and was a kind of pulpit occupied by a Hindu fakir who enjoyed Akbar's favour. A curious pavilion, known as the Panch Mahal, is reached by a staircase from the Mahal-i-Khas. The small building known as Mariam's House (though the palace of Johd Bai was probably the residence of the Emperor's wife and the mother of

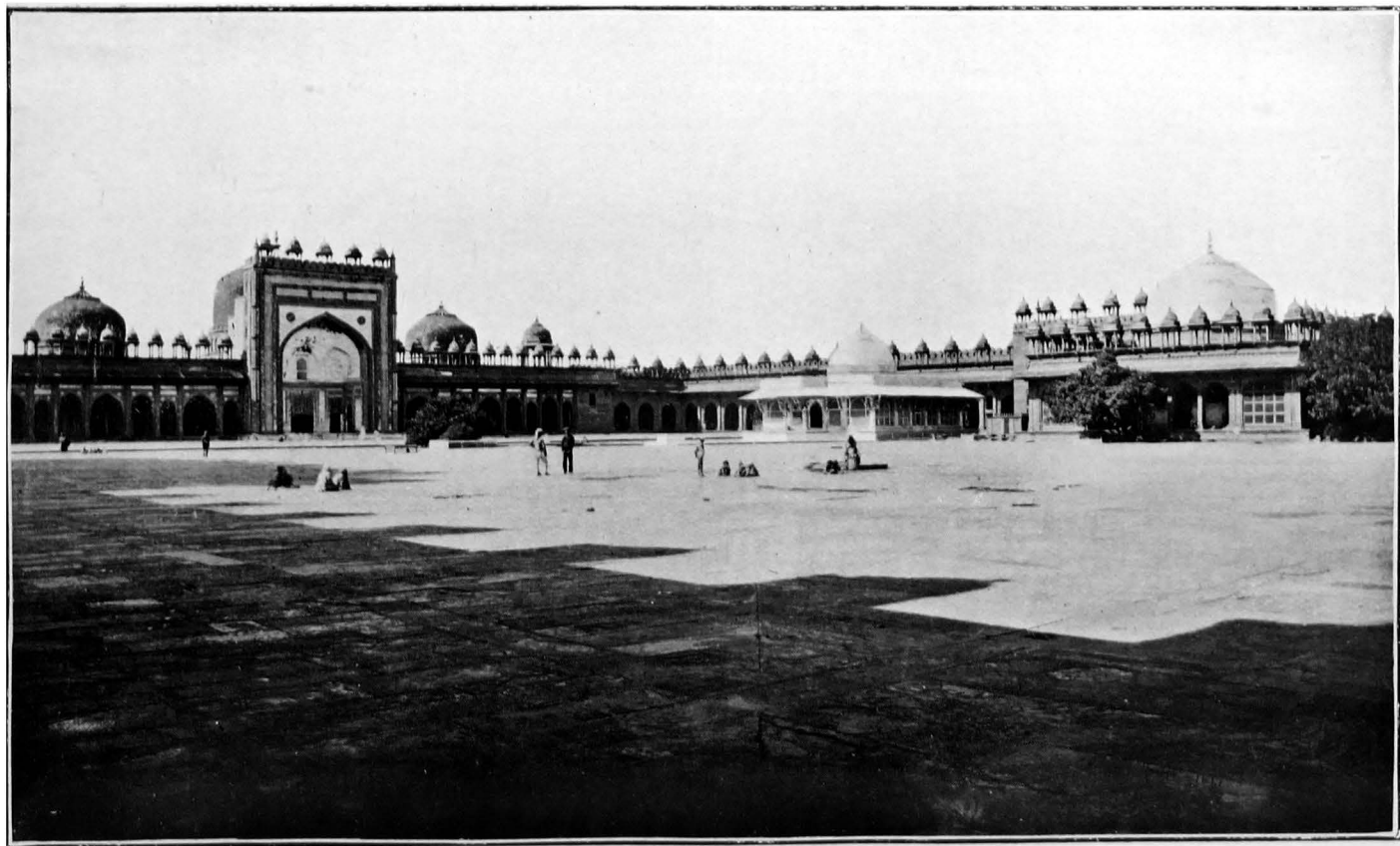
¹ The British Museum possesses many rare specimens of gold and silver coins from the Fatehpur Mint.

Jehangir) is interesting on account of the frescoes. One of these is absurdly known by the guides as The Annunciation, as there are traces of angels' wings. Probably the tradition that Mariam was not a Rajput Princess but a Portuguese Christian, prompted the suggestion of the Christian motive of the fresco. Perhaps the finest palace is the Jodh Bai Palace (sometimes called Jehangir Mahal). The construction and ornamentation are unmistakably Hindu or Jain.

Close by is a beautifully carved house known as Birbal's Palace, one of the most richly decorated in Fatehpur Sikri. The style of the building is rather Hindu than Arabic or Persian, but the ornamentation shows traces of Persian influence. It is now used as a dak bungalow for distinguished visitors. This, as Mr E. B. Havell pertinently remarks, is not only very inconvenient for the undistinguished visitors, who may wish to see it, but involves alterations which should never be permitted in buildings of such unique artistic and archæological interest.

The Jama Masjid, the cathedral mosque of Fatehpur, is worthy of its founder's lofty ideal and nobility of soul. It is popularly supposed, like so many other mosques, to be modelled on the great mosque of Mecca. But the numerous Hindu features hardly support this theory. It is sometimes called Dargah Mosque, as here is buried the saint of Fatehpur, Sheik Salim Chisti.

The famous Gate of Victory (Baland Darwazah) is really a building in itself, and indeed, though added as an approach to the mosque, it rather dwarfs it. This noble gateway, which commemorates a great victory in the Deccan many years after the mosque was completed, is no doubt the finest gate of its kind in all India. Over one of the recessed doorways is carved the famous inscription in Arabic: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace! The world



FATÉHPUR SIKRI.

[Face p. 119.

is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopeth for an hour, may hope for Eternity. The world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is worth nothing."

After seeing Akbar's City of Victory, a visit may be appropriately made to the Mausoleum, whose white minarets may be clearly seen in the distance, though nearly twenty miles away, where rest the remains of the great Emperor.

Sikandarah lies on the famous highway planned by Baber, and completed by Akbar and Jehangir, which runs direct from Agra to Kabul through Lahore. This road, the great Trunk Road of the Moghuls, is described by Sir Thomas Roe (the ambassador of James I. at Jehangir's Court) as a long walk of some hundred miles shaded by great trees on both sides. Some of the Kos-Minars, or "Mile stones," which marked off the spaces of twenty-two miles can still be seen. The village is called after Sikandar Lodi, one of the Afghan predecessors of the Moghul Emperors.

Akbar's tomb stands in the midst of a vast garden surrounded by high walls. In each is a central gateway seventy feet high. The Mausoleum was begun by Akbar himself, but the design was a good deal modified by Jehangir. The plan is different from that of many other Mausoleums. Indeed, many authorities, including Fergusson, think that it was Akbar's intention to surmount the tomb with a dome, and certainly the top storey has a curiously unfinished, truncated appearance.

Then, contrary to the usual Moslem custom, the head of the tomb is not turned towards Mecca (which in India would be, of course, towards the West, as in Jerusalem it is southwards) but towards the East.

On the roof of the top storey, surrounded by a beautiful

cloister, is a large marble platform with the plain white tombstone of Akbar in the centre.

The curious marble pillar facing the cenotaph was intended as a pedestal for a golden censer. An absurd legend is current that the pillar was once the receptacle of the Koh-i-Nor diamond. Certainly this tomb chamber is impressive and dignified with its wealth of pure white marble and exquisitely carved marble screen-work. Murray, with a touch of poetry one does not expect in a guide-book, refers to the winds in this lofty tomb-chamber sighing through the pierced screen, as if to maintain a perpetual requiem over the great Emperor.

CHAPTER XIV

ALIGARH : A MOSLEM ETON

His Prophet's kin, his Monarch's knight,
The sturdy Sayad read aright
His Muslim brethren's sorest need—
Learning that knows nor caste nor creed.

ALIGARH, which is situated in the fertile Doab, about midway between Delhi and Agra, occupies the site of the citadel of the historic city of Koil, and in the time of Kutab-ud-Din was considered one of the most important fortresses of India.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Aligarh fell into the hands of the Maharajah Sindhia. In 1803 its capture by Lord Lake (the conqueror of Delhi) by a brilliant *coup de main* was a serious check to the Mahratta domination, for at this period Sindhia might almost be regarded as the *de facto* Emperor of India.

There are no antiquities to be seen in Aligarh, and the reconstructed fort dates only from the eighteenth century. Its one lion, the famous minaret, built by Balban, King of Hindostan in 1254 A.D., was pulled down in 1862—an unpardonable act of vandalism.

The civil station of Aligarh is a comparatively modern *annexe* to the decayed city of Koil, one of the oldest cities of India, and, in spite of its somewhat tame surroundings, one of the prettiest, with its avenues of mango and peepul trees, its picturesque mosques, and its handsome College and institute.

It is said that the only link between Aligarh and the

native city is due to demoniac agency. Some years ago the children of a rich inhabitant of Koil died prematurely. The afflicted father was advised by the Brahmins to give his next child a foreign name, which might avert the malignant influence of the demon. The assistant Commissioner at Aligarh was called Smith, and the father, thinking that no foreign name could be more potent than the great Sahib's, called the boy Smith. The youth lived and thrived, and the example was generally followed consequently, among the youth of Koil, Smith seems a generic name.

The establishment known as the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College (familiarly the M.A.O. College), which was founded by the famous statesman, Sir Syed Ahmed, is the chief feature of Aligarh. This enlightened Mohammedan was keenly alive to the fact that under the Moghuls the Mohammedans held nearly all offices of State. Under the English rule they were gradually ousted, owing to the preference given to natives who would learn English, which the Moslems, martyrs to principle, refused to do. Other liberal careers were also closed to them. Consequently the whole Mohammedan community was politically and socially moribund, and no longer a force in India.

This institution is of special interest to English people at the present juncture on account of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. Indeed the visit was made solely for the purpose of inspecting this famous College. Here are to be found young Moslems, not only from all parts of India, but from Persia, Arabia, and North Africa, studying at the "one institution in the East which affords a successful blend of Moslem piety and modern culture, such as the true believer needs."

No doubt the Royal visit will give a great impetus to

the movement for expanding Aligarh into a Mohammedan University, for at present it is merely affiliated to Allahabad University, as is also the Maharajah's College at Jaipur. It is hoped that the Mohammedan Colleges at Calcutta and Lahore will then be affiliated to Aligarh. Such is the ambition of the advocates of a great Mohammedan University for all India.

Aligarh is virtually "denominational," owing to the large majority of Moslem students, though Hindus are received, while there is nothing "native" about its system or discipline. A nearer parallel would perhaps be an English public school. A Moslem Eton indeed, though a somewhat grandiose term by which to describe Aligarh, "yet emphasises the right point," observes Mr Theodore Morrison, who has done much to further its best interests, "and its merits are those of a residential public school, but the endowment is small, the Moslem community poor, and Aligarh sadly wanting in the opulent appointments of Eton."

Though Aligarh is to some extent officially connected with the Government, as it receives a grant, it is a private enterprise. It has been regarded with interest and much favour by the British authorities. Indeed, when the college was enlarged in 1898, in memory of its founder, with a view of making it the nucleus of a Mohammedan University, handsome donations were given by the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

It differs from other great educational institutions of India in being a teaching as well as an examining centre—in this respect Allahabad affords the nearest parallel. The building is modelled on an Oxford or Cambridge College, and, as far as is compatible with the different social and climatic conditions, the methods and system of an English public school are adopted, both as regards education and games.

But the innate conservatism of their race will not allow the pupils to conform to the ordinary costume of the public-school playing fields, and it is curious to see the boys playing cricket, football, hockey, with their white shirts showing outside their baggy trousers, and a fez replacing the conventional cap or straw hat.

But in spite of these sartorial eccentricities, the College has turned out the best cricket and football teams of any Indian "public school," and the cricket eleven can hold its own with the crack station elevens of North India.

There are two departments, a college and a school, with a total membership roll of over 800 students, nearly all the sons of upper class Mohammedans. The principal, all the professors, and several of the masters are English University men, who encourage the formation of a manly tone among the pupils.

The buildings can accommodate over 1000 students and over a dozen professors and tutors, and when that number is reached the well-wishers of the college hope that it may receive a charter.

"The Anglo-Oriental College differs from most other colleges in being the expansion of a political rather than a purely educational impulse. To this feeling, the feeling that national interests depend upon the principle it asserts, is due the support it has received and the extreme interest with which it is watched, not only by the advanced school of Mohammedanism, but by the British Government.

"Two cardinal principles differentiate this college from other public educational establishments in India, religious instruction in the Moslem faith: reading of the Koran being part of the curriculum; the system modelled on that of Oxford or Cambridge, the students living together and enjoying a healthy college life."

Then the social influence of this institution is of great

importance. In few stations in India is there so cordial a feeling between the rulers and the ruled. This *rap-prochement* is in large measure the work of the English Principal and Professors of the College. Being naturally on friendly terms both with the Anglo-Indian "civilians" and the leading Mohammedan residents, the M.O.A. College has served as a kind of social focus and rallying place for both sections of the community.

Sir Syed Ahmed, K.C.S.I., is buried within the mosque of the college which was the famous statesman's life-work, "and the architecture reflects the mind of the founder ; it is large, simple, and severe." Ahmed might be said to be the most prominent eighteenth-century representative of what has been quaintly termed "Broad Church Mohammedanism." Indeed, the professors and doctors of the orthodox school treated him in his middle age as a heretic, and were even said to have declared that his assassination would be a praiseworthy act. In the Mutiny he rendered signal service to the English, and was once a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. But, though unusually liberal-minded with regard to those of his own faith, Syed Ahmed was decidedly intolerant when it was a question of giving Hindus, and especially Bengalis, some share in municipal government, and when he was a member of Lord Ripon's Council he did his utmost to prevent the adoption of the system of popular elections to Municipal councils. Then his antipathy to the National Congress movement was notorious. Probably, however, this attitude recommended him all the more to Anglo-Indian sympathies.

The mantle of Sir Syed Ahmed has fallen on the shoulders of Agha Khan, K.C.I.E., who is at present the great champion of Aligarh. The ambition of educated and cultured Mohammedans, of whom the Agha Khan is

the mouthpiece, was admirably indicated by His Highness at Delhi in 1903 :

“ We want Aligarh to be such a home of learning as to command the same respect of scholars as Berlin or Oxford, Leipsic or Paris. Above all, we want to create for our people an intellectual and moral capital, a city which shall be the home of educated ideas and pure ideals, and which shall hold up to the world a noble standard of the justice and virtue and purity of our beloved faith.”

By the foundation of the M.A.O. College something has been done towards stamping out the notorious evils that have arisen from attempting to graft a Western education upon an Oriental nation, whereby the abuses of the cramming system in England have been intensified tenfold in India. It is well known that native students, with their extraordinary powers of memory, have been able to get their degree simply by learning their textbooks by heart, parrot-fashion. Another evil, too, which is still more difficult to eradicate, is that native graduates look upon a degree almost solely as a commercial asset, enabling them to obtain government appointments. Even the failures proudly inscribe “ failed B.A.” on their visiting cards, as it is notorious that this negative qualification increases their value in the marriage market !

The M.A.O. College has been compared with the colleges established for the sons of native chiefs, though it would perhaps be easier to find points of dissimilarity than features in common. The five great Chiefs' Colleges which have been founded within the last quarter of a century in India, are Rajkumar College, Rajkot ; Mayo College, Ajmir ; Daly College, Indore ; Aitchison College, Lahore ; and Khalsa College, Amritsar.

Mayo was founded in memory of Lord Mayo, and was opened by Lord Northbrook in 1875. It is mainly sup-

ported by donations from the principal Rajput nobles and by Government grants. The fine buildings are situated in an extensive park, and the lofty tower forms a prominent feature in a *coup d'œil* of the beautiful city of Ajmir.

A more ambitious Rajput college is that founded by the Maharajah of Jaipur in 1844, which has now a student roll of 1200, the largest in India. The college, a colossal and imposing pile in a style of architecture which is difficult to define, is one of the leading monumental features of Jaipur.

Rajkumar College was founded in 1870, and Daly College, which is intended for the sons of the Central India chiefs, two years later. Nowgong College was incorporated with Daly in 1898. Aitchison College, Lahore, dates from 1886 and is meant for the Punjab chiefs. The most recently established one is the Sikh College of Khalsa (see Amritsar chapter). Smaller establishments are the Colvin College, Lucknow, for the sons of the Oudh Talukdars (landed proprietors) and the Raipur College for the Chattisgarh chiefs.

The Imperial Cadet Corps is indirectly connected with these schools, as it is recruited mainly from the Chiefs' Colleges. In short, the Corps is virtually a military College for the sons of native Chiefs.

CHAPTER XV

LAHORE : THE CITY OF RANJIT SINGH

God has made by His own power
One city great, one city small ;
Not every town becomes a Delhi or Lahore.

LAHORE, the capital of the Punjab, is the *ultima Thule* of most tourists in India, though when they are so far on their northward road they should certainly take the sixteen or seventeen hours' railway journey on to Peshawar, the capital of the new Frontier Province.

As a Moghul city Lahore was a place of great importance, and all the monuments best worth seeing were built by the Moghul Emperors. Indeed the three great Moghul cities of India were Delhi, Agra, and Lahore. But tourists for some reason chiefly regard Lahore as the city of Ranjit Singh, who is commemorated by mean and tawdry buildings in comparison.

As is well known, the arsenals and magazines of the Punjab stations saved India in the Mutiny. The great administrator, Sir John Lawrence (afterwards Lord Lawrence), and his able lieutenants, chief among whom was Montgomery, Commissioner of Lahore, kept sending down a continuous stream of reinforcements and military supplies and stores for the army besieging Delhi, and Lahore was the chief base of supplies.

The suppression of the rebellious troops at Lahore itself on the outbreak of the Great Mutiny is one of the finest episodes of those stirring times, though the story is little known.

On the news of the outbreak at Meerut reaching Lahore, it was decided to disarm the native troops. But in order to allay suspicion it was arranged that a ball, to be given at the cantonments on May 12, should still take place—an historic parallel to the famous “Waterloo Ball” of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels. Dancing was kept up by the officers (who had secretly brought their arms) and their guests till early dawn, when it was almost time for parade.

When all the troops were drawn up, the order was suddenly given to the native regiments to pile arms. They hesitated, and considering there were some 2500 Sepoys confronted by barely 600 English troops, this was anticipated. Instantly a command rang out, “and the thin red line of English troops fell back” (I borrow Mr Hope Moncrieff’s vigorous picture of the scene in his “Story of the Mutiny”) “to reveal twelve guns, loaded with grape, behind which the infantry ramrods rang fear into their doubtful hearts. Sullenly they gave up their arms.”

It is perhaps hardly overstating the case to say that if such promptness and resolution had been shown by those in command at Meerut only two days before, the story of the Mutiny need never have been written.

The European quarter (Donald Town) is some distance from the city, and, unlike most stations, is itself far removed from the military cantonments. The numerous avenues and the beautiful gardens (the work of Akbar, Shah Jehan or Jehangir) which girdle the city account for the title “City of Gardens” which descriptive writers are fond of applying to Lahore.

The capital of the Punjab occupies an enormous area, much larger than its population (200,000) would lead one to suppose. But it is virtually a threefold city—the native city, the British city, and the military city (Mean

Mir). Lahore itself is decidedly picturesque, and its flat roofs and balconies recall old Cairo before that city was Hausmannised by the Khedive Ismail. Its bazaars should appeal especially to artists.

The English city, the residential quarter, is a city of handsome residences, parks, and gardens; indeed, from the number of its public pleasure grounds it might be called an Indian Washington. The chief public buildings are best seen by taking a drive along the Mall, a magnificent highway nearly three miles long. A somewhat ambitious attempt in the newer buildings to combine the chief features of Hindu and Saracenic architecture with modern structural requirements is noticeable. The most imposing building is the huge railway station, a startling, but not altogether ineffective, combination of Eastern and Western styles—Norman turrets and Mohammedan minarets, which does not recommend itself to severely artistic visitors. Its striking resemblance to a fort is noticed by most visitors. This, however, is not surprising, when it is remembered that the building was expressly designed that it might serve as a fort if necessary.

Some two or three miles beyond are the ugly and forbidding cantonments of Mean Mir, lying in an insalubrious plain, some three miles from Lahore. Indeed, it has been cynically said that Mean Mir can boast of the most prosperous cemetery of any military station in India. Why this site was chosen is one of those official problems which defy solution, though the accepted legend is that it was selected by Sir Charles Napier because his horse stumbled near a deserted Mohammedan cemetery, whereupon the hot-tempered old General vowed he would go no farther in his quest, but this should be the cantonments!

Akbar's Fort—the original of Kipling's Fort Amara—

and Palace is decidedly disappointing, and visitors who read in the guide-books of its numerous Moghul monuments, Pearl Mosque, Shish Mahal, Diwan-i-Khas, Diwan-i-Am, etc., must not expect to find anything to compare with the architectural splendours of the Delhi or Agra Forts. Everywhere we see signs—in a city, too, which, curiously enough, is the great centre of modern art and culture in North India—of utilitarian vandalism. The most flagrant examples of this barbarism were the conversion of the beautiful little “ Pearl Mosque ” (Moti Masjid) into a treasury, the Diwan-i-Khas into a church, and a mosque near the railway station into railway offices. Thanks, however, to the intervention of Lord Curzon, these buildings have been restored, and are to be regarded as public monuments.

There is, however, one beautiful pavilion comparatively unspoilt, the Nau Lakha (so named from its having cost nine lakhs), an exquisite structure of white marble with a great deal of inlaid *pietra dura* work. Here a small collection of arms has been preserved. A historical relic of great interest is the battle axe and rhinoceros-hide shield of the great Sikh leader, Guru Govind, who remodelled the Sikh Government in 1675. In this collection, too, are to be seen some curious cannon on the modern revolver principle, and some quaint missiles formed of rings of steel.

Some of the modern buildings and institutions are more interesting than the much-despoiled Moghul buildings in the Fort. For instance, the visitor might profitably devote a morning to the Mayo Hospital, the Chief's College, Montgomery Hall, the University (one of the five Universities of India), the Mayo School of Art, and that magnificent “ Wonder House,” the Jubilee Museum, one of the finest in India. One of the most remarkable objects

is an ancient pillar (probably Buddhist), found near Jhelum, with a colossal head in the Greek style, not sculptured at the top, but projecting from the side of the shaft.

The School of Art is perhaps the best managed and most important in all India. It was for many years under the superintendence of Mr Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., the father of the novelist.

In the old city there are, of course, a very large number of mosques and shrines (Jama Masjid, Golden Mosque, Mosque of Wazir Khan, Shrine of Arjan, etc.), but the Jama Masjid is a commonplace replica of the one at Delhi, and the Golden Mosque, despite its title, is uninteresting and architecturally poor.

The Wazir Khan must, however, certainly be seen, if only for the wonderful encaustic tiles which cover the walls, one of the finest examples of this kind of work in India. From the top of the minaret a good panoramic view of the city is to be had.

Near the Mall in the European city is the famous Tomb of Anar Kali, which was for many years used as the English church. This seems to have been a curious choice, if there is any truth in the legend of the lady of Akbar's Court (*vide* the guide-books *passim*) in whose memory the mausoleum was built. According to the tradition, this erring princess fell in love with Akbar's son, Jehangir, and was buried alive in consequence. The tomb itself is of the purest white marble, and the inscription is exquisitely carved.

The beautiful pavilion (Barahdari) in the Hazuri Bagh was built by the Maharajah Ranjit Singh with the white marble, which he had no scruples about taking from the royal Moghul mausoleum at Shahdara. But we can hardly afford to criticise this desecration, considering that many

of the mosques and shrines of the Moghuls have been converted into Government buildings ; while Government House itself is merely a transformed mausoleum of one of the royal princes of the House of Akbar. Indeed, what with the renovations of Ranjit Singh and the utilitarianism of English officials, Lahore presents a very different aspect from the Lahore in "Lalla Rookh," "where mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, affected her heart and imagination, and where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven."

The fantastic building, near the Shish Mahal, which looks something like a miniature copy of the Lucknow Kaiser Bagh, is Ranjit Singh's mausoleum, where he was cremated, when eleven of his wives and concubines performed *sutti*.

Beyond the city the great lion of Lahore is the tomb of Jehangir (Akbar's son) at Shahdara. It is a beautiful mausoleum, but cannot compare in architectural or artistic interest with the more famous mausoleum of his father at Sikandra, near Agra, which, if the Taj is the most beautiful tomb, is certainly the finest and most magnificent mausoleum in all India. The garden shrines are a peculiar feature of the Moghul mausolea at Lahore, and this tomb is placed in the centre of a large walled garden. Its features are well described by Mr W. S. Caine : "The great feature of this remarkable mausoleum consists in a vast platform over 200 feet square, with a tessellated pavement of coloured marble. At each corner is a soaring minaret over 100 feet high, of singular beauty, and built of massive blocks of stone. Round the platform originally ran a richly-carved marble wall, which, for some cause or other, was removed by Ranjit Singh, who replaced it with the rubbishy substitute now standing." This parapet, however, has been recently restored. The minaret is

worth climbing for the sake of the magnificent view of Lahore and its girdle of parks and gardens.

The once famous Shalimar Gardens are in the itinerary of every guide, but they are hardly worth visiting now, as they are ill-kept and are stiff in design. Still, they make a pleasant objective for a drive. Far more interesting is the Gulabi Bagh (rose garden), which is passed on the drive. The gateway is a charming bit of coloured tile work, hardly inferior to that of Wazir Khan's Mosque. The Persian inscription, with its quaint Oriental imagery, seems almost ludicrous in the bald translation of the travel book :

Sweet is this garden, through envy of which the tulip is spotted,
The Rose of the Sun and Moon forms its beautiful lamp.

But quite apart from its numerous monuments, its lovely shrine gardens, its picturesque bazaars, its delightful excursions, and other attractions which appeal chiefly to the tourist and sightseer, Lahore will be found one of the pleasantest cities in India for a few weeks' stay. Being an important military station and the seat of the Punjab Government, there is a large British community, so that social amusements and gaities are numerous, and the visitors provided with introductions will soon understand why Lahore is such a popular station with Anglo-Indians. The Lahore Christmas week is to the Punjab and N.W. India, what the Calcutta race week is to Bengal. Its society, too, is more varied than at most military stations. The University, School of Art, and other educational institutions help to give it something of a literary tone, and enlarge its interests. Then sport of all kinds is easily obtainable within a few hours of the city, which is another inducement to those fond of shooting. Antelope, deer, and pig are plentiful in this part ; quail, grouse, and pea-

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fowl are found within easy distance ; while the wildfowl shooting on the Sutlej and the Ravi Rivers affords excellent sport to the sportsman of limited means.

There are two very fair hotels, the well-known Charing Cross Hotel and Nedou's Hotel ; but men visitors, if introduced, could get put up at the Punjab Club.

CHAPTER XVI

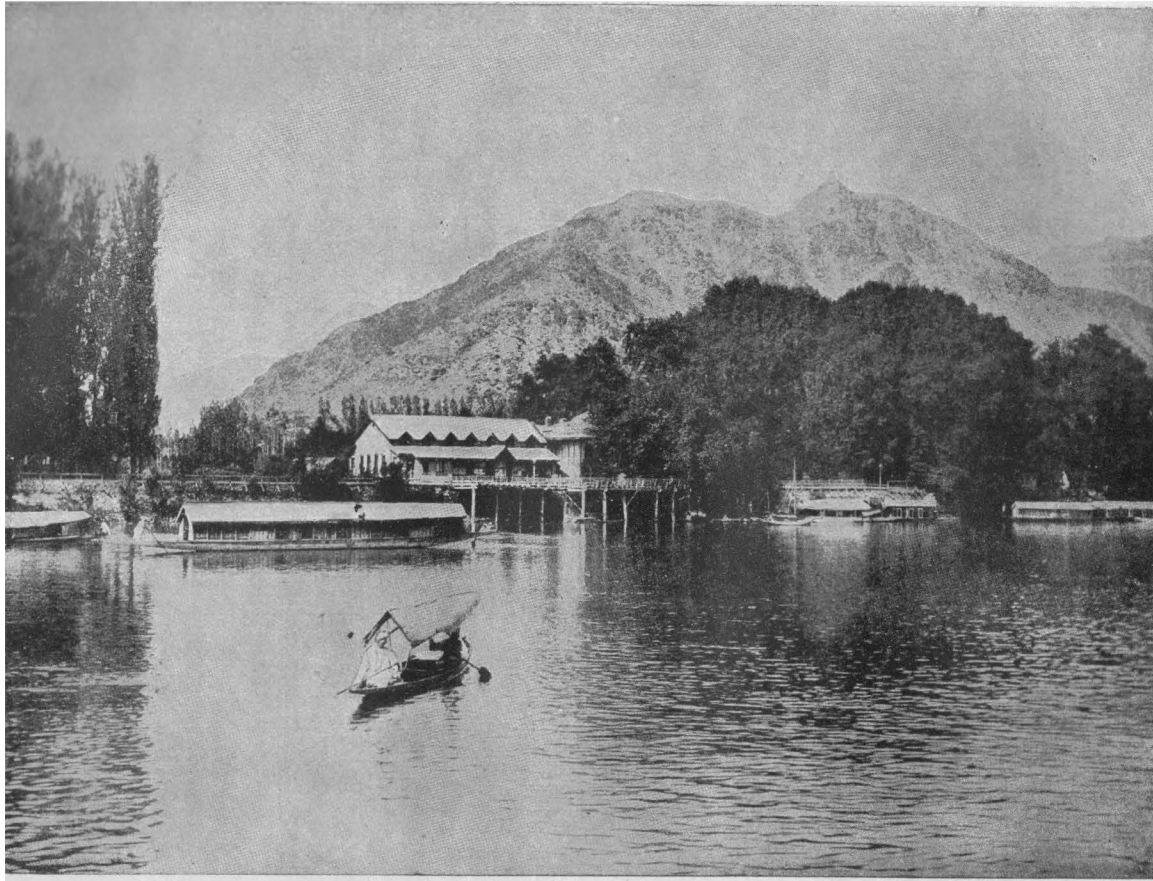
SRINAGAR : AN INDIAN VENICE

If women can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of Kashmir.

IF Bangalore be the paradise of Eurasians, Srinagar, with its lovely scenery and delightful climate, may be described as an Anglo-Indian paradise. Indeed, one cannot easily forgive the short-sighted policy of the Indian Government in making over Kashmir to a Rajput adventurer in 1846, and thus preventing Srinagar becoming the Simla of the North-West.

Kashmir was indeed lost to India in a more unpardonable manner than Afghanistan, it being actually sold, when the Punjab was annexed in 1846 after the first Sikh war, to the Rajah Gulab Singh, the Governor under the Sikh Confederacy, for the sum of £750,000—a transaction considered by most authorities to be one of the most discreditable acts ever committed by the Indian Government, and the chief blot on the rule of Lord Dalhousie. The present Maharajah of Kashmir, His Highness Sir Pratab Singh, G.C.S.I., is the second in descent from this Rajput soldier of fortune.

The Prince of Wales was unable to include Srinagar in his itinerary, but it was thought politic that Jammu (which is accessible by rail), the winter capital of Kashmir, should be visited. In connection with the Royal visit a characteristic story is told. The Maharajah had ordered that the enclosure of the royal pavilion, some



SRINAGAR, KASHMIR.

ten or twelve acres, should be sowed with grass seed and converted into a lawn. The contractor, however, decamped with the money provided, so the day before the Royal visit hundreds of natives brought grass down from the hills and planted the whole enclosure root by root.

To reach Srinagar, the "summer capital" of Kashmir, takes the greater part of three days of extremely tedious tonga travelling, the distance being some 195 miles from Rawal Pindi. There are eleven stages, at each of which is a Dak Bungalow, except at Murree, where there are several good hotels. These bungalows are comfortably furnished and the food is good, but the charges are heavy. The charge for a tonga (three passengers) is 120 rupees and in practice as much luggage as a tonga can hold is carried free. Indian territory is left at Kohala, and here a customs duty of two rupees a tonga is levied. At the next stage (Domel) the Kashmir Government levies a duty of two rupees. A pleasant way of doing the journey is to dismiss the tonga at Baramulla, and finish the journey by river, but this takes as many days (four to five) as the tonga takes hours. The charm of the famous Vale of Kashmir—the Happy Valley—has been sung by many Eastern poets—and at second hand by Thomas Moore. This oval valley, some 6000 feet above the sea, is enclosed by snowy peaks, vast forests, and glaciers, and enjoys a subalpine climate that makes the famous sanatorium a summer paradise to those sweltering in the Punjab plains. Travellers may be forgiven for rhapsodising over its beauties, its green fields, its flowery meads, covered with blue irises, so that the ground seems to reflect the sky; the hawthorns, chestnuts, and wild strawberries; the villages embowered in orchards² and trellised with vines, the floating gardens on its lakes. In short, the

tourist finds here a kind of blend of Switzerland and Italian lakeland.

Srinagar itself, the capital of this Indian Switzerland, is in some respects the most striking city in the Indian Empire. Well may this City of Waters, with its rivers, lakes, and canals fringed by palaces and temples, be called the Venice of the East. Then the European quarter, with its tents, houseboats, and launches, suggests an Oriental Henley.

Long before the traveller reaches Srinagar its twin landmarks which dominate the landscape are conspicuous—the prison-fortress of Hari Parbat, and the rocky peak of Takht-i-Sulieman. The approach by river seems the natural one to this Asiatic Venice, and the city from the winding reaches of the river seems worthy to be the capital of a great state, but then, as so often happens in the East, one is quickly disillusionised, if one ventures through the narrow and malodorous streets and alleys.

Colonel Durand in his "Making of a Frontier" gives in few words a picturesque yet accurate description of Srinagar from the river: "The town, a huddled mass of lightly-built houses, in the construction of which timber takes a prominent part, lines both banks of the river. It is dominated by two isolated hills, one crowned with the battlements of the State prison and fortress called Hari Parbat, the other the Takht-i-Suleiman, or Throne of Solomon, topped by an ancient temple which has looked down on the crowded life below for many centuries, for it was built before the secret of the true arch was known. Behind these hills rise the rugged outlines of the mountains which form the boundary of the valley. As your boat ascends the stream it passes under bridge after bridge of wood built out from massive wooden piers on timber cantilevers, and the bank is lined with temples, whose

roofs, covered with tin, shine like silver. Ruined quays, retaining walls of masonry, in which can be traced the spoils of many a temple : ill-kept flights of stairs leading to filthy gullies, or here and there to broader roads : houses leaning at angles, telling of the passing of the last earthquake : one wooden Mohammedan mosque, with a roof recalling Chinese architecture : the great mass of the Maharajah's palace, broken by the golden tomb of the princely temple—all these combine to make a picture unique in the East."

The usual rule is here reversed as regards the English cantonments: the Europeans are strictly confined to quarters outside the native town, and no foreigner can even enter Kashmir city by night. As in Morocco, no foreigner can own a foot of soil—even if he build himself a bungalow he does it at his own risk, the house as well as the ground being the personal property of the Maharajah.

This accounts for the large number of English residents who live in houseboats. Native ones (unfurnished) can be hired for 20 to 30 rupees a month, but the rent of a large furnished English houseboat may be anything from 80 to 120 rupees a month, exclusive of the wages of the crew. They are moored off one of the numerous Baghs (gardens). The Chenar Bagh is rather quaintly deemed sacred to bachelors—at all events married couples and families keep to Munshi Bagh.

"The traveller, unless he has arranged for a houseboat, must put up at the only Hotel in the state, Nedou's Hotel, a large stone building in 'an excellent situation. By special permission of the Maharajah, Nedou & Son were allowed to open the Hotel in Srinagar with a branch at Gulmarg, a hill station 9000 feet high, twenty-eight miles from Srinagar, where most if not all the visitors go from the middle of June to the end of September. The

Gulmarg branch is always full, people booking their rooms a year ahead. In Srinagar the only people who have houses are the officials and a few old residents. Permission to build has to be obtained from the Maharajah, who has a strong objection to English people building in Srinagar, and consequently permission is usually refused.

“Srinagar has not a proper club, but what is called an Amusement Club. This consists of a large Library and Reading-room, a billiard-room, bridge-room and Bar. To belong to this Club an entrance fee of £2 is charged, or Rs.5 per month. The Games Club is separate; a monthly fee is charged for each game played, croquet and badminton being free. Polo, tennis, and golf are the three principal games during the season, cricket does not flourish, an occasional match or two being got up during the season. Towards the end of May a tennis tournament is got up, a good many entries for the doubles, both men's and ladies', are obtained, and good games are witnessed, but of late the championship, which is for men only, has not attracted many men. Last year only two men entered, while this year there are only five or six entries. The cup, which is a handsome silver one, is presented by Raja Sir Amar Singh, the brother of the Maharajah. Once a week there is a golf competition (handicap) and later in the year at Gulmarg the Championship of Northern India is played off. For this event several good golfers come up from India, and really good golf is played. The links at Gulmarg are considered the finest in the East. The committee have decided to make a new eighteen-holes course this year (1906). Polo is played three times a week both here and at Gulmarg, and at the latter place a tournament is held about the end of August. The polo is good, and distinctly worth watching.

“As for Sport one has to go a long way out of the valley to get it. I am referring to big-game shooting such as Ibex, Urial and Markhor—Kashmir stag (Bara Singh—*i.e.* twelve horns) closes in April when the shooting of the others opens and continues till winter. Bara Singh is more get-at-able in winter, for they come down to the low country to feed after a heavy snowfall. On the 15th September, Chikor (Hill partridge), duck, snipe, and pheasant shooting begins, and continues till the end of March. This shooting is really excellent and many big bags are obtained in the winter. Hokra, a large lake near Srinagar, for which invitations are given by the Assistant Resident, is a favourite place for duck, and several large bags have been got on this lake. Duck are exceedingly plentiful throughout the valley, while large coveys of Chikor on the hills give one a good day's shoot. I have never been able to indulge in big-game shooting, so can't say much about it. The Kojinag and Skardu are the favourite hunting-grounds. To go shooting in the Pamirs a special permit from the Government is required, and only a few fortunate ones obtain this.

“About the first week in June pleasure-seekers make a move to Gulmarg. Some get rooms in the Hotel, others get tents and settle down to a season under canvas, while others are fortunate in either owning huts or renting them from the owners who may not have decided to come up for the season. Privilege to build huts having been granted by the State, they are springing up in all directions round the Marg. It is an exceedingly pretty place, but I am inclined to think the large number of huts that are being built will rather spoil Gulmarg from an artist's point of view. The season up there is one round of gaieties, gymkhanas, dances, dinners, theatricals, picnics, polo and golf, the latter being played from early morning

till dark. In the hut that does duty for a club house, the conversation is of nothing else but polo and golf. Tennis does not flourish, the attractions of golf are too much for it."—J. B.

In a few years Srinagar will probably have its much-talked-of railway. Surveys by the two alternative routes, *viâ* Jammu and *viâ* Abbottabad, have been made. The project is for a light electric railway (two feet six inches gauge) and the estimated cost *viâ* Jammu and Banihal (180 miles) would be about nineteen million rupees, while *viâ* Abbottabad, though a dozen miles longer, the cost would be only sixteen million rupees. There is little doubt but that the Abbottabad route will be chosen.

The line, leaving the main Rawal Pindi-Peshawar railway at Sarai Kala, will probably be standard gauge as far as Abbottabad, and thence to destination two feet six inches, and it will be worked by electricity, the power being derived from the Jhelum. It is doubtful, however, if it will altogether replace the magnificent dak road from Rawal Pindi *viâ* Murree and Baramulla. And in winter, at all events, the dak road will have to be used, as the railway line will probably be blocked with snow. There will not be, however, much gain in speed, as the train will not probably be able to do the journey in one day, and night travel is too risky, though the cost will probably be less than by tonga—for the Rawal Pindi-Srinagar dak is perhaps the dearest in India (four annas a mile).

A parallel is afforded by the new Kalka-Simla railway, which takes nearly as long as the old tonga service. For one reason, however, the line will be welcomed, as it will cheapen supplies : and no longer will tea, sugar, and other European provisions cost more than at any other Hill Station, and nearly double the prices charged in the Punjab.

The great sight and principal excursion of Srinagar is the Dal Lake bordered by beautiful parks and pleasure gardens, the most beautiful being Nasam Bagh (Garden of Delight)—the Versailles of the Moghul Emperors (*vide* Lalla Rooke *passim*). Weeks will not exhaust the excursions to be made round these beautiful lakes, admittedly one of the world's "beauty spots."

A picturesque and unique feature are the floating gardens. This is not a misnomer, for the gardens are actually floating, and rise and fall with the lake. A cursory glance reveals only well-cultivated banks of earth, but they are really a kind of artificial Sudd, and formed by cutting away the roots of aquatic plants two or three feet from the surface. Beds are thus formed some two yards wide and of varying length.

The tops of sedges, reeds, and other plants are laid on the surface and covered with a coating of mud. This floating garden is kept in its place by poles driven into the shallow bed of the lake, and it soon bears a luxuriant crop of tomatoes, melons, or cucumbers.

CHAPTER XVII

PESHAWAR : THE CITY OF THE MARCHES

A foreground black with stones and slags
Beyond a line of heights, and higher
All barred with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

TRAVELLING from Lahore northwards towards the "Great Wall of India," we traverse an uninteresting and featureless region for the first 170 miles or so. There is a curious legend in connection with the north-western railway from Lahore to Peshawar. Some sections are said to be ballasted with material taken from the ruined city of Sirhind. This is supposed to fulfil the old Sikh prophecy that "a nation from beyond the seas would scatter the bricks of Sirhind from the Sutlej to the Indus."

Sirhind was the great frontier city under the Moghul emperors, and was totally destroyed by the Sikh conquerors in 1763. It is said that even now it is the custom for every Sikh who passes this ruined city to take away with him a brick, which he throws into the Sutlej.

To engineers Sirhind is of special interest, as near here begins the greatest irrigation work ever undertaken in any age or country—the great Sirhind canal, connecting the Jumna and the Sutlej, which irrigates a great portion of the Punjab. The cost was no less than £7,000,000.

After passing Rawal Pindi, the landscape is bold and picturesque, culminating in the magnificent scenery of Attock, one of the most historic forts in India. Attock, commanding the Indus and the entrance to the Khyber,

is very strongly fortified. This place is meant to play an important part in the great scheme of Indian defence, and is intended, in short, to be the first line of defence, while the great arsenal of Rawal Pindi will serve as the last position for the defence of the Khyber Pass.

At Attock the Indus is crossed by a magnificent bridge, fortified at each end, which was completed in 1883 in the face of great engineering difficulties, owing to the rapidity of the current. A tunnel was excavated under the river before the bridge was built, at enormous cost ; but modern military experts tell us that it is absolutely useless for warfare as a defensive work.

The great sight here is Akbar's historic fort, which is planned on almost as heroic a scale as Delhi or Agra. Its situation is magnificent, crowning a precipice above the Indus. When built it was absolutely impregnable, though it could not stand many hours against modern explosives.

At Attock is the junction of the Indus and the Kabul, and at the "meeting of the waters" it is curious to notice the difference between the clear blue water of the Indus and the turbid stream of the Kabul. It reminds the traveller of the famous junction of the Rhone and Saone at Lyons.

A precipitous ravine a short distance below Attock is walled in by two black slate precipices, called Kamalia and Jalalia, from the names of two Roshanai heretics, who during Akbar's reign were flung into the raging torrent.

The railway from Rawal Pindi to Peshawar passes through the grandest and most impressive scenery, and one regrets that the American institution of an observation car is unknown on Indian railways. It would be almost worth while to break the journey at Rawal Pindi and continue the journey by a slow train for the sake of the glorious scenery.

The ancient and historic city of Peshawar is situated in the midst of the "debateable ground" of our Indian Empire, but, though it can boast of a continuous history from the time of Alexander, while its traditions reach back to the earliest days of Aryan colonisation, there are no relics of the ancient city. Successive conquerors, from Tamerlane and Nadir Shah down to Ranjit Singh, have devastated it, and now nothing of archæological or historical interest remains. But as the gateway of what is perhaps the most famous pass in the world it will always be a goal for visitors. "Who holds Kabul (*i.e.* the Khyber) is Emperor of Hindustan," says the proverb.

Peshawar is the administrative capital of the North-Western Frontier Province, which was created in 1901. But the chief military station is Rawal Pindi, for in India we seldom find that the administrative is also the military centre. It is also the northern terminus of the Great Trunk Road, which runs for 1400 miles, from Calcutta to Peshawar.

There are few "objects of interest" in the city, but the bazaars and native town are full of interest and variety. That we are in a border city is obvious. Representatives of all the frontier tribes will be encountered—Afghans, Pathans, Afridis, Kaffirs, Waziris, Beluchis, Kajaris and others unpronounceable, replace the mild Hindu. The wandering tourist would, however, be well advised to exercise some discretion while strolling about the native city or watching this daily pageant. It is said that Peshawar and Hyderabad are the only Indian cities where a European cannot walk about alone in safety after sunset.

There is little to see in the city itself, except the main street, in which are the bazaars. It is surrounded by a mud wall, and the gates are closed at sundown. It may

seem strange to a civilian coming from Delhi or Agra to find that neither the city nor the cantonments are fortified, but, presumably, they are not of strategic value as fortified posts. The great fortifications are, as we have seen, at Attock, on the Indus.

Though there are few specific sights to delay the tourist, he should visit the curious building known as the Ghor Khatri, which was originally a Buddhist monastery. It is next to a Hindu temple, and has now been converted into a native hotel. It is worth climbing the roof for the view of the Peshawar valley and its magnificent background of snowy mountains.

It is significant that the cemeteries are numerous, almost surrounding the city. The history of the fifty years' occupation of the Afghan frontier may, indeed, be read in the tombstones in this and the new cantonments cemetery.

At Peshawar once lived a well-known missionary, the Rev. Isidore Lowenthal, who was accidentally shot by his own watchman. It is certainly hard on this missionary that he should have earned undying fame as the subject of the unintentionally humorous epitaph—a stock story among Anglo-Indians—"Sacred to the memory, etc., accidentally shot by his choukhdar. Well done, thou good and faithful servant." As a matter of fact, the text has been very properly deleted from the tombstone, though it may still be seen in the official register of deaths.

The cantonments, as usual, are some distance from the city, and a pleasant spot has been chosen two miles beyond Peshawar. It need not be described; only the glorious background of mountains distinguishes it from other military stations.

The great excursion, and, indeed, the *raison d'être* of the extension of the traveller's itinerary to this far northern

city, is the historic Khyber Pass, the "back-door of India."

The story of the Khyber is in very truth a bloody one in the annals of the British conquest of India. No less than four commissioners or special envoys have been victims of massacre or fanatical murder in the last sixty years—Sir A. Burnes and General Macnaughton in 1841, Colonel Mackeson in 1853, and Sir Louis Cavagnari as recently as 1879.

The grandeur of the scenery of this Pass is undeniable, but to appreciate this properly it is necessary to go several miles beyond Jamrud (ten miles). It must be remembered that even from Jamrud the Pass can barely be seen—there is no view from Peshawar of the actual Pass—whereas at Ali Musjid (sixteen miles) you are in the midst of this sublime scenery, precipices on either side of the road rising sheer 1000 to 1200 feet.

The Pass can only be visited on the open days (Tuesday and Friday), when it is guarded and patrolled by the Khyber Rifles. A permit must be obtained from the Political Officer at Peshawar, who will provide a soldier as escort. During this trip the tourist will perhaps find the military restrictions rather irksome. For instance, when he leaves his carriage every footstep is dogged by the soldier told off for his protection, and his movements are apt to be unpleasantly accelerated. Then he will barely have time to enjoy the view of Ali Musjid ere he will have to return, so as to reach Peshawar before sunset.

The fort at Ali Musjid commands the southern end of the Pass, and is of great strategic value; indeed, there has been a fort here from the earliest history of the Pass. The fort shows traces of Brahmin, Moghul, and British architecture.

The political and social conditions of the Khyber Pass

afford a striking example of the complex character of British rule in India. Here we have a great highway through tribal territory which is technically defined as a sphere of political influence. To quote a suggestive leader in *The Times of India* :

“ On either side of that road no law but that dictated at the muzzle of the Martini and the Lee-Metford—a country so wild and turbulent that its peoples are a constant source of anxiety to all who dwell upon the British side of the border. In this seeming contradiction one sees the frontier and the Pathan at a glance. The great merit of the system established in the Khyber is its simplicity. We say, in effect, to the Afridis and Waziris and miscellaneous rascals through whose countries it runs: ‘This road is the Sirkar’s. He will pay you reasonably for the right to construct and maintain it in your territories. He will give well-paid employment to your young men in the Khyber Rifles and local levies. But that road, and a hundred yards on either side of it, are *tabu*. Spill one drop of blood upon it ; harm but one man who passes up or down when the Khyber is open, and you shall feel the weight of the Sirkar’s arm. Off the road, do as you like.’ ”

Railway development on the North-Western Frontier, of course mainly undertaken for strategic purposes, has made remarkable progress within the last year or so. The Quetta-Nushki section was completed in 1905. More recently the long-delayed Peshawar-Kabul Railway, for which surveys have been made by General Macdonald, has been begun. For several years the terminus of the railway has been Jamrud at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, the question of route having delayed its extension. It has now been decided to follow the alternative route by the Kabul River, instead of the more direct route through

the Pass. The latter presents enormous engineering difficulties through the steep gradients necessitated. It is semi-officially stated that the new line will leave the present railway at some point between Peshawar and Jamrud, and will follow the river towards Dakka, keeping within British limits, and the terminus will be at Samfai. The continuation of the line to Kabul will, of course, depend on the attitude of the Amir. At all events, sixty miles of line are to be laid, and when this section is completed we shall have reached a point nearer to Kabul than has been attained by the Quetta line towards Kandahar.

Rawal Pindi, the Aldershot and Woolwich combined of North India, is some 170 miles north of Lahore, and about 100 miles south of Peshawar. Politically in the Punjab, it is to all intents and purposes part of the new North-West Frontier Province, of which it is the chief military station and arsenal. It was here that the great military manœuvres and the review by the Prince of Wales of 55,000 troops, one-fifth of the whole fighting force of India, took place, instead of near Delhi, as originally intended.

It is not surprising that the army in India takes a more prominent position in the social order than at home. For one thing, its necessity is more obvious. In short, one might almost say that, comparing the status of the army in India and Great Britain respectively, the army is as much more an important factor in the state than it is in Great Britain, as the army in Germany is to that in Switzerland or Norway. Then, the army is far more in evidence than at home. Probably nine out of ten Englishmen have never seen a greater number than 4000 or 5000

troops collected together. Near London, of course, there are no open spaces where large bodies of troops can be manœuvred satisfactorily. Even at Aldershot I believe the 40,000 at the Jubilee Review is the record.

In India, on the other hand, opportunities of witnessing the massing of troops comprising whole divisions are frequent at the great military stations, Rawal Pindi, Secunderabad, Quetta, etc. The officer, too, takes his profession more seriously than at home, where the army is too often regarded as a pleasant occupation for a few years, affording great social advantages and opportunities for sport to the rich idler.

The contrast between officers of the home and Indian army is striking. In India the so-called amateurishness of the British subaltern finds no place. Here soldiering is a man's sole business and his one life-interest, due no doubt in some measure to that wholesome stimulant, poverty. The difference is well put by Mr Sidney Low : "Neither French officers nor German, nor Japanese, are more candidly professional. There is no affectation of regarding the regiment as a nuisance, no abhorrence of talking shop. On the contrary, the Indian subaltern will talk shop all day if you will let him.

"Then again, a subaltern in a native regiment has no opportunity for slackness. He must work hard, as he has no European sergeants to take the rough work off his hands ; and he is responsible for some five score semi-savage Pathans, or hard-bitten Sikhs."

The establishment of this immense entrenched camp at Rawal Pindi is, of course, the direct result of the latest phase of the great frontier problem. This question is no doubt the crux of the foreign policy of India, which the Government of India, from the time of Lord Auckland down to the rule of Lord Curzon, has attempted to solve

in turn by a policy of conquest, alliance, subsidised native levies, partial annexation, and frontier posts.

Most authorities are agreed, however, that in 1879 we lost a splendid opportunity of settling the frontier question once and for all, though of course it is proverbially easy to be wise after the event. Lord Roberts, by his famous campaign, had practically offered Afghanistan to India. Unfortunately, instead of annexing it, the Government were satisfied with the nominal control of the chief passes.

CHAPTER XVIII

QUETTA: THE KEY OF INDIA

Where stalked the truculent Ghilzai
Secure the trim cantonments lie,
And Takatu surveys Kwatkot¹
Transformed—the Indian Aldershot.

THE visit to Quetta, strategically perhaps the front-door of India, was of special interest to the Prince of Wales, who regarded his Indian tour not as a mere pleasure or sporting trip, but also as a unique opportunity of getting an inkling at first hand of the political, economical, and social conditions of that great Empire which he will sooner or later be called upon to govern.

The journey to Quetta, whether reached from Karachi or Lahore, is dreary and monotonous. Soon after passing the sandy wastes of the Indus Valley we reach that bare, desolate region—"a land of rugged, barren mountains, alternating with arid deserts and stony plains." One appreciates the Beluchi saying that, when the world was created there was some waste material left over, which the Creator dumped down here, and so made Beluchistan.

Quetta is a military station of the first rank. Indeed, a larger body of troops is quartered here than in any Indian garrison except Rawal Pindi and Secunderabad. The Indian Staff College, whose members are at present temporarily quartered at Deodali, will be established here, and the buildings have already been begun. Owing

¹ The native name of Quetta.

to the large number of troops, it is a gay and lively station, and one of the most popular in northern India, and has the reputation of being a decidedly sporting one.

Though it is a Siberia in winter, it is not in summer, as might be supposed, judging from the climate of the adjoining province of Sinde, altogether a Sahara, as, during the hot season, the heat is tempered by the cool winds from the heights, and then Quetta is 5000 feet above the sea.

Thirty years ago Quetta, then known as Shalkot, was a miserable little frontier post surrounded by a mud wall, which was so shaky that "it looked as if the vibration from its one mountain gun would bring it to the ground." Its garrison corresponded to its size and importance, consisting of "one gun crew, a company of infantry, and twenty mounted men." It is now a fine, well-built town, with broad avenues and handsome roads and large bazaars. There are practically three Quettas, the native town on the south side of the Thames, as the Shalkot river, with a pathetic clinging to home associations is quaintly termed; adjoining, but distinct, is the civil station, containing many fine buildings—clubs, hospitals, institutes, banks, libraries, hotels, etc. On this side, too, there is also a large recreation ground (which boasts the finest stretch of turf in India), including a race-course and a polo-ground. Then on the north side of the Thames is the modern fort, the cantonments, and the parade ground.

It serves also as the hill station for Karachi, but before the railway was built from Jacobabad a sojourn here was dreaded as banishment. At present it is a salubrious resort, thanks to Artesian wells and other improvements which have made the cantonment an oasis in the desert.

Quetta and district was purchased from the Khan of

Khelat (the nominal head of the loose confederacy of tribes which comprise Beluchistan) by the Indian Government in 1883, while Pishin and Sibi had already been assigned to the British in 1879 by the Amir of Afghanistan.

The whole region is now known as British Beluchistan, and has a population of some 350,000, with an area of about 47,000 square miles. It is administered directly by the Indian Government through a political agent, Sir A. H. McMahon.

At this great frontier fortress—an advanced post of empire, which serves as a kind of “retort courteous” to the territorial aggression of Russia on the Beluchistan frontier—the Prince, no doubt, appreciated the complexity and importance of the great frontier problem which Lord Curzon has grappled with so vigorously. To put the history of the frontier question into a nutshell, it may be divided into three phases.

First, the “close border policy” (sometimes called the Lawrence frontier policy), favoured by civilians. This has been epigrammatically defined as “a system of non-intervention tempered by expeditions”; but the drawbacks of this over-cautious system of defence became manifest after a few years’ trial. It tied the hands of district officers and checked the development of our political influence among the border tribes. It was, in short, a kind of *laissez-faire* policy.

Second, the “forward policy” (the military system). This policy, for which Lord Lytton is mainly responsible, consists of a virtual occupation of the territories of the Border tribes by the establishment of advance garrisons and posts, so that the military frontier is in advance of the geographical frontier. Such a system is, of course, costly and vexatious, and though it is naturally favoured by military men, it has for many years been discarded.

It is supposed, though, that Lord Kitchener is in favour of reverting to the Forward Policy.

Finally, the present policy came into force. This may be described as "the native frontier garrison policy." With this policy Lord Curzon has been very closely identified. Indeed it might be conveniently called the "Curzon Policy" in contradistinction to the "Lytton Policy" and the "Lawrence Policy." It has been happily and epigrammatically described as "defence, not defiance," and its main principle consists in the withdrawal of the advance garrisons and posts in the semi-independent districts of the borderland, strengthening the forts, garrisons and communications in the new frontier province and in British Beluchistan, utilising tribal levies for the defence of tribal territory, and especially of the passes, and in large measure allowing the natives to police themselves.

The present policy, the "Curzon frontier policy," seems to promise a permanent solution of this *vexata quaestio*. It might be described as a kind of *via media* between the Lawrence and Lytton systems.

Sir Robert Sandeman in his statesmanlike and broad-minded methods for the pacification of the Beluchistan Frontier tribes, which have been felicitously described as, "a system of conciliatory intervention tempered by lucrative employment and light taxation," may be said to have in some measure paved the way for Lord Curzon's policy for the whole of the North-Western frontier.

It was Sandeman who "first developed on a considerable scale the policy of holding and pacifying tribal territory," and established a *modus vivendi* on a friendly basis with the tribes.

One of the leading features of this policy, the subsidising of native levies (absurdly termed blackmail by



BOLAN PASS RAILWAY.

the opponents of the system) was initiated by Sir R. Sandeman and developed by Lord Curzon. Costly punitive expeditions have been abandoned, and instead, any seriously disaffected district has been blockaded. A notable example was the blockade of the Mahsud Waziri country in 1900-1901. This was thoroughly successful, and the cost was only about £100 a day, so that the whole cost of a year's blockade amounted to little more than what a punitive expedition would have spent in a fortnight.

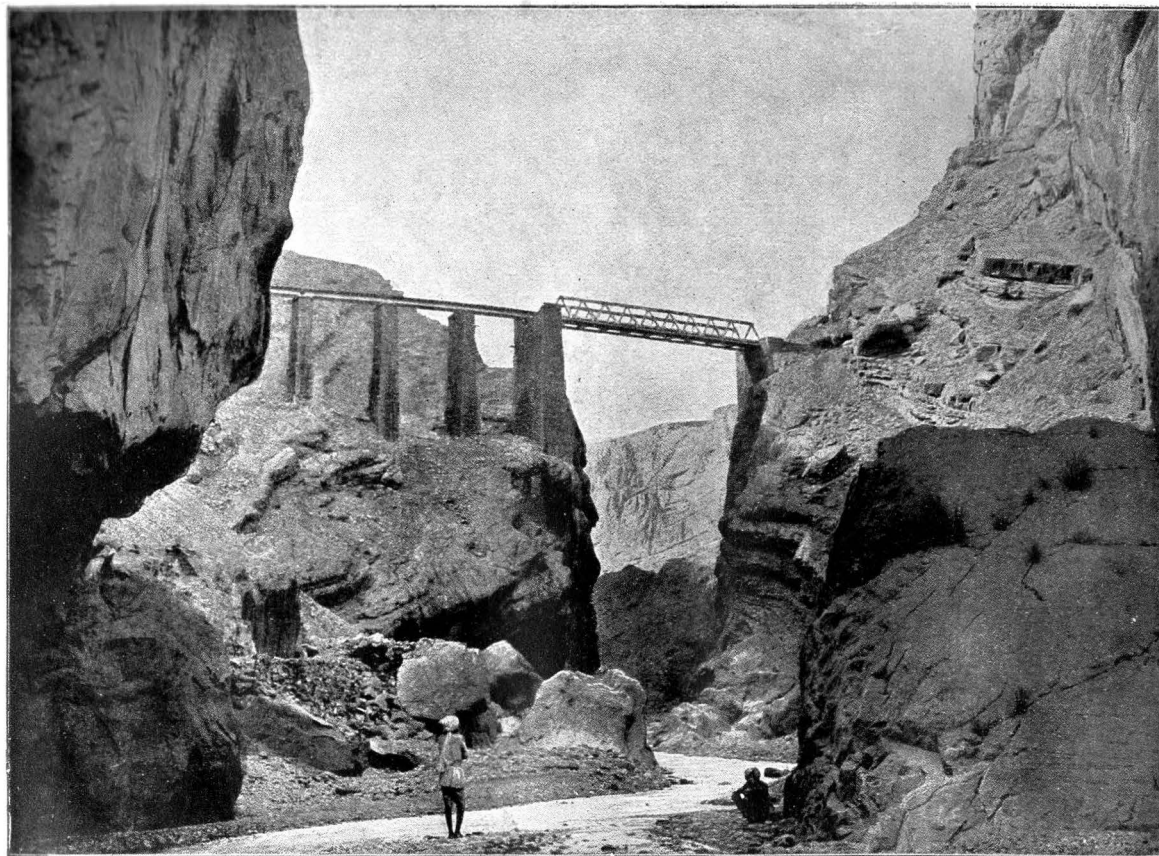
The seriousness of the Frontier question is strikingly illustrated by the fact that Lord Lytton's dispatch of 23rd March 1877 on the Khelat Treaty, which virtually laid down the Government policy for the N. W. Frontier, was *reprinted seventeen times* before it was finally approved. This significance of the great Frontier Problem is brought home to us very convincingly by a striking parallel drawn by Lord Curzon in one of his public speeches on the Frontier question. He compared India to a fortress surrounded on two sides by the sea as a moat, and a chain of mountains like a rampart on the north; while he likened the border territories to a kind of glacis, which must remain in the hands of tribes allied to us. In short, these buffer states should form a kind of neutral zone.

Strategically Quetta is even more important than Peshawar, as it is on the direct route of what many military experts consider will be the line of the Russian advance should the invasion of India ever be seriously attempted.

The elaborate fortifications at Baleli which defend Quetta, and command all the passes which debouch on the Quetta plain, have cost some three millions, and have made Quetta the most formidable place of arms in India, its defences being far more extensive and modern

than those of Attock. Baleli, some seven miles north of Quetta, is the centre of the great defence works whose lines extend thirty-six miles, which it is hoped will render Quetta almost impregnable. The best view of these formidable works, some of which were constructed since the lessons taught by the South African War, and embody the most modern ideas in the art of fortification, is obtained from Lockhart Fort on the eminence known as the Wolseley Ridge. Here the whole system of the defence is seen like a relief map, and the significance of the intricate series of outworks, trenches, gun emplacements, traverses, batteries, etc., will be appreciated. Indeed there can be no concealment. Obviously, some thirty miles of field works and entrenchments cannot be guarded like the secret of a fort; and it is an open secret that "not plans only, but raised models of every part of the Quetta defences are in the hands of a Power" who earnestly covets their possession.

Next to the Baleli Defence Works the great sight of Quetta is the famous Bolan Pass Railway, where passengers are carried into the heart of some of the boldest mountain scenery in India. It seems curious in this wild, mountainous, and sparsely populated region to find a duplicate railway to Quetta. The Bolan Pass line was long the despair of engineers, and a bone of contention between the provincial and the central government, and would probably have existed only on paper but for the Russian scare induced by the historic Penjdeh incident of 1885. This alarming act of aggression on the part of Russia rather forced the hands of the Government, who thought it advisable to have a direct line through the Bolan Pass from Sibi Junction, in addition to the original northern line *via* Harnai and Bostan Junction. As the latter was not then finished this temporary line



CHAPPAR RIFT, BOLAN PASS RAILWAY.

was hastily constructed. By the beginning of 1887 the Bolan Pass line was open for traffic, but being laid for the most part on the river bed was naturally much subject to floods. Indeed, some fifty miles of the original track were given up, and a new and more direct line was built in 1892 from Sibi through the Mushkhaf Valley, joining the old line at the beginning of the Bolan Pass.

The original line (officially known as the Sind-Pishin Railway), *viâ* Harnai, which crosses the famous Chappar Rift, is far more solidly laid, and has a gauge of five feet six inches. It cost a very large sum, as a great deal of tunnelling, cutting, and embanking was necessary.

The Chappar Rift is the most sensational scenic feature of this railway. It is a stupendous limestone gorge crossed by a bridge known as the Louise Margaret Bridge. This was so called in honour of the Duchess of Connaught, who opened the bridge during her visit to Quetta in March, 1887.

“The Bolan Pass,” says Lord Curzon, “is a pass in the most precise sense of the term, for throughout its sixty miles length it takes the form of a defile, in the narrowest places only some twenty yards wide, though in others expanding to more than a mile, confined by mountain walls of uniform ruggedness, though of varying height.” The wild grandeur and weird desolation of the pass will impress the most matter-of-fact tourist, and, indeed, it might almost be described as awe inspiring.

It is said that until lately there were only five trees visible throughout its entire length, which used to be proudly pointed out to the traveller.

Northwards the railway has been extended by means of a tunnel under the Khojak mountains to Chaman, on the Beluchistan-Afghanistan frontier. This is now the terminus, though rails and material sufficient for an

extension of the line to Candahar, eighty-five miles off by the surveyed route, are actually stored here.

The Khojak tunnel, which the Amir sorrowfully compared to a "knife thrust through his vitals," is the longest ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) railway tunnel in India. It was opened in January, 1892, after four years' work, at a cost of no less than 6,000,000 rupees, more than double the original estimate. It is unfortunate that the advice of the late Sir Robert Sandeman was not taken. He had strongly advocated a more circuitous route round the western side of the Amran Range by Nushki, as less costly, better adapted for trade, and less likely to annoy native prejudices.

Considerable developments in communication have taken place recently. The Quetta-Nushki Railway, which was begun in 1903, has since been completed, and the line opened for traffic. Nushki, which lies directly on the trade route between Quetta and Seistan, is a town of considerable importance, and the "granary of Persia." It is the headquarters of the Political Agent, and a favourite halting stage for caravans, for it boasts a modest bazaar, where supplies of all kinds can be obtained at a rate fixed by the authorities. These supplies have all to be brought out on camels from Quetta, about six long marches distant. Before the departure of the British Arbitration Commission to Seistan in charge of Sir A. H. McMahon the telegraph line only extended as far as Nushki. When the mission set out a field line was run out to Dalbandin, about 100 miles farther along the trade route, an office being opened at Padag, a stage midway between Nushki and Dalbandin. Communication between the Mission camp in Seistan and the latter place was maintained for some time by heliograph, native army signallers under two British officers being



ROBAT KILLA: "ON THE ROAD TO SEISTAN."

stationed at the various stages between Dalbandin and Robat Killa, the frontier stage. Owing perhaps to the nature of the country and the climatic conditions, heliographing was not very successful, so the Indian Government decided to extend the telegraph line to Robat Killa. The work was begun about the middle of November, 1903, and completed at the end of January, 1904, offices being opened and manned by native signallers at Merin, Saindak and Robat Killa. A few months later the line was extended fifteen miles beyond Robat and joined on to the Central Persian Telegraph line, which had swung out of its original course to join the Indian line. By this means communication between Quetta and Teheran was established, but as the line is only a single line it is not likely to be extensively used, the cables between Karachi and the Persian Gulf still being the direct means of communication.

CHAPTER XIX

KARACHI AND THE UNHAPPY VALLEY

'Mid sun-baked sands at Indus' ^Em^outh
Shimmers the Unhappy Valley's ^sd^routh ;
Yet parched Karachi's rising day
Bids proud defiance to Bombay.

KARACHI certainly offers an eloquent testimony to British pluck, daring, and enterprise. It would at first seem that no commercial port (destined to become the Liverpool of Northern India) could have a more unpromising environment, situated on the edge of the burning arid plain, felicitously termed by Burton the Unhappy Valley—and, indeed, it is the antipodes of Kashmir—with a climate which is an alternation of Siberia and the Sahara. To add to these drawbacks there was great scarcity of water, and an unruly, if sparse, population.

The plague hit Karachi hard, it is in a measure endemic; it periodically dies away, and revives each year. The streets of the native town are, as is usual in Indian cities, thronged of an evening, “but in the early days before panic tones down to apathy and despair, the writer drove through the streets to note the effect of plague and panic, and found the place like a city of the dead. He was there in a cholera year, when the known deaths, and many were not recorded, were 7000, but the scare then was as naught by the side of the plague scare. When plague prevails, many more die from fright than from the actual disease itself.” The commerce of the place

is now rapidly recovering, and the population is fast increasing by influx from around.

Fifty years ago Karachi was a wretched little fishing village of a few mud huts ; it is now a thriving and populous city of nearly 120,000 inhabitants, with a score of European mercantile firms, the usual official machinery of commissioners, judges, magistrates, etc., and a military cantonment of some strength.

Karachi lies low and flat on the seashore, on the edge of the great Sindh desert. At the time of the British occupation in 1842 it had no water except such as brackish wells supplied, and possessed one tree only. Water has since been brought to the town from large underground "catchment" reservoirs, some sixteen miles distant ; and all is changed, an unkindly salt soil has been made to do its best, and there are trees—of sorts—everywhere.

The introduction of water has not, however, been an unmixed blessing. The subsoil has got so waterlogged with waste water, through lack of fall for efficient drainage, that in some parts of the town a two-foot hole shows standing water, and malaria and fever have found a home in a region which was formerly free from these diseases. "Karachi fever" is an obstinate form of malaria with a name to itself.

A well-known historic parallel is afforded by the condition of the Roman Campagna, which was practically rendered uninhabitable owing to malaria caused by its flooding, when the aqueducts were cut by the Goths in the sixth century.

Sindh, like Egypt, has a very slight rainfall ; ten inches in the year is a good fall, while seven is the average. Indeed, old residents can remember when a whole twelve-month has passed without a shower to speak of. The great heat of Sindh has given rise to somewhat profane com-

parisons, of which "only a sheet of brown paper between it and hell" (said also of Aden) may serve as a specimen. But though hotter than Madras and Calcutta, Karachi is less enervating in the hot season as there is less humidity.

[Karachi tried to have a little sanatorium of its own, which is called Clifton, but it soon had to give it up, as, facing the open sea and the wind, the houses got filled with sand, and the road was smothered with it; in some places the shifting sand is many feet deep. All the jaded European can do now with his Clifton is to take a two-mile drive to it, along a low causeway through the dreariest of mud flats, in the cool of the evening, get an hour's blow of damp sea breeze, and drive back to dinner at eight.

The glare in sandy, arid Karachi is so trying that the verandahs of houses are trellised in, giving them a prison-like look. The trellis allows vision, but tempers the glare. One curious effect of this trellis is that, standing a certain distance behind it, and looking at objects 200 or 300 yards away, things are seen double; one has to shut an eye if one would count them.

The parched desert country behind Karachi has a heat all its own. Jacobabad, some 300 miles away, often records 125° Fahr. It has been stated that the one mail train a day carries a coffin in the hot weather season, "for the use of passengers" if need be; and in one year long ago twenty-three European engine-drivers died whilst working their trains. "A long journey by train in the hot season is at all events particularly exhausting. Carriage windows are kept shut to exclude the heat, and I have not only known the woodwork hot to the touch, but even the water carried in the tanks on the roof could scarcely be endured with the bare hand."

Like many Indian cities, Karachi is a threefold town,

and is composed of a native town, a civil station or cantonment, and a commercial port (Kiamari) about four miles from the cantonment.

The town can boast of several important public buildings of some architectural pretensions, notably the Frere Hall, the Sindh Club, the Roman Catholic Convent, Trinity Church, and the General Post Office.

But no doubt the crowning architectural feature is the magnificent Memorial to the late Queen Victoria. The statue occupies a prominent position in the new park, to be known as the "Queen's Lawn," facing Frere Hall; and the monument is perhaps the most artistic and generally satisfactory of any of the numerous memorials in India to the late Queen.

The design is ambitious, being conceived on a heroic scale—the cost was nearly £7000—and Mr Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., to whom the monument was entrusted, has carried out the work in a spirit worthy of the grandeur of his conception.

The monument consists of a classically treated massive pedestal adorned with statues in bronze, and crowned with a colossal white marble statue of the Queen-Empress wearing her window's veil and the Imperial crown and robes of state, and holding in her hands the sceptre and orb.

Next to the statue the most interesting feature is a symbolical group at the foot of the pedestal, representing India approaching Justice and Peace. These figures are heroic in size, as are also the lion and the tiger on either side, crouching with heads erect as if protecting the monument.

At the rear of the pedestal is an allegorical figure of a woman pouring water from an urn upon the thirsty soil, "while behind her there springs up luxuriant vegetation and the rich fruits of the earth." This very happily

typifies the fertilising influence of the Indus, on which depends the prosperity of Sindh.

Kiamari is in itself little more than a wharf linked by a mole with Karachi, the mole carrying a goods line of railway and a road. The port is rising in importance, as it taps the fast-increasing wheat and cotton trade of Sindh and the Punjab. Sindh wheat is good in quality, though it would amuse an English farmer to see a field of it after reaping. Often the stalk is but a foot high; the ears only are reaped by hand, the straw left standing for half-starved cattle to browse.

A striking geographical fact is that there is actually no land between the end of the breakwater at Manora Point and the South Pole.

Sindh, of which Karachi is the capital, is perhaps chiefly associated in the minds of most English people by the historic cipher dispatch of Sir Charles Napier after the battle of Miani in 1843, which gave India Sindh—"Peccavi." Sindh was of great strategical importance to our troops as a kind of jumping-off place, and as a basis for any operations which might be undertaken against Southern Afghanistan. By this victory of Miani not only did Great Britain get possession of the lower Indus Valley (the Unhappy Valley), but it brought under British dominion the whole of the Indian coast line from Chittagong to the mouth of the Indus.

The Indus (Sindhus) has been called the Nile of India, just as Sir Charles Napier termed Sindh Young Egypt. Not only is it the great highway of Sindh and the Southern Punjab, but on the river depends all the agriculture of Sindh, though since the railway has been opened the river traffic between Karachi and Multan has become insignificant.

The hilsa, sometimes called the Indian salmon, is

plentiful in the Indus. No Indian fish perhaps excels the hilsa in delicate flavour, but it is particularly troublesome to eat as it is full of extremely fine bones. A Karachi friend sends me an interesting note on the native method of catching this fish.

The fish is caught in a peculiar fashion, and it is an interesting sight to watch the fishermen start their work of an evening. The Indus is so extremely muddy, with finely divided silt in suspense, that it is impossible to see an inch under water. This silt, by the way, when deposited on the land forms a capital fertiliser, and is so fine in quality that it serves admirably as a colour wash for houses, where whitewash is too glaring in an Indian sun. Each fisherman is provided with the narrowest of loin cloths, a large earthenware vessel (*gurrah*), something like a lobster pot in shape, and a split bamboo with a long handle and a net stretched across the slit. He slips into the water, and lies with his abdomen across the mouth of his vessel, which is both float and storage to him. He floats downstream merely guiding his course with his feet—his hands are employed in holding his net perpendicularly in the water—and so he goes downstream during the night. When he catches a fish, he raises his body slightly, and pops the fish into his earthenware vessel, and then drops his net again and goes on.

How the men catch the fish without bait in water in which nothing can be seen, and with a net too small to sweep more than five or six feet of water at a time, one cannot imagine.

The great sight of Karachi is the sacred Crocodile Preserve at Magar Pir, some seven miles off. There are hot springs here which feed a shallow tank containing nearly a hundred crocodiles.

A graphic and unusually full description of the sacred crocodiles is given in "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India," by A. Leith Adams. As this work is, I believe, out of print, I give an extract :

"The greater pond is about 300 yards in circumference, and contains many little grassy islands, on which the majority of the crocodiles were then basking ; some were asleep on its slimy sides, others half-submerged in the muddy water, while now and then a huge monster would raise himself upon his diminutive legs, and waddling for a few paces, fall flat on his belly. Young ones, from a foot in length and upwards, ran nimbly along the margin of the pond, disappearing suddenly in the turbid waters as soon as we approached. The largest crocodile lives in a long, narrow tank, separate from the others. The Fakirs, and natives who worship in the neighbouring temples, have painted his forehead red—they venerate the old monster, making a salaam to his majesty whenever he shows himself above water.

"A handsome young Beloochee, whose occupation it was to feed the animals, informed us that the said King was upwards of 200 years old, and that, by way of a tit-bit, he was in the habit of devouring the young crocodiles. During our visit this enormous brute was asleep on the bank of his dwelling-place, and seemed quite indifferent to our presence, although we came within a foot of him, and even attempted to arouse him by rubbing his nose with a leg of goat's flesh, which, however, a young one greedily seized and dived under water. Our attendant tried in vain to excite their ferocity, but beyond a feeble attempt to snap their trenchant teeth, the animals showed no disposition to attack us. A pony was wading about in the pond and feeding on the grassy hillocks, but the crocodiles took no notice of him.

“The water in the pool felt cold, although fed from two hot springs, one of which was of so high a temperature that I could not retain my hand in it. . . . The crocodiles dig deep in the sand, under the neighbouring date-trees, and there deposit their eggs. Quantities of deciduous teeth, of various sizes, were strewn along the shiny sides of the pond.

“Strangers are expected to stand treat, not only by the Fakirs and natives, who gain a livelihood by hanging about the pond and showing the monsters, but even the crocodiles themselves seem to anticipate a feast, and on the arrival of a party come out in unusual numbers. Accordingly, we had a goat slaughtered, during which operation the brutes seemed to raise themselves, as if preparing for a rush. Then our guide, taking piece after piece of the flesh, dashed it on the bank, uttering a low growling sound, at which the whole tank became in motion, and crocodiles, of whose existence we had before been ignorant, splashed through the shallow water, struggling which should seize the prize. The shore was literally covered with scaly monsters, snapping their jaws at one another. They seize their food with the side of the mouth, and toss the head backward, in order that it may fall into the throat. . . .”

The story, usually thought to be fictitious, of the Englishman who for a bet crossed the tank by jumping successively from the backs of these crocodiles is, it seems, based on fact. The hero of this foolhardy feat was a certain Lieutenant Beresford, a friend of Sir R. F. Burton. When Burton and his companion were visiting the crocodiles' tank they noticed that these reptiles and certain islets of reeds happened to make an almost continuous bridge across the tank. This prompted the daring subaltern to hazard the feat of crossing by hopping from one

crocodile to another. To the amazement of the spectators he succeeded in this apparently mad attempt. Sir Richard Burton had already successfully performed an equally daring feat. He managed to muzzle a crocodile by means of a lasso, and then jumped on the reptile's back and enjoyed a somewhat zigzag ride. So it would appear that the egregious de Rougemont is only a plagiarist after all.

For much of the information embodied in this chapter I am indebted to my friend Mr L. G. Wait, who lived for seven years in Karachi.

CHAPTER XX

AMRITSAR : THE HOLY CITY OF THE SIKHS

Reflected, like a golden dream,
The temple's very shadows gleam,
And round the solemn portals cling
Proud memories of Ranjīt Singh.

THE sacred city of the Sikhs, though boasting no great antiquity, is one of the most picturesque and striking cities in India, and should certainly not be neglected by tourists.

The Sikhs may be described as dissenters from Hinduism bound together by military ties—a sort of Hindu Knight Templars. Much of the ceremonial and formalism of Brahminism is rejected, including the most typical dogma of all—the worship of caste. The sect owes its origin to a certain Nanak Shah (Guru Nanak) who preached this reformation towards the end of the fifteenth century. Their rulers, who eventually combined the functions of military chief and spiritual leader, were called Guru (teacher). At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Sikhs formed themselves into tribes, each under a Sirdar (chief), who practically controlled the whole of the Punjab. But some hundred years later all these confederacies fell under the rule of the famous Ranjīt Singh, who died in 1839. Finally the British victory of Sobraon in 1846, followed by that of Gujerat in 1849, resulted in the annexation of the Punjab.

Such, in a nutshell, is the story of the rise and fall of the Sikh nation, though perhaps they would be

more accurately described as a sect rather than a nation.

Amritsar is a comparatively modern city, having been founded in 1574, by the Guru Ram Das. The chief attraction is the famous Golden Temple, built by Ranjit Singh in the middle of the lake known as the Pool of Immortality. Perhaps no temple—Hindu, Moslem, or Buddhist—in India possesses so striking and beautiful a situation as this remarkable sacred temple of the Sikhs. In the dazzling sunshine this beautiful sanctuary with its burnished copper roof shines like gold, while the lake is bordered with the palaces, chapels and Minars of wealthy Sikh chieftains, with a background of shady groves and gardens. From this mass of greenery stand out, white and dazzling, soaring minarets, pinnacles, and towers, while the many-coloured throngs of pilgrims on the terraces of the lake and the marble causeway enliven the scene. The Temple is reached by an arcaded causeway inlaid with cornelians, agates and other stones. At the entrance of this causeway is a fine gateway, which is now adorned with a magnificent memorial to the men of the 35th (Sikh) Regiment who fell in the Chitral Expedition. Altogether this is one of the most charming and impressive scenes that travellers will see in the whole of their Indian tour. The Golden Temple, which stands on a marble platform in the middle of the lake, is a small building, and not of the highest architectural merit, but, owing to the richness of the decoration and the unique charm of its surroundings, is one of the most attractive in India.

The visitor is met at the entrance gate by an official guide, and, after changing his boots for slippers and carefully removing any cigars or cigarettes he may have in his pockets—for tobacco would be desecration in a

Sikh temple—he is conducted along the causeway to the temple. In the centre sits the chief priest, surrounded by a large number of white-robed priests, who sit round a silken sheet piled with roses. The chief priest chants a verse from the Granth—the Sikh Bible—and the other priests and worshippers chant the alternative verse. Meanwhile the worshippers file past the priest and throw their offerings of roses into the silken sheet. The whole ceremony is so simple, yet impressive, that the tourist, who is by way of being shocked or amused, according to temperament, at the fantastic and repulsive ceremonies, in the Temples of Benares for instance, leaves the Golden Temple with a feeling that he has not been looking on at a mere “sight,” but at a reverent act of worship.

Most of the interesting sights are in the neighbourhood of the sacred lake, which is surrounded by palaces, kiosks, pavilions, towers, gardens, and groves, forming a delightful panorama. This is best enjoyed from the summit of the Baba Atal Tower, standing in the temple garden. The height of this picturesque building is 130 feet. A curious legend is commemorated by this tower. It was built early in the seventeenth century by the famous Guru, Har Govind, in memory of his son Atal, who had been reprovved by his father for the wrongful exercise of supernatural powers. The young man took this so much to heart that, declaring that as a life was required he would give his own, he lay down and died. It is true the motive does not seem very convincing, but such is the legend.

Amritsar is the great centre of Sikh education, as Aligarh is of Mohammedanism, and Benares of Hindu culture. The College and School, though one of the latest, is now one of the most important of the chiefs' colleges in India. Khalsa College is, in short, for the

young Sikh nobles and landed proprietors, what Mayo College, Ajmir, is for the sons of Rajput chiefs, and Aligarh for the sons of Mohammedan nobles and gentry. It is a much larger institution than its counterpart at Lahore—Aitchison College having less than 100 pupils, while Khalsa has a membership roll of over 500.

The motives which prompted the founding of the College are similar to those which influenced the Mohammedan founders of Aligarh. It was felt that the Sikhs, being primarily warriors, through lack of education were outstripped by the inhabitants of neighbouring states in obtaining civil employment. The movement was supported by the whole Sikh nation, as well as by the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James Lyall; and in 1892 the foundation stone of the College was laid. It is significant of the importance attached to this institution that the Khalsa College and the Golden Temple were the only two places in Amritsar visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their historic Indian Tour.

But besides being a great religious and educational centre Amritsar is, next to Delhi and Lahore, the most important commercial city in the Punjab. Then it is the chief seat of manufacture of the famous Kashmir shawls, and it is said that there are 4000 looms in the city. The finest and largest specimens, whose texture is so fine that they can actually be passed through a wedding ring, are decidedly expensive, costing anything from £30 to £40 upwards, but smaller shawls not quite so delicate in texture—though only an expert could detect the difference—can be obtained for £10 or so. One reason for the costliness of these shawls is that only the downiest of fleeces, taken from the under side of the throat and belly of young kids, is used. The oft-repeated legend that these shawls are

woven from the fleece of unborn kids is happily a myth. It is said that as many as ten fleeces are required to make one small shawl, and that each loom with four workers can only produce two or three shawls in a year.

Besides the Kashmir shawls—the staple manufacture—all kinds of silk goods are manufactured here, and some of the finest carpets in India. In the bazaars, too, beautifully carved ivory ornaments can be bought at very moderate prices. Altogether the Amritsar bazaars afford one of the best hunting-grounds for collectors of native curios and wares in all India, and there is a smaller proportion of rubbish and articles made expressly for tourists than at the better-known bazaars of Delhi or Lucknow.

Mr W. S. Caine, in his entertaining book on India, calls attention to an interesting sight which the local cicerones quite ignore. This is the great serai, analogous to the khans of Old Cairo, a kind of market surrounded by small houses, in which merchants from Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Turkestan, and, indeed, from most countries of Central Asia, find accommodation. In front of these houses are congregated traders and pedlars, who bring the produce of their countries to exchange for Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham goods.

“Here are white-skinned Kashmiris, stout Nepaulese, sturdy little Beluchis, stately but filthy Afghans, Persians, Bokharans, Khivans, Khokandis, Turcomans, Varkandis, Kashgaris, Thibetans, and Tartars, and even the ubiquitous Chinaman.” In no city in India, except perhaps at Lahore, Quetta, or Peshawar, can such a variety of Central Asian types and nationalities be encountered in the bazaars.

CHAPTER XXI

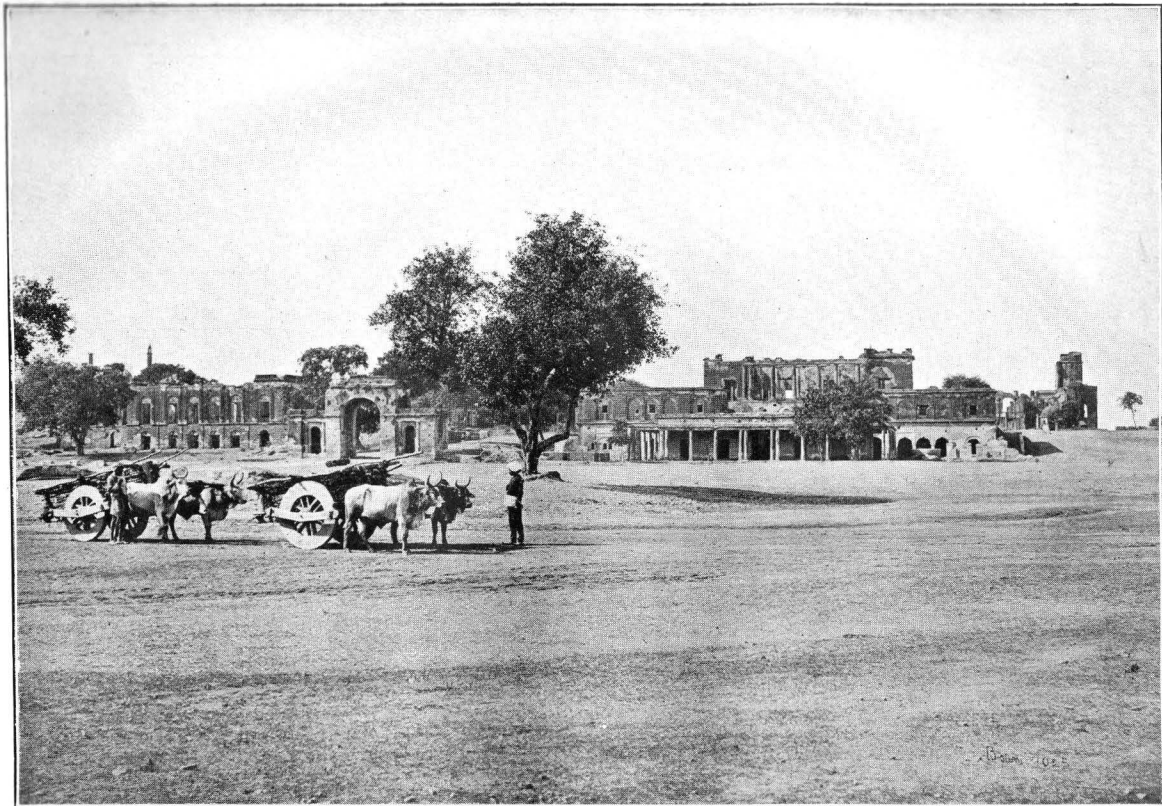
LUCKNOW : THE CITY OF REFUGE

Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

FROM Amritsar to Lucknow we pass through a somewhat monotonous stretch of country, though Oudh, called the Garden of India, is richly cultivated. Lucknow, the old capital of Oudh, is a comparatively modern city, being founded in 1775 to replace the former capital, Fyzabad.

Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow were in turn the chief foci of the Mutiny. Delhi, as the Imperial city and the court of the Moghul King, was the official centre of the insurrection. That Lucknow should be another great rallying place of the rebel army is not surprising. It was the capital of Oudh, that recently annexed province, where alone the rebellion was to some extent national in character, and not merely a military rising as elsewhere.

The noble defence of Lucknow, from July 1, 1857, to the final relief on November 17, is one of the most glorious episodes in the war, and the Lucknow Residency will always remain a sacred memorial of English valour and self-sacrifice. Then, too, this siege, regarded from a military point of view, was of the greatest value and importance in the maintenance of the British Raj in India. It kept engaged for months a whole army of rebels, who might otherwise have turned the wavering scale at Delhi.



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

But in this defence we must not imagine a single isolated stronghold; the actual Residency was but its centre, and by the Residency we must understand a widely scattered group of buildings, the outer ones hastily converted into defensive works surrounding the improvised citadel of the Resident. Each of these outer works had its own garrison, and they were connected by temporary entrenchments—mud walls, banks, palisades, ditches, etc.

To maintain these entrenched lines, and to defend some five hundred women and children, little more than a thousand soldiers and civilians were available. Counting the loyal natives and native servants nearly 3000 persons were herded together in an irregular enclosure, about one mile in circumference, invested by a disciplined army of overwhelming numbers.

During this long siege the senses of the ladies seem, fortunately, to have become to some extent blunted to the horrors of war. In Lady Inglis's diary, for instance, the following incident is casually alluded to as quite an ordinary event:—"Mrs Bruère's nurse was to-day wounded in the eye. To extract the bullet it was found necessary to take out the eye—a fearful operation. Her mistress held her while it was performed."

The ruined cellars can still be seen where the women and children were immured for safety during those awful eighty-seven days. The women, indeed, had to endure hardships more intolerable than their defenders at the exposed entrenchments, which demanded as much courage though of a passive kind. In the tropical heat delicate women panted for air in these pestilential cellars, patiently enduring the foul air and the awful stench, or, alas! despairingly watching their children pining away for want of fresh air and proper nourishment.

But the best memorial of the siege is, after all, the

blackened and shot-riddled ruins of the Residency itself ; which, with excellent taste, has been preserved as it stood and not restored.

“Set in a beautiful garden,” says Mr Hope Moncrieff, in his picturesque and vigorously drawn story of the Mutiny, “the remnants of the Residency Buildings are preserved no less reverently than the tombs and monuments of their defenders, over which rises the flowery mound that bears aloft a white cross sacred to the memory of the Christian dead, famous and nameless, lying side by side, around.”

Next to the Residency the most thrilling spot in Lucknow is the Cemetery. This necropolis, where lie over 2000 English men, women, and children who perished by war or massacre during the Great Indian Rebellion, must give pause to the most thoughtless and unemotional visitor. Here rests Sir Henry Lawrence, “who tried to do his duty” ; but the hero of the Relief, Sir Henry Havelock, lies in the Alam Bagh, about a mile and a half beyond the city on the Cawnpore Road.

The Lucknow campaign consists of four phases—the siege, the relief by Outram and Havelock, the withdrawal of the garrison by Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), and the capture by the same general in the following March. The dramatic features of the temporary relief by Generals Outram and Havelock, one of the most daring operations in modern warfare, in the course of which a fifth of the small army of some 3500 men were lost, no doubt appeal strongly to the imagination. The sensational incident of the Scottish lassie, Jessie Brown, being the first to hear the skirl of the bagpipes is usually thought to be a picturesque kind of embroidery to the story of the siege, with no foundation in fact.

“ Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair ;
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden
 With her ear unto the ground :
 ‘ Dinna ye hear it ?—Dinna ye hear it ?
 The pipes of Havelock sound.’

“ Like the march of soundless music
 Through the vision of the seer,
 More of feeling than of hearing,
 Of the heart than of the ear :
 She knew the droning pibroch,
 She knew the Campbell’s call :
 ‘ Hark ! Hear ye no’ MacGregor’s—
 The grandest o’ them all ! ’”

Still, there can be no doubt that the 93rd Highlanders did bring their pipes with them, for one of the beleaguered garrison incidentally refers to seeing dancing going on among the soldiers of the relieving troops to the strains of two Highland pipers.

Splendid though Outram’s Pyrrhic victory certainly was, Sir Colin Campbell’s rescue and withdrawal of the garrison was a finer feat of arms, in the opinion of military experts. Strictly speaking, Lucknow was not, however, absolutely evacuated, as English prestige was maintained by the occupation of the Alam Bagh by Outram all through the winter, till the capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell in March, 1858.

Before visiting these scenes, which, owing to the demolition of many of the buildings which formed the outworks, and to other structural changes, are not easily understood, the excellent model in the Lucknow Museum (Chatar Manzil), or the copy in a room of the Begam Kothi near the Residency, should be carefully studied. Still, the chief posts and batteries are carefully marked by pillars or tablets.

One of the most instructive and interesting excursions is to hire a gharry, and drive so far as is now possible—for Lucknow has been practically rebuilt since 1857—along the route taken by Colin Campbell's relieving army, visiting the historic landmarks which still remain: Alam Bagh, Secunderabagh, Khurshaid Manzil (Mess House), Kaiser Bagh, Martinière, etc.

The Alam Bagh was occupied all through the winter of 1857-58 by General Outram and 4500 men, so that the prestige of the British arms was maintained by Lucknow not being absolutely evacuated.

The Martinière, which was built by the famous soldier of fortune, General Martin, was, till it was taken in March 1858, mainly by the efforts of the Naval Brigade under Sir William Peel, one of the most important posts of the rebels. Hardly sufficient prominence is given by historians to the splendid work done by this force in the relief and capture of Lucknow. But for the big guns of the *Shannon*, it is not likely that strongly held positions like the Shah Najaf Tomb or the Martinière would have been taken.

Indeed the work of the blue-jackets at Lucknow affords a striking historical parallel to the operations of Captain Scott's naval brigade in the relief of Ladysmith; and the labours of Sir William Peel's little force were even more strenuous: "The dragging of those heavy ship-guns under a blazing, tropical sun will not soon be forgotten by the natives."

An interesting story attaches to the building known as the Mess House, one of the chain of fortified posts taken in turn by Sir Colin Campbell. Both Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, then subalterns, took an active part in the storming of this strongly held post. Some years ago this incident gave rise to an interesting controversy in the

papers as to which could claim the credit of planting on its walls, under a storm of bullets, the regimental colours.

One need not apologise for devoting so much space to the tragic but heroic story of this historic siege, for, after all, to nine out of ten visitors, Lucknow is the Residency, and only a perfunctory attention is paid to the usual lions of a great Indian city.

“From a distance Lucknow presents a most deceptive appearance of splendour—domes, minarets, and quaintly bizarre pinnacles lead one to expect a gorgeous city of more than ordinary Oriental magnificence ; but a nearer approach produces a disillusionment, and I felt no desire to sketch or to stay here longer than was necessary to go over the places made memorable by the Mutiny.”—A. H. HALLAM MURRAY.

The ordinary tourist, however, accepts with equanimity the opinion of experts that the architectural monuments of the Moghuls at Lucknow are of a decadent type, and hardly worth visiting. He comes to Lucknow to see the relics of the Mutiny, not Moghul buildings. Still, a visit to the Kaiser Bagh will enable an artistic visitor to understand why the Lucknow palaces and mosques are held in such low esteem by severe critics—the grand effects and bold contrasts of Delhi and Agra here degenerate to mere prettiness in decorative effect. A parallel is to be seen in the contrast between the skilful, but meretricious, workmanship of modern Italian sculpture and that of the age of Michael Angelo.

The architectural monuments of Lucknow are, in short, a byword among artistic travellers, and the florid monstrosities in stucco and plaster will come as a shock to those fresh from the architectural splendours of Delhi or Agra. Chief among these extravagant and tawdry buildings is the Kaiser Bagh (Cæsar’s Garden), built by Wajid Ali,

the last king of Oudh, in 1848-50, at a cost of ten million rupees. It is an enormous pile, said to occupy a wider area than the Tuileries and Louvre combined. The Kaisar Pasand in one corner of the square possesses some historic interest from having been the prison of Sir M. Jackson and his party, previous to their massacre.

There are, however, two buildings in Lucknow which are of some architectural pretensions, and are dignified and impressive—the Imambarah and the Jama Masjid. The Imambarah (chief's enclosure) is a colossal structure, built in 1874; the main hall is 163 feet long and 53 feet broad, and is of great interest to architects, owing to the ingenious way in which the great difficulty of vaulting so large a building has been overcome, for there are no pillars, abutments, or other supports. The ceiling was composed of rubble laid on a rude mould of bricks and mud, and allowed to stand a year or two to solidify. The mould was then removed, and the result was, says Fergusson, a better and more durable form of roof than the most scientific Gothic vaulting; certainly far cheaper and far more easily made, since it is literally cast on a mud form, which may be moulded into any shape the fancy of the architect may dictate.

Previous to the Mutiny the Lucknow bazaars were the largest and most important in all India, and though much inferior work is now offered for sale, especially in the jewellers' bazaar, yet they are still worth visiting by curio hunters. What Lucknow is still famed for is its gold and silver lace filigree work, and gold and silver wire work. It is said that a single rupee can be spun out to 800 yards of silver wire.

Other specialties are the beautiful silver water-bottles (serais), pipes (hukas), and the quaint clay models representing the various tribes and races of Oudh and the North-

West—all kinds of craftsmen, traders, artisans, domestic servants, ryots, etc.

But there is one bazaar which the guides usually ignore as beneath the notice of the sahibs, yet it is the most characteristic of all. This is the bird-market (nakhas), where will be seen “cages of gamecocks, and pigeons trained to tumble in the air for wagers; little open boxes of fighting quails; weaver-birds, bulbuls, avadavats, and other singing birds; hawks and falcons for the chase; peafowl, herons, storks, and waterfowl for the ponds of native gentlemen’s gardens.”

But what the traveller may safely omit is the regulation visit to the opium dens, one of the stock items in the native guide’s itinerary, who regards it as the great “side-show” of Lucknow. It is significant that half the receipts of the smoking dens go to the Government. Certainly the ordinary missionary view, that this system is difficult to distinguish from State regulation of vice, does not seem an unreasonable one. But the whole question of the opium industry is, of course, extremely complex and difficult.

CHAPTER XXII

CAWNPORE : THE CITY OF TRAGEDY

Serene the snow-white Angel stands,
With drooping wings and folded hands,
Scarce seeming to commemorate
The Nana's fierce, relentless hate ;
While round the quiet garden roar
The busy mills of New Cawnpore.

CAWNPORE is to English visitors primarily a city of painful memories ; in fact, the emotions aroused by the various cities I am attempting to describe might be epigrammatically expressed as follows :—At Delhi one is impressed, at Agra one is charmed, at Calcutta one is instructed, at Lucknow thrilled, while at Cawnpore one is harrowed.

Or to put it another way, the impressions of the casual visitor to these cities are crystallised by some typical historic building. For instance, to nine out of ten travellers, Delhi means the Fort, Agra the Taj, Lucknow the Residency, Calcutta the Black Hole, Cawnpore the fatal well, and so on.

With the exception of the various sites and memorials of the Mutiny there is nothing to see at Cawnpore, yet it is one of the most frequented shrines of tourist culture in India.

As a military operation the siege itself is of slight importance, though Cawnpore, being on the Ganges and also on the Grand Trunk road, the two great highways of travel in the days of the Mutiny, was the base of supplies for Lucknow, which must be held at all hazards.

The delay in the expedition for the final relief of Lucknow was, in fact, due partly to the necessity of securing the line of retreat for the great convoy of women and children and wounded from the Residency, whence they were despatched by river to Allahabad.

We will first visit the historic plain just outside the city, where for three weeks some 300 soldiers and civilians, protected only by hastily thrown-up shelter trenches, guarded 600 women and children and other non-combatants from the attacks of ten times this number of fanatical mutineers.

Sir Hugh Wheeler has of course been blamed by critics, so profoundly sagacious after the event, for not having moved the garrison and the Europeans to the magazine on the river banks—a well-fortified post—instead of moving them out to the exposed and hastily constructed lines in the open plain. But he feared to anticipate the revolt by removing the Sepoy guard, and besides he counted on the mutineers making straight for Delhi—as indeed they did, only to be recalled by the scheming and far-seeing Nana—and thought he would easily hold the entrenchment against the Cawnpore rabble.

The error of judgment was, as the event proved, of course, a fatal one, but a venial fault compared with the criminal supineness of Generals Hewett and Wilson at Meerut. Besides, a study of the voluminous literature of the Mutiny shows that the Sepoy campaign produced almost as large an army of arm-chair critics and “military experts” as the South African War. No General seems to have emerged unscathed, and even Sir Henry Havelock has been adversely criticised for falling back twice in his attempt to relieve the Lucknow garrison, while Sir Colin Campbell has been severely blamed for his delay in the final capture of Lucknow. Then,

in the earlier operations of the so-called siege of Delhi unpardonable dilatoriness was shown by some of the commanders. For instance, General Anson took so long a time in marching on Delhi, throwing up unnecessary entrenchments at Umballa for instance, that Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, sent a cleverly veiled remonstrance in the form of a cipher despatch—"Clubs are trumps, not spades."

The situation of the 900 odd souls in these miserable defences—a schoolboy might almost have jumped over the hastily dug shelter trench and mud wall which formed their only rampart against the batteries of the enemy—could not be more desperate.

Of all the terrible hardships and privations of the besieged, the scarcity of water was the greatest; every drop of water meant literally the price of blood, for the enemy had carefully trained a gun on the only well, and even at night it was a target for grape-shot. This deficiency of water became almost unendurable during the last twelve days, when, owing to the Nana's troops having burned the building which served as a hospital, many delicate women and children had to lie out in the trenches exposed to the burning rays of the sun in the height of the hottest season.

Among the band of heroes, perhaps the most heroic was a mere civilian, a certain Mr Mackill, who, humorously deprecating the risks, remarked, that as he was no fighting man, he would take charge of the well. This post of honour he held for several days till he was shot down. A characteristic story of his devotion and self-sacrifice is told of his last moments. His last words were an earnest entreaty that "somebody would go and draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it."

The masonry of the well still bears traces of the grape-

shot and bullets fired by the Sepoys. It is a pity that there is no enclosure or any tablet to mark the scene of these heroic exploits.

The historic and strategic importance of the Lucknow siege has perhaps a little obscured the far more perilous investment of Cawnpore, which was admittedly the field of even greater feats of heroism and self-sacrifice. Indeed, Lady Inglis considered the perils and hardships of Lucknow light in comparison. The casualties during the three weeks' investment were actually far more than during the three months' siege of Lucknow. Out of the 900 persons (including 300 soldiers) who had taken refuge behind General Wheeler's lines on June 6, about half this number had fallen by June 27, when the untenable position was surrendered.

Then, the siege having culminated in the awful series of massacres, there were actually only four survivors to tell the terrible story of Cawnpore. The nearest historic parallel in India is the Kabul disaster of 1841, when Dr Brydon was the only survivor out of a force of some 4500 men.

As to the expediency of the surrender, there are, of course, many opinions, but there was practically no alternative. The besieged had almost come to an end of their provisions, over half their number had succumbed, the water was running alarmingly short, and there was no prospect of relief. General Wheeler, indeed, was inclined to refuse the Nana's offer to grant the garrison a free passage to Allahabad on condition of their delivering up their battered defences, the guns, and the treasure. But the other officers, who had certainly earned the right to advise prudence, urged that accepting these terms was the only chance for the numerous women and children and the wounded. It was, of course, the crowd of non-

combatants that influenced the decision. But for these the troops might have cut their way through the rebels to the river, and some, no doubt, would have reached Allahabad.

The story of the black treachery of Nana Sahib, culminating in the massacres at the Ghat, and of the survivors at the Bibi-garh, perhaps the most ghastly of all the tragedies of the great Mutiny, showed that the General's suspicions were only too well founded.

We begin the interesting, if painful, pilgrimage of the Mutiny sites—the only sights, indeed, of this otherwise commonplace and prosperous commercial city—with the memorial church close to General Wheeler's historic entrenchments. Its architectural features are poor, but with its walls lined with memorials and inscriptions to those who fell at Cawnpore, it may be regarded as a fellow Valhalla of the Mutiny to that at Delhi.

No traces, of course, remain of the mud walls of the famous entrenchments, but their course is marked by white pillars. A visit to this famous site makes one appreciate better the heroic defence of the famous three hundred of Cawnpore than the study of whole pages of description. The well, which proved such a terrible death trap, will of course be visited, but this should not be confused with the disused sepulchral well near the modern barracks, in which those who died during the defence were buried. The latter well is enclosed, and on the base of the memorial cross can be read this inscription:

“In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women, and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, June 6 to 27, 1857.”

Following the topographical and historical sequence of the Cawnpore siege, we now take the road to the Massacre Ghat, about a mile distant, mentally accompanied perhaps by that hapless band of 450 survivors wearily trudging along on foot, or borne on bullock carts, palanquins, and elephants, down to the river bank, soon to prove a veritable shambles. A ruined temple, appropriately dedicated to Siva the Destroyer, marks the site of this awful massacre.

A short distance below the Massacre Ghat the banks were studded with numerous temples, which proved such convenient cover whence the enemy could fire on Have-lock's bridge of boats, that it was found necessary to blow them up. The priests begged for the mercy which the British Government had always shown to native places of worship, whereupon Sir Robert Napier replied, that if any one of them could prove that he had interceded for the life of a single Christian, then his temple should be spared. Not a single voice replied.

"Seated on the steps of the temple, it is hard to realise that historical tragedy," writes Mr G. W. Forrest, the son of that Lieutenant Forrest who gained his V. C. for the defence of the Delhi magazine. "All around is so calm and peaceful. No sound breaks the stillness of the air ; not a breath of air ruffles the broad bosom of the Ganges. A country boat is floating down the stream, and the wide white sails catch the golden rays of the sun as it rises above the horizon this fresh December morning."

The Memorial Garden and Well is the goal in the last stage of this Indian Via Dolorosa. Great taste has been shown in the laying out of this garden, and its position in the middle of an arid, sandy plain, emphasises, by contrast, the charms of this verdant and shady God's Acre.

The memorial monument in the midst of this beautiful garden renders it difficult now to realise the horrors it seeks to commemorate. Marochetti's Angel of the Resurrection, bearing the palms of victory, with the simple inscription: "These are they which came out of great tribulation," must appeal to the least emotional or imaginative.

Exceedingly beautiful are the smooth green lawns with masses of roses one hardly expects to see out of Devonshire. "Not roses only, for all rare and beautiful flowers are here in the same luxuriance—walls of golden bignonia and bougainvillia, whose long sprays of delicate leaves festoon each shrub that comes within reach."

In the awful and tragic story of the second Cawnpore massacre (July 15), there is nothing perhaps which affects the reader so much as the following significant statement, by one who saw the spot two days afterwards, that the "plaster of the walls was scored with sword cuts, not high up, as where men have fought, but low down, as if a creature had crouched to avoid the blow."

But it is well not to dwell on this terrible tragedy, which, indeed, the beautiful memorial, with its divine message of pity, should help one to forget.

The statue is graceful and impressive, and seems obviously meant to represent Christian resignation; though, curiously enough, visitors read all kinds of emotions into the attitude and expression of Marochetti's angel—grief, pity, resignation, triumph (apparently symbolised by the palms of martyrdom), and even vengeance. The last suggestion seems very improbable, though it is significant—and this is, I believe, a fact not generally known—that the original text proposed for the inscription was: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Fortunately, saner and

wiser, and certainly more Christian counsels prevailed, and no text more appropriate could be chosen than the one now inscribed : “ These are they which came out of great tribulation.”

It is unfortunate that the palms held by the angel should bear such a striking resemblance to the broom carried by sweepers—the lowest caste. The native’s mind cannot rise above this idea, and he supposes that the avenging angel represents the bearer of the broom wherewith the blood of the victims was swept up.

There is no doubt something to be said for the humanitarian view that it would be a magnanimous policy to refrain from perpetuating the painful memories of the tragic story of the Mutiny at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, by maintaining in the Cashmere Gate, the Residency or the Memorial Well a kind of monumental museum of this terrible catastrophe. That, in short, the preservation of these stone records is a perpetual source of irritation and mortification to our loyal Indian subjects. By striving to obliterate these harrowing recollections, the ruling race would, it is urged, help to further the noble aspiration of that great man, who bid his countrymen draw from the horrors of Cawnpore the lesson that in such bloody scenes each Englishman should “ breathe a silent petition for grace to do in his generation some small thing towards the conciliation of races estranged by a terrible mutiny.”

On the other hand, the official view would probably be that it is well to preserve these memories as an “ awful warning ” embodied in stone—a kind of object lesson to the native races. In connection with this suggestion to obliterate all these memorials of the Mutiny, Lord Curzon in one of his speeches spoke feelingly and forcibly :

“ Pass over them the sponge of forgiveness : blot them

out with the finger of mercy and reconciliation, but do not for the sake of a false sentiment forfeit your chance of honouring that which is worthy of honour. All these events are wayside marks in the onward stride of time God Almighty placed them there: and if some of the stepping stones over which the English and the Indian people in this country have marched to a better understanding, and a truer union, have been slippery with human blood, do not ignore or cast them away. Rather let us wipe them clear of their stains and preserve them intact for the teaching of those that come after."

Besides, as has been well said by Mr G. W. Forrest, in his "Cities of India," the story of the world-wide tragedy of the Mutiny is the prose epic of our Indian Empire, and those who read it in the right spirit will find something beyond cruel atrocities, thrilling adventures, or exciting battle scenes.

CHAPTER XXIII

BENARES : THE METROPOLIS OF HINDUISM

Old Kasi, though a serried rank
Of temples lines thy storied bank,
Yet Aurangzeb's tall minaret
Climbs and proclaims his conquest yet.

BENARES might be described as a kind of religious palimpsest, for though the holiest of cities to Hindus and one of the oldest in India, before it was the Brahmin Mecca it was in turn a centre of Vedic, Buddhist, and, in a less degree, Moslem influence. Then, more recently, Benares has become an important centre of Christian influence. It is the Alma Mater of Brahminism, and is in a sense even a more sacred city than Mecca is to Moslems, or Jerusalem to Christians, for Benares among Hindus is considered to be deified in its whole material mass. All those who die within the boundaries of the city (fifty miles) "be they Brahmins, or low caste Muslims or Christians, be they liars, thieves, or murderers, are sure of admittance into Siva's heaven."

Then, of all the great cities of India, Benares is one of the most typically "native." Here Europeans seem almost non-existent except during the cool season, when the great "show city" of India is crowded with foreign tourists.

This "strange and fascinating piety-hive" possesses a peculiar attraction to those of artistic and imaginative temperament. Indeed, if we leave the crowded streets and bazaars, and the swarming temples and shrines, and wander through the picturesque alleys away from the

main thoroughfares, we shall begin to understand the saying of a famous traveller, "that no city in India has about it such an atmosphere of immemorial antiquity as Benares." All aspects are melancholy and depressing. The huge city, if you could ignore the crowds of fakirs and pilgrims thronging the purlieus of the innumerable temples, seems moribund. Perhaps the one city of Western Europe which gives such an impression of old age and decrepitude is Cordova.

While to the tourist Benares is the religious capital, and one of the oldest and most picturesque cities in India, to the Anglo-Indian it is apt to be regarded merely as an important civil and military station. In connection with the somewhat self-centred attitude which tourists are apt to attribute to "civilians," a friend sends me the following amusing example: At his hotel in Calcutta our friend—a new arrival—happened at *table-d'hôte* to sit next the wife of a leading official. Having broken the ice by remarking that he had just come from Benares, the lady asked him "how he liked the station." Not quite knowing whether she alluded to the railway station or the police station, he made some non-committal reply, and not till the end of the repast did it dawn upon him that by this somewhat inadequate epithet she was referring to the holy city of Benares. This recalls the familiar story of a well-known racing man who having to write to an important official in the Inland Revenue addressed his letter to "Somerset House, opposite 'Short's,' The Strand, London."

The river front, like the Backs at Cambridge or the High at Oxford, is the supreme show place at Benares. Mark Twain, who, like Kipling, has the gift—invaluable in a descriptive writer—of condensing in the fewest words the salient features of a landscape, gives the reader a better idea of this marvellous city than he would gather from page



MANIKARNIK GHÂT, BENARES.

upon page of detailed description, in the following vigorously drawn word picture :—

“ Its tall bluffs are solidly caked from water to summit, along a stretch of three miles, with a splendid jumble of massive and picturesque masonry, a bewildering and beautiful confusion of stone platforms, temples, stair-flights, rich and stately palaces—nowhere a break, nowhere a glimpse of the bluff itself, all the long face of it is completely walled from sight by the crammed perspective of platform, soaring stairways, sculptured temples, majestic palaces, softening away into the distance, and there is movement, motion, everywhere, human life everywhere, and brilliantly costumed, streaming in rainbows up and down the lofty stairways, and massed in metaphorical flower gardens on the miles of great platforms at the river’s edge.”

To appreciate this wonderful sight, intensified by the human interest afforded by the thousands of pilgrims, fakirs, and other worshippers who crowd the ghats, especially in the early morning, the stranger must take a boat and be rowed slowly up and down the river. This is far more enjoyable than attempting to explore the malodorous streets and alleys and taking a hurried glimpse of the half-dozen regulation “ show temples ” affected by the guides.

It is interesting to follow the regular ritual of any one of the thousands of worshippers on the river bank. First he casts on the river his offering of flowers, then rinses his mouth with the holy water. Then he prays, standing first on one leg then on the other : next he falls flat on his face, kissing the earth. Rising, he prostrates himself towards the four points of the compass. Then looking heavenward he raises his hands in supplication, and pours out an offering of Ganges water to the sun, while some-

times he daubs his body with Ganges mud. Finally he washes his turban and loin cloth, and goes on his way rejoicing.

It would probably occur to the tourist, watching the thousands and thousands of apparently verminous and germ-laden pilgrims and fakirs collected here from all parts of India, and drinking the holy water quite indifferent to the proximity of a half-burnt corpse or a sewer outfall, that only a miracle prevents Benares from being the greatest plague spot in the Indian Empire.

Possibly a startling chemical discovery, made within recent years, offers a solution of this mystery. This certainly seems to show that there is a scientific basis for the universal faith—usually called superstition—among Hindus in the cleansing qualities of the Ganges, as well as in its peculiar sanctity. Careful experiments have shown that the river possesses extraordinary and inexplicable antiseptic properties. A Government analyst took water from the main sewer of Benares, which contained millions of cholera germs. When emptied into a receptacle of Ganges water in six hours they were all dead. He took undeniably pure water and threw a few cholera germs in; they propagated and swarmed. These tests were tried repeatedly, with the same results. Does this explain the comparative immunity of Benares from cholera epidemics on a large scale in a city which seems to offer the most favourable conditions for their propagation? Some travellers, however, offer a simpler explanation—namely, the powerful sunshine which for months on end beats on the waters, for it is well known that the sun has a distinctly deodorising and purifying influence.

Those who have only a short time in Benares are generally advised to confine their sightseeing to the principal ghats, and the Durga Temple, the Golden

Temple, the Well of Knowledge, the Observatory, and Aurangzeb's Mosque. One might go further and say that even tourists who are able to spend a whole week in Benares—and few travellers remain longer—will be well advised to devote most of their time to repeated rows up and down the river front, visits to the bazaars and the Buddhist ruins at Sarnath. But, after all, Benares is not one of those cities to be “done” in the ordinary tourist fashion. It is really one of the most fascinating and interesting cities in India, and a whole winter would not exhaust its innumerable features of interest.

But at the same time Benares does not contain a single great Hindu monument, and its temples are architecturally poor. For the great memorials of Hindu art we must go to Southern India—to Madura, Tanjore or Conjeveran. Aurangzeb and his hordes of iconoclasts did not leave a single important temple standing, while not content with building that Great Mosque, which is still the most insistent architectural feature of Benares, the imperial despoiler changed the name of the religious capital of Hinduism to Mahommedabad. The ghats extend from the little stream Asi to the River Barna. Hence, according to some authorities, the name Benares.

Starting from the southern end, and rowing down the river, we soon reach the Shivala Ghat, which is chiefly frequented by fakirs. But this portion of the river voyage should be more quickly performed, as the fact that a huge sewer enters the river here is brought home very convincingly to the olfactory nerves.

The Smasan (funeral) Ghat is usually known as the Burning Ghat, though the Jal Sain Ghat is the principal one. On the sides of this ghat are stones resembling tombstones. These are the monuments to widows who performed suttee, till this horrible practice was suppressed

by the Government. The lack of privacy and reverence in the funeral ceremonies and the businesslike manner in which they are conducted will probably shock the fastidious tourist. The most gruesome feature is cracking the skull with a club. This is usually done by the son of the deceased. This curious act of filial devotion is prompted by the superstition that at death the soul of a bad man passes downwards, while that of a good man passes upward through the skull.

The Kedar Ghat is one of the finest ghats from an architectural point of view. Most travellers land here to see the Well of Gauri, a holy well which is believed to have the especial property of curing dysentery. The Mansarova Ghat was built by Rajah Man Singh. Here tourists generally land to see the famous Mansarova Stone, which is believed to have the property of increasing a millet seed measure in height every day.

The Munshi Ghat is one of the most picturesque on the river. It was built by the Rajah of Nagpore. Next to this is the Rana Ghat, built by the Maharana of Udaipur. It is the only ghat frequented by Mussulmans. The Dasaswamed Ghat is one of the five sacred ghats; it is so called because Brahma is said to have sacrificed (*Medh*) ten (*das*) horses (*aswe*) at this spot.

Another ghat possessing peculiar sanctity is the Jal Sain Ghat (Burning Ghat). Close by is the Lalita Ghat (sometimes called the Nepali Ghat). This leads to the Nepaulese Temple. At the entrance are two monsters (leogryphs) like those seen in front of Burmese pagodas.

The Manikarnika Ghat is one of the most picturesque in Benares. It is so called from a famous tank. The accepted legend is that Devi dropped an earring into it (hence name, for *mani*=jewel and *karna*=ear), to which its special sanctity is due.

Not far from the Manikarnika Ghat is the ruinous Scindia Ghat, the most picturesque mass of ruins on the whole river front. This is a favourite resort of the Sadhus, a sect of fanatical mendicants.

The Panchganga Ghat is familiar to all tourists from photographs, with the slender and singularly graceful minarets of Aurangzeb's mosque towering above it. The Moghul Emperor built this mosque on the site of the temple of Siva to insult and mortify the conquered Hindus. This accounts for the anomaly of a Mohammedan temple being the most prominent architectural feature in this sacred city of Brahminism.

Near to this ghat is one which is naturally, if illogically, avoided by timid tourists, as it is generally known as Small-pox Ghat, being dedicated to Sitala, the goddess of small-pox. In some guides this is called Sittah Ghat.

"Perhaps there is some confusion with Sita, the most exquisite and charming figure in Hindu mythology, a sati whose like does not exist in Greek or Roman literature. But the cult of Sita and Ram has no place at Benares. It is a cult which interests scholars at present, since there are good grounds for believing it to be a modification of Christian ideas. For there were Christian churches in India long before we gave up the worship of Eastra, the Northern Vasanta, and when we were still sacrificing pigs to our Northern Venus Freya (Friday, Vendredi) at Yule, the season when the sun wheels or "yules" at the winter solstice."

The deserted condition of the opposite bank is striking and impressive. No temples, no shrines, not a single habitation! For some reason this bank is considered not only profane but comparatively infamous. It is true that the Maharajah of Benares has his palace on this side. But "as no rajah in his senses would risk transmigra-

tion into the body of an ass, when his last hour approaches he is carried across the river to die in the sacred city."

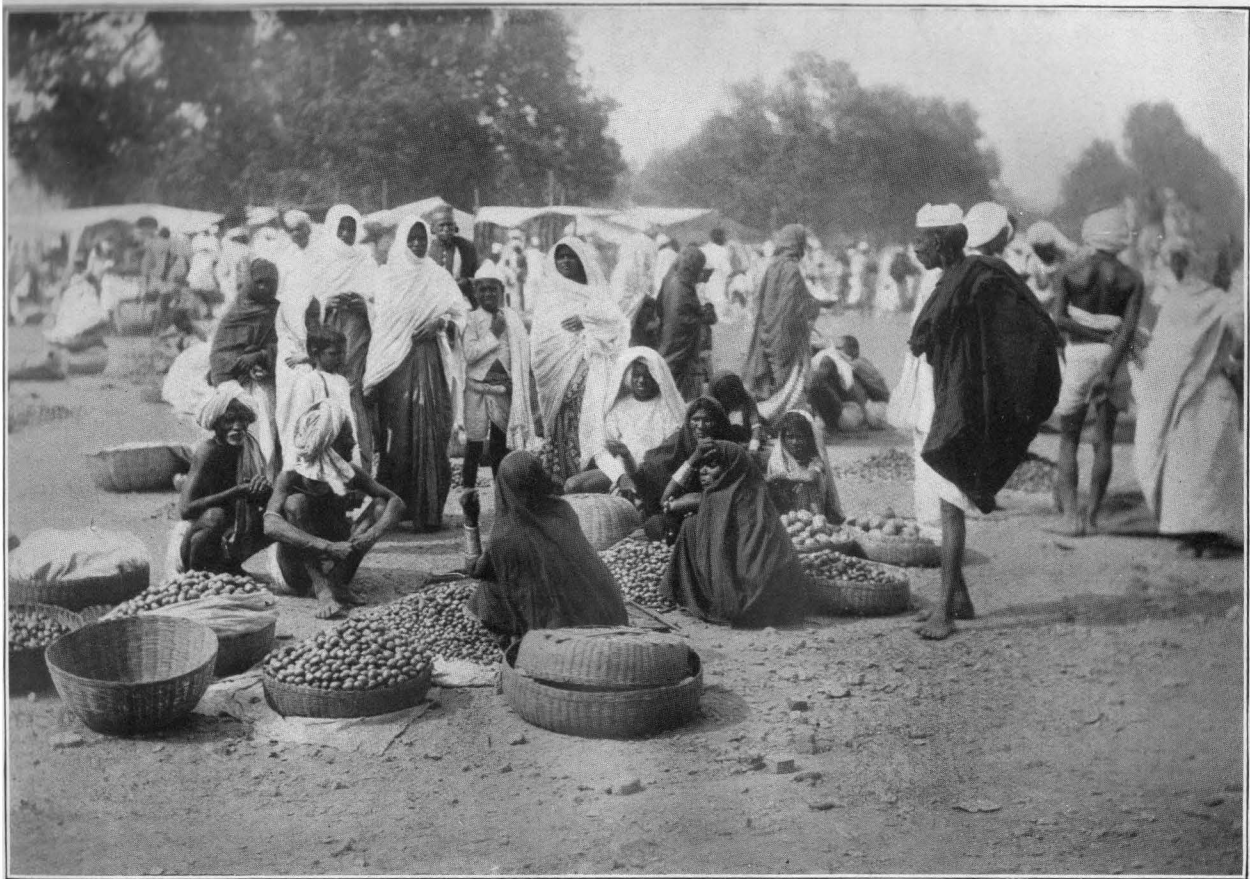
The temples most usually visited by tourists are the Golden Temple, Annapurna (Cow Temple), and the Durga Temple, often called the Monkey Temple, not, as might be naturally supposed from its being dedicated to Hanuman, the monkey god, but simply because its precincts are much infested by monkeys.

The Golden Temple is the chief shrine of Siva in Benares. None but Hindus can, of course, enter the actual temple, but visitors are allowed in the quadrangle, from which a view of the interior is to be obtained. The famous Well of Knowledge in the centre of the quadrangle can, however, be seen by the curious, who do not mind being jostled by the crowds of worshippers, and are indifferent to the malodorous surroundings. Pilgrims, after giving an offering to the priests—an indispensable ceremony in all Hindu ritual—drink a ladleful of the putrid water from the well, which apparently has never been cleaned out since it was excavated.

Near the Observatory is a curious little temple dedicated to the God of Rain. "The god is drenched with water in dry weather to remind him of his duty, and in times of great drought the priests put him into a cistern head downwards till he is roused to a proper sense of responsibility."

The Annapurna Temple is one of the few open to Christians, observes Mr Havell, who has written a well-informed monograph on the Holy City. It is perhaps the most interesting temple in Benares of those open to strangers. The shrine is built in a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses.

"In the narrow space round about it, spattered and besmeared with mud, white oxen wandered; and in and



VEGETABLE MARKET, BENARES.

out through the central doorway the worshippers pushed their way, a continuous crowd of them, mostly women, low-caste women, in faded crimson saris, with the mud to their ankles, pressing up the steps, turning for a moment to lay their offering in the enclosed part of the shrine, and passing out again with contented faces, making a way among the meditative cattle, sliding a brown hand along their sleek sides. The mud slipped from the floor of the temple and flopped down the steps, mixed with the grain and the white and yellow and purple blossoms which had been brought as offerings. It looked like—it was in fact—a shrine in a byre, and by what phrase can Benares be more fitly described. An hour spent watching those poor people come and go, while the stale reek of the place settled in one's nostrils, and the foulness, the irreverence, the piety, the simplicity of it all sank into one's heart, taught one more of Hinduism than could be learnt from books in many days" ("India through Royal Eyes").

Outside the temple the guides will point out a venerable fakir who is said to have stationed himself here for nearly a hundred years.

The Monkey Temple requires the greater part of a morning, and tourists pressed for time may well omit it.

The excursion to Sarnath, in a sense the mother city of Benares, is especially interesting, and even those who can devote but a few days to Benares should make a point of visiting the cradle of Buddhism.

The name is said to be a contraction of Saranga-Nath, that is, Lord of the Deer, one of the names of Buddha. Sarnath was one of the four sacred cities of Buddhism, that religion which has so inexplicably died away in the land of its birth, though it flourished exceedingly in other countries of the Far East. The great tope, known as the Dhamek Stupa, traditionally said to be erected by Asoka,

marks the spot where Buddha first preached his gospel. Archæologists and historians, however, wrangle considerably over its approximate date, but Fergusson attributes it to the seventh century A.D. The Dhamek in the distance has a faint resemblance to the False Pyramid of Medum, near Cairo, or the Jugurtha Monument, known as the Tombeau de la Chrétienne, in Algeria. Its diameter is nearly equal to its height, 110 feet. It is solid, with the exception of a small cell in the centre, from which a narrow opening leads to the top of the dome, which serves as a skylight. Energetic travellers can make their way through a winding passage which leads to this interior chamber. Some excavations undertaken in 1905 resulted in the discovery of the base of another Buddhist tope below Humayun's Tower.

Half-a-mile away is another ruined tope, which has been rather absurdly named Jugat Singh's Tope, not because that prince restored it, as might naturally be supposed, but because he used it as a quarry for building his palace.

CHAPTER XXIV

CALCUTTA : THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL

In front—the Maidan's opulence,
Behind—the bustees, fowly dense :
In front—the slim cathedral spire,
Behind—grim Kalighat's red mire,
Shall these redeem, those overwhelm
The London of our tropic realm ?

JUST as Constantinople, Venice, Naples and Genoa, perhaps the four most beautifully situated cities in Europe, should be first viewed from the sea, the right way of approaching Calcutta is by steamer and not by railway. Few great cities in the British Empire can boast of so grand a river frontage. From the river Calcutta looks like an enormous crescent, formed of noble buildings, interspersed with towers and spires ; and the new-comer will probably agree that the familiar epithet City of Palaces sums up fairly accurately its physiognomy. Certainly from the river the spectacular effect is grand and impressive, though visitors of artistic proclivities are certain to be disillusioned on landing, for Calcutta is the least typical Indian city in the whole Empire, and is, it must be admitted, unattractive and commonplace compared with the great historic cities of India, such as Delhi, Agra, or Benares.

The origin, however, of Calcutta is distinctly picturesque and romantic. It might be said without exaggeration that in a doctor's prescription lies the foundation of the Indian metropolis. In 1642 the wife of the Nawab (Vice-

roy) of Bengal, the second son of the Great Moghul Emperor, Shah Jehan, lay sick of a malady which baffled the Mohammedan hakims. The Nawab in his distress "called in" in modern parlance, the surgeon (a certain Gabriel Boughton) of the East India Company's ship *Hopewell*, then lying in the harbour, who so successfully treated his Royal patient (whose face he was not, of course, permitted to see) that he cured her completely. The grateful Nawab asked the surgeon to name his own fee. Boughton, who apparently possessed in an unusual degree the commercial instinct, requested a concession for his company giving them the exclusive right of trading throughout Bengal. He was also granted a piece of land for a factory at Hooghly, some twenty-five miles up the river, the parent factory of the one established at Calcutta by Job Charnock in 1690.

"It is often said of Calcutta that the capital of British India, the largest city in Asia with the possible exception of Tokio, is commonplace, cosmopolitan, uninteresting and not nearly so well worth a visit as Agra, Delhi, or Benares. That depends upon the point of view. To the student of Hinduism, Benares is no doubt more absorbing, though even in that respect Calcutta is not without interest, since the Hinduism of Eastern India is widely different from that of the North, and the Bengali shrine of Kalighat has rites and associations which are represented indeed at Benares, but are indigenous in Calcutta. Agra and Delhi and Allahabad recall memories of the Moghul Emperors, and are justly proud of their unique relics of Mohammedan magnificence. But the Mohammedans of Bengal are an interesting race, and differ greatly from their co-religionists of Upper India. They are strongly represented in Calcutta. But, above all, Calcutta is the capital and the creation of Anglo-Indian

dominion, and the brick and stucco "palaces" that surround its incomparable maidan, the finest and amplest park in India, have a stateliness of proportion and a fine colonial simplicity of design which recalls the architecture of the palmy days of Rome, and redeems the homely material of which they are constructed. Calcutta teems with Anglo-Indian memories, and the old cemetery in the Circular Road is full of mouldy tombs, the inscriptions on which furnished much of the materials of Sir W. W. Hunter's "Lives of the Thackerays." Warren Hastings' House still stands in Alipore, and is now kept up as a guest-house for native chieftains visiting Calcutta. The house where W. M. Thackeray was born still exists, as do the Indian homes of Sir William Jones and Lord Macaulay.

"Calcutta is one of the most polyglot of cities, thronged not only with Bengalis, but Parsees, Chinamen, Uriyas, Burmese, Marwaris (who take a leading part in the commerce of the town), and, in smaller numbers, inhabitants of almost every part of India. Nowhere else in India has the tourist so good an opportunity of testing his ethnological tact and discernment. The darwans who keep the lodge gates of Anglo-Indian and Bengali magnates are mostly Hindustanis from the United Provinces, the bearers of palanquins are nearly always Uriyas. Nowhere in the East is there a more variegated and diverse crowd of humanity than in the Calcutta bazaars. But, as is natural in a city which owes its origin to British commerce and industry, the heart and focus of the population is the Anglo-Indian quarter where the great white-washed houses, two and three storeys high, surrounded with ample and airy verandahs supported on white pillars, shine in the tropical vegetation of their compounds on three sides of the great central Maidan."—J. D. A.

Surprise enters largely into the impressions of the stranger on landing at Calcutta. This is especially the case if he arrives during the height of the season, from about the middle of December to the middle of January, when all the hotels and boarding-houses are thronged and there is a continuous round of public and private entertainments and urban amusements. The Viceroy's levees and drawing-rooms, the Viceregal balls and garden parties, the Calcutta races, etc., make the winter capital of India one of the liveliest and most dissipated centres of rank and fashion in the British empire during Christmas and the New Year.

The first view of the fashionable streets and avenues, lined by enormous white houses, with their "eighteenth-century classical" porches and pillars, suggests rather Regent Street or Piccadilly than an Oriental capital. Then the broad pavements of the streets and the numerous avenues recall the boulevards of Paris. Indeed, what with the electric trams, the well-horsed private carriages, the fashionable crowds on the broad pavements, the great banks, offices, and shops with English names, the visitor is apt to forget he is in India till he is recalled to a sense of his real environment by throngs of white-garbed natives. The fact that dress—top hats and frock coats are *de rigueur* for official visits for instance—customs, prejudices, sports, amusements, and to a large extent daily routine, are almost as immutable in India as at home, affords, as is natural, a peg for French criticism, and few French travellers in their published *impressions de voyage* can refrain from a sly hit at what they term the English non-adaptability. No race, we are told, carries out its personality so continuously and persistently independent of its environment. Some even maintain the paradox that this lack of mental or moral adaptiveness is at the bottom

of our success as colonists. We transport our England wherever we go. This inflexibility no doubt accounts for the good-humoured attitude of indifference towards the natives. We make no effort to understand the native character. Indeed, nine out of ten Anglo-Indians frankly lump the whole lot, Brahmins, Buddhists, Moslems, Parsees, as semi-savage idolaters! Then, we are told that, "the average officer only sees in the native a useful coolie to carry his baggage or black his shoes, as he only sees in India a country to be exploited." This criticism is absurdly exaggerated, no doubt, but it is to be feared that there is a substratum of truth underlying it.

An Anglo-Indian friend sends me a striking topographical parallel between Calcutta and London which incidentally shows very clearly the relation of the Maidan—the topographical key of Calcutta—to the rest of the city. This will give tourists a better idea of the geography of the capital of the Indian Empire than whole pages of guide-book itineraries.

Imagine the Thames running north and south instead of east and west. Imagine Hyde Park turned round and placed on the east bank of the river. Then Howrah would correspond roughly to Southwark. The Botanical Gardens would be somewhere near Greenwich. Government House would be about the middle of Park Lane, which would of course now be on the North of the Park. Fort William would occupy the space at the pumping station at the head of the Serpentine. The Ochterlony Monument would be somewhere near the other end of the Serpentine. The race-course would occupy nearly the whole of Kensington Gardens, and near it to the West would stand St Paul's Cathedral and the Victoria Memorial.

Chowringhee would correspond to the Knightsbridge

Road. Dalhousie Square would correspond roughly in position with Hanover Square, and the Gothic building of the High Court would look across Park Lane on the Marble Arch. Notting Hill would correspond with Alipur, where the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has his official residence, close to which are the Zoological Gardens. Somewhere towards Westbourne Grove is Ballygunge, now a favourite European quarter. North of Dalhousie Square is the commercial quarter, with the Royal Exchange, principal banks, etc., and north and east of that again is Calcutta proper—the Calcutta of the Bengalis.

But the main point to remember is that Calcutta, unlike most European cities, runs from north to south, and that its single Park, the Maidan, is as large as Richmond Park, and occupies a much more important place in the amenity and beauty of the city than do any of our open places.

There are few historical relics in Calcutta, but the site of the celebrated Black Hole is now definitely ascertained, and, indeed, a great portion of old Fort William has been traced, and the outline of its walls preserved by a brass line, at the instance of the late Viceroy. A portion of this brass band can be seen on the post-office steps. The actual site of the Black Hole has also been marked out with marble slabs.

It is well that at last, thanks to Lord Curzon, Calcutta has a fit memorial to the hero of that gruesome tragedy, the Black Hole massacre. As a famous writer observes, the Black Hole may be regarded as “the foundation stone upon which was reared a mighty Empire. It was this ghastly episode that maddened the British, and brought Clive, that young military marvel, raging up from Madras.” It was, in short, the seed from which sprang Plassey, the victory which paved the way for the conquest of India.

The monument consists of an exact replica of the old memorial pillar raised by Mr Zephaniah Holwell, who was entrusted with the defence of the fort, while on this pillar are inscribed the names of as many of the 146 prisoners who were confined in the Black Hole on the fatal night of 20th June 1756, as can be traced from contemporary records. The ugly brick and plaster gallery which formerly hid the site from view has now been removed.

Calcutta has many palaces, magnificent public buildings, private mansions, and great commercial houses, but no monuments like Delhi, Agra, and other great cities of India. But, though not historic in the conventional sense, it is rich in historical memories of glorious achievements of the English during two centuries—military political, and commercial. “It is rich, in short, in the results of the miracles done by that brace of mighty magicians, Clive and Hastings.”

Fort William, which G. W. Steevens unkindly calls “a ludicrous anachronism,” was begun in 1757 and finished in 1773, at a cost of £2,000,000. The site was changed for strategic reasons from that of the old fort, which is now occupied by the post-office.

The old Cathedral (St John’s Church), for, like Dublin, Calcutta can boast of two cathedrals, has little artistic or architectural merit, but should be visited on account of its historical associations. Among the notabilities who are buried here or commemorated by monuments are Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, Admiral Watson, who helped Clive to recover Calcutta, Dr Middleton, the first Bishop, Mr Alexander Colvin and Colonel Achilles Kirkpatrick, the famous Hyderabad Resident.

In the western porch is an extraordinary picture of the Last Supper by Sir John Zoffany, in which the apostles

are portraits of famous Calcutta worthies. For instance, the Saviour is a portrait of a well-known missionary, while St John is a likeness of a certain magistrate.

The old cemetery in Park Street off Chowringhee Road might be visited for the sake of the sepulchral monuments to many Calcutta celebrities. Among these is to be seen the tomb of Thackeray's father. A sentimental interest attaches to the tomb of Rose Aylmer, immortalised by the poet Landor :—

“ Ah, what avails the sceptr'd race,
 Ah, what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I dedicate to thee.”

The modern cathedral (St Paul's) is in a style which has been happily described as Hindu Gothic. It contains many interesting statues and memorials, among them a statue of Bishop Heber by Chantrey, Lady Canning's Tomb (removed from Barrackpore), and a sculpture representing the blowing-up of the Kashmir Gate, Delhi. Other notable features of this church are the West window designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and a monument to Lord Elgin, Viceroy from 1862 to 1863.

But though there are hardly any antiquities, there is a great deal of sightseeing to be done in Calcutta, which is not merely the seat of Government and the commercial metropolis of India, but a great literary, educational and art centre.

Public monuments, statues, Government buildings, museums, galleries, institutes, public gardens, and so forth constitute the chief lions of the Indian metropolis.

The traveller who wishes to "do" Calcutta conscientiously should get Newman's well-known local Guide. Sightseeing is, of course, harder labour in India than in Europe, and if the traveller stays only a few days, his best plan would be to devote the first day to driving about the Maidan and the Chowringhee Quarter (the Calcutta West-end), visiting Government House and some of the more striking Government and municipal buildings—Town Hall, High Court (modelled on Ypres Town Hall), Dalhousie Institute, Post Office, Belvedere House, Fort William, Imperial Library, recently installed in Metcalfe Hall, Bengal Secretariat, and Old Cathedral. Another day might be devoted to excursions to the Botanical Gardens, Zoological Gardens, and Kalighat Temple, while the third day might be devoted to the Museum. It would be inadvisable to attempt more in a three days' visit.

Perhaps the title City of Statues typifies Calcutta more appropriately than its more ambitious epithet the City of Palaces. No city in India or the colonies, or even in Great Britain, contains so many magnificent monuments to the makers of empire. The statues of Lord Hardinge, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, Lord Wellesley, Sir James Outram, and Lord Hastings are perhaps the most noteworthy and the most artistic, but these do not exhaust the list. Either ornamenting the streets and squares or enshrined in public buildings are statues of Lord Auckland, Captain Sir William Peel, Warren Hastings (by Chantrey), Lord Dalhousie, Lord Bentinck, Lord Napier of Magdala, down to Lord Dufferin (who has probably been more commemorated in sculpture in various parts of the empire than any other modern statesman), and Lord Roberts.

In Chowringhee Road the visitor will find the United Service Club and the Bengal Club. The former Club is

the largest and most luxuriously appointed of any clubhouse in India. It was practically rebuilt in 1905. Close to the curious Saracenic column raised to the memory of Sir David Ochterlony, is the huge four-square bulk of the Imperial Museum, known to the natives as the Jadugar (the "House of Magic"). South of the maidan, and near Belvedere House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, are the beautiful Zoological Gardens, which well deserve a visit. To the east of Alipore is the now fashionable suburb of Ballygunge. North of Government House is Dalhousie Square and its *tank*, better known to the local cab-driver or garri-wallah as Lal (red) Dighi, round which are some of the best European shops. On one side of Dalhousie Square is the Bengal Secretariat, once known as Writers' Buildings. This is an old Anglo-Indian building which has been faced with red brick and terra-cotta, and the rotunda at its western end is the Parliament House of Bengal, the Council Chamber of the local legislative body.

Government House is a massive and imposing building, but scarcely beautiful. It stands, a dazzling white pile relieved only by its green shutters, fronting that vast public park known as the Maidan. Everybody knows that this striking looking building, with its four wings radiating from a domed centre, was modelled on Kedleston Hall, the ancestral home of the late Viceroy (Lord Curzon of Kedleston). Indeed, no written description of Calcutta seems adequate which does not contain a reference to this coincidence. The reception rooms are magnificent, and admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale, as was strikingly exemplified by the great State ball which was given to celebrate its centenary, one of the grandest functions of the kind that Calcutta has ever known. It is related that the sum spent by Lord

Wellesley (nearly £1,000,000) on building Government House was considered gross extravagance by some of the East India Company directors. One wonders what they would have said to the expenditure of half-a-million pounds (the cost of the Victoria station at Bombay) on a mere railway station. All the State rooms are shown to visitors, but the most interesting are the throne-room, with the throne of Tipu, and the magnificent ball-room.

In a few years one of the most prominent and striking architectural features of the capital of the Indian Empire will be complete—the national memorial to the late Queen-Empress Victoria. The foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in January 1906.

“Let us have a building—stately, spacious, monumental and grand—to which every new-comer to Calcutta will turn, to which all the resident population—European and native—will flock; where all classes will learn the lessons of history and see revived before their eyes the marvels of the past; and where father shall say to son, and mother to daughter: ‘This Statue and this great Hall were erected in the memory of the greatest and best Sovereign whom India has ever known. She lived far away over the sea, but her heart was ever with her subjects in India, both of her own race and of all others. She loved them both the same. In her time and before it, great men lived and great deeds were done. Here are their memorials. This is her monument.’”

In these moving words were the purpose and significance of the Victoria Memorial felicitously embodied by the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

A magnificent site on the Maidan near the Cathedral has been chosen.

The stately monument, which commemorates “the glory of an unequalled epoch, and the beauty of a spotless

name," has been designed on a heroic scale. It consists of an enormous hall standing on a terrace some seven feet high—a noble structure of white marble crowned by a swelling dome surmounted by a gilded figure of "Victory." The style chosen by Sir William Emerson is the Italian Renaissance, with a suggestion of Orientalism in the arrangements of the domes and minor details. The general plan consists of two wings linked by a curved arcade, the wide terrace running all round the building with towers at the corners. The north porch will be approached by a sweeping flight of stairs, at the head of which will stand the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, by Frampton, to be transferred from the Red Road. The Queen's Hall is to be lined with white marble and coloured panels of Indian marbles, and mosaics and frescoes.

The Memorial will not be merely a great monument, but a living, acting epitome of the life and times of the Great Queen. In the Central Hall will be mementoes of the late Queen. Amongst these will be autograph letters from Her Majesty to Viceroy and Governors-General, and Queen Victoria's chair and writing-table from Windsor. In the Sculpture Gallery will be busts and statues of great men specially identified with India; in the Art Gallery paintings, engravings and pictorial representations of persons, and historical scenes which will give an almost continuous record of Anglo-Indian worthies, battles, sieges, landscapes, buildings, forts and scenes during the last two centuries. In the Princes' Court will be displayed memorials of Indian history, contributed or lent by Ruling Chiefs. Then in the inner courts and quadrangles will be commemorated in frescoes such historic scenes as the three battles of Panipat, the self-sacrifice of the women of Chitor, the first audience of the British factors with the Great Moghul, and the Delhi

Durbar of 1903. The Hall will, in short, be not only a Victoria Memorial but an Indian Valhalla.¹

Most tourists include a visit, more or less perfunctory, to the Calcutta Museum, but a whole day at least might well be spared for what is perhaps the largest and most valuable Indian museum in the world. This vast collection of Indian arts and antiquities of all ages is rather shabbily treated by the guide-books, and the average tourist considers he has done all that can reasonably be expected of the sightseer if he devotes a couple of hours or so to this vast treasure-house. What the national museum at Cairo is for Egypt that of Calcutta is for the great Indian Empire.

Indeed, a visitor would probably be far better equipped intellectually for his Indian travel if, instead of reading up innumerable Indian guide-books and travel books, he gave a few days to the Indian collections at South Kensington and to the Calcutta Museum. One advantage, in fact, of beginning the grand tour of India with Calcutta instead of Bombay is the lesson this museum would teach the visitor.

The Imperial Museum is magnificently housed in an imposing building fronting the Maidan. It has a large number of departments admirably classified and arranged, and, what is of equal importance, there is a really good and exhaustive catalogue. In the Archæological Galleries are to be found a comprehensive selection of antiquities and sculptures from the ancient Brahmin, Buddhist, and Mohammedan cities of India. No antiquarian knowledge is required to appreciate, for instance, the beautiful sculptures from Sarnath and the specimens of early Buddhist art in the Ghandara collection. It would be

¹ I am indebted to *The Times of India* for the greater part of this description.

hopeless, of course, to attempt to see the whole museum in one day ; but the natural history collections (which are said to contain specimens of every known beast, bird, and reptile in India) should certainly be inspected, and also the Economical Museum of native arts and industries.

In the northern part of the city, not far from the Sialdah terminus of the Eastern Bengal State Railway, is the academical quarter of Calcutta, in and round College Square. Here are the Senate House of the Calcutta University, the Presidency College, the Medical College and Hospital, and still farther to the north, the General Assembly's Institution, and the Free Church Institution.

“ It may be said, roughly, that the Calcutta University, with its highly Europeanised and scientific curriculum, has taken the place educationally in Bengal of the old Sanscrit toles of Navadwip or Nadia, sixty miles to the north. Yet, in spite of English education, the old influences survive, and the eager, hope-bested graduate of Calcutta, for all his training, remains a convinced adherent of the Bengali form of Hinduism, not perhaps the highest or most fortifying development of that most Protean and indulgent of religious beliefs.

“ The passing tourist will hardly care to inquire into the difficult and thorny question of the multiform manifestations of Hinduism. But he may well visit the famous shrine of Devi at Kalighat, the sakti or female form of the energies of Siva. The best time to see Kalighat is in October during the annual Kali poojah festival. Thousands of goats are then decapitated as sacrifices to a goddess who is conceived of as the destroyer (and creator) of life. Her worship seems to be, roughly, a recognition of the fact that birth, life, death follow one another with inevitable regularity, that the individual perishes, and in this world can only live again in another

incarnation, whereas the divine essence remains. The buildings at Kalighat are of no great historical or architectural interest and indeed hardly differ from similar shrines in almost every Hindu village. But Kalighat has become by slow degrees the most popular shrine of the race whose capital is now the Anglo-Indian city of Calcutta, another instance, one of many, of the unexpected consequences of British rule and English education."

Calcutta abounds in public parks and gardens, Eden Gardens, Horticultural, Zoological, Botanical Gardens. The Botanical gardens have a river frontage of nearly a mile, and are charmingly laid out. They are of considerable extent, occupying an area nearly equal to that of Hyde Park. The collection of orchids is one of the best in existence, while the magnificent avenues of palms, deodars, mahogany, casuarina, and other tropical trees, and the beautiful ornamental lake, add much to the attractiveness of this famous garden. Its great curiosity is the famous banyan (*Ficus Indica*) tree. Though it is little more than a hundred years old, its trunk is more than fifty feet round, while, including its 200 "air roots" running from its branches to the ground, it is more than 800 feet in circumference.

CHAPTER XXV

HYDERABAD : THE MOSLEM CAPITAL

Here still survives the Muslim reign,
Wide-spreading o'er the Deccan plain,
The traveller still admires from far
The splendours of the Char Minar.

HYDERABAD is, in some respects, an anomalous State. Here we have a population mainly Hindu ruled by a Mohammedan Prince, while in Kashmir, in the far north-west, we have the reverse of this. The city, the most populous of any inland city in India, is, however, far more Mohammedan than the State.

It is curious in the census returns to read that Hyderabad State, with some 10,000,000 Hindus and over 1,000,000 Mohammedans, has three Buddhists and thirteen Jews enumerated among its population. The census Blue Book, it may be remarked *en passant*, affords occasional unexpected gleams of humour. For instance, there is the classical example of the scrupulous Hindu, who conscientiously set out his occupation in the census paper as "hereditary painter of horses with spots."

Then its army, formerly known as the Hyderabad Contingent, is somewhat anomalous. The Nizam's troops, some 30,000 strong, are made up largely of mercenaries. In the opinion of some alarmist statesmen the Nizam's army is not only unnecessary, but is actually a potential menace to the British Raj, in spite of its being officered to a large extent by Englishmen. Indeed, Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Problems of Greater

Britain," quotes the opinion of a foreign observer of note, Baron von Hübner, which, although exaggerated, "gives one furiously to think." "The Nizam," he declared, "could at any moment become the arbiter of the destinies of the Indian Empire." If for "at any moment" we read "should India be seriously threatened by Russia," we should not, perhaps, be overestimating the danger.

The history of the Hyderabad Contingent is closely bound up with that of the Province of Berar. This portion of the Nizam's territories was assigned to the British Government, its revenues being devoted primarily to the cost of administrations and the maintenance of the Hyderabad Contingent, any balance being handed over to the Nizam. This arrangement proving unsatisfactory, a new Agreement was made in 1902, by which Berar was leased in perpetuity to Great Britain for a rental of twenty-five lakhs of rupees, and the Hyderabad Contingent ceased to exist as a separate force, the troops being incorporated with the regular Indian army.

Hyderabad is the premier native state of India, having twice the population of any other of the six hundred odd native states, and is to India what Bavaria is to the German Empire. Its capital, too, the fourth city in population in India, has about the same number (448,000) of inhabitants as Munich.

The present dynasty takes its rise from a Turcoman adventurer who was appointed Viceroy (Nizam) by the Moghul Emperor. In short, the rulers of the Deccan bore a somewhat similar relation to the Moghul Emperors at Delhi that the Mayors of the Palace did to the Merovingian kings. On the death of Aurungzeb, when the loosely-held Empire began to fall to pieces, the Nizam seized the opportunity of asserting his independence. British troops having crushed the Mahratta Power, which

threatened to engulf the State of Hyderabad, the Nizam was fain to accept the protection of the Government. The present ruler is the ninth Nizam, and the fourth in descent from the founder of the dynasty.

There are not many lions or specific sights in Hyderabad; the chief sights are the bazaars, the streets, and native life generally. There are, however, some interesting mosques and many fine palaces.

But though Hyderabad is lacking in ancient monuments and antiquities, it is certainly one of the most striking and picturesque cities in the whole of the Indian Empire. It may be modern compared to Benares or Allahabad, but it is free from the tawdry pinchbeck buildings of Lucknow or the architectural freaks of Jaipur, which excite the scorn of architectural purists.

The old Palace of the Nizam, which is only shown to those furnished with a special order from the Resident, is chiefly remarkable for its colossal proportions. It is divided up by several extensive quadrangles, so that it takes up a good deal of time which might be more profitably occupied. The great show palace, that belonging to the late Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., is, however, well worth a visit. There is a very interesting armoury here.

Sir Salar Jung was one of the most famous native prime ministers, who perhaps did more than any other native statesman towards maintaining the British Raj during the troublous times of the Mutiny. Had the Deccan joined the rebel army it would probably have meant the rising of the whole of Southern India. "If the Nizam goes, all is lost," wrote the Governor of Bombay to the Hyderabad Resident. But the Nizam stayed, "remembering that we had saved his House when all Mohammedanism was being swept out of India by the Mahratta flood. The fidelity of the Deccan princes has been re-

warded by leaving them in a position of quasi-independence such as no other ruling chief in India enjoys."

During the minority of the present Nizam, this Minister brought the State into a prosperous condition, put the army and police on a stable footing, carried out great structural improvements in the city, and checked the dangerous mob element of this once unruly and turbulent capital. Now it is as safe for foreigners—though tourists are not exactly welcomed—as any of the great cities of India ; but not many years ago Hyderabad, with Peshawar and Poona, were perhaps the only three cities where a European could not walk about alone after sunset with impunity.

One of the most striking monuments is the Char Minar (Four Towers), which occupies the centre of the city where the four main streets cross. Of the several mosques the most interesting is the Mecca Masjid, so called from its being a copy of the Mecca Kaaba. Here all the eight Nizams who successively ruled Hyderabad are buried.

The Chaddar Ghaut, where the Residency is situated, is the most attractive suburb of Hyderabad. Here are the race-course, polo ground, and recreation grounds. As might be expected from a race of cavaliers, who, with one exception, have contributed a larger number of cavalry (four regiments) to the Indian army than any native State, the Hyderabad nobles excel at polo. Indeed, in 1905, the Nizam's team carried off the championship of India.

The Residency has rather a striking history. It is an enormous building, with a frontage of some 200 yards, and stands in a park more than a mile in circumference, surrounded by a huge wall with fortified gateways. It was built by the famous Major Kirkpatrick, and seems more suitable for the palace of a viceroy than the official quarters of a mere political officer. Indeed, the building

has proved rather a white elephant to some Residents, who have preferred to use the building as an official residence only, and to live in a smaller house in the park. In this park is the Residency Cemetery, where no less than thirty-three former Residents are buried.

It was mainly owing to the great influence of Kirkpatrick over the Nizam that Berar was ceded to the Government in 1853, in return for the establishment of a British garrison at Secunderabad for the protection of the State.

Major Kirkpatrick, who looked after British interests during the exciting period when the French seriously threatened our supremacy in India, was the most remarkable British Resident ever appointed to the Nizam's Court. His history is picturesque and romantic. He married the beautiful daughter (Begum Khainar Nissi) of one of the nobles attached to the Nizam's household. It seems that the young Begum was infatuated with Kirkpatrick, and arrived one evening in her palanquin, and threw herself at the feet of the astonished Resident, declaring that her affections were inevitably fixed on him. Eventually they were married in accordance with Mohammedan rites. Though the ceremony was private, it was held to be valid in English law. Their only daughter, who died as recently as 1889 in the Isle of Wight, is referred to in Carlyle's "Reminiscences" as "Kitty Kirkpatrick."

Secunderabad, some half-a-dozen miles from the city, is one of the largest military stations in India, for we pay the Nizam the doubtful compliment of quartering the largest concentrated force (south of the Frontier Provinces) in all India close to his capital. It is now one of the nine divisional commands into which military India under the Kitchener régime has been divided, replacing the traditional "Presidency Commands."

In the churchyard of St George's Church, which is large enough to hold a whole British regiment, is buried the famous banker, Mr William Palmer (nicknamed King Palmer), the head of the great banking firm which financed the Nizam.

Some three miles from Secunderabad is a large entrenched camp, intended to serve as a place of refuge in emergency for the British garrison and residents. Here the traveller will notice a huge castellated building with a solid-looking tower, which has a curiously familiar appearance. This is the great military prison, and is, indeed, popularly, if quaintly, known as Windsor Castle.

It is a very interesting excursion to the deserted city of Golconda, the ancient capital of the Deccan, some seven miles from Hyderabad. Many travellers consider Golconda one of the most impressive castle-ruins in the world. Its area is enormous. Indeed "the fortress seems built to hold not merely a garrison but a people." Kenilworth or Warwick could easily be enclosed in a corner of the vast *enceinte*. Golconda is to the Nizam's capital what Seringapatam is to Mysore city or Amber to Jaipur. It is mainly associated in the popular mind as embodying "riches beyond the dreams of avarice" in connection with its celebrated diamonds. As a matter of fact diamonds were never found here, though there were diamond fields in the Kistna Delta, which was included in that part of the Deccan once ruled by the Kings of Golconda. Their capital was formerly the chief depository of diamonds, and here they were cut and polished; indeed, in this respect Golconda appeared to be the Amsterdam of the East. Possibly, too, the fame of Golconda's diamonds is partly due to the legend of the enormous spoils, estimated at £80,000,000, which Aurungzeb carried off when he sacked the city in 1687.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ELLORA ROCK TEMPLES

From one vast mount of solid stone,
The mighty temple has been cored,
By nut-brown children of the sun.

THE Ellora rock temples rank among the most famous sights in all India. They are especially interesting to artists as they combine specimens of rock-cut temples in three out of the four great schools of Indian architecture—Brahmin, Jain, and Buddhist.

The description in most travel-books is meagre and inadequate, but a very full and well-informed account of these famous temples—the nearest approach in India to the cave temples of ancient Egypt—will be found in Miss Skidmore's "Winter India."

It must be remembered that none of these temples are of great antiquity, and, with few exceptions, none are earlier than the fifth century. Indeed all the great architectural monuments of India, whether Brahmin, Jain, Buddhist, Pathan, or Moghul are actually modern compared to those of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, or even Rome. For instance, what is supposed to be the very oldest ruin in India, the Sanchi Tope (third century B.C.), was built when the palaces of Nineveh and the Pyramids of Egypt were thousands of years old.

"As for the later glories of Arabian architecture," pertinently observes Lord Curzon, "at Delhi, Agra, and Lahore, the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, which we regard

in England as the last product of a dying architectural epoch, were already grey when they sprang white and spotless from the hands of the masons of Akbar and Shah Jehan : while the Taj Mahal was only one generation older than Wren's Renaissance fabric of modern St Paul's."

To reach the temples, tourists on the whole will find it preferable to leave the train at Aurungabad station, sixteen miles from the caves, instead of Daulatabad station (recommended in the guide-books), unless, of course, they have been able to get a permit from the Resident from Hyderabad to use the Nizam's dak bungalow at Ellora. Daulatabad is nearer (ten miles), but there is no refreshment-room as at Aurungabad.

The tourist in India will, indeed, soon learn that sight-seeing is not organised or systematised as in Europe, and that it is never safe to assume that sleeping accommodation, or refreshments are obtainable even at world-famous sights such as the Ellora Caves.

But to all who can spare the time it is worth taking the Daulatabad route in order to inspect the remarkable fort at this place. It crowns a precipitous rock 500 feet high, twice the height of the famous Trichinopoly rock fortress. In the inner defences can be seen a unique method of protection, which dates possibly from the great siege by the Moghul Emperor towards the end of the thirteenth century. It is a kind of portcullis, an iron shutter some twenty feet high and one inch thick, which was heated red hot, and naturally proved a difficult defence to force. A deep furnace for creating a strong draught, on the principle of the modern crematorium, excavated in the solid rock, can also be seen.

It will be best to ignore the advice of the guide-books, which recommend that two whole days should be given up to the Ellora Temples. This is a counsel of perfection,

except for leisured travellers. The ordinary tourist had better confine himself to a few of the more representative and better preserved of the thirty-two Buddhist, Jain, and Brahmin Temples ; and for this one day suffices.

Economy of construction was, no doubt, the *raison-d'être* of the Indian cave temples. Indeed, Fergusson has estimated that the excavation of a rock temple would cost only about one-tenth of the sum required for building a similar temple. Then the Buddhist cave temples (Chaitya) would cost even less, as the rock was not completely cut away and the temple isolated, but a cave-like interior was merely excavated, as in the case of the Abou Simbel temples on the upper Nile.

The Jains, on the other hand, were more builders than excavators. The most characteristic feature of a Jain temple is the horizontal archway, and this principle was even carried out in their domes, which were "built horizontally on eight pillars, forming an octagon, with four external pillars at the angles to form a square." The employment of this method, instead of the Byzantine and Gothic radiating style, precluded, of course, the use of large domes.

Pierre Loti, who visited these wonderful temples at night, gives us in his travel book, "L'Inde" (which, by the way, is curiously indicative of the author's anglophobic tendency, for it was originally termed "L'Inde sans les Anglais"), one of the most vivid descriptions of these temples ever penned. Loti very graphically describes the obsession of Siva, the implacable god of death, by which visitors of imaginative temperament seem possessed. I have ventured to attempt a very free translation, which may give some idea of the wonderful vigour and picturesque-ness of Loti's style.

At the very threshold of the temple the dread silence

seems to assume a shape at once singular and terrible. On the rocks all round us we see human forms in petrified agonies—agonies in suspense for ten centuries; in another chamber the awful Siva, god of death, dominates everything. Siva adorned with necklaces of skulls, a Siva who fertilises and a Siva who destroys. Siva with tenfold arms, so as to kill from ten sides at once. Siva who dances and shrieks with triumph over the gasping remains. Siva, overcome with joy and laughter, as he tramples out the life of young girls and dashes out their brains.

It will be seen, then, that the tourist must be prepared for a feast of sculptured horrors. Indeed, the whole of this quarried-out mountain, "right to its very heart, is filled with vague ghastly forms, all impregnated with lust and the rattle of death."

By far the finest of all the group of temples—Brahmin, Buddhist, or Jain—is the Kylas (Kailasa), which Fergusson does not hesitate to call "the most wonderful and interesting monument of architectural art in India." To appreciate this most complete of Dravidian rock temples a couple of hours at least should be given. Indeed, the tourist should not attempt to visit more than three or four out of the whole congeries of temples. The whole temple is practically one vast monolith, a huge section of the rock having been quarried out of the hillside; and this isolated mass has been hollowed out into great chambers, courts, pinnacles, towers, etc., and the whole surface inside and out has been sculptured with reliefs depicting scenes from Indian mythology.

Kailasa is, indeed, one of the finest ex-voto offerings in the world. It was built by some eighth-century Rajah out of gratitude for his restoration to health, through drinking the waters of some neighbouring springs.

The design of Kailasa is elaborate and intricate, but easy to follow with the help of the excellent diagram in Murray's Guide. It consists of three parts: a portico, a large central hall (corresponding to the cella of Greek temples), and an inner shrine. The temple court is some 270 feet long by 150 feet wide, while the end wall is over 100 feet high. The most striking features are the huge stone elephants projecting from the wall and forming a magnificent series of caryatides.

“On going out of the vaulted part, which was only a peristyle, we suddenly find the stars again above our heads, but seen as fits and starts, and as from the bottom of an abyss. These new courts under the open sky, obtained by abolishing half-a-mountain, by carrying off granite with which to build a town, have this peculiarity, that their walls, two hundred feet high, with all their tiers of galleries one on the top of the other, and of gods ranged in order of battle, are not perpendicular, but lean towards you terribly.

“They have relied on the solidity of these granites—which, from summit to base hold together in one and the same block, without crevice or cleft—to produce this effect of a gulf which closes, of a gulf which is about to swallow you up. And then the courts yonder were empty. These, on the contrary, are encumbered with colossal things, obelisks, statues, elephants on pedestals, pylons and temples. The plan of the whole does not unfold itself in this almost midnight darkness, in which our little lantern is so lost; one perceives before everything else profusion and horror; on one's way some huge visage of a corpse sketched in the stone, some grin of skeleton or monster, is lighted up for a moment, and immediately returns again to the confused conflict.”—PIERRE LOTI.

But the most “popular” temples are the Ravan Ka

Khai Temple, and the Temple of the Ten Incarnations (Das Avatara), these are ornamented (?) with an extraordinary series of grotesque and horrible sculptures showing the ferocious and cruel acts of Siva, the Destroyer—a kind of nightmare in stone, compared to which mediæval gargoyles are tame and insipid.

The Das Avatara is of some mythological interest, as all the incarnations (avatars) of Vishnu, one of the three manifestations of Brahma, are represented.

The Buddhist temples date from about 350 to 750 A.D. The best is the Mahawara (No. 5). This is a monastery (vihara), not a temple (chaitya), but, according to some authorities, it was used as a hall of assembly. The most striking of the five Jain caves, which are some distance away, is the Indra Sabha. The guide will probably show here two remarkable pillars which on being struck emit a musical sound.

CHAPTER XXVII

MADRAS : THE CITY OF CLIVE

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

IN the Madras Presidency we reach a more familiar India—the typical, tropical India known to us by pictures from our nursery days. Here palms, aloes, bamboos, and other tropical vegetation abound, while thinly-clad natives—the loin-cloth being the most prominent feature of their costume—take the place of the sheepskin-clad natives of the North-Western Provinces. Madras, too, is emphatically missionary India, as it has been for nearly two centuries the most important missionary field in the whole of the Indian Empire.

It is proverbially difficult to shake off a long-established sobriquet, however ill deserved, but the absurdity of the epithets, the “benighted Presidency,” and “the Cinderella capital,” applied to the Premier Presidency of India and its chief city is now generally recognised. The myth of the backwardness and industrial stagnation of Madras is now as thoroughly exploded as the popular harbour myth.

The Times has well summed up the change of public opinions in the following passage:—“Its records of education, its administration, and its peaceful progress entitle Madras to the designation of the Model Presidency of India.”



MADRAS HARBOUR.

Then the fiction which has so long denied to Madras the possession of a harbour worthy of the name is another Indian commonplace which has now been effectively disposed of, thanks to the enterprising Port Trust Board and Mr Frederick Wilson, P.W.D., for many years engineer-in-charge, and Mr William Parkes, who was responsible for the general plan.

This myth was indeed dispelled in a very striking manner on the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales—the *Renown* and her colossal escort, the *Terrible*, were moored within a stone's-throw from the shore.

“In the magnificent harbour of Bombay the *Renown* was near a mile from the *Bunder*, and the *Terrible* a mere smudge on the horizon. At Calcutta the battleship anchored at Saugor, eighty miles away; and her sister was many miles farther out at sea. At Rangoon both war vessels moored below the Hastings Shoal.” In this connection a characteristic story is told of the Princess of Wales during her Calcutta visit. As the launch, *Howrah*, was steaming down the Hughli, the Princess was being duly impressed with the manifold excellences of Calcutta—the size of the river, the depth of the channel, and the safety of the navigation. “Yes,” she smilingly retorted, “but you could not bring the *Renown* up here.”

The generality of tourists arriving by rail miss that remarkable view of Madras from the sea. When first sighted this wide-spreading city has a peculiar effect. It lies so low that it is not seen at any great distance, and seems, as the ship approaches, to rise miraculously out of the sea, recalling the first view of Alexandria. Drawing nearer, these white specks, which dot what looks like an ocean-bound strip of desert, resolve themselves into scattered groups of large white buildings interspersed with spires, towers, and palm-trees. To the imaginative

the view of the city from the distant anchorage¹—for even a mile from the shore the depth does not exceed nine or ten fathoms—is decidedly picturesque, if not romantic. With the flat roofs of the houses, the public monuments, with their classic porticoes and columns, and the absence of sound and movement, it seems a deserted Greek city planted on an inhospitable strand, where “loud surges lash the sounding shore.”

It was unfortunate, however, that these extensive harbour works, which have been in progress for many years, are not yet completed. The King-Emperor laid the first stone of the breakwater in 1876, and there would have been a special appropriateness if his son could have inaugurated the completion of the work.

The harbour as designed by Mr Parkes was practically completed in 1881. This consisted of the construction of two breakwaters, running out at right angles to the shore line about 3000 feet apart, the seaward ends of which were curved towards each other, leaving an eastern entrance 550 feet wide and enclosing an area of about 200 acres. The breakwaters were composed of concrete blocks, approximately thirty tons in weight, which were laid without any “bond” (that is, without overlapping one another) upon banks of rubble or rough quarried stone, the tops of which were about twenty-two feet below mean sea-level.

In 1881 there was a tremendous cyclone, so violent that it disturbed the foundation embankment (about twenty feet below the surface) on which the arms were built. The arms consequently subsided in places to the level of the sea. But the harbour was still a harbour for all practical purposes: for it still enclosed an immense

¹ This refers to past days. The anchorage is not distant now (see below).

area in which the water was still. The arms, however, were of no practical use. The Government decided to leave the old work as it was and to let it be a protection of the new work. They then made a fresh embankment inside the old work. It was composed of rocks, huge pieces of stone brought from the distant hills of Pallaveran, and huge pieces of masonry made of the small pieces of rock welded together with Portland cement made locally. When this inner embankment was complete they built up two more inner arms about twelve feet above the level of the sea. It is built with blocks of concrete, and each block is grooved into every other block, so that the whole thing holds together. These strengthened arms were finished about 1892. But the point is that while these inner arms were being built the harbour, *qua* harbour, was intact the whole time—*i.e.* there was a calm area inside where ships of the largest size, and a dozen of them at a time, could load and unload without movement. Before 1881, ships rode at anchor on the Indian Ocean rollers; it was not only inconvenient to passengers, but there was annually an immense loss of cargo, so great was the difficulty of getting it into the lighters safely. Since 1881 every ship has loaded and unloaded in still water, and passengers have been able to get into boats alongside with the same ease as if the ship were lying in the Thames.

The *Renown* or the *Terrible* could have been berthed at any time during this period as easily as they were recently, but although the enclosed 200 acres are smooth as compared with the open sea, and the outer arms may now be considered strong enough to stand another such storm as that of 1881, the harbour is not yet sufficiently protected from the ocean swell to allow of vessels being moored alongside of quays during a large part of the year, and

it is still the case that when a cyclone is expected vessels are ordered out to sea.

The harbour since 1881 has been of great service, and since the completion of the new outer arms these have been made use of for landing horses, coal and troops, and other shore facilities and improvements have been carried out. The works that are now in progress were designed with the object of securing stiller water, which will pave the way for the consideration of the construction of ship quays, and the work will, in the opinion of the influential committee which advocated them, enable the encroachments of sand from the south, which tend to block the present entrance to the harbour, being effectually dealt with.

Harbour affairs are now administered by a Port Trust, and, in addition to the new N.E. breakwater and entrance, various improvements are being made. Last year a new jetty or pier was constructed, and it was at this date that the Prince of Wales landed from the *Renown*. A commencement has been made in utilising the foreshore to the south of the present harbour by the excavation of a small basin. A powerful suction dredger was purchased by the Trust, at a cost of £40,000, to deal with accumulations of sand at the entrance pending the completion of the new works.

The new breakwater is not to be a detached breakwater like that at Plymouth, but in continuation of the present outer arms, and of improved and stronger design.

Such have been the vicissitudes of that Public Work which has been for many years a white elephant and the despair of the Madras Government. Owing to the peculiar conformation of the Coromandel coast, on which there is no natural opening or creek on the sandy shore, the necessity for a safe artificial harbour is urgent. The con-

venience to tourists would be considerable, as Madras is only some 800 miles by sea from Calcutta, while it is nearly 1110 by rail. However the new harbour will enable vessels to anchor here in the roughest weather. Possibly the P. and O. Company, who took off the service in 1887, will then resume calling at Madras.

Madras occupies an enormous area, the city and suburbs being nearly thirty miles in circumference. Consequently in this city of magnificent distances the great housing question, which vexes the souls of Anglo-Indians at Bombay and in a less degree at Calcutta, does not press. A large bungalow with extensive gardens can be had for almost one-third the rent asked for the same accommodation at the other two capitals. Consequently Madras is a favourite residence of Anglo-Indians with families, and in this respect can be compared with Bangalore.

The climate is perhaps the most trying of that of any great city in India, certainly more than that of Calcutta or Bombay. The heat of May and June sends everyone who can get away to "Ooty" or "Kody," as the hill stations of Ootacamund and Kodaikanal are familiarly called, though the most insalubrious period is that of the monsoon season during October and November. But from about the middle of December to the end of February the climate is quite tolerable in Madras, though it is more humid in character and less bracing than the cold season of Upper India. Indeed, Madras cannot be said to have a cold season, and the climate is very similar to that of Singapore.

During the hot months, then, *villégiatura* in a hill station is imperative. There is a choice of two stations, the well-known Ootacamund ("Ooty") and the rising sanatorium of Kodaikanal ("Kody") near Dindigul (where the cheroots come from), some 320 miles from

Madras. Kody, which is rapidly coming into favour with the European community of Madras, is a delightful mountain resort at an altitude of 7000 feet.

Though we do not find in Madras the palatial buildings and magnificent public monuments of those twin cities of palaces Calcutta and Bombay, it has several public buildings quite worthy of the capital of the premier Presidency of India, such as the Law Courts (the finest building in Madras), the Senate House, Connemara Library and Museum, Victoria Institute, and the General Hospital. But perhaps Madras is most proud of the extraordinary architectural amalgam which now serves as the Offices of the Revenue Board. This is the restored Palace of the Nawab of the Carnatic, "a curious mixture of styles—Saracenic, Ionic, and Doric, veneered over and pulled together by restoration into a very fair specimen of modern Indian palace architecture."

To those who have travelled much in Italy the elegant tower¹ of the Connemara Library will have a strangely familiar aspect. The architect (H. Irwin, C.I.E.), indeed, has copied closely in his design the famous tower of the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence.

A pleasing feature in the arrangements of the Museum is reserving it on the first Saturday of the month for native ladies, but it can scarcely be said that the Hindu community avail themselves largely of this opportunity for mental culture.

The one antiquity and chief lion of Madras is Fort St George, of which a luminous and graphic history has recently been written by Mrs Frank Penny, the well-known Anglo-Indian novelist, a monograph which all about to visit the capital of South India should consult.

The most interesting feature of the fort is the Naval and

¹ Pulled down, owing to defective materials, in 1898.



THE LAW COURTS, MADRAS.

Military Museum.¹ It is of great historic importance ; indeed, a history of the conquest of South India by the British might almost be compiled from the numerous relics collected here. Here are the keys of Pondicherry Fort, removed when Pondicherry was taken by Sir Hector Munro. From 1761 to 1803 this historic fortress was taken and retaken by the British troops no less than three times, but was finally restored to France in 1817, in whose possession it has remained ever since.

In connection with the vicissitudes of the fort, an amusing anecdote is related of one of the governors of Pondicherry. When visiting Fort St George he was shown with doubtful taste the keys of Pondicherry, whereupon he calmly observed that these keys were no doubt as interesting an historical relic as the keys of Fort St George preserved in the Pondicherry Arsenal. The reply of the English governor is not chronicled, and it must certainly have been difficult to make an effective *riposte*.

Other interesting objects in the museum are some colours taken from the Dutch and French, which are "sewn up in covers to protect them from the squirrels, which have destroyed many, using them to make their nests"; a curious old cannon, brought from Bellary, 15 feet long, but with a bore of only $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch ; the colours taken at Pulicat in 1781 and Sudras in 1780, and a remarkable brass mortar in the shape of a tiger *couchant*. Here also is preserved the iron cage in which Captain Anstruther was imprisoned by the Chinese for seven months.

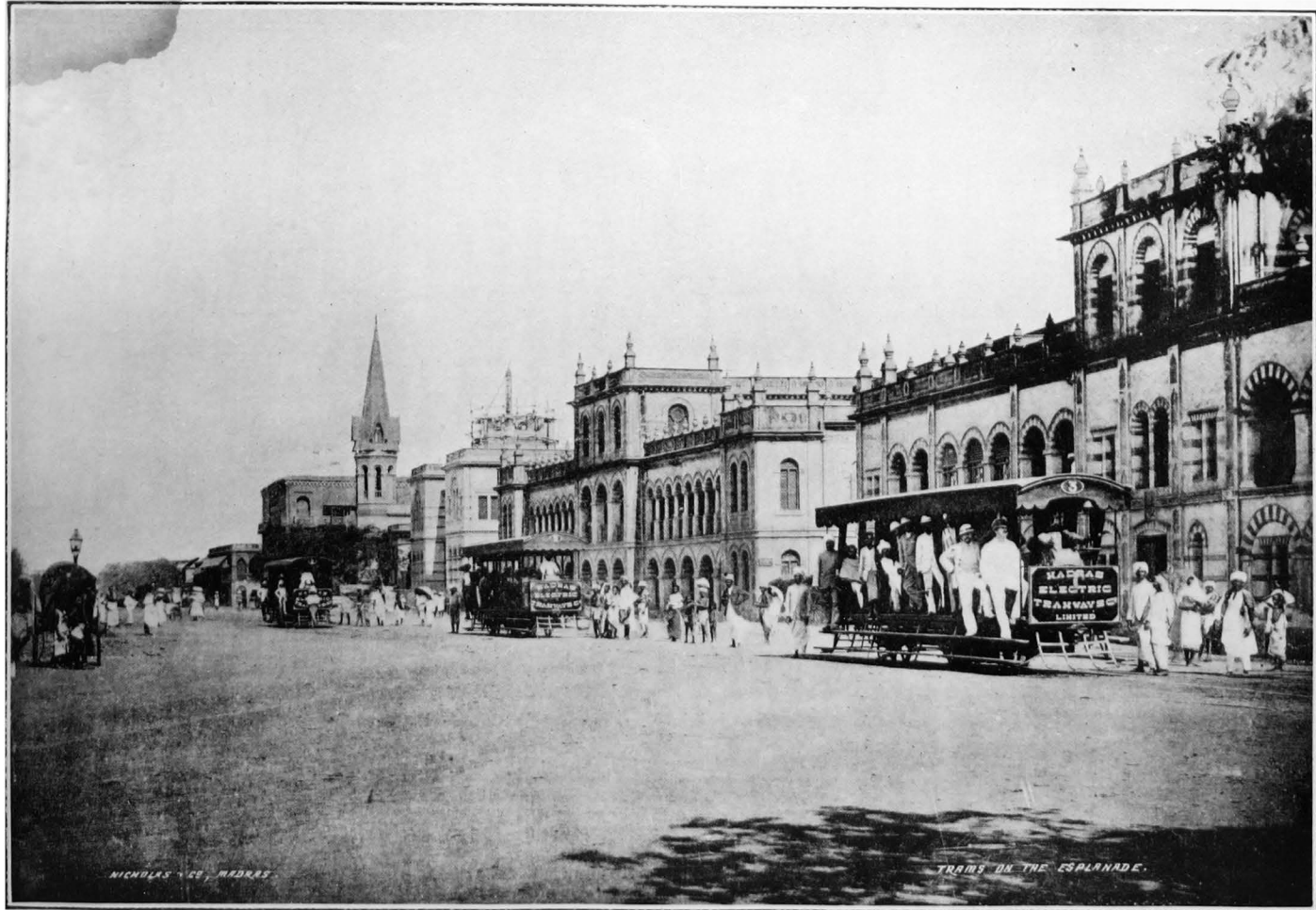
The ancient Church of St Mary's has a very interesting

¹ This Museum was dispersed in 1897. Some of the contents were transferred from the Arsenal to the Connemara Museum, and some of the relics were sent to the Museum of the United Science Institution in London. But the guns taken from the Dutch and the French remain.

history, secular as well as ecclesiastical. It is not only the oldest place of worship built by the English settlers in India, but claims to be the oldest British building of any kind in India, for it was dedicated in 1680 and retains the thick walls and the original rounded bomb-proof roof. Here Job Charnock's three daughters were baptised in 1689; Robert Clive was married to Miss Maskelyne in 1753; and here Governor Yale, who afterwards gave his name to the great American University, was married. In 1758 it was converted into barracks; the roof is bomb proof, and the walls are six feet thick, and in 1782, during the war with Hyder Ali, it was used as a Government storeroom. "The church," says Mrs Frank Penny in her interesting monograph already alluded to, "is full of mementoes of men who have helped to make history, and is the last resting-place of several governors and commanders-in-chief of the Madras army—Francis Hastings, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir Henry George Ward, Sir Alexander Campbell, Sir Samuel Hood, Lord Hobart, Lord Pigott, and others. Some of the monuments are fine bits of sculpture by Flaxman, the younger Bacon, Richardson and Turnouth. Flaxman's figures of the high-caste natives are excellent."

Above the pulpit hang the tattered colours of the celebrated First Madras Fusiliers (now the Royal Dublin Fusiliers), who were once commanded by Clive. These war-worn flags have, indeed, been the silent witnesses of some terrible scenes. Immediately after the massacre they were carried into Cawnpore, through the six battles during Havelock's advance on Lucknow, and into Lucknow itself when the garrison was first relieved.

Madras, indeed, can claim a historical record quite as interesting as that of Calcutta. Fort St George is, in short, the germ (for the older trading station of Surat soon



THE ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

fell into obscurity) from which blossomed some two centuries later the great Empire of India. It was with his Madras Europeans and Sepoys that Clive captured Arcot and recaptured Fort William (Calcutta), and it was mainly with these troops that General Harris (ancestor of Lord Harris, formerly Governor of Bombay) captured the apparently impregnable fortress of Seringapatam.

But in spite of the long roll of heroes associated with Madras, the history of the capital of Southern India can scarcely be called heroic. In the early days it was twice ransomed from native invaders, and in 1746 captured by the French almost without a blow, and only regained by treaty.

Though Madras cannot boast of so many statues as Calcutta, there are several fine monuments to those great men who have helped to build up our Indian Empire. Of these the most noteworthy are, a bronze equestrian statue by Chantrey of Sir T. Munro, one facing the club of General Neill, with a well-executed and vigorous sculpture of a battle scene in alto-relievo, and the famous colossal statue of Lord Cornwallis by Thomas Banks, R.A. The peculiarity of this statue is that the well-known cast in the eye (caused by a blow when playing hockey at Eton) is faithfully represented by the sculptor, who was apparently of the same opinion as Cromwell's painter, who painted his great sitter's warts. Banks' defence of his treatment was, perhaps, more ingenious than convincing. He declared that "eyes looking to the right and left at the same moment would impart the idea of an enlarged and comprehensive mind, and I have thought it due to the illustrious Governor-General to convey to posterity this natural indication of mental greatness, which I am convinced all must be sensible of, on observing the peculiarity referred to." Surrounding the statue are five guns,

including a quaint trophy from Seringapatam, whose muzzle represents the open mouth of a tiger.

There are also two very fine modern statues, the Jubilee statue of Queen Victoria, a replica of the well-known one by Boehm at Windsor, and one of King Edward VII. by Mr G. E. Wade opposite Government House, which was unveiled in 1903. It is curious that there is no statue of Clive, Madras's greatest citizen.

The social features of Anglo-Indian life in Madras are pleasant, if we ignore the enervating climate. There is not the whirl of gaiety and the incessant round of society functions of Calcutta during the season ; nor is there, as at Bombay, the variety afforded by the large number of distinguished visitors, to say nothing of globe-trotters and tourists who are continually passing through the " front-door of India." Indeed, Madras is a backwater of travel in the grand tour of India, and perhaps it is partly due to this that the proverbial hospitality of Anglo-India is, if anything, more pronounced at Madras than at either of these two capitals. Indeed, if we may touch on a delicate subject, in the great tourist centres of India, the hospitality of the English residents is apt to be tested rather too severely now that the incursion of cold weather visitors has assumed such alarming proportions. Mr Hope Moncrieff's pregnant remarks on this subject are worth quoting : " Indian hospitality has been, truth to tell, worn somewhat thin by the ceaseless invasion of tourists. The globe-trotter comes now to be looked upon rather askance, belittled as a ' G.T.' or reviled with the more contemptuous nickname of ' T.G.' (travelling gent.), and in many ways is given to understand that his presence proves not altogether acceptable to those who have made their home in the East."

A good deal of quiet entertaining goes on among the



THE SENATE HOUSE, MADRAS.

large English community, official, military, and commercial, and Madras, in spite of its lack of facilities for shooting, etc., is a fairly popular station with army men. There are the usual clubs and other recreative resources. Then for Anglo-Indians with families Madras has much to recommend it. In its residential suburbs, the Mount and Guindy, a large bungalow or villa, with extensive grounds, can be rented at about half the sum that would be asked for a similar house near the Maidan at Calcutta, or on Malabar Hill, at Bombay. Living expenses in general are, as a rule, low, and perhaps it would not be going too far to say that £700 or £800 at Madras goes as far as £1000 at the more expensive stations, such as Bombay, Calcutta, or Srinagar. • Tourists will find the hotels fair and cheap, and amusements, locomotion, servants, and incidental expenses of all kinds will cost less than at most of the big cities in India.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAND OF TEMPLES : TANJORE, TRICHINOPOLY, MADURA, ETC.

MYSORE is one of the most flourishing of the feudatory states of India, and, next to Hyderabad, the largest and most important, having a population of over five and a half millions, while its area is almost as large as that of Ireland. In 1831 the continual misgovernment of Mysore, since the death of Tippu Sultan, compelled the British Government to undertake the administration, but in 1881 it was restored to the Maharajah, the father of the present youthful ruler (Maharajah Krishna Wodeyar Bahadur), who was installed in August, 1902. Since 1881 the state has been so well governed and its financial condition so sound that it has earned the honourable sobriquet—the model state of India.

But Mysore is wanting in the picturesque accessories one usually finds in a native state. This is no doubt due to its having been so long under British administration. In the broad well-kept streets of Mysore city, the trim Curzon Park and the characterless architecture, most of the distinctive features of a native capital are lacking.

Mysore may be said to have three capitals. The nominal capital is Mysore City, but the administrative capital is Bangalore, while the ancient historic capital is Seringapatam.

There is very little of interest in Mysore City. The



THE BREACH, SERINGAPÁTAM.

only lion is the palace of the Maharajahs, now being restored—a huge, modern, tawdry pile. The bazaars, however, should be visited, not for their picturesqueness, but because one can buy here at reasonable prices the beaten gold jewellery for which Mysore is famous. It is beaten out almost as thin as paper, but it is chased so artistically and delicately that the effect is not poor or flimsy.

On the hillside of Chamandi, which overlooks the city, is a remarkable colossal figure of a nandi, or sacred bull. This huge monolith is carved out of the solid rock and approached by a flight of 600 stone steps.

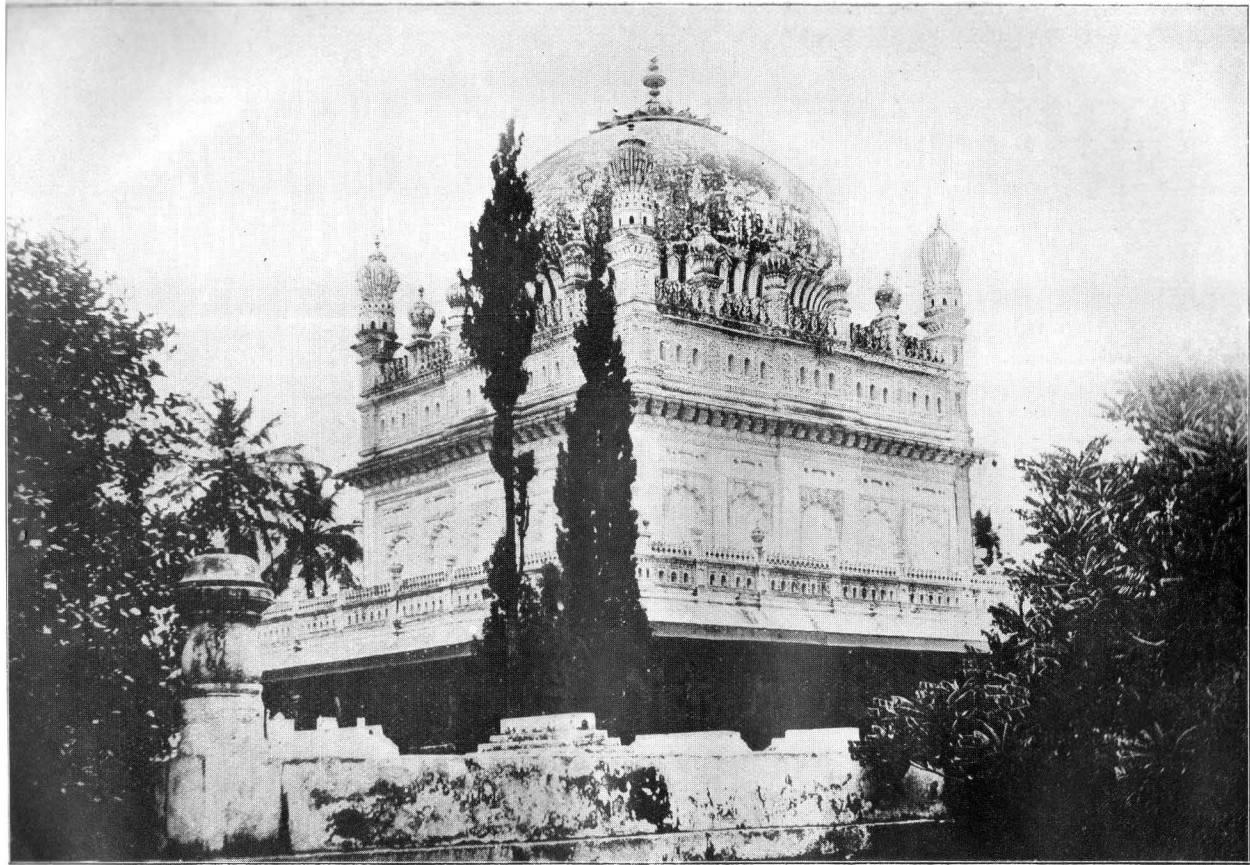
Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore till it was taken by us in 1799, is reached from Mysore after a pleasant drive of eleven miles. Its interest is purely historical, centring in the famous siege by General Harris and Colonel Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) in 1799. It is a little difficult to trace the various positions and “posts” of the besiegers, but two cannons stuck into the ground like pillars mark the exact site of the breaching batteries.

The story of the Assault of Seringapatam abounds in picturesque and thrilling episodes. It is not generally known that the capture of Tippu’s stronghold was greatly facilitated by the extraordinary carelessness of the enemy in omitting to remove a plank across the inner moat.

“The hour chosen for the assault on the breach was one P.M. on the 4th May 1799, a time when the enemy were engaged in their midday meal. Not expecting an attack at this scorching hot time of day, they were completely taken by surprise. The breach was successfully mounted under a heavy fire and in face of great danger in crossing the river, and in six minutes the British flag was planted on the summit. Then, to their astonishment

and dismay, they found a second rampart untouched and separated from them by a moat full of water. "Good God, how shall we get over this?" was General Baird's remark. Fortunately, however, one single plank across the moat had been left by the defenders in their haste to withdraw; this allowed the assaulting troops to cross the moat and penetrate the inner ramparts, some going to the right and some going to the left, and in a few minutes they were cutting down the guard attached to the Sultan's Palace, and soon the city was taken. On returning to the moat where many had crossed it by the plank, in the excitement of victory, no one dared venture to walk over so frail a bridge in cold blood.

During the attack Tippu was on the northern side of the Fort, and, on hearing that the enemy had actually penetrated the Fort, thought to make good his own safety. Performing the part rather of a common soldier than of a general, he made his way to the inner gate, but on reaching the arch of the Water Gate he was struck and mortally wounded by a random shot from a British soldier, and being abandoned by his men escape was now impossible, as he was too weak to rise from where he fell. It is said that a European soldier attempted to take away his costly sword-belt and turban, both adorned with almost priceless jewels and precious stones, but Tippu, though dying, wounded the soldier in the knee. The soldier thereupon ended Tippu's life by levelling his musket and shooting him through the head. Eventually when the body was found, it was hardly cold, and life was thought not to be extinct, but it was so, and Colonel Wellesley exclaimed: "The Tiger's spirit has gone." Four wounds were found on his body; he was clothed in the very finest of linen and silk, and wore on his right arm an amulet with Arabic characters."



TOMB OF TIPPU SULTAN, SERINGAPATAM.

The exact spot where the "Tiger of Mysore" fell is indicated by a tablet let into the wall.

The mausoleum of Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan is a square building crowned by a dome, with an arcade supported by beautiful hornblende pillars. The exquisitely carved doors were a gift of Lord Dalhousie. The magnanimity of the Government in maintaining this mausoleum of two of the most formidable enemies of the British Raj offers a striking contrast to the treatment of the tomb of another enemy of Great Britain at a later date—that of the Mahdi at Omdurman.

A summer palace of Tippu between the Lal Bagh and the Fort is noteworthy, as it served for some time as the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley. Here are the famous pictures representing the defeat of Colonel Baillie's troops by Hyder Ali in 1780. Their historic rather than their artistic value induced Lord Dalhousie to have them repainted. The caricature of the British soldiers is a little grotesque, but the general effect is vigorous and animated. There is a memorial in the Lal Bagh to Colonel Baillie, who died a prisoner of Tippu in 1784.

Another illustrious captive confined here was General Baird, the hero of the final and successful assault of Seringapatam in May 1799. During his imprisonment he was kept chained to a fellow-prisoner. There is a tradition that when the news of the sad fate of the unfortunate general, whose fiery temper was notorious, reached his mother in Scotland, her maternal grief was mingled with regret for his fellow-prisoner: "God help the chiel that is chained to our Davie!"

On the Mysore road, on the outskirts of the deserted city of Seringapatam, is a famous "haunted bungalow," popularly known as Colonel Scott's Bungalow, to which

attaches a tragic memory. Early in the last century Colonel Scott was Director of the Government Gun Factory at Seringapatam. Returning one morning from his early ride he found that his wife and two daughters had died from cholera. Distracted with grief, he threw himself into the Cauvery River, which flowed behind the bungalow. The house remains as he left it, with all the furniture, and, till within two or three years ago, even the bed-cover was still on the bed.

The sad tragedy is commemorated in the following quaintly worded ballad in the "Lays of Ind":—

" There stands on the isle of Seringapatam,
 By the Cauvery, eddying fast,
 A bungalow lonely,
 And tenanted only
 By memories of the past.
 It has stood, as though under a curse or spell,
 Untouched since the year that Tippoo fell.
 The garden about it is tangled and wild,
 Sad trees sigh close to its eaves,
 And the dark lithe shapes
 Of chattering apes,
 Swing in and out of the leaves ;
 And when night's dank vapours rise grey and foul,
 The silence is rent by the shrill screech-owl.

When the siege was over a Colonel dwelt
 With his wife and daughters here,
 In command of the fort
 Where the bloody sport
 Had cost Mysore so dear.
 I can fancy the girls with their prattle light,
 And the house all trim, and the garden bright ;

And hushed they were ; for one dreadful eve
 The Cholera tapped at the door ;
 Nor knocked in vain,
 For mother and twain
 Answered the summons sore.
 When dawn broke over the house next day,
 The mother and daughters had passed away.



CAUVERY FALLS.

The Colonel buried his loved ones three,
Then fled from the house of woe ;
And ne'er since then
Have the feet of men
Trod in that bungalow,
Save feet of the traveller, passing near,
Who turns to see it, and drops a tear.
The mouldering rooms are now as they stood
Near eighty years ago ;
The piano is there,
And table and chair,
And the carpet, rotting slow,
And the beds whereon the corpses lay,
And the curtains half time-mawed away.
A type of gloom and decay and death,
And happiness overcast.
In this bungalow lonely,
And tenanted only
By memories of the past.
Peace to the shades of the three who died
In that lonely house by the Cauvery's tide."

The railway journey from Mysore city to Bangalore should be broken in order to visit the Falls of Cauvery.

The falls in the rainy season are magnificent, and quite deserve the title of the "Indian Niagara," but when tourists see them in the cool season they are nothing extraordinary, and far inferior to the famous Gersoppa Falls, near Birri, Mysore. Like Niagara, Victoria Falls (Zambesi), and Tivoli, the water power is now utilised to generate electric energy, which is conveyed to the Kolar Gold Fields nearly 100 miles distant. The power works are extremely interesting, and will readily be shown to any visitor on application to the engineer in charge. The water is conducted down steel shafts 400 feet deep to the six generators. The cost of the works was £350,000.

The Kolar Gold Fields include the mines of no less than eleven companies, among them the famous Mysore and Ooregum. Over 25,000 people are employed on the

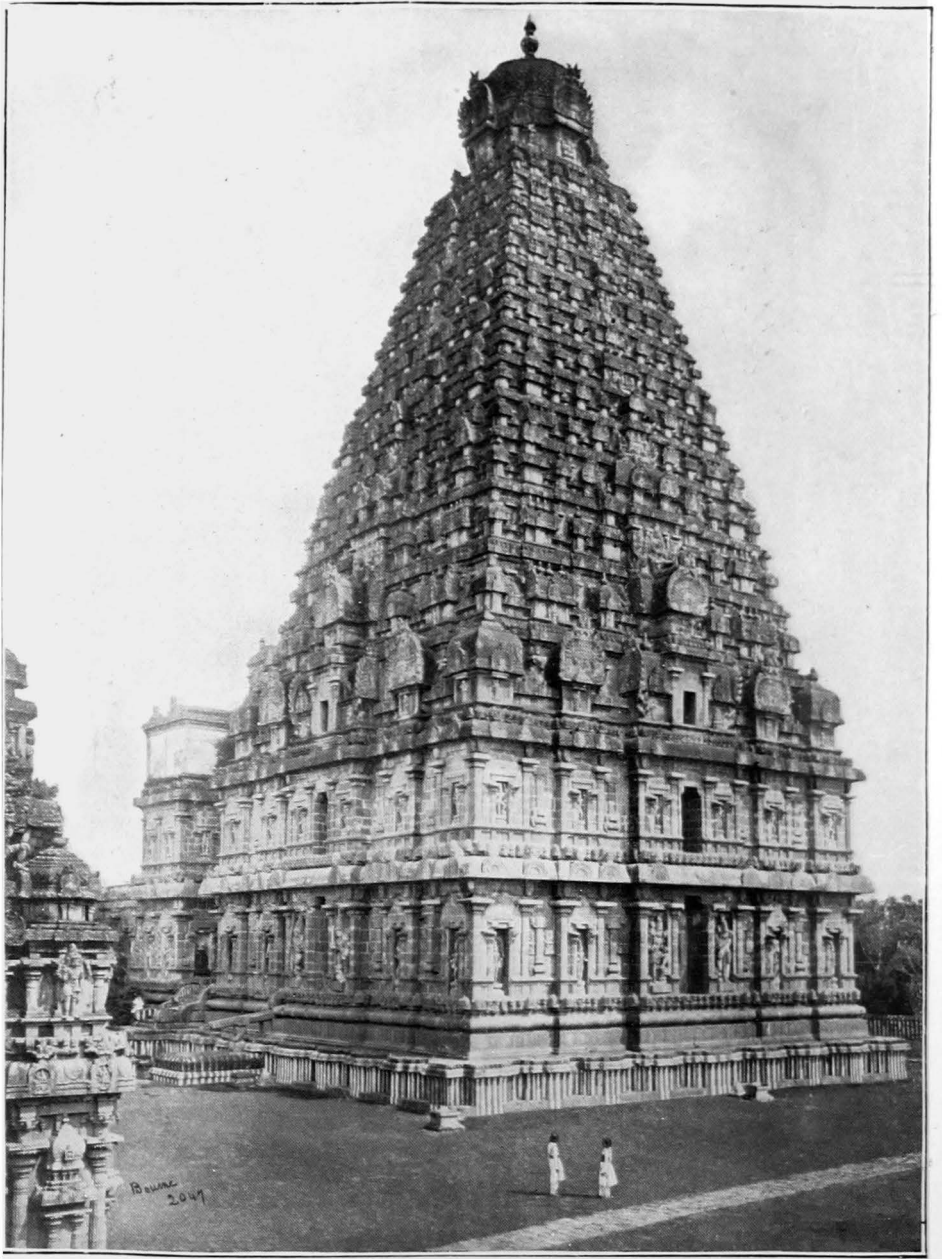
field, including 900 Europeans, and nearly half-a-million pounds are paid away annually in wages. Since 1881, when modern methods were first employed, gold to the value of some seventeen millions has been extracted.

Bangalore is usually considered the pleasantest residence for Europeans in the Madras Presidency. Owing to its delightful situation on a plateau 3000 feet above the sea, and its healthy and comparatively temperate climate, it is one of the few cities in India where all-the-year-round residence is tolerable.

Like Madras, it is a city of magnificent distances, covering an area of some thirteen miles. But to the tourist it is singularly lacking in interest ; indeed, the only sights are the Maharajah's palace (not often open to the public), the museum, and the fort. It has no history and no antiquities of any kind. It makes, however, a convenient centre for many famous excursions, the Falls of Cauvery, Mysore, Seringapatam, Belgolla, and the Kolar Gold Fields.

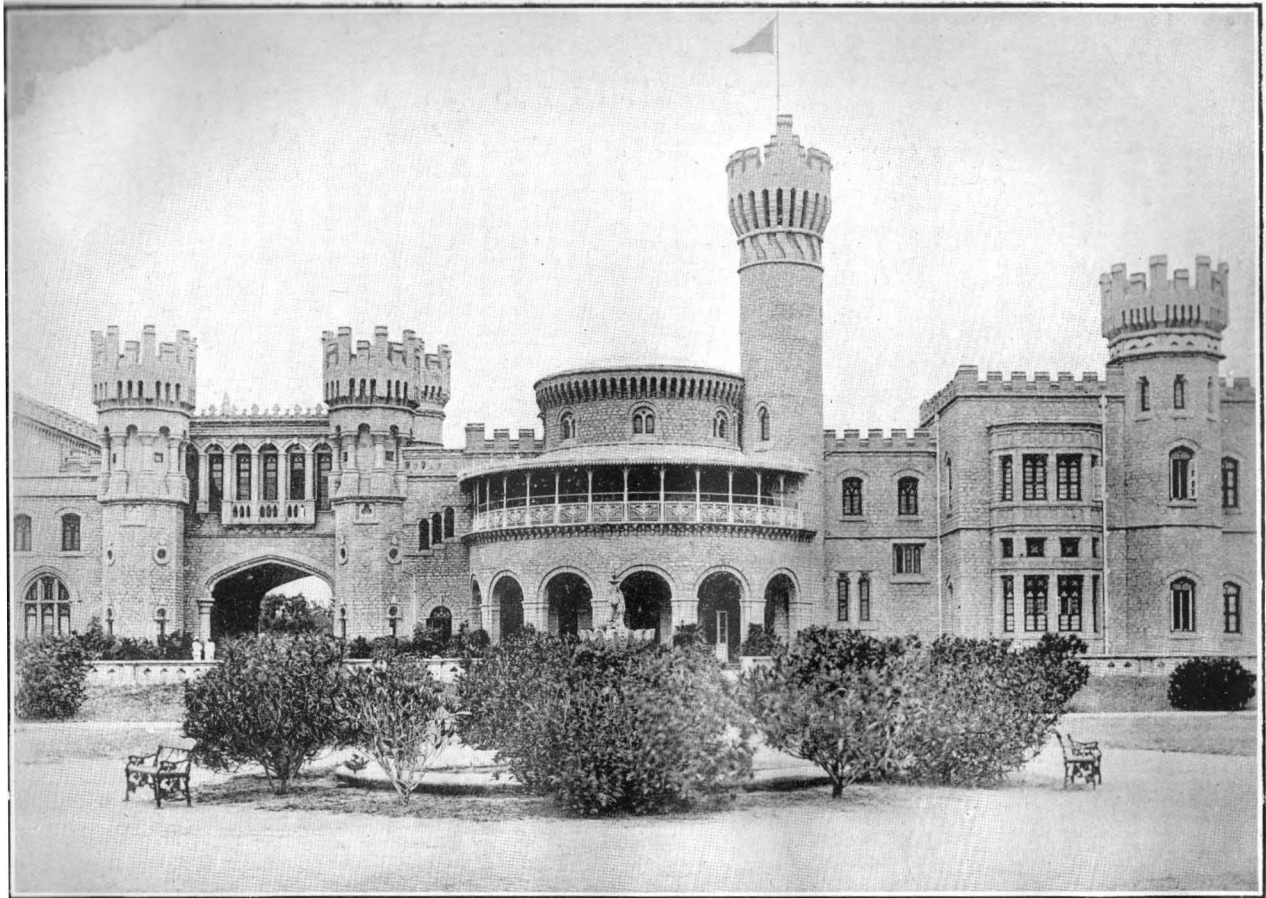
Bangalore has been aptly called a city of churches, and there are certainly more Christian places of worship—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Nonconformist—in comparison to its population than in any city in the whole of India. It is also a great educational centre, and a great focus of missionary enterprise. Then its recreative resources are plentiful, so that its popularity as a residence is easily explained.

The most interesting sight easily accessible by rail is a remarkable Jain monument—a colossal statue of Gotama Swami, seventy feet high—at Shavara Belgolla, some sixty miles from Bangalore. This is of interest if only for its colossal proportions, for it is one of the largest statues in the world, exceeded in size only by the colossal recumbent Buddha in Burmah.



THE GREAT PAGODA, TANJORE.

[Face p. 249.



NEW PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, BANGALORE.

It is curious that this wonderful monolith is only incidentally referred to in the guide-books, and not mentioned at all in connection with Bangalore. No doubt its distance from a station (forty miles from Arsikere, a station on the main line from Bombay to Mysore city) accounts for this omission. If, however, the projected branch line from Arsikere to Mangalore¹ on the coast eventually gets beyond the paper stage, the colossal image of Gotama will rank amongst the great sights of Southern India. The statue is nude, and the expression is the contemplative one usually seen in Buddhist statues.

The most interesting temples in all South India are, no doubt, those of Conjeveram (the Golden City), Sri Rangam (Trichinopoly), Tanjore, and Madura, all easily reached from Madras by the South India Railway; but if the tourist is pressed for time he can visit Conjeveram in a day, though Trichinopoly is an excursion of more varied and popular interest.

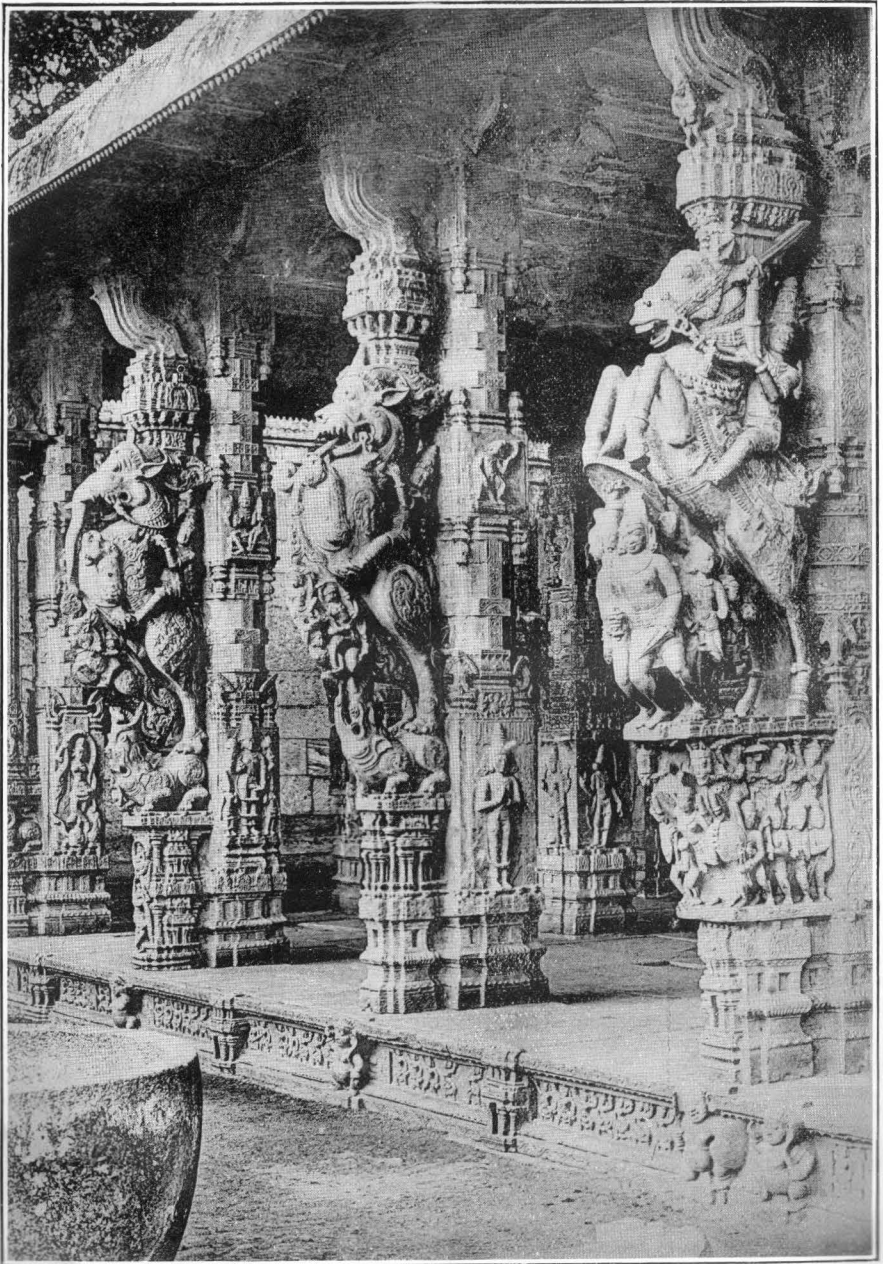
Conjeveram is one of the seven sacred cities of India, and its great temple is one of the finest and largest Dravidian monuments in India. The principal gopura (gateway) is nearly 100 feet high. If we can imagine one of the ancient temple pylons of Egypt decorated with sculptures, we shall have a good idea of a gopura. The climb is worth taking on account of the magnificent bird's-eye view of the congeries of temples and shrines of this South Indian Benares; but the most interesting temple to architectural experts is the smaller one of Vishnu at Little Conjeveram, some two miles distant. Here is a remarkable hall of pillars, carved to represent horses and hippogriffs. It is usual to show strangers the jewels and other treasures of the temple, but a fee is expected.

¹ Advices just received (December 1906) give January 1907 as the date for completion.

The great Temple of Tanjore is one of the finest in Southern India. Its most striking feature is the giant Pagoda, a pyramidal tower 200 feet high from the base to the golden pinnacle which crowns the small dome. This dome is said to be a monolith of granite, and there is a legend that the apparently insurmountable difficulty of transport was overcome by an inclined plane five miles long up which this colossal stone was rolled to the top of the tower. Under the Pagoda is the Vimana, or inner shrine of the temple, but strangers are excluded from this Holy of Holies. They may however wander freely through the great enclosure of the Temple.

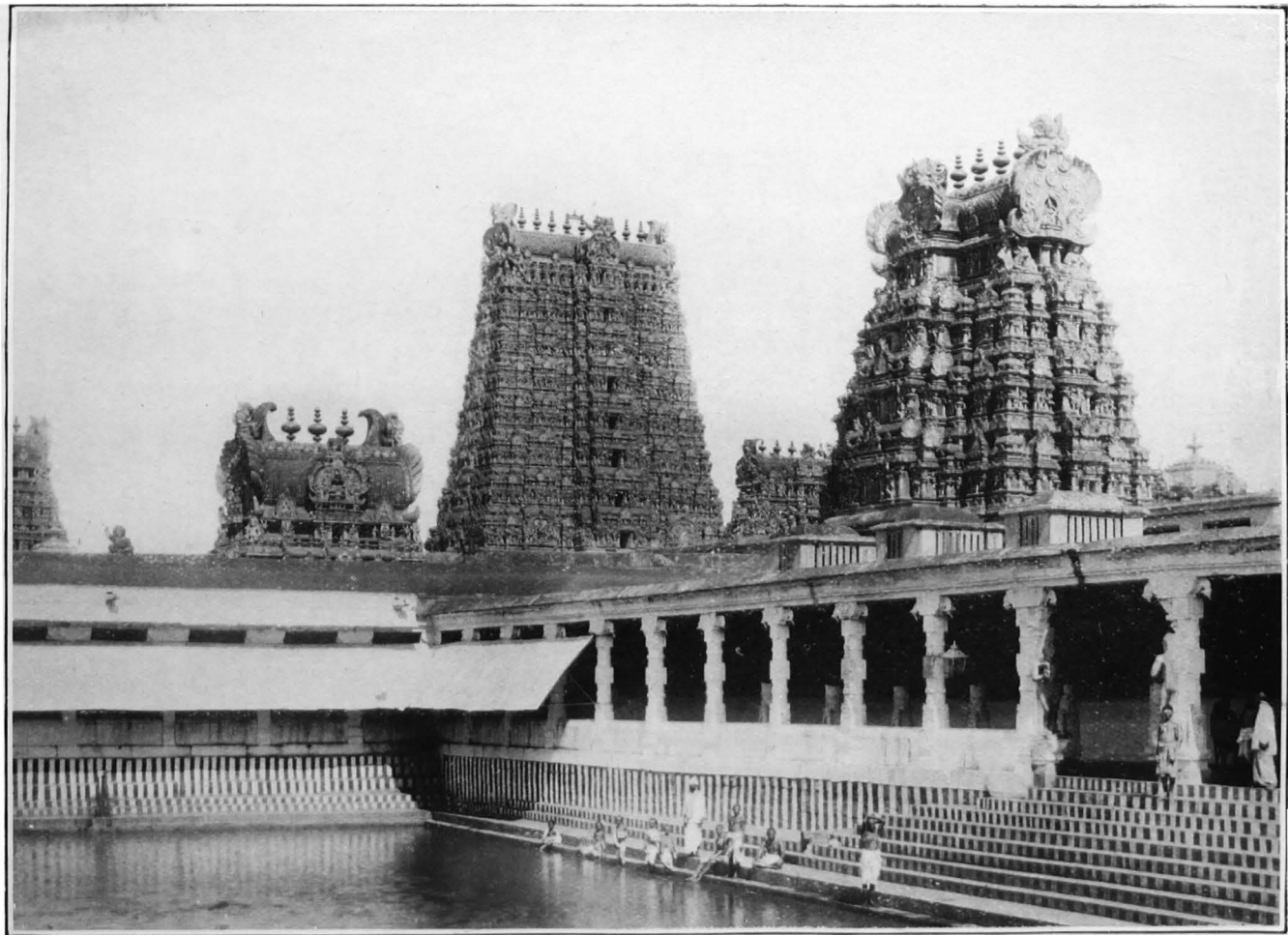
“The temples in this region,” writes Mr Edward Carpenter (author of “From Adam’s Peak to Elephanta”), “are on the same general plan. There is no vast interior as in a Western cathedral, but they depend for their effect rather upon the darkness and inaccessibility of the inner shrines and passages, and upon the gorgeous external assemblage of towers and porticos and tanks and arcades brought together within the same enclosure. At Madura the whole circumference of the temple is over 1000 yards, and at Sri Rangam each side of the enclosure is as much as half-a-mile long. In every case there has no doubt been an original shrine of the god, round which buildings have accumulated, the external enclosure being thrown out into a larger and longer circumference as time went on ; and in many cases the later buildings, the handsome outlying gateways or gopuras and towers have by their size completely dwarfed the shrine to which they were supposed to be subsidiary, thus producing a poor artistic effect.”

The legend told by the native guides that the Great Pagoda does not cast a shadow is, of course, a palpable absurdity, as any visitor can see for himself.



THE HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS, SRI RUNGHAM.

[Face p. 251.



THE LILY TANK, MADURA.

The palace is chiefly noteworthy from its enormous size, and its decorative details are poor and tawdry. The Durbar Hall is the best feature. "It is the most pure and perfect specimen of Nayakar architecture in existence, and, differing from Madura, is purely Indian."

Another sight is Schwartz's Church, containing a fine monumental group, by Flaxman, of the famous missionary being visited on his deathbed by the Rajah of Tanjore.

On a bastion of the Fort near the Shwigarga Tomb is mounted a colossal cannon, known as Rajah Gopala. Like the famous, but much smaller, Mons Meg of Edinburgh Castle, it is made of iron rings welded together. There is a tradition that this monster gun (twenty-four feet long and having a bore two feet six inches in diameter) was fired once and only once, when all the inhabitants cleared out of the town. The fuse was two miles long and the fire took forty minutes to reach the gun. This remarkable piece of ordnance was considered as a kind of palladium by the natives, and was worshipped in time of peril.

Trichinopoly and its famous rock, the Gibraltar of South India, can be visited *en route* to Madura. The rock is a very striking natural feature, rising abruptly like a colossal boulder from the plain. From one point the rock crowned with its citadel bears some resemblance to Edinburgh Castle. Though the height is not more than 250 feet or so, so flat is the country round that a magnificent panoramic view is obtained from the summit.

The Madura temples are, no doubt, the finest Dravidian temples in India, but the superiority over those of Tanjore or Trichinopoly is more in degree than in kind. We have nothing in Europe to compare with these famous temples, and for parallels we must go to Thebes, Baalbek, Palmyra, or Jerusalem.

Madura Temple is in some respects the most remarkable architectural monument in all India, guarded by nine great gopuras (or gateways). These pyramidal gateways rise course upon course, every inch of stone covered with sculpture (most of it gilded) of gods and goddesses—apparently the whole Brahmin mythology being represented here. In wealth of symbolical ornament it exceeds even the most highly decorated pagodas of Burmah.

But the tourist, sated no doubt with temples and shrines, will perhaps be glad to devote a couple of days to a monument which is perhaps in grandeur of conception, immensity of bulk, and constructive skill almost as remarkable as any of the great Dravidian temples. This is the famous Periyar Dam, one of the greatest engineering enterprises in India, and the largest stone dam in the world. It is worthy to be compared with the Assouan Dam in Egypt, the Croton Dam in America, or the Vyrnwy Lake Dam in Wales.

This is not only one of the most splendid of India's public works, but the audacity of the scheme appeals strongly to the imagination, and places it in the category of striking, and even sensational engineering feats.

The Periyar River has been diverted from its course in order to irrigate an enormous area of arid land, separated from the Periyar watershed by a mountain, by means of a great dam 155 feet high, to form a reservoir 8000 acres in area, and then carrying the river through the intervening mountain by means of an aqueduct one and a quarter miles long. It was begun in 1887, and successfully completed eight years later, at the relatively small cost of some nine million rupees. As the Periyar Dam is one of the most famous engineering works in India, and was completed in 1895, it is curious to read in a magazine article by a well-known English M.P., on the Commercial

Potentialities of India, published in 1903, a suggestion that some such work should be undertaken by the Indian Government.

It appears that in the course of a holiday tour in India, this sapient M.P., laudably anxious to gain information, had been studying the irrigation question. Referring to the waste of water in the west coast of India, he observes : "What is wanted is to draw up and turn the Perigam [evidently the Periyar is meant] river, to run it down the other side of the slopes of the mountains, and to dam it from east to west, and immediately a fresh area of 100,000 acres could be put under civilisation and cultivation."

CHAPTER XXIX

INDIA AT PLAY : THE HILL STATIONS

Of old on Himalayan heights
The Gods found indolent delights ;
And now the weary Briton seeks
Repose 'neath Himalayan peaks—
" The Kaliyuga's avatar,"¹
Abused and blamed from near and far.

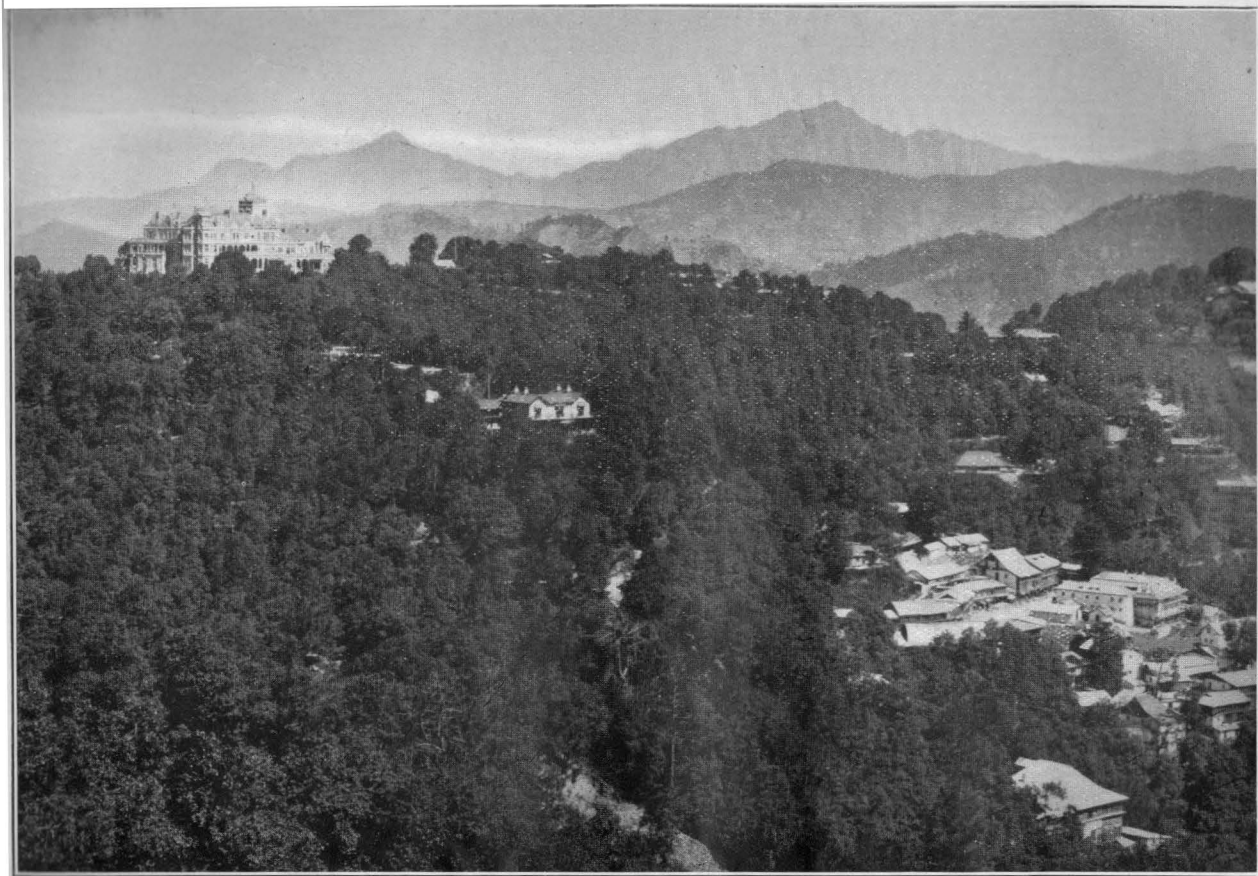
THE principal hill stations are Darjeeling for Bengal, Ootacamund, Kodaikanal, and Coonoor for Madras, Mahableshwar for Bombay, Mount Abu for Central India and Rajputana, Murree and Dalhousie for the Punjab, Mussoorie, and Naini Tal for the North-Western Provinces, and Shillong for Assam, though the former capital of the province is an all-the-year-round station.

Simla is often regarded as the doyen of the hill stations. It is, however, on a different footing from Darjeeling, Naini Tal, Ootacamund, Mussoorie and other hot weather quarters. Simla is the metropolitan summer resort of all India. Indeed, for some six months of the year Simla, and not Calcutta, is the political capital of the Indian Empire.

It is a considerable distance from Calcutta, nearly 1200 miles, but is easy of access since the opening in 1904 of the mountain railway from Kalka to Simla.

Simla may be said to have been discovered by Lord Amherst in one of his official tours through the North-

¹ The Bengalis call Englishmen " Kaliyuger Brahmin "—the Brahmins of the Iron Age.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SIMLA.

West in 1827, and was for many years used intermittently as a sanatorium for civilians, and for a few weeks as the temporary seat of Government. But it was not till the rule of Sir John Lawrence that Simla was practically converted into the summer capital of the Government.

Thanks to Rudyard Kipling, Mrs Croker, Mrs Steel, Mrs Cotes, Miss Sydney Grier, Mrs Penny, and other novelists, who have depicted various phases of Anglo-Indian life so graphically, we are almost as familiar with the topography of Simla as we are with that of Brighton or Nice. Indeed, there is something about the spaciousness and *rus in urbe* aspect of its wooded heights and valleys which suggest Bournemouth or Cannes, villas and bungalows being scattered over the crescent-formed ridge extending some four miles. But, after all, it is futile to attempt to draw a geographical parallel between this beautiful station and any European health resort. No place in Europe, of course, can give us such grand surroundings as is afforded by the glorious background of the mighty Himalayas. Still, if we ignore this one sublime feature of the landscape, the scenic features of Simla may be faintly suggested if we may say that some of its features recall Cannes, Hyères, or Grasse, some the Engadine, and some Bournemouth or Torquay.

It is from Jakko Hill, which bounds the eastern end of the ridge, that we get the best idea of the general geographical features of Simla. On the slopes of Jakko are the Mayo Orphanage, the United Service Club, and Christ Church. North of Jakko runs a beautiful wooded spur fancifully known as Elysium Hill, where are many large bungalows scattered among groves of deodars and rhododendrons. Below the main ridge, and running east and west, is the native town of Simla, known as the Bazaar. At the west end of the Bazaar are the magnificent Govern-

ment Offices and Observatory Hill, where the new Vice-regal Lodge has been built, and Prospect Hill, which lacks the charm of Elysium, as there are no woods, and it does not stand so high. Some three miles west of Observatory Hill are the Military Cantonments on Jutogh Hill, with a battery of artillery. But we must not omit the famous plain of Annandale, a great social focus for all kinds of amusements, racing, polo, cricket, gymkhanas, etc., which is situated about 1000 feet below the ridge, a couple of miles off.

At Annandale one occasionally comes across a curious native custom. The Pahari women are accustomed to use flowing water as a sort of sedative for their babies. The mother lays the baby down by the edge of a stream, and with a hollow reed acting as a conduit diverts a little rill so that the water falls from the height of a few inches on the infant's head. This sends it to sleep. "At Annandale you may often see a row of these little sleeping innocents near the Falls."

From almost every quarter of Simla there are magnificent views. "Northward the eye wanders over the network of confused chains, rising range by range, and crowned in the distance by a crescent of snowy peaks, standing out in bold relief against the clear background of the sky," while looking southward one sees a series of precipitous ravines apparently running sheer down into the deep valley which scores the mountain sides. As riding is one of the chief amusements both of residents and visitors, the warning in Murray's Guide as to the necessity of caution when riding on a strange horse over the fenceless precipice roads is by no means superfluous. Several people have been killed by falling over the precipices when riding over these mountain roads.

Darjeeling is distant some 250 miles by rail from Cal-

cutta, and 340 miles through Sikkim, from the once mysterious city of Lhasa. The mail from Calcutta leaves at night, so that the remarkable scenery of the little Himalayan railway from Silliguri (196 miles from Calcutta) is viewed in daylight. Indeed, as on all the mountain railways in India, there is no night traffic.

The variety of the scenery through which the traveller passes in this comparatively short journey from Silliguri to Darjeeling is for India very striking. At first the line runs through a dense jungle of canes and grass, the bamboos sometimes over fifty feet high, and the jungle grass, with its beautiful feathery tops, twenty or twenty-five feet. Then, looking back, the view is remarkable. The vast fertile plain of Bengal lies spread out like a map, its network of rivers and irrigation canals resembling in the dazzling sunshine silver ribbons on a green carpet.

The railway is certainly picturesque, and the scenery bold and varied, but hardly so awe-inspiring as descriptions would lead one to expect. No doubt when this line was built mountain railways were rare, and the highly-coloured descriptions—one writer, for instance, likens the railway to a snake winding up into the clouds—in which travel writers used to revel would provoke a smile among those who have crossed the Andes or even the Rockies and the Selkirks. It is really little more than a toy railway like the well-known Festiniog line in Wales, the gauge being only two feet.

It is often compared with the better known Colombo and Kandy Railway; indeed, there is great rivalry between the two lines, which is amusingly illustrated by the nomenclature of the more striking points; for instance, if the Kandy Railway has its Sensation Rock, the Darjeeling line goes one better with its rather absurdly named Agony Point.

The route it follows is for the most part that of the old trunk road to Sikkim and the Tibetan frontier. Bold and costly tunnelling and bridge work and lofty embankments are avoided by a series of loops and zigzags, with reversing stations. In short, the route is like that of one of the great Alpine passes rather than a railway like the St Gothard or the Simplon. These reversing stations, by which sharp curves are avoided, are features not often seen on more modern mountain railways, though there are several on the Blue Mountains Railway in New South Wales.

Darjeeling lies along the top and sides of a "hog's back" or ridge between two deep valleys, and spread along the hillsides is a maze of bungalows and hotels, with hospitals, clubs, and stores interspersed. Mr Freshfield epigrammatically hits off the physiognomy of Darjeeling by comparing it to a Malvern spread along the crest of Monte Generoso.

In many respects Darjeeling is the most interesting hill station in India. It is not, like Simla, an artificial sanatorium or climatic summer resort, a hill station and nothing else, but it is an important trading centre as well as frontier town. In short, it possesses an individuality which Simla, Ootacamund, and many other summer stations wholly lack.

When Kinchenjunga is visible, as it is occasionally from Tiger Hill, a few miles from Darjeeling, then indeed the fortunate tourist will enjoy one of the most glorious mountain views in the whole world. A series of undulating rounded hills extends for some forty miles, in which white specks, which mark Buddhist monasteries, are the only indications of human life, and carry the eye to the magnificent and nobly composed group of snowy summits, of which the long crest of Kinchenjunga forms the centre

and crown. Kinchenjunga itself, with its five peaks—the second loftiest mountain in the world—has a striking resemblance to Monte Rosa. Mr Douglas Freshfield considers the nearest European parallel to the view of “the Snows” from Darjeeling is the Alpine panorama from Monte Generoso.

The view is often compared with that of the Himalayas from Simla, but the latter panorama cannot equal in sublimity that of Kinchenjunga. Here we are actually on an outlying spur of the loftiest mountain range in the world, and not cut off from it, as at Simla, by fifty miles of valley and subsidiary mountain ranges. Then extraordinary is the combination of tropical and Alpine landscape. In sheltered nooks grow tree-ferns (equal in height to the finest in New Zealand) and the largest rhododendrons known to botanists; while in the clear atmosphere the everlasting snow and ice fields seem but a few miles off, though they are some forty or fifty miles away even as the crow flies.

The Himalayas have been termed the “Alps of Asia,” a *reductio ad absurdum* in geographical nomenclature which recalls the classic comparison of Mrs Thrale, the friend of Dr Johnson, who in one of her letters calls Switzerland “the Derbyshire of Europe.” The absurdity of such a geographical parallel is obvious when we remember that the Himalayas are to the Alps what these mountains are to the Welsh hills.

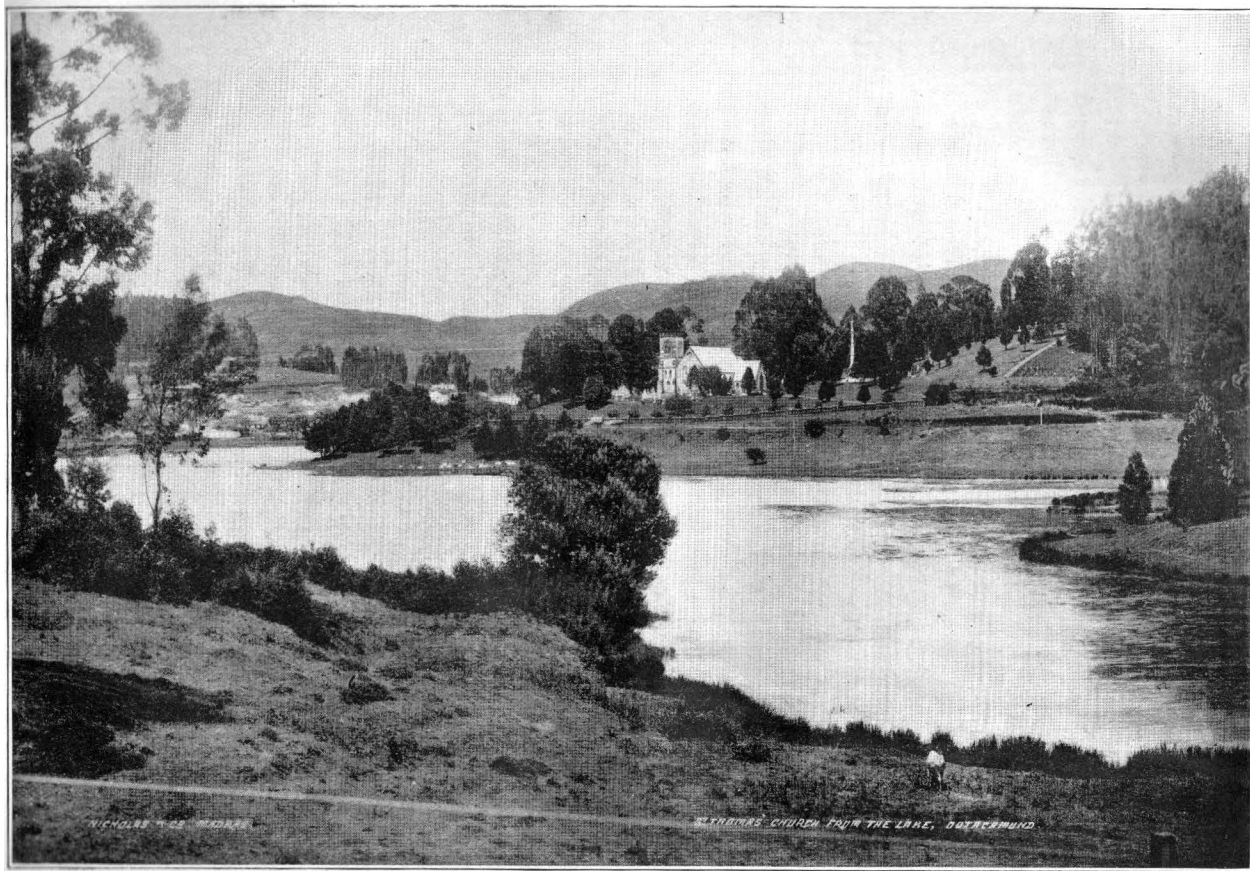
As the views of the snows are the great sight of the place, I may be excused for devoting most of the space at my disposal to an attempt to describe this wonderful feature of Darjeeling. But there are no doubt other sights which will attract the traveller, especially when the mountains are obscured in mist. The bazaars, for instance, are particularly interesting and typical. Genuine curiosities

from Tibet can occasionally be bought—Buddhist alms-bowls and prayer wheels, domestic implements, etc. A visit to the bazaars on Sunday is particularly interesting. On this day they are thronged with natives from all parts of Sikkim and Tibet—Lepchas, Limbus, Bhutias, Paharis, Tibetans, Nepaulese, etc.

Then there is little difficulty raised by the courteous Buddhist priests to strangers visiting any of the innumerable Buddhist temples, shrines, and monasteries scattered about among these upland valleys.

Another attraction is the wonderful mingling of tropical and alpine scenery. This makes a visit to Darjeeling especially delightful to the lover of nature and the artist, as well as to the botanist and student of natural history. It is difficult to realise, in the midst of gigantic tree-ferns, magnolias, and rhododendrons, and other semi-tropical plants and trees, that one is 7000 feet above the plain of Bengal, and that the highest mountains in the world are only some seventy or eighty miles off as the crow flies. Perhaps even more extraordinary is finding, within a few miles of Darjeeling, English fruit-trees flourishing.

The ordinary social features of Darjeeling may be taken as read. They resemble those of any other hill station. It is not, of course, so gay and fashionable as Simla, which, indeed, is hardly a typical hill station, but a kind of Himalayan Calcutta. Compared to Simla, the society is less cosmopolitan, and Darjeeling has the reputation of being more " cliquy " than many stations. For instance, the summer residents living in villas or bungalows do not readily amalgamate with the guests at the hotels, but this tendency is, of course, noticeable at most hill stations, though it may be more pronounced at Darjeeling. Indeed, to be in the swim, to put it colloquially, it is almost necessary to rent a villa for the season. Darjeeling is,



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ST. THOMAS CHURCH FROM THE LAKE, ORLÉANS, VERMONT

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, ORLÉANS, VERMONT.

in short, a colony of little villas—a kind of Himalayan Cannes or Bournemouth—crowning each little projection of the mountains, or nestling in the wooded slopes.

The great amusement is riding. Indeed, everybody seems to live on horseback here—men, women, and children. The charges for hiring are very reasonable, and, as a rule, the mounts can be depended upon, though, of course, Darjeeling, like Simla, is the last place for ladies unaccustomed to the saddle to attempt riding excursions.

Ootacamund in the Nilgiri Hills is the principal hill station for Southern India. Nilgiri means Blue Mountains, and, indeed, the numerous blue gum-trees increase the resemblance to the famous range of New South Wales. The situation of Ooty, as it is familiarly called, recalls that of Newera Eliya. It is surrounded by wooded hills, which border an artificial lake, and is some 7000 feet above sea level. The various bungalows are scattered about on the various projections of the hills, the different “suburbs” bearing familiar home names, such as Charing Cross, Snowdon, Grasmere, Shoreham, and so on. Charing Cross was so named partly because it was once the centre of the station, from whence the tongas started to go down the ghaut, and partly because the cross roads met here. Snowdon was the residence of Lord Roberts when Commander-in-chief of the Madras Army.

The climate is mild, the mean average temperature for the year being sixty-two degrees. It is not, however, equable, as in December the variation is often as much as forty degrees within the twenty-four hours. To visitors from hot and steamy Madras the change of temperature seems greater than that experienced at Darjeeling by those arriving from Calcutta, in spite of the more southerly latitude. Indeed, fires are often welcomed, especially in June and July.

Now that the rack railway from Mettupalaiyam (the nearest station on the main line from Madras) is nearly finished, this beautiful and salubrious health resort will soon be as easily accessible from Madras as Darjeeling is from Calcutta. At present the railway is open for traffic as far as Coonoor, twelve miles by tonga from Ooty.

“This is one of the most remarkable railways in India. The mountain section of this line is about seventeen miles long. The most troublesome places were the Ben Hope cliffs, where the line passes for 1000 feet along the face of an almost vertical cliff 2000 feet high. Here the survey was very difficult, and ropes secured to jumpers let into the rocks had to be used to get any foothold at all. To prevent land slips in cuttings the sides were planted with guinea grass, which has very long and tenacious roots and holds earth together more securely than any artificial device. Probably no line of equal length has more bridges than this. It is carried over 23 large and 113 small ones, some of them 120 feet high. The rack-bars ‘break pitch’—that is, a tooth of one is opposite a slot in the other and *vice versa*. This prevents vibration and jerking. The line cost on the average about £15,000 a mile.”

The twenty-eight mile journey is an interesting experience. The train passes through all the zones of Indian vegetation, from the luxurious tropical growth of the jungle and the plain, through the intermediate zone of acacias, bamboos, and coffee plantations, then through tea gardens to the combined landscape of the Scottish Highlands and the Australian Blue Mountains—eucalyptus and wattle flourishing exceedingly—and finally reaches the lofty plateau of Ooty.

Kodaikanal (Kody), though not so quite fashionable as Ooty, is rapidly coming into favour. It lies at about the same altitude as its elder rival, but the climate is con-

sidered even more genial. It is some 370 miles from Madras, and about half-way between Dindigul, the great tobacco centre, and Madura, the Athens of South India, which should, of course, be visited by sojourners at Kody. It is not so accessible as Ooty, as the nearest station (Ammayanaikanur) is fifty miles off, so that it can only be reached by a tonga service. From the social point of view Kody is, of course, inferior to Darjeeling or Ooty, as it is a quiet little place, though male visitors of sporting tastes may even prefer it. It is an excellent shooting centre, tigers, panthers, and mountain bears being possible quarries for the sportsman.

Coonoor, like Kodaikanal, is less formal and conventional than Ootacamund, which is the seat of Government for six months of the year. Ooty is, in short, the Simla of Southern India. Another pleasant hill station is Yercand, on the Shevaroy Hill, which Sir Mount Stuart Grant-Duff called the Sorrento of the East. Coonoor is the terminus of the narrow gauge Nilgiri Railway, which is expected to reach Ooty in the course of 1907. The gradients on this line are very severe, in some places one in twelve, and here a central rack rail has been laid.

In attempting to touch upon Anglo-Indian station life generally it is important to avoid the pitfalls proverbially attaching to a generalisation. To most of us at home Rudyard Kipling's pictures of social life in India are accepted as gospel, though it may be observed that most Anglo-Indians consider his descriptions of so-called smart society rather overdrawn. But, of course, Simla as a hill station is *sui generis*, and Mrs Hawksby is no more typical of station society in India than are the brilliant epigrams of John Oliver Hobbes' or Mr Anthony Hope's heroines really representative of the conversation of the average society young lady of the present day.

The difference between social life in India and at home is no doubt very marked. If we ignore the undoubtedly trying climate it must be admitted that, speaking generally, life, for ladies at all events, is pleasanter in India than at home. The attitude of society is more tolerant and decidedly less Puritanical. It must be remembered that the English community at a hill station are brought much more closely together than in an English provincial town or London suburb. Then, it is a tradition with Anglo-Indian officialdom to be tolerant of other men's peculiarities and to be careful not "to rub them up the wrong way." Again, one might almost say that in India there is practically no great diversity of political or religious opinions—the chief cause of social disunion at home. As Lord Curzon pithily put it in one of his speeches: "There is no Party in India." All this, of course, makes for sociability and friendliness.

The Anglo-Indian community are pretty much on the same footing, and the income of everybody being known checks ostentation and snobbery, one's social position being assured. Practically a man with an income of 500 or 600 rupees a month lives pretty much the same life as one with ten times that income. Then there is "a *camaraderie* in Indian society of peculiar intensity," partly due to the fact that its members regard themselves as exiles, and partly owing to life being so much on the surface. Everybody in a station seems to do the same thing at the same time.

Another pleasant feature of Indian society is the prominence given to recreations. Amusements of all kinds are cheap and plentiful, while in a large station social entertainments enter far more into one's life in India than in England, except among the rich and leisured classes.

CHAPTER XXX

IN THE SILKEN EAST : RANGOON AND MANDALAY

Hail, Mother. Do they call me rich in trade?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

It is fortunate that the Prince of Wales was able to include in his Indian tour a visit, albeit a hurried one, to beautiful Burmah, one of the fairest, most attractive and most interesting provinces in the Indian Empire. There are many superficial points of resemblance between Burmah and Japan, but Burmah has suffered less from the disfiguring finger, æsthetically speaking, of modern progress and civilisation. As a nation Burmah is, of course, incomparably inferior to enlightened and progressive Japan, but she is infinitely more interesting.

To the impressionable tourist, and especially to the artist, the Land of Pagodas is a country of delight, with its rich colouring, varied scenery, and the gaiety and *insouciance* of its people, a kind of blend of Irish and Japanese.

Rangoon lies some thirty miles from the mouth of the river of the same name, which bears the same relation to the Irrawaddy that the Hooghly does to the Ganges.

Rangoon as a great seaport ranks in the Indian Empire next to Bombay and Calcutta, and is one of the most prosperous and rising cities in the East.

The observant tourist will probably be struck with its

“hybrid aspect of prosperity, in which jingling tramcars contrast with the motley hues of Oriental bazaars,” to quote Mr Hope Moncrieff. But, after all, the same thing might be said of Bombay, Singapore, or even, to come nearer home, of Cairo or Algiers.

Modernity and cosmopolitanism, indeed, seem the prevalent notes in this great port; the architecture of the public buildings, the streets, the shops, have little Burmese about them. Indeed, the principal street is not inappropriately named Moghul Street, for it is certainly more Indian than Burmese. The recent buildings are no doubt big and imposing, but to the artist they constitute a jarring note in the physiognomy of the city, and its new cathedral and new town hall are veritable eyesores. For any Oriental atmosphere yet left we must go to the Surati Bazaar. In its dim and winding alleys, fringed with stalls and booths, we are reminded of Damascus or Tunis.

It is extraordinary how little in evidence are the Burmese in Rangoon. It seems difficult to realise that the census returns give some 80,000, so little have they to do with the life of the city. The easy-going and delightfully insouciant Burman allows himself to be elbowed out by Chinese, Japanese, Bengalis, Madrassis and other foreigners. Indeed it seems as if express legislation were needed to prevent the alienation of his land and his virtual extinction in civil life.

“This is Burma without the Burmans. The soldiers are British or Indian, and the Police Sikhs. The coolies come from Madras or Calcutta, and the street hawkers are Bengali Mussulmans or Chinese. The driver who rattles you to the hotel in a matchbox on wheels, drawn by a rat, hails from the north-east, and you are received by a Goanese butler and shown to your room by a Madrassi

bearer. If you would shop you must drive over roads made and cleansed by Indian labour to English, Italian, Hindu or Chinese stores. If you would do business, there are British and German banks and houses, Madras chetties and Chinese moneylenders. At the station a Eurasian Superintendent bids Indian coolies entrain your luggage and Uryah servants will minister to you at the stopping-places. There is room for everyone except the Burman, and he is the scarcest commodity in Rangoon. Go to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and there you find him engaged in cheerful worship, clad in spotless white and pink, and scores of dainty maidens too, kneeling in the outer row and holding their offerings of flowers and tapers in graceful devotion. But even the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is swept by Indian 'bhangis' and painted by Indian labour, whilst the twang of the hawker vending 'icelemolade' is unmistakable Bengal."

The great sight is the famous Shway Dagon, popularly known as the Golden Pagoda, which is the one dominant feature in the landscape. Its central tapering tower, nearly 370 feet high, with its glittering umbrella roof and spire, is a landmark for many miles round Rangoon. It stands on an artificial plateau, and is surrounded by a group of subsidiary chapels and shrines, in one of which is a much venerated bell, weighing some forty tons, under which a dozen persons would find shelter. It is said to be the third largest bell in the world.

This bell has a curious history. After the second Burmese War the British troops wished to transport it to India as a trophy; but it sank to the bottom of the Rangoon river, and they were unable to raise it. Some years afterwards the Burmese asked permission to recover it, if possible; their request was readily granted, as the feat was thought impossible. However, they succeeded in

extricating it, and carried it in triumph to the Temple in the Shway Dagon, where it now hangs.

The Golden Pagoda itself has no interior. Like the Egyptian pyramids, it is a solid monument raised over a shrine. The formation of the tower, which resembles an elongated cone, or perhaps an elongated bell, is intended to symbolise various forms of Buddhist ritual. There is, for instance, the bell, the begging bowl, the twisted turban, the umbrella (emblem of royalty), etc. The vane is literally coated with the most valuable precious stones; there is a record of 3664 rubies, 541 emeralds, and 433 diamonds.

A superficial tour round this great congeries of temples and shrines can no doubt be managed in a day, but to appreciate the great Buddhist cathedral and its wonderful precincts many days must be devoted. Indeed, the author of "The Silken East" considers that many weeks would not exhaust this remarkable spot.

The two colossal gryphon-like monsters which guard the southern entrance, half-lion and half-man, with the grinning lips which suggest a pantomime mask, show their Assyrian ancestry. They are obviously derived from the winged human-headed lions of Nineveh. Murray quotes a quaint legend which has been handed down to the Burmese, recalling the ancient myth of Romulus. A certain king's son was abandoned in the forest and suckled by a lioness. When the prince grew up, he escaped from his foster-mother by swimming the Irrawaddy, and this ingratitude broke her heart. In remembrance of her maternal love, lions' figures are placed at the foot of all pagoda steps in Burmah. The truculent expression of the monsters is presumably not meant to represent a mother's yearning love, but such is the legend.

Even the shortest description of this wonderful pagoda

and its supplementary chapels and shrines would exceed the space at my disposal, and, indeed, several days would not exhaust the innumerable architectural features of Shway Dagon. But every visitor should visit the eastern entrance, with its remarkable pagodas, as well as the southern, the main approach.

Then, besides, the features are constantly changing ; “ a description of the pagoda as it was ten years ago would be incomplete to-day. This is due as much to the ephemeral nature of the wooden buildings as to the progressive character of Burmese art.”

New shrines or temples (tazoungs) are continually being built by devout Burmans. Some of the more recent ones are as remarkable for the beauty of the elaborate wood carving as for the excessive ornamentation and rich colouring ; there are two chapels in glass mosaic which are certainly unique. Some are coated from basement to “ ti ” with gold leaf, and the effect in brilliant sunshine is indescribable. Compared with these ornate and gorgeous shrines the cathedrals and churches of Moscow are dignified and restrained.

The extraordinary character of the temple architecture is quite unlike anything that we have seen in India proper, where in the enormous variety of styles it would seem difficult to exclude anything bearing some resemblance to the pagoda type. Mr Fergusson, indeed, considers that in Assyria, not India, we find the nearest architectural similarity, this Babylonian influence having, perhaps, reached Burmah by Central Asia and Thibet, for no traces are seen in India, though it has been suggested that similar temples did exist in the great cities of Hindustan, but, being only in brick and plaster, have perished. However, this is a problem for experts.

The Shway Dagon pagoda is considered one of the great

world shrines, and is, indeed, the only pagoda which is believed by devout Buddhists to contain indisputably genuine relics of Gautama. It is, in short, not a temple, but a reliquary. Buddhists claim as early a date as 588 B.C. for the building of this shrine. Rangoon itself is comparatively modern, but its site was chosen by its founder, King Alompra, in 1755, for the commercial capital and port of Burmah, on account of the proximity of the sacred Shway Dagon.

Not far from the Shway Dagon are the great reservoirs known as the Royal Lakes. Perhaps no city in India has more beautiful public gardens than Rangoon. The Royal Lakes and Dalhousie Park make a magnificent pleasure ground. Here we shall see what we have been a stranger to in India—beautiful stretches of velvet turf as green as in Oxford College gardens, while the wealth of luxuriant foliage, pagoda-trees, acacias, laburnums, padouks, etc., make an exquisite framework for the expanse of greenery and the shining sheets of water.

To most tourists the next important sight after the Golden Pagoda are the "elephant coolies" at work in Messrs M'Gregor's timber yards at Ahlone, and certainly this is a unique spectacle. The great beasts work as hard and as constantly as coolies at hauling, piling, and stacking the huge teak logs. The elephants work together in pairs. Each kneeling down, they insert their tusks underneath, then with the aid of their trunks lift a log—sometimes weighing a couple of tons—to its place on the stack. Then one elephant walks to the end of the stack and pushes the log forward till it lies even with the other logs. The intelligence these animals show is extraordinary, and still more the neatness with which they stack the logs perfectly level. Indeed, one can almost believe the story familiar to every globe-trotter, of the "foreman elephant"

who invariably used to shut one eye as he glanced down the log to see that it lay exactly square and level in the stack!

“But the elephant, like many other picturesque features of Burmese life, is doomed. He suffers from the penalty of being too good, and notwithstanding the efforts to keep up the supply it falls so far short of the demand that prices have risen enormously and are still increasing. His training begins at five and continues until he has attained one score years and five, and is worth from six to seven thousand rupees. At this price it is more profitable to put down machinery than to employ the “hathi,” and when next a Prince of Wales visits Rangoon if he desires to see elephants a-piling teak they will have to be brought down as curiosities from the forests. But where the timber is actually felled the elephant still is king. No animal or mechanical device can compete with him when it comes to dragging logs through the pathless forest or removing jams on the creeks. And to afford some idea of his abilities, the Bombay-Burma Corporation alone employ 3000 animals in their Burmese and Siamese concessions.”

No tourist can afford to omit the river trip from Rangoon to Mandalay. The usual programme even for the leisured tourist is to Mandalay by rail and return by steamer. But there is so much of interest in the Irrawaddy that both journeys should be made by boat, one at least by cargo steamer. In the tidal waters near Rangoon the interest is chiefly human, and there is great variety in the craft, from the ponderous rice barges (peingaws), teak rafts, and steam tugs to sampans and canoes. The landscape changes as we pass to the upper reaches—the banks are clothed with tropical trees and shrubs and bordered sometimes for miles by plantains,

broken at frequent intervals by villages—blotches of brown on the landscape. A striking feature of most of the river craft are the high poops with the elaborately carved steering chairs. The huge sails of the peingaws are another very picturesque feature in the landscape—seen miles away they look like great birds.

Then the enormous teak crafts are very curious and picturesque. Teak is the most valuable product of Burmah; it is more durable even than iron wood, and almost impervious to the attacks of white ants. It is at the same time both buoyant and easy to work, and is, in short, one of the most precious kinds of timber known to commerce.

There is great variety in the scenery, which suggests in turn lake and river scenery in Europe. From Killarney we pass to a Scottish loch or one of the English lakes; again another reach, brightened with the huge sails of the peingaws, suggests the Nile with its dahabeahs, while a softer note in the landscape appears, and we might be in a wooded reach of the Thames like Cliveden. Then every little hill is crowned with the golden spire of some pagoda or the quaintly outlined roof of some monastery.

The Royal city of Mandalay is disappointing at first sight. The city has been laid out on the American plan, and most of the houses are of brick and plaster, interspersed with an occasional bamboo house, while many of the temples have corrugated-iron roofs. After the beautiful river scenery it is somewhat of an anti-climax to reach what looks at first like an American city set down on a plain, while the æsthetic advantage which might have been afforded by the river is lost by the city having been built a mile and a half from its banks.

To get a general idea of the topography we must climb

Mandalay Hill, whence we get a fine panoramic view. From here the objectionable feature, from an artistic point of view, of the city, its straight streets, running at right angles, is less obtrusive. Indeed Mandalay seems another city of magnificent distances. Very impressive is the sight of this city of gardens, with the innumerable pagodas and seven-tiered monastery roofs peeping through the masses of greenery.

If Mandalay be painfully modern to the sightseer in quest of the picturesque, the great bazaar should please him. Though we have not here the narrow lanes and alleys of Indian city bazaars, for the bazaars are wide streets, yet it is of unfailing interest and variety. It is thronged with buyers and idlers from all parts of Burmah, while Armenians, Chinese, and natives of India of a hundred different races, creeds, or castes, may be encountered here. It is a splendid hunting ground for the tourist bent on purchasing curios and Burmese wares and ornaments. Silversmiths and jewellers, silk merchants, lacquer dealers, cheroot and cigar vendors, toy makers, seem to predominate. The most attractive stalls to strangers are those devoted to jewellery. The Bazaar girls themselves seem to carry a great part of their stock-in-trade on their persons, and are often magnificently dressed. A curious custom is to attach rosettes of rubies and diamonds to the lobes of the ears, while jewelled ear-tubes are thrust through the earring-holes.

The Royal Palace is supposed to be the chief sight of Mandalay, though it is of far inferior interest to the pagodas noticed below. It stands in a square-walled enclosure, each side a mile and a third long, called Fort Dufferin, and is surrounded by a moat 100 yards wide, which is the most picturesque feature of the place.

The walls, twenty-six feet high, look imposing, but as a

place of defence it is a fort *pour rive*, as there are no bastions or flanking towers.

The gaudy halls and pavilions of Theebaw's enormous palace have either fallen into disrepair or are used as Government offices, clubs, schools, etc., while the great hall of audience has been converted into the garrison church. The buildings are, however, now in process of restoration and are to be preserved as a national monument.

The Arrakan Pagoda is by far the most interesting Buddhist temple in Mandalay. All the religious life centres here, and, indeed, it is to Mandalay what the Schway Dagon is to Rangoon. This pagoda is some two or three miles beyond the city. It is approached by four entrances at the cardinal points. The western entrance is guarded by two colossal monsters which at a distance bear a strong resemblance to the Schway Dagon leogryphs, only on a near view they resolve themselves into huge cats.

The pagoda enshrines the famous brass statue of Gautama—the palladium of Arrakan. Its traditional history is that it was cast by King Chandrasuriya, and its possession was the chief motive of many wars on Arrakan. Finally it was carried off in 1784 by Bodaw Paya, and brought in pieces across the mountains. According to the legend, native artisans were unable to restore the severed fragments until Buddha himself took compassion on them, and embraced the statue seven times. This had the effect of rendering the joinings invisible. So much for the legend.

“The sceptic cannot question the miracle, for the brass is so plastered with gold-leaf that the cracks are indiscernible !

“Now the figure which ranks only after the Shwe Dagon

Pagoda as an object of Buddhist veneration, and is said to have been cast from life, is brilliantly lighted by electricity. Does it not sound an act of incredible Vandalism? And yet the result is good. Formerly the gloom of the shrine, aggravated rather than relieved by a few smoky candles, rendered the outline of the statue scarcely perceptible. Now the concealed lamps throw the figure into the strongest relief; the gilt shining like pure metal, and the serene face, which alone is free from gold leaf, gazes benevolently upon the worshipping circle. But more curious than this is the strong Italian influence in the design of the interior of the Pagoda. The massive pillars and round arches, lacquered a deep red to the base and then, lavishly gilded, supporting a gilded roof, little suggest the common forms of Burmese architecture. They are far more reminiscent of St Mark's at Venice."

The East Gate is the main approach, and here the worship of Buddha's votaries culminates. The scene is extraordinarily bizarre and yet impressive. "The frescoed front," to quote the graphic description of Mr Scott O'Connor, "is gorgeous with the colouring and imagery of the East. Palaces, crenelated walls, and lotus-covered waters, ascending spires, kings and princes in cloth of gold and jewellers' vestments, nobles and monks, fabulous beings, elephants and horses, myriads of soldiery, demons of the grossest ugliness, and all the pains of hell, the transitoriness and suffering of life are here delineated with singular, if effective, realism."

After attempting to decipher this extraordinary grotesque imagery, it is a startling transition to watch the surging crowds of all sorts and conditions. For the precincts of a pagoda are as much a market-place and recreation ground as a place of worship.

Monks and nuns, wrinkled hags and toddling babies,

brilliantly attired girls carrying trays of flowers, rough, white-hatted Shans pass and repass, while, in startling contrast, beggars and lepers sit in alcoves holding out beseeching hands, while a blind fiddler plays mechanically for alms. Among them English tourists stroll with an air of aloofness, and every now and then Sikhs or Ghoorkas from the barracks stalk about unmolested.

Of the other pagodas well worth visiting are the "450 Pagodas of the Law" and the Aindaw Yah Pagoda. The latter bears some resemblance to the Schway Dagon of Rangoon, and is surrounded by monasteries and subsidiary shrines. The 450 Pagodas constitute a kind of Buddhist bible in stone. Each pagoda is built over a marble slab containing a precept of Buddha, and the whole make up a complete copy of the law, which those who run may read.

Perhaps the most lasting impression after a visit to Burmah is that of the innumerable statues of Buddha in contemplation, several of which will be seen in every village, while in the large monasteries they may be numbered by hundreds. They never vary in type, and, next to the rapt expression, the most striking features are the fingers, which are always of the same length—a symbolical meaning, no doubt, attaching to this.

There can be no question that Buddhism is a far more elevated faith than the older Brahminism, with its gross materialism and idolatry. Yet it is hard for the Western mind to understand the significance of the essence of the Buddhist faith—the perfection of existence by absorption into Buddha, which is the aim and hope of every devout Burman. The full accomplishment of this mystic ideal is, however, reserved for the few, the Phongees, or monks, and is the reward of exceptional piety and lifelong self-sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXXI

COLOMBO : THE CITY OF GARDENS

As we came to the Isle of Flowers ;
Their breath met us out on the seas ;
For the spring, and the middle summer,
Sat each on the lap of the breeze.

THE first view of Ceylon, with its groves of palms fringing the shore, intersected by belts of golden sands, requires the pen of a Kingsley to give an adequate idea of the tropical luxuriance of vegetation in the island, which is indeed the *ne plus ultra* of tropical scenery. As for Colombo, so thick are the avenues and groves of coconut, talipot, and other kinds of palms which surround the town that a new-comer from Europe finds it difficult to realise that he is looking at a city of some 130,000 inhabitants. In no other English colony, except, perhaps, Mauritius, is the luxuriance of vegetation more assertive, and instead of Colombo being a "city of gardens" the city itself seems one vast garden.

The natural beauties of Colombo are indeed undeniable, and have been enlarged upon by many pens, notably by Sir Edwin Arnold, who finds here a subject admirably suited to his picturesque, but somewhat flamboyant, style.

"It is truly impossible to exaggerate the natural beauty of Ceylon. Belted with a double girdle of golden sands and waving palm groves, the interior is one vast green garden of nature, deliciously disposed into plain and

high land, valley and peak, where almost everything grows known to the tropical world, under a sky glowing with an equatorial sun, yet tempered by the cool sea-winds. Colombo itself, outside the actual town, is a perfect labyrinth of shady bowers and flowery lakes and streams. For miles and miles you drive about under arbours of feathery bamboos, broad-leaved bread-fruit trees, talipot, and areca palms, cocoanut groves, and stretches of ricefields, cinnamon, and sugar-cane, amid which at night the fireflies dart about in glittering clusters. The lowliest hut is embosomed in palm fronds and the bright crimson blossoms of the hibiscus; while, wherever intelligent cultivation aids the prolific force of nature, there is enough in the profusion of nutmegs and allspice, of the indiarubbers and cinchonas, of cannas, dracœnas, crotons, and other wonders of the Cingalese flora to give an endless and delighted study to the lover of nature."

In Colombo itself perhaps the most delightful scenic feature is the fresh-water lake, which meanders through the palm avenues and winds its sinuous course in most intricate fashion through the town. Very striking is the view one gets on entering the Railway Station at Colombo. "You pass through the booking office and find yourself on a platform, which except for the line of rails between might be a terrace on the lake itself; a large expanse of water with wooded shores and islands, interspersed with villas, cottages and cabins, lies before you; white-sailed boats are going to and fro; groups of dark figures, waist-deep in water, are washing clothes; children are playing and swimming in the water; and when, as I saw it once, the evening sun is shining through the transparent green fringe of banana palms which occupies the immediate foreground, and the calm lake beyond reflects like a mirror the gorgeous hues of sky and cloud, the scene is

one which for effects of colour can hardly be surpassed" ("From Adam's Peak to Elephanta").

The harbour of Colombo, since the completion of the magnificent breakwater in 1884 at a cost of £600,000, is now one of the finest and most important in the Empire.

"Colombo harbour," observed a well-informed writer in *The World*, "has been constructed at the expense, and under the direct supervision, of the Ceylon Government. The foundation-stone of the famous south-west breakwater was laid by King Edward when, as Prince of Wales, he visited India in 1875. A further extension of the works is now in progress. These include the construction of a north-east breakwater 330 yards long, and a detached island breakwater 900 yards long, situated between the two others. Then a graving dock 500 feet long is being constructed, the cost of which will be about £320,000. The dock, which is 85 feet broad, and has a depth at high water of 32 feet, will, when finished at the end of 1906, be larger than any of the docks at Bombay, Singapore, or Hongkong, none of which exceeds 500 feet. It will take the largest ship afloat in the Navy, not excluding the *Dreadnought*, and will accommodate any merchant steamer except those last built for the Atlantic line. The Ceylon Government is to be congratulated on having accomplished so stupendous an undertaking as the construction of Colombo harbour involved, at a total cost of rather less than £2,500,000."

The central position of Colombo in relation to the other British ports in the East renders it of great strategical value as a coaling station. For instance, Aden is 2000 miles distant; Bombay, 900 miles; Madras, 600 miles; Calcutta, 1400 miles; Natal, 4000 miles; Fremantle, 3000 miles; Singapore, 1600 miles; and Hong-Kong, 3000 miles. So that, from a strictly Imperial or Colonial

point of view, Colombo may be regarded as the hub of the universe.

No sooner has the ship dropped anchor than she becomes a target for the scores of quaint native canoes known as catamarans. These craft are no doubt the most picturesque feature of the harbour. In spite of their cranky appearance they can safely carry enormous lateen sails, owing to the peculiar outrigger with which each is furnished. At a distance the outrigger looks like a smaller canoe attached to the larger one by beams. In a breeze the occupant sits astride this contrivance, hence the curious Cingalese phrase "one-man breeze, two-man breeze," which serves as the Cingalese primitive counterpart to the Admiral Fitzroy wind-gauge.

Landing is a simple business, the tariff being strictly enforced by the harbour authorities, and in a few minutes the traveller will be installed in a reclining chair in the balcony of the Grand Oriental Hotel, or G.O.H., as this Shepherd's of the East is usually termed. The famous Grand Oriental is one of the best-known hotels, as well as the best, in the East, as historic in its way as the Lord Warden of Dover, Shepherd's of Cairo, or the Bristol of Paris. This "inn of strange meetings" is a proverbial place for "knocking up" against friends and acquaintances, for Colombo itself might be called the Brindisi or Marseilles of the East. Famous, indeed, are the curries of the G.O.H. Here the curry is not merely an incidental *plat*, but the *pièce de résistance* of the midday tiffin. It is actually a course of dishes, first rice, then curries of vegetable, fish, and meat, with perhaps "Bombay duck." Finally there is sambal, or the heating ingredients, which are added at the discretion of the guest.

A peculiarity in the construction of this hotel, and, indeed, of many other hotels as well as private houses in

Ceylon, is that the walls of the bedrooms are not continued as far as the ceiling—a space is left for the sake of coolness and ventilation. But a disquieting consequence to strangers, who are not aware of this structural peculiarity, is that all sounds can be heard from the neighbouring room.¹

In spite of the numerous sights of Colombo (*pace* the Anglo-Indian, who will tell you there is nothing to see in Colombo itself), the pictures of Oriental life which await him in the native quarter of Colombo, the beautiful Victoria Park, and other lions, only a very conscientious sightseer will have resolution enough to abjure the banal delights of this most comfortable hotel. Then it must be admitted that the hothouse climate is not conducive to sight-seeing in the approved Continental fashion.

The Colombo climate is undeniably, not only hot, but moist, steaming, and very enervating; indeed, anyone versed in natural history would, after a glance at the exuberant flora, accurately diagnose the climate. Only the tropical sun, coupled with persistent moisture, could make the lowlands—for the central mountainous region is most salubrious—of this spicy island one vast open-air hothouse. It is certainly uniform, but uniformly hot—perpetual summer, as it is euphemistically termed—the mean average temperature for the whole year being eighty-one degrees Fahr. Owing to the humidity this temperature is far more trying than ninety degrees in Cairo. The non-travelled can best realise how this is calculated to damp the ardour of exploration by spending a whole day in the palm-house at Kew.

However, those who are not going to India would be well advised to forswear the delights of the hotel balcony and take a “rickshaw”—the hansom-cab of the East

¹ This structural peculiarity is no longer found.

—for a couple of hours' run through Pettah, the native quarter of Colombo. This will give the visitor some idea of Oriental life, of which he would see only the merest fringe in the English quarter. If observant, he will, at anyrate, learn to distinguish between the Cingalese and Tamils, though he will probably find it harder to distinguish between the Cingalese men and women. The only difference between a man (if married) and a woman is that the former wears a comb and the other does not. The distinction between married men and bachelors is indicated, in some measure, by their being shaven or having a beard. All young Cingalese males shave till they have a son, then custom allows them to grow a beard. This is optional, but, as a rule, Cingalese married men have a beard. Then the men, though having an effeminate air—perhaps due to the costume—are good-looking, and the women usually the opposite. Among the Tamils the reverse seems to hold good, though the men are more manly looking.

No visitor to Colombo, not even the despised “passenger” with his one day's leave, should forego a visit to the Victoria Park, which occupies the site of the historic Cinnamon Garden. These ornamental grounds are extraordinarily rich in tropical trees and plants—of palms alone there are over a score of varieties—cocoanut, areca, taliput, jaggery, etc., while as for tropical plants and shrubs the variety and number are bewildering—arums, lilies, shot flowers, hibiscus, ipomeas, bignoniás, to mention only a few, while the collection of orchids would make any amateur enthusiastic.

It is a very pleasant trip to Mount Lavinia, the time-honoured Mecca both of honeymoon couples and of week-enders from Colombo. It is a charming seven miles' drive along a shady road skirting the sea, through endless groves

of cocoanut palms and bananas, past cosy bungalows and cheerful villages.

The palm plantations may well be called interminable: the fine trunk road from Colombo to Galle (seventy miles) is literally one long avenue of palms. Indeed, some kind of census of the palms has been taken, as of olives in Italy, and it has been computed that there are some 20,000,000 of these valuable trees in the island.

The Mount Lavinia Hotel is built on the site of a country house of Sir Edward Barnes, the sixth governor, who had named it after his wife. The table of this popular resort is famed throughout the colony. Not even the G.O.H. can rival the fish luncheons, the oyster and lobster curries of Mount Lavinia. Indeed, there is some excuse for the neglect of the sights of the capital shown by passengers from the great liners—sated with ocean cookery—who spend their day's "coaling leave" in this delightful sea-side resort.

After tiffin it is the recognised thing for one of the Cingalese or Tamil boys to climb one of the cocoanut palms and bring down one of the nuts for his employer.

The great excursion is to Kandy, the ancient capital, and all visitors should attempt the trip even if they can only spare a couple of days for it. The railway (seventy-five miles) runs through some of the finest tropical scenery in the world, and is full of interest.

But of course it would be better still to allow a week to this excursion, which would permit of a visit to Peradeniya which is, in the opinion of experts, the finest botanical garden in the East, and afterwards to the famous hill station of Newara Eliya (the Simla of Ceylon) and the rising station of Bandarawela. Now that the railway has been extended to the latter mountain resort, invalids are able to cheat the north-eastern and south-western

monsoons, as, Newara Eliya being on the west of the central mountain range and Bandarawela on the east, it is always fine at one or other of these two places. The leading hotel at each of these resorts being under the same proprietorship, guests coming from one establishment to the other are allowed special terms.

The principal sights at Kandy, besides the Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha (which has an unpleasant resemblance to a crocodile's tooth), are the Audience Hall of the former kings of Kandy, and numerous Buddhist temples and shrines. The situation of Kandy is strikingly picturesque: the town is built on the banks of a small artificial lake shut in by wooded hills.

Kandy can be reached from Colombo in about five hours, and Bandarawela (160 miles) in thirteen hours. The trains are provided with double roofs for the sake of coolness, as in India.

Any visitor who is not merely a passenger or bird of passage, and who intends making a stay of several weeks, will be well advised not to spend more than two or three days on the coast, but betake himself with all convenient speed to Kandy, where, in a few hours, he will pass from a torrid zone to a temperate one.

Or he can go to Newara Eliya (132 miles) in eleven hours, where the climate is as invigorating and the atmosphere as pure as at St Moritz or Maloja; indeed, the Engadine and this resort are both some 6000 feet above the sea.

The history of Ceylon since its rediscovery by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century can be easily summarised. In 1658 the Dutch drove out the original conquerors, who were compelled to take Java in exchange. Hardly an architectural trace of the Portuguese occupation exists, but there are many traces of Dutch rule in Colombo in churches, forts, and public buildings. In 1796 the

British in turn expelled the Dutch, and Ceylon was made a dependency of the Madras Presidency. The rule of "John Company" lasted, however, barely six years, as in 1802 the island was made independent of the East India Company and converted into a Crown colony. In 1815 the King of Kandy, who had been allowed to retain his title and ancient capital, was deposed. Under the rule of the first Governor, Sir E. Barnes, public works of the greatest utility and importance were commenced, including the trunk highway from sea to sea, from Colombo to Trincomali. There are now over 3000 miles of good roads in the island and nearly 600 miles of railways. In the last quarter of a century the most important events in the island's chronology are the extraordinary failure in the coffee crop and the consequent decline in the island's commercial prospects, followed by the still more extraordinary development of the new industry, tea. In 1876 the Prince of Wales visited the colony and laid the first stone of the great breakwater (completed in 1884). In 1891 the Czar, when Cesarewitch, made a short stay on his grand tour in the East. Finally, in 1901, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, in the course of their triumphal progress through the colonies, is not the least important landmark in the island's history.

I trust I shall not be thought obtrusively informative, if I devote a few lines to the great tea industry. As is well known, the staple product of the island is tea, which has taken the place of coffee, whose culture was formerly the chief industry. The extent to which the coffee industry had been reduced is strikingly shown by the fact that in 1899, for every pound of coffee over 60 lb. of tea were exported, the total export of the latter being nearly 130,000,000 lb., an increase of nearly 10,000,000 lb. over the export of 1898, while the export of tea in 1905 was

over 170,000,000 lbs. Probably, in the whole economical history of the English colonies there is no equal to this extraordinary growth of a new industry, for in Ceylon the tea trade is only thirty years old—the export in 1875 being under 300 lb. In fact the history of this particular industry says much for the pluck, enterprise, and initiative of the Ceylon planters, who, when threatened with ruin by the mysterious coffee blight, at once set to work and created a new industry.

One cannot help comparing the heroic attitude of the Ceylon colonists with those of the West Indies when the negro emancipation and the fall in the price of sugar threatened the prosperity of the islanders, who seemed to have mainly confined their energies to getting compensation from the home Government, and did little as a class to divert their labour and capital into new channels.

The following facts indicate the rapidly growing prosperity of the island under Crown Colony rule.

A significant fact is the growth of the revenue, now amounting approximately to £2,100,000, which has increased more than 100 per cent. during the past fifteen years of regularly maintained leaps and bounds. Although extensive public works have been undertaken by the Ceylon Government, including, besides the Colombo harbour works, the construction of 550 miles of State railways, the public debt of the colony does not exceed £5,000,000, equal to little more than two years of general revenue.

“The debt works out at about £1, 8s. per head of population, as compared with £54, 11s. in Australia, £68, 10s. in New Zealand, and £13, 11s. in Canada. The unexampled rise in revenue, estimated to be for 1906 at least 3,000,000 rupees in advance of that of 1905, with the constantly recurring surplus of receipts over expenditure, is doubtless due to the thrifty system of administra-

tion of the Ceylon Government, which bears favourable comparison with the speculative policy of the self-governing colonies, whose Governments are financially independent of Colonial Office control." Then, no doubt, this prosperity is in some measure due to cheap free labour. Indeed without the coolies from Southern India, Ceylon would collapse as a plantation colony.

CHAPTER XXXII

ADEN : A STEPPING-STONE OF EMPIRE

AFTER a run of sixteen hundred miles from Bombay we reach the last Indian outpost—for Aden is a bit of India on Arabian soil. It is curious that even presumably well-educated people are a little hazy as to the situation of this link of empire. For instance at the time of the Royal Colonial Tour in 1901 a writer in a high-class weekly was guilty of an amusing geographical “howler.” In alluding to the cruise of the *Ophir*, the sapient scribe observed that the *Ophir*, leaving Aden on the 6th of April, and steaming through the sweltering heats of the Red Sea, would reach Colombo on 12th April. It seems hardly necessary to point out that to reach Colombo from Aden *viâ* the Red Sea would entail a voyage through the Canal and the Mediterranean, and the circumnavigation of Africa!

In one sense Aden might be described as the first stepping-stone of Greater Britain of the Victorian age, for it was the first accession of territory in the reign of our late revered sovereign. Modern historians lay great stress on the accidental or fortuitous character of the growth of our Colonial Empire, and certainly there have been few more casual accessions of territory than that of Aden in 1839. A British vessel from Madras had been wrecked off Aden, and the passengers and crew ill-treated by the Sultan of Lahaz, who then held Aden. As a punishment for this outrage the Indian Government captured

Aden, and it has since then been not a dependency but politically an outlying part of India, and the centre of a protectorate over the adjoining territories.

Still more casual was the conquest of the little island of Perim, which guards the southern end of the Red Sea, and is an important signal station on the mail route between England and the East, and popularly, but erroneously, described as a dependency of a dependency. The method of its capture is an amusing example of a *coup-de-main*, for which all credit should be given to the late Sir Lambert Playfair, at that time British Resident at Aden.

The island had already been taken by the East India Company, but had been abandoned. In 1857 the importance of this abandoned rock was realised by the French Government, and a gunboat was sent to occupy it. The commander called at Aden, and was invited to dinner by the Resident. In an unguarded moment the object of his mission crept out, for Aden is notoriously one of the thirstiest places on the surface of the globe, and possibly Kipling had this station in his mind in his eulogy of places "east of Suez where a man can raise a thirst!" The Resident took the opportunity of sending a note (unknown of course to his bibulous and garrulous guest) to the captain of an Indian marine gunboat in the harbour, and pressed further refreshment upon the French officer. The next morning when the officer set out to hoist the tricolour at Perim he was amazed and disgusted to find the British flag floating from the topmost peak of the island.

Most P. & O. travellers bound for India or Australia have a superficial acquaintance, limited usually to a few hours, with this Indian Gibraltar, as it is largely used by these liners as a coaling station and port of trans-shipment.

As the first port called at after the trying passage of the Red Sea, and on the return as a welcome break in the long run from Colombo or Fremantle to Egypt, passing travellers are perhaps a little intolerant of the abuse of the place and climate by the official residents in the dependency.

The resemblance to Gibraltar, though striking, is purely physical. The main topographical features are certainly very similar. In each case we have a strongly fortified rocky peninsula jutting out boldly into the sea, with a huge gap supposed to be due to volcanic agency, while a very narrow isthmus—in the case of Aden “intermittent,” as the narrow neck of land is covered by the spring tides—connects the promontory with the mainland.

The topography of the peninsula is more striking even than that of Gibraltar, and in no foreign station are barracks more picturesquely situated than those at Aden, on the heights of Crater Camp. The surroundings are indeed romantic—purple precipices all round, while among the pinnacles of Shum-Shum are the mysterious Towers of Silence of the Parsees. A pleasant experience is the drive back in the moonlight to the Hotel de l'Univers at Steamer Point, the civilian and trading quarter, “through romantic gorges and astounding tunnels,” to quote Mr Herbert Vivian, “beside a sea whose hues of heliotrope, moonstone and lapis lazuli grow ever more exquisite and more varied.” Perhaps a little high-flown, the prosaic traveller may think, but, at all events, the extraordinary and varied beauty of the sunsets from the signal station do not require an artist's training for their appreciation. They must appeal to everyone who does not absolutely lack a colour sense.

“There, in the hollow of the treeless frowning mountain called Gebel-Shumsam, lies the little town proper of Aden,

or Aidenn, the "Paradise"—surely so called in antique irony, for Dante might have derived from its position and surroundings new conceptions of a circle in the infernal regions. The place itself is animated enough with its swarms of light-hearted people, its strings of camels, donkeys and family parties trudging home, and the beating of Arab drums and tambourines at the lighted cafés. All round it, however, rise these seared and savage rocks, reflecting the sun's rays by day and radiating a heavy heat under the moonlight, without one blade of grass or leaf of foliage to relieve the weird scene" ("India Revisited").

Perhaps with most travellers Aden is chiefly associated with the remarkable diving feats of the Somali boys. This is now prohibited, though, as a matter of fact, the danger of being snapped up by a shark was very slight, as these amphibious little Arabs can see under the water almost as well as on land, and naturally they take particular care to ascertain that the locality is clear of their ferocious enemies when they dive.

Most people imagine that Aden is a sub-tropical inferno, a kind of semi-penal settlement like Dreyfus' Devil's Island, with a climate the most insalubrious on the earth's surface. A well-known geographical manual, which sums up as follows the climatic conditions of Aden, is no doubt partly responsible for the conventional idea of its climate:—"Indescribably barren and desolate, a hot-bed of the most deadly diseases; altogether, one of the most uninviting and unhealthy spots on the face of the globe." On the other hand, an undisputed authority (Murray's "Hand-book for India,") declares that "Aden is hot, but healthy." These two extracts, taken together, incidentally serve as examples of the significance of the "deadly parallel."

The climate of Aden has, indeed, occasioned many mild

profanities, of which the remark "When the Lord had used up all His materials He made Aden" serves as a specimen.

But it must be remembered that the heat of Aden—a place which is practically rainless—is a dry heat, always more endurable than damp heat. Indeed, a residence of the same period at Singapore, Colombo, or Mauritius would probably be far more trying to English people than a similar stay at Aden.

The famous cisterns constitute the great sight of the place. There are said to be nearly fifty of these enormous reservoirs. Some of them have a striking resemblance to the celebrated reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools, near Hebron, in the Holy Land.

Several of these were constructed by the Persians in 600 A.D., but traces of far older work have been discovered, attributed by archæologists to 1700 B.C. The Arabs, indeed, attribute a supernatural agency to these works, and believe them to have been wrought by Solomon and his jinns. Thirteen have been cleared out or enlarged by the British since 1856, and are capable of storing nearly 10,000,000 gallons of water, while all the tanks if cleared, would contain, it is computed by engineers, nearly 30,000,000 gallons. They were discovered by Colonel Playfair in 1856. Tank is, indeed, somewhat of a misnomer, and suggests a ludicrous resemblance to the ordinary house cistern! These tanks are really a vast system of reservoirs and dams, by which the natural water-holding capacities of the gorge have been cleverly utilised.

Other curious works are the salt works belonging to an Italian company. The sea-water is pumped by engines into shallow pans along the shore, and, owing to the great heat, evaporation is very rapid, leaving a considerable residuum of salt at the bottom of each pan.

Steamer Point is the trading town, and constitutes the civilian cantonment. Here are two or three fair hotels, of which the Hotel de l'Univers is the principal. There are several Parsee shops in the street known as Prince of Wales Crescent, and in the native bazaars good bargains in curios are to be had—ostrich eggs, gourds, Somali weapons, etc.

The most characteristic native ornaments are the quaint, snake-like glass bangles, which can often be bought for a couple of annas. The native traders speak Hindostani—for Aden is a bit of India on Arabian soil—and understand a few words of English.

It may surprise strangers to know that Aden, socially speaking, is by no means a dull station, and there is a fair amount of entertaining, frequent gymkhanas, picnics and other social distractions. There is even an attempt at a promenade, a military band playing on Steamer Point on one or two evenings in the week.

Aden is well known to sportsmen as the starting-point and supply base for big game expeditions in British Somaliland, perhaps the best country for big game in the whole of Africa. The shooting, however, near Aden is poor, though if the stranger is furnished with an introduction to the Sultan of Al-Hautah, the tutelary Rajah of Aden, and decidedly friendly to the English, a week's excellent sport at a moderate cost could be obtained. Accommodation at a dak-bungalow of the Sultan is always obtainable.

As to the future of Aden, in the opinion of many of those who have an intimate knowledge of its economical condition and its resources, its only chance of safety is its transfer to the Colonial Office and its conversion into a Crown colony.

The arguments for this measure are very convincingly

stated by a writer in *The World*, who contributes a valuable series of articles on the twentieth-century aspect of Greater Britain.

“The first necessity is to transfer Aden from the Bombay Presidency to the Colonial Office. There is no more reason why Aden should belong to Bombay than Singapore to Madras. The Government of Bombay—itsself subordinate to the Government of India—has enough to do at home without being saddled with the administration of a colony 1700 miles away. What Aden wants is external development and political expansion, and this can only be accomplished by the strenuous five years' rule of a local governor trained in the school of Crown colony administration, and directly responsible to the Colonial Office. Hitherto the Resident at Aden—a general officer of the Bombay army—has been chosen by the ordinary process of military seniority rather than for the possession of special qualifications for civil administrative duties, a primary condition of holding office being the willingness of the incumbent to conduct the government on humdrum lines, to the avoidance of all difficulties likely to cause trouble to his Bombay masters. What has been asked for has not been capable administration but colourless rule. *Quieta non movere*. Yet Aden is yearly growing in political importance, and in skilful hands has future possibilities as remarkable as those realised at Singapore under the vigorous lead of Sir Frank Swettenham. Now that the Turkish frontier has been demarcated, and the British sphere of influence defined, no time should be lost in bringing the neighbouring friendly tribes—notably the Abdali, the Fadhli, and the Akrabi—under the same political subjection as are those of the Federated States of the Malay Peninsula. When this has been done the Aden hinterland can be

opened up, and a hill station founded and connected by rail and wire with the sea fortress below. The construction of a light railway would be the certain means of developing the interior and restoring the ancient trade of South Arabia. Unaccustomed to receive European guests, owing to the opposition of the Aden authorities, a certain amount of fanatical resentment was shown when British officers were lately engaged on boundary work ; but the temporary unrest has subsided, and with patience and firmness the whole of that part of Arabia which is under British influence might be reclaimed to civilisation, and commercial relations eventually established with the fertile valley of the Hadhramout and the still more fertile district of the Gara mountains.

“ Like Gibraltar in the Mediterranean, Aden stands sentry over the entrance to the Red Sea ; but, unlike the Rock fortress, it contains no dockyard where ships can refit. As long as the political situation in the Middle East remains unchanged, no other naval base is required than that of Bombay. None the less are the fortifications of Aden necessary as a link in the chain of communications with the East. The conditions of Imperial defence require that there should be a sufficiency, and not more than a sufficiency, of these important coaling depots ; that the sites should be judiciously chosen ; and that they should be self-contained and self-defensive. After visiting Aden the writer is confirmed in the opinion that the place satisfies the above conditions, and that when it has been released from its dependent connection with India, raised to the dignity of a colony, and granted the necessary powers of expansion, its political and commercial value will be enormously enhanced, and its strategical prestige as the great *place d'armes* of the Middle East correspondingly magnified.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK : THE ASSAM BORDERLAND

By "ZAKPHO"

From Chittagong to Dibrugarh
When railway wheels shall whirl and whirr,
When through the hills of North Cachar
Shall smoothly roll the Pullman car,
Then shall our sleepy province stir.

IF the tourist grows weary of long days and nights in railway trains and up-country hotels, and if he has a fortnight or so to spend in travel somewhat less hackneyed and less hasty, let him take a trip to Dibrugarh by mail steamer and "do" the Brahmaputra. It has been said that the great river of Assam is less beautiful and less romantic than the Irrawaddy. But the romance of travel depends on the traveller, on his mood and on his knowledge of the scenes on which he looks. The object of this chapter is to show that there is some charm and much interest in the leisurely journey up the Brahmaputra, a journey from which the tourist may carry away memories as pleasant and as vivid as from any part of his Indian travel.

In the first place he will take train from Sealdah, the Calcutta terminus of the Northern Bengal State Railway. He will usually start after dinner and spend the night in the train. But if he chooses to travel by day the journey is not without interest. It traverses a typical Bengali country—the districts of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs,

Nuddea and a part of Faridpur. The train runs through innumerable villages of brown thatched cottages with the curved roof-trees peculiar to Bengali rustic architecture which are copied in some of the marble buildings of Upper India, and whose shape is said by Fergusson to be due to the use of the flexible bamboo. In every village are round *golabaris*, the granaries of the village *mahajans* or money-lenders, who lend grain and receive it back in kind after the harvest. Here and there the traveller will see masonry *attalikas*, the country houses of the Hindoo landlords, near which are the conical *maths* which mark the sites where the *sraddha* or funeral ceremony of rich Hindoos has been performed. Between the villages are broad plains, yellow with stubble in the cold weather, when the rice crops have mostly been reaped. Near the village sites, the traveller may notice the fenced plantations of sugar-cane, and the curious gardens carefully screened from the sun, in which is grown the *pan*, the aromatic green leaf which is universally chewed with areca nut by the natives after meals.

At Goalundo is a curious example of the powerlessness of even modern engineers to curb the great rivers of Eastern India. In the early seventies the riverside terminus was a great masonry and iron station similar to that at Sealdah. But the River Padma, formed by the union of Ganges and Brahmaputra, a swirling stream ten miles wide in the Rains, swept nearer and the engineers built a huge spur of brick and mortar to divert the current. But the mighty river when in full flood will swallow up a whole village in a night, and, one day, it swept behind the spur and cut it and the station off from the line they were designed to serve. When the traveller gets out of the train at Goalundo he is shown a sandbank or *char* on the opposite bank of the great river, and is told

that its nucleus is the old railway station. Since 1875 no permanent buildings have been erected at Goalundo. The rails are laid along the bank wherever the stream is deep enough to allow the steamers to come alongside, and the traveller finds himself on a sandbank with nothing beyond a few mat huts to show that Goalundo is one of the most important railway and steamer stations in India. But the absence of covering is no hardship in the cold weather, for the sky is steely blue and cloudless and the mild winter sun is pleasant after somewhat chilly travel in the railway carriage.

Along the bank is moored a strange variety of craft. There are huge native salt boats from Benares, covered with a construction of mat and thatch from which the boatmen use clumsy bamboo sweeps or pole their heavy craft laboriously up stream. There is an endless variety of the local boats for which Eastern Bengal is famous, and to describe which in detail would occupy a long chapter. Their shapes are often quaint and not without a certain beauty of outline worth recording with the camera. Amidst this crowd of small fry are also moored the steamers of the India General Steam Navigation Company, some of them the huge cargo steamers which tug great flats laden with merchandise, one on either bow, up and down the great stream. But the tourist will be most interested in the smaller mail steamers, two-storeyed paddle boats, powerfully engined, which perform the journey to Dibrugarh in six days. On the upper storey, forward of the engines, is the first-class accommodation. It consists of a long saloon with half-a-dozen cabins on either side of it, each cabin provided with a couple of berths with spring mattresses. In front of the saloon is a tolerably commodious deck, well furnished with deck chairs and tables, where the passengers spend most of

the day, reading, dozing and, sometimes, watching the scenery. It must be admitted that life on these steamers tempts to indolence and somnolence. The air in the cold weather is fresh and cool as it blows off the broad stream and produces a good appetite. The *khansamah* in charge of the commissariat serves as good meals as can be had in most Indian hotels. There is an abundant supply of creature comforts in the shape of soda water, whisky, beer, claret, and, as always happens on board ship, even on inland waters, a hearty meal is apt to be followed by meditation in a long chair which often ends in a placid doze.

The commander of these mail steamers is always a Mohammedan *serang*, a native of Dacca or Chittagong, and the engineers and lascars are all natives of Bengal. That part of the steamer which is not occupied by the first-class accommodation is thronged with a closely packed mass of dusky humanity in which the traveller may make an ethnological study if he is that way inclined. Besides local Bengalis travelling from one riverside station to another, there will certainly be many coolies, men, women and children, going to the tea gardens. These may be Sonthalis from Chota Nagpur,—almost black Highlanders these—or Madrassis, or slim brown folk from the Central Provinces, or Hindustanis from the United Provinces. There will also be a few Kayahs, the merchants and bankers of Assam, keen-eyed and capable men of business from far-away Marwar. Nor is the traveller likely to lack the society of his fellow-countrymen, tea planters or officials.

Leaving at half-past five in the morning, the first day's travel will bring the tourist to Dhubri—the Gates of Assam. He will see but little to interest him on this day—the steamer stations at which he halts are all busy centres

of the jute trade and their names are familiar in Dundee. The most important of them is Sirajganj, where several Europeans engaged in the wholesale jute trade live and own presses for making the bales into which the fibre is compressed for exportation. In the afternoon on the Eastern horizon will be seen ranges of forest-covered hills which at that distance look little more romantic than the heights of Surrey. To them belongs, however, one of the romances of British administration in India. In the first place the forests are full of wild elephants and are one of the most profitable centres for the Kheddah Department of Government. Secondly, the Garos, the Tibeto-Burmese tribe after whom the hills are named, were regarded as irreclaimable savages till some fifty years ago. Neither the Hindoo nor the Mussulman rulers of India made any attempt to tame these wild folk, incorrigible head hunters, like their cousins the Malays. But over them was appointed to be Deputy Commissioner a Major Williamson whose name deserves to be remembered. He issued an order that no more heads were to be taken and that the existing collections of heads were to be publicly burned. The Garos obeyed orders with unexpected meekness, and gave up the vendetta warfare which had made life in the hills more exciting than safe or comfortable. They took kindly to trade and agriculture, and, at this crisis in their fortunes, the American Baptist Mission started the work of evangelisation in their midst. Nearly all the Garo race is now Christian, and fervidly Christian. Fifty years ago the Garo language (a branch of the Bodo tongue which is found nearly all over Assam and Eastern Bengal) was not written. The missionaries have printed Bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books and other works of devotion or learning in the Bengali character (it is a pity that they did not use the simpler English

alphabet) and now the Garos have revival meetings which rival those of Wales in fervid enthusiasm. It may be that these rude hillmen may yet play as important a part in the future of India as certain races, once considered savage, in Europe.

Dhubri presents little of interest to the traveller. It is just a little riverside civil station, the home of a handful of officials, with a post and telegraph office, a court, a jail and other such adjuncts of civilised administration.

Next day's travel is somewhat more interesting; for there are hills to be seen to right and left. On the left are the mighty masses of the Bhutan Mountains, on the right the Garo Hills. About midday the steamer stops at Goalpara, which gives its names to the district of which Dhubri is now the capital. On the wooded hill on which the little town stands the tourist may catch a glimpse of a bungalow. It is the home of a solitary young Englishman, the "sub-divisional officer" who is here the deputy of the magistrate who rules the district through which the steamer passes all day. The people at the stopping-places are of a markedly different type from those lower down stream, though they still talk Bengali. There is obviously an infusion of Indo-Chinese blood. At Palasbari, where the steamer stops for the night, the traveller is on the borders of Assam proper, of the ancient kingdom of Kamrup, after which the next district is called. The word Palasbari means "a plantation of *Palas* trees," and recalls the battle of Plassey, fought far away south in Murshidabad and named after the same tree, the *butea frondosa*.

The third day's travel is by far the most interesting, for now the wooded hills come close to the river on both banks. At Gauhati, the latest of many capitals of the

old Ahom kingdom of Assam, the stream, even in the cold weather, runs fast through a narrow gut between the hills, and is divided into two branches by the beautifully wooded Peacock Island, on whose summit, quaint reminder of modern conditions of life in India, are an ancient Hindoo temple and, by its side, a tall standard which bears the telegraph wire which links Shillong with Calcutta and Darjeeling.

If the traveller wishes to know something of the history of Gauhati and of the numerous shrines which surround it, he should procure Mr E. A. Gait's admirable "History of Assam."¹ Above Gauhati is a wooded hill on which stands the temple of Kamakshya, the Venus of Eastern India. The temple is worth visiting, if only for the glorious view of the Brahmaputra Valley which spreads below it. Of the worship of Kamakshya it is perhaps best not to write with too great particularity. We have all read the Greek and Roman classics in our youth and know vaguely what religion was in the Roman Empire before the advent of Christianity. In Mr Gait's pages, the traveller may read as much as is likely to interest him of the extraordinary legends which have grown up round Hindooism in Assam. The country was famous, even in the days of the Sanscrit epics, for its Maya and magic, and the Vedic faith which Hindoo conquerors brought with them from the West has no doubt been mixed with indigenous beliefs and superstitions. Many ancient Hindoo stories have found local habitation in the beautiful valley of Assam.

In the cold weather, which is here also the dry weather, the summits of the Bhutan Hills are covered with the

¹ A "History of Assam." By E. A. Gait, Esq., of the Indian Civil Service. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing. 1905.

smoke wreaths of jungle fires. These are locally believed to be the smoking ashes of the interrupted sacrifice of Daksha, with which every student of the Hindoo Scriptures is familiar. There is scarcely a rock or village site in Assam which is not identified with some ancient legend known to all pious Hindoos. For Assam is probably the most purely Hindoo country in India. It was never conquered by the Mussulmans, and so the few Muslims in the country are men of the lowest classes, hewers of wood and drawers of water, braziers and coppersmiths. Hence many social customs which in other parts of India sprang up under Mohammedan rule are lacking here. Infant marriage is unknown and the seclusion of women, and the Hindoo girls of Assam go about almost as freely as the *laichabis* of Manipur or the smiling Burmese lasses whose charms figure so prominently in all recent books on "the Silken East."

At Gauhati, the tourist may take the *tonga*, if he will, and pay a hasty visit to Shillong, the summer headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. He will find the journey worth undertaking, though the Khasia Hills are not seen at their best in the drought of winter. The skilfully engineered cart road that winds through semi-tropical forests from Gauhati to Shillong rises some 5000 feet in 63 miles. In the Rains, the hillsides are seamed with numerous foaming torrents and beautiful waterfalls. In the winter, this attractive feature in the scenery is of course missing, but the drive is a beautiful and interesting one. The *tonga* is dragged up the hill (as is usually the case in India) by relays of pairs of galloping ponies, and towards dusk the traveller should find himself amid the beautiful pine groves in which nestles the pretty station of Shillong. Half way up, he will have had lunch at the

rest-house of Dampep, and, if he wants a substantial meal, will have telegraphed instructions to that effect from Gauhati.

Shillong is not only the summer headquarters of the local administration, it is also the capital of the Khasia Hills. The Khasias have had much the same history as their neighbours the Garos, if we substitute General Hopkinson for Colonel Williamson, and the Welsh Baptists for the Americans who have converted the Garos. The Khasias, however, are a finer and more manly race than the Garos and were more quickly and easily civilised. For a long time it was supposed that their language was as unique and isolated as that of the Basques in Europe, but the recent investigations of Dr Grierson and other scholars have shown that Khasia is a Mon-Khmer speech, not unlike the languages spoken in Cambodia. It may interest Irish travellers to know that the Khasias live in stone cottages resembling those of Galway peasants, that Khasia girls wear striped petticoats and go bare-footed, that the country folk keep pigs and eat pork, and that a local "potheen" is consumed, sometimes with deplorable consequences. But there are mission stations scattered all over the hills, and here as in the Garo Hills, the people are now earnest and enthusiastic Christians. The Khasias have the peculiarity, unusual in India, of liking European music. Almost every lad you meet on the road whistles like a London *gamin*, and at the mission stations are choirs who sing "Men of Harlech" and other Welsh tunes with great gusto and quite passable tunefulness.

Shillong only differs from most other hill stations in its pine groves, its abundant supply of water, and the fact that it is built, not on a ridge, but on a flat plateau. Hence the roads are unusually broad and good, and people

drive their traps in a fashion impossible at Darjeeling and Simla. In the cold weather, the officials are mostly absent on tour, and the station is given up to their wives and children. The climate is very delightful, keen and frosty in the early morning, and pleasantly cool even at midday.

Above Shillong towers, 1000 feet high, the Peak, which is worth climbing for its famous view, which comprises a snowy peak in the Aka Hills, right across the Brahma-putra Valley, 100 miles or more away.

If the tourist can spare time, he will find it worth his while to ride or drive (if he can borrow or hire the means of doing so) to Cherrapoonjee, some 30 miles to the South. Cherrapoonjee is interesting in several ways, and the traveller would do well to spend a night at the excellent dak bungalow. As is well known, Cherrapoonjee boasts the heaviest rainfall in the world, an average of something like 500 inches annually, which in some years runs up to 700 inches. In the winter however, the skies are as cloudless there as elsewhere in Northern India.

Cherrapoonjee is an interesting specimen of the typical Khasia village. Near it are fine limestone caves, and the visitor can call, if he be so inclined, on the *Sim* or local chieftain and make inquiries as to the curious burial customs of the family. Near at hand are interesting *menhirs* and monoliths which are peculiar to these hills. But the chief attractions of Cherrapoonjee are, firstly, the lovely Mausmai Gorge, one of the most beautiful valleys in the hills (though to see them at their best, the famous Mausmai Falls should be seen in all their autumnal force) and secondly, the walk down the cliff to Therriaghat in the plains of Sylhet. There is a winding path which yields beautiful views at every turn. In the lower part of the hill, the path traverses the famous orange

groves of Cherrapoonjee which supply all Bengal with golden fruit at Christmas time. This excursion should not be undertaken unless the tourist is a good walker, for it is a stiff climb back to Cherrapoonjee. But the views coming and going will amply repay an active pedestrian, especially that obtained from the little hill-side shrine of Mahadeo—the highest point to which Hindooism has climbed in the Khasia Hills.

To return to Gauhati and the Assam Valley. The tourist may take his choice of returning to Calcutta, if he has had enough of steamer travel, or he may re-embark on a mail boat upward bound. He will have to be up early to catch the steamer. After leaving the hills round Gauhati behind him, the traveller comes to a long and rather uninteresting reach where the river runs between low sandy banks covered with grass jungle in which may occasionally be seen a Miri village. The Miris are people of Indo-Chinese origin who live in houses built on piles, like the people of the Malay Peninsula.

About midday the steamer halts at Singri Pahar, not long enough, unfortunately, for the traveller to visit the curious carved ruins of a temple which local tradition says was blown up by the Mohammedan general "Kala Pahar." More probably, however, this temple was ruined by the earthquakes which have always been frequent in this region. No one now knows the history of these ruins, or whether they are Hindoo, Buddhist or perhaps the work of the Ahoms before they were converted to Hindooism. The sculptures have a curious resemblance to those of the famous carved temples of Cambodia.

At evening the steamer approaches the little riverside station of Tezpur, picturesquely situated on a bold bluff under which the current rushes rapidly. Tezpur is the

headquarters of the district of Darrang, and the abode of a Deputy Commissioner, whose territory extends for about 100 miles along the right bank of the river. The station is the terminus of the little Tezpur-Balipara Railway, built by the local tea planters to convey their tea chests to the river. In Darrang are some of the finest tea gardens in Assam, and if the traveller can secure introductions, this will be an admirable opportunity of seeing thoroughly up-to-date tea planting, since the railway runs through or ends in many tea estates.

I observe that Mr Walter Del Mar in his recently published book "The Romantic East," says that Tezpur is the modern equivalent of "Sonitpur" and means the "City of Slaughter." It is true that Tez, in modern Assamese, means "blood." But the derivation is "folk etymology" and is philologically untenable. Tezpur is probably called after some forgotten hero called Tez Singh. But the etymology links the name with a rather attractive legend, the story of the lovely Princess Usha. Scattered about the maidan on which the courts are built are beautifully carved granite blocks. These are said to be the ruins of the palace of Ban Raja, a Sivaite ruler, to whom was born a daughter called Usha. The princess had of course a confidante, who, as her name of Chitralekha implies, was skilful at drawing portraits and other pictures. One night Usha dreamt of a beautiful youth, and vowed that she would never marry anyone but the prince who had visited her slumbers. Chitralekha, magician as well as artist, drew pictures of all the young princes in India, but Usha gazed indifferently at each, until, at last, not without natural hesitation, Chitralekha drew Aniruddha, the grandson of Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu. He was the youth of Usha's choice—a fatal choice, for, in those days, the followers of Siva and

of Vishnu were on terms of deadly enmity. Ban Rajah would never consent to a union between his daughter and the grandson of the rival of Siva. But love laughs at locksmiths and—fathers, and Chitrlekha, by magic arts, drew Aniruddha from his distant home far away in Western India, and the boy prince and Usha were as happy as—Don Juan and Haidée. But her father discovered their amorous adventure, clapped Aniruddha into prison and bound him “in serpent bonds.” The result was a great battle between the forces of Krishna and Siva. The local legend has it that the hills on which the bungalows of Tezpur now stand were once volcanic and were thrown up by the god Siva as fiery bulwarks against the army of Krishna. Anyhow, there was a tremendous fight and the river which runs past the modern race-course ran blood, as

“Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
Scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit.”

Tezpur now is a quiet little station, which only wakes up once a year when the planters hold their race meeting with its attendant balls and other festivities. It is visited in the cold weather by wild men from the Himalayan heights which close the prospect to the north with a glimpse of eternal snows. Bhuteas come down in tolerably large numbers, and also a still more interesting tribe, the Akas, of whom little is known, except that they are a remarkably stalwart race of mountaineers whose chiefs wear flowered satin robes and lacquered hats which undoubtedly come from China. Their character and disposition may be judged from the fact that they are divided into two clans, one known by the sobriquet of the Kapas-chors, or “Cotton-thieves,” the other famous as the Hazari-khowas, or “Eaters of a thousand hearths.”

Almost opposite Tezpur, on the left bank of the river, is Silghat, the steamer station for Nowgong, the capital of the district of that name. Nowgong is a thinly populated district, but its magnificent jungles afford some of the best big game shooting in the world—tigers, rhinoceros, bears, and many kinds of deer may here be slain by those who have money or interest enough to hire or borrow the elephants required for sport of this kind.

Bisnath (or Viswanath) is the station for an important group of tea gardens. The name is due to a local Hindoo legend which need not be recorded here. It may amuse the tourist to see if he can get anyone on the steamer to tell it to him. It is the story of how Uma cheated her husband, the great god Siva, when he took his rest here and lay with his head pillowed on a rock which the pious believer may still see from the steamer's deck.

Dhansirimukh, the mouth of the Dhansiri River, so called after the gold once washed from its sands, is the station for Golaghat, the commissariat base for Kohima, the capital of the Naga Hills. The Nagas are perhaps the most savage tribe included within the borders of Assam. They, like the Garos, are hereditary head-hunters, and in facial peculiarities, costume and habitations closely resemble the Malays. But they too are coming within the influence of the American missionaries, who have made many converts. It is interesting to think that if Christianity had not stepped in, this (physically) fine and manly race would, like the Kacharis, Deori Chutiyas, and Ahoms of the Assam plains, probably have become Hindooised.

The fifth day's run takes the traveller through not very interesting country to Disangmukh, the halting-place for Sibsagar, the capital of the great tea-planting district of that name. It has been decided, owing to the uncentral

situation of Sibsagar, to transfer the headquarters of the district to Jorhat, one of the many old capitals of Assam under the Ahoms. In some respects, this is to be regretted. Sibsagar, in its time, must have been a finer capital than Mandalay. It still possesses four enormous square tanks ; round the banks of one the whole of the civil station is built, courts, bungalows, jail, hospital, police lines and all. The tank is nearly two miles round. In the winter this great sheet of water is frequented by flocks of that shyest of wild fowl, wild geese. Here they float fearlessly barely a stone's-throw from the noisy crowds round the Deputy-Commissioner's Court, a curious instance of instinct modified by experience.

On the sixth day, the steamer leaves Disangmukh at break of day, and running through fine forest scenery, with the Naga Hills showing finely through vistas to the right, and the distant Himalayas to the left, reaches Dibrugarh at nightfall. At Dibrugarh there are the usual civil station, the wing of a regiment, and a battalion of Gurkha Military Police. The town is the headquarters of the tea-planting district of Lakhimpur. There is a railway which runs to the coal mines and petroleum wells of Margherita. In the cold weather specimens of many wild tribes may be seen in the station—Nagas, Dufflas, Miris, Mishmis, Khamptis and others, from whom curios such as shields and spears, decorated with dyed horsehair, can sometimes be purchased.

I forgot to say that between Disangmukh and Dibrugarh the steamer skirts the Majhuli, the longest river island in the world, the holy land of Assamese Hindooism, where dwell various Goshains or Abbots, the most venerated of whom is perhaps the Aunihati Goshain. This reverent person has disciples as far west as Gauhati, and never sets foot to ground off his island. Across the river

he is always carried about by his disciples on the rare occasions on which he leaves the Majhuli. It may be interesting to say, in passing, that the Brahmaputra, unlike the holy Ganges, is ceremonially impure except on one single day in the year. There is a curious legend which accounts for this. The tourist may amuse himself by inquiring locally what the legend is. So far as my memory goes it is not wholly suited for print.

On his way back to Calcutta, the tourist may either return as he came, by steamer, in which case his journey, being down stream, will occupy only four and a half in place of six days, or else he may travel by the Assam-Bengal Railway back to Goalundo by a rather devious route. This will take him through Hill Cachar into the Cachar district, through South Sylhet and along the foot of the Tipperah Hills, inhabited by yet another race of wild hillmen—these more or less effectually Hindooised and not susceptible to Christian teaching. At Laksam Junction the traveller will change into the mail train from Chittagong to Chandpur on the Meghna, where he will find a mail steamer like that which took him to Dibrugarh. A day's run will bring him back to Goalundo, where the night mail will once more land him at Sealdah in the early morning. The comparatively adventurous tourist will have seen more varieties of humanity in his ten or twelve days of travel in Assam than in a month's journeying by rail in India proper. He will have breathed cool fresh air, and will have travelled in comparative luxury. He may not improbably have met some specimens of the tea planters who have done even more than the officials to open up the waste places of Assam, to improve communications, and to repair the damages inflicted on Assam by the Burmese raids which preceded the British occupation in 1826. He may interest himself

in the burning question of the resettlement of the land revenue imposed on the tea gardens, in the Labour Law which regulates the relations of tea planters with their coolies, all imported at the expense of garden capital, and all foreigners to Assam. He may discover that the labour problem in Assam throws some light on the question of the employment of Chinese in the Transvaal. He may learn what the planter thinks of the standardised rupee, and of the English duty on tea. On this rough border, only recently released from the incessant fear of the raids of savage tribes, he may modify ideas as to Indian autonomy picked up in Calcutta and Bombay, where the Babu and the Parsi are encouraged by long immunity from the risks of Oriental life to believe that eloquence and public speaking are a substitute for character and administrative ability. He will have travelled through a region where the soldier and the civilian work side by side, and where the admirable volunteer corps organised by the planters are not merely carpet soldiers, but contain men who have fought for the Empire in India and Africa.

He will have seen much beautiful scenery, and will have quitted the beaten track of travel without undergoing any severe hardships or incurring any great expense. He will remember, with some pride in the doings of his fellow-countrymen, that, eighty years ago, the Assam Valley was the scene of a hopeless anarchy such as the world has rarely seen, when the population was decimated, and the women and children dragged away captive across the Patkoi Hills to Mandalay. Barely thirty years ago, there were no mail steamers on the river, and in Sylhet there were no roads outside the civil station. Nowhere in India has there been so rapid and so salutary a development of civilised conditions, so complete a change from

anarchy and ruin to peace and prosperity. Here at least there lingers some memory of the evil old times, some sense of what British rule has done for the oppressed and unhappy population, who are now free and as prosperous as probably any peasantry in the world. To the wild hill folk, steeped in nameless superstitions, haunted by indescribable terrors, naked, intemperate, given up to incessant vendetta war and the ruthless slaughter of young and old, of men, women and children, British rule has brought not only peace, and commerce, and education, but the kindly example and gentle teaching of the missionary.

In other parts of India, where we have come into contact with an ancient civilisation which we only dimly comprehend, it is permissible to doubt whether we have not done more harm than good, whether we have not awakened aspirations and ambitions which we dare not gratify. But in the hill tracts of Assam our advent has been an unmixed and incontestable blessing. Here the sword has really been beaten into a ploughshare, and races, regarded from time immemorial by the natives of India proper as irreclaimable savages, as unclean and abominable "Mlechhas," have come under the same influences which made our rough British forefathers the progenitors of an Imperial race—the race which colonised half the world, and won India.

What the future of the Nagas, Khasias and Garos, of the Lushais, Tipperahs and Dafflas, of a dozen other semi-savage races, will be, who can say? But they at least have been converted, not "as single spies" but in whole races, and they may yet prove to be the new peoples which will enter into lands from which their forefathers were ousted in earlier days, and where, so far, the ancient civilisation of India seems to be outworn and incapable

of taking a new start under the influence of Western ideas. For, in India proper, though there is much cry of political progress and emancipation, there is as yet little wool in the shape of social improvement, in the breaking down of caste barriers, of the emancipation and education of women, of the abandonment of polygamy and many other customs which have long been obsolete in countries that call themselves civilised.

A trip to Assam is well worth taking, if only in order that the traveller may see for himself what tasks still remain to be done in India, tasks which, apparently, can only be performed by kindly and impartial foreigners armed with the resources of Western civilisation. In western India the educated natives have acquired just enough of our literature and language to feel that they can hold their own with the European, that they can take over the great administration which has slowly grown out of the commercial enterprises of "John Company." In this conviction, the educated classes have adopted an attitude of opposition to our officials. They have yet to reckon with the important community of non-official Europeans who have invested their capital in the commerce of India. Doubtless British statesmanship will devise a solution and a peaceful compromise. The Indian masses are probably much what they were a hundred years ago. But European education has given rise to a new class of men who demand Home Rule for India, and are (perhaps rightly) confident that a concession of their claims would not land the country in the anarchy and bloodshed from which Englishmen delivered it only a couple of generations ago.

With such problems the tourist for pleasure need not occupy himself very seriously. But if he looks about him, if he reads the local newspapers, if he talks to the Indians

and the Anglo-Indians he meets in the course of his travels, he cannot fail to see that the Indian Administration has a difficult and perilous duty to perform—that of gratifying the legitimate desires of the men we have ourselves educated to demand a share in the Government of their country without rashly abandoning the position of mentor and guardian which was thrust upon us by the circumstances which form the history of British India. It is in frontier provinces comparatively newly acquired, like Assam and Burmah, that the tourist will most easily grasp the responsibilities that Great Britain has incurred in India.

APPENDIX

I. PRACTICAL INFORMATION

MOHAMMEDAN CALENDAR

THE year consisting of $354\frac{1}{2}$ days, the Mohammedan New Year and feasts and fasts are each year eleven days earlier than in the previous year. This makes calculation difficult. The Mohammedan year 1324, for instance, began 25th February 1906, and Ramadan began on 19th October.

CYCLING

India, with its excellent trunk roads, is not by any means an unsuitable country for cycle touring in winter. Indeed, a well-known cyclist considers that the road between Calcutta and Peshawar, some 1400 miles in length, "is the finest long-distance bicycle track in the world." Another good cycling field is Travancore in South India. Roads are a special hobby of the Maharajah. "And it would be difficult to find in any part of the world more beautiful scenery or better kept highways" (*C. T. C. Gazette*, October 1905). Kashmir, with its sublime mountain scenery, is quite possible for the cyclist, and the main road from Rawal Pindi to Murree and Srinagar is one of the most interesting cycle tours in the East. The gradients are fairly easy, and coming down from Srinagar one can coast with good rim brakes for thirty miles at a stretch. The only drawbacks are the native bullock carts which are constantly met with. The drivers are usually asleep, and when one encounters a score of these carts following in Indian file considerable care is needed in passing them. Cycling in Burmah is largely indulged in and the roads near Rangoon are excellent, but the pariah dogs and the buffaloes are occasionally dangerous. The dogs can easily be kept off with a whip (which every cyclist

should carry), but the buffaloes had best be left severely alone. On one occasion one of these brutes caught up a cycle and its rider upon its huge horns and tossed them away with terrific force with fatal results.

A strong roadster, preferably with tandem tyres capable of resisting thorns and the formidable points of water chestnuts, is the most suitable. Very strong rim brakes and a powerful lamp are essential. Then a very loud-toned bell or even a motor horn should be taken, as well as a couple of inner tubes. In spite of the usual advice it will be well to take a revolver, not so much for use as for show. The sight of a revolver strapped to the handle bar is apt to discourage the attentions of budmashes—the nearest equivalent for the British tramp.

A duty of 5 per cent. is charged on cycles landing in India. Cycles are treated as registered luggage on the railways, and not charged for if their weight and that of the other registered luggage does not exceed the usual free allowance. In Ceylon used bicycles are admitted free.

MOTORING

Motoring in India is carried on under novel and pleasant conditions; indeed, the country seems an ideal one for motorists. The natives generally regard the motorist with equanimity, while the native police are wonderfully complaisant. Then there is no speed limit, and the "police trap" is consequently unknown. Indeed, there is scarcely need for any such restriction, for one may mote for a score of miles at the highest speed of which the engine is capable without meeting a human being.

The P. W. D. have made long, broad, straight roads, roads which stretch for mile upon mile without an incline, a descent, or a turn to spoil them for motoring purposes. There are no hedges nor ditches, and there are no houses to interfere with the motorist's safety. A paternal Government also keeps the roads in excellent condition, and if the native driver of a bullock-cart or camel-shigram takes the wrong side, the chauffeur has his choice of chastising the evil-doer or handing him over to the local authorities for causing an obstruction.

Only a nominal duty of 5 per cent. *ad valorem* (Ceylon 5½) is levied on motor cars entering India.

PHOTOGRAPHY

A camera cannot be treated in India as in Europe. It is impossible to prevent dust getting in. The hot sun will cause minute cracks in the woodwork of the camera resulting in a black streak or blue on the plate. If developed in warm weather the film may dissolve away altogether. Iced developing solutions are therefore used. But even then the change from the iced solution to the warm air will cause the film to frill.

Photographic Maxims—Apparatus.—1. The convenience and portability of films are universally admitted, and for travellers these are invaluable, though glass plates generally give better results, except with experts.

2. A hand camera (Kodak for choice) enabling time as well as instantaneous exposure to be taken is the best for the traveller.

3. A focussing hand camera is an advantage when objects in the near foreground are required in absolute sharpness as well as the distance.

4. In India, where the atmosphere is very clear and blue sky predominates, it is best to use isochromatic films, and a yellow screen, this having the effect of cutting off some of the blue rays, and thus giving a more truthful rendering.

5. It is a good plan when photographing under new conditions to include in one's kit a few bottles of Burroughs & Wellcome's tabloids, so that a few films may be developed on tour, and thus mistakes in exposure rectified.

6. An ordinary hock bottle from which the bottom has been knocked out will make a rough and ready substitute for a red lamp. The bottom is easily removed by filling the bottle with water, to the depth of about an inch, and placing it in red-hot ashes, when the glass will crack all round at the level of the water. But the folding calico red lamps are very portable, and one should certainly be included in the kit.

7. It is well to test the angle included by the view-finder before setting out on an expedition, as frequently it does not coincide with the angle included by the lens.

Choice of Subject.—1. Aim at quality rather than quantity of views.

2. Remember that not every beautiful view will make an effective photograph, and, conversely, a thoroughly artistic

photograph may result from a view which to the eye looks tame and commonplace. In short, be sure the beauty of the view does not lie mainly in the colour.

3. The traveller should make up his mind whether he wants topographical views, or pleasing pictorial records of scenery. Indeed, there must be, to some extent, a conflict between science and art.

4. Photographs of panoramic views are generally unsatisfactory artistically, though topographically of value.

5. On the other hand, details over-accentuated give equally poor results from an artistic point of view.

6. In artistic work it should be remembered that a translation into black and white is desired, rather than a copy of the subject.

7. The colour of objects has to be considered in judging the exposure, greens and yellows having much less effect in cutting off the blue rays (see above).

8. If possible a view should rarely be taken when the light is behind the photographer; a far more satisfactory lighting is obtained when the sun is to one side, or slightly in front of the observer. But it need hardly be said that the light must never fall directly on the lens.

9. Don't, as a rule, photograph a building full face.

10. The most important feature should not be in the middle of the view, as it shows less there.

11. When spectators crowd round with a view of being taken, only pretend to take them, and as they are moving off a good group might present itself.

Exposure, etc.—1. As a rule, an instantaneous exposure will only give good results in bright sunshine—in short, only views which with a stop would be given one or two seconds' exposure are suitable for instantaneous hand cameras.

2. Remember that very bright clouds add considerably to the amount of light. Indeed, their value is almost equal to that of the sun in a cloudless sky.

3. Even for an instantaneous photograph the camera should, if possible, be rested on some fixed object. Carrying the camera slung on a strap from the shoulder greatly facilitates steadiness when no fixed stand is available.

4. Several times longer exposure is required in winter than in summer.

5. Objects in the foreground require longer exposure than

those in the background or middle distance ; therefore avoid shadow in the foreground when the background is bright.

6. In pictorial work a sound rule to remember is : " Expose for the shadows, and let the high lights take care of themselves." ¹

SPORT

To Recover Duck, etc., from a River or Lake without a Dog.—Attach a long cord to a stout stick, from the end of which two cords about five or six feet long should be fastened, the other ends being attached to the main cord, forming a kind of triangle. This keeps the stick in the right position when thrown beyond the floating bird:

Shooting in a Bad Light.—For shooting in the evening, with a bad light, it is a good tip to tie a sheet of paper or a white handkerchief round the muzzle of the gun. This will assist the aim.

Preserving Game.—A good dodge for keeping game from birds of prey is to hang it from an overhanging branch of a tree, as birds usually require a place to stand on when pecking at game.

Sporting Knife.—The expensive sporting knives of Colonial outfitters contain an unnecessary number of utensils, while many really indispensable tools are omitted. It would be worth while to have one made to order ; and this, which need not exceed four or five inches in length, should include a stiletto for boring holes in straps, a cobbler's awl, small gimlet, turnscrew, a packing needle (let into the handle), and not more than two small blades. Such a tool will be found far more useful than the elaborate pocket armoury sold by cutlers.

" V. P. P."

This is the familiar name for the useful value payable parcel post system in India, which corresponds in some degree to the C. O. D. (cash on delivery) system at home. By this method shopkeepers can send their goods to any part of India, the post collecting from the recipient the sum due, plus a commission of one anna for every five rupees up to fifteen rupees. To pre-

¹ For many of the above suggestions I am indebted to Mr F. R. Ball, of the Royal Photographic Society, and Mr R. Reynolds-Ball, Trinity College, Oxford.

vent abuse no person may send an article by the V. P. P. unless he certifies that it is sent in execution of a genuine order. This admirable method of "Shopping by post" is naturally very popular in India.

Should the recipient decline the goods, they are returned to sender at the latter's cost.

II. HEALTH IN INDIA: SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

Alcohol.—In tropical countries like India the physiological arguments against the consumption of alcohol as a beverage apply, of course, with greater force than in temperate climates; Putting the moral aspect aside, the chief objection to its free use as a beverage is that it lessens its value medicinally in disease. As to what constitutes "moderate drinking," Dr Parkes, in his classical work on the subject, lays down the rule that an ordinary healthy adult cannot take daily without injury more than an amount of alcohol which is represented by a liqueur glass of undiluted spirits, or three to four wineglassfuls of sherry, or seven glasses of claret, or two pints of beer daily.

It must not be forgotten that in hot countries alcohol has a much more rapid and injurious effect than it has in a temperate climate; and the casual whisky and soda, which seems such a negligible quantity in a club at home; may mean a fatal attack of heat apoplexy under a tropical sun.

But the delusion that in the tropics whisky and soda, the "typical tippie" of Anglo-Indians, is, on the whole, less harmful than beer or light wines, or at all events that these former beverages are best adapted for India, dies hard. Even plain non-medicinal waters, such as Salutaris, Perrier, or Burrow's Malvern Waters (usually procurable at large stations), for instance, seem tabooed in India, if taken *au naturel*: while it is a popular fallacy that plain soda water is "lowering to the system," whatever that may mean.

It is, perhaps, rash for a mere layman to dogmatise on this subject, but for any person to assert seriously that the continuous consumption of spirituous liquors, albeit considerably diluted, is less injurious than the imbibing of non-alcoholic drinks, indi-

cates a lamentable ignorance of the elementary laws of physiology. He is absolutely beyond the reach of argument. Indeed, if I may obtrude my individual opinion, it is probable that this unfortunate habit has much to do with many liver and kidney "troubles"¹ to which residents in tropical countries are notoriously subject.¹

Bites of Wild Animals.—Wash out the wound with the strongest antiseptic solution—boracic acid is not strong enough—such as zinc chloride (20 grs. in a tablespoonful of water) or corrosive sublimate (very poisonous). Then cover the wound with lint which has been dipped in a boracic acid solution. If there is any suspicion of madness the wound must be freely cauterised with lunar caustic, or a red-hot iron applied.

In the case of a bite by a pariah dog ("pie dog") or jackal, unless it is absolutely certain that the animal is not mad, the patient would be well advised to proceed at once as a precautionary measure to Kasauli, near Kalka, where the Pasteur Institute for all India has recently been established.

The treatment is severe, but in the vast majority of cases efficacious. The "cure" lasts about three weeks, and mainly consists in two to four hypodermic injections once a day of matter taken from a rabbit which has been inoculated with the virus of rabies.

If possible, of course, the suspected dog or other animal which has bitten the patient should be chained up and kept under observation. If the period of incubation has passed, and no symptoms of rabies have declared themselves, then obviously the patient need have no fear of this terrible disease. But *in the meantime* the patient should undergo treatment as a precautionary measure. Generally, however, the dog is killed by natives or others, so that in most cases the only course is to have the head cut off and sent to Kasauli. At the Institute a rabbit is at once inoculated with a portion of the dog's brain, and carefully watched during the period of incubation.

Snake Bite.—The great aim should be to prevent the poison reaching the circulation. Therefore bind as tightly as possible with a hastily improvised tourniquet—twisting a stick between the bandage and the limb—*above* the wound—*i.e.* between the

¹ It is only fair to say that this paragraph has been adversely criticised by several Anglo-Indians who have seen it in proof. Indeed, one dear old friend, inspired perhaps by Mr Herbert Vivian's notorious election cry, "Frowsy Fanatics," does not hesitate to term me a "teetotal fanatic!"

bitten part and the heart ; and it would be well also to make a second ligature a few inches higher up. Next cut around the wound, to encourage bleeding, and suck it.¹ Then apply some drug, such as permanganate of potash (very strong) dissolved in water, solution of potash, or carbolic acid (poison). Failing this, apply a red-hot cinder or wire, or caustic ; or, as a last resource, a pinch of gunpowder might be placed on the wound and exploded. Every effort should be made to induce perspiration—in short, to “sweat the poison out of the system,” by giving a dose of salicylate of soda, antipyrin, or ammonia. The patient should be compelled to take violent exercise, and his friends should not hesitate to give him strong doses of neat alcohol. If no drug is available the scrapings of the foulest tobacco pipe obtainable, rubbed well into the wound, will sometimes be found effective.

Within recent years cases have been successfully treated with Calmette's Antivenene Serum. Permanganate of potash has also proved effective in several cases of snake-bite.

The natives in some parts of India implicitly believe in the virtues of a stone made of stag's horn when laid on the bite of the snake. It is called snake's stone. Faraday once analysed a piece : “A piece of charred bone which had been filled with blood several times, and then carefully charred again. It consisted almost entirely of phosphate of lime.”

It is curious that the natives, as a rule, know nothing of medicine or the medicinal properties of their own herbs. They usually pin their faith to fresh turpentine for a poultice, and cedar oil for skin complaints. But they have a passion for taking medicines from foreigners, and quinine is specially popular. Chiretta, a tonic and bitter febrifuge, is the usual native substitute.

Bite of Scorpion, Centipede, etc.—The sting of the scorpion, or even the centipede, often causes much local irritation, but the effects are seldom serious. The heroic remedies given above are unnecessary, but the pain may be relieved by sucking the wound and applying a poultice of ipecacuanha powder, mixed with a little water, or washing with a solution of ammonia, or salt water, or vinegar.

¹ It need hardly be said that the matter should be spat out, though as a matter of fact, snake poison, even if inadvertently swallowed, rarely produces ill effects—unless, of course, there is any sore or abrasion in the mouth.

Mosquito, ant, or spider bites can be treated with ammonia, or vinegar. Eucalyptus oil applied to the skin renders the traveller less liable to mosquito bites. It is a popular remedy in India.

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DISEASES TO WHICH TRAVELLERS IN INDIA ARE ESPECIALLY
LIABLE ¹

Cholera.—Cause: Usually tainted water. Symptoms: The most characteristic are diarrhoea, vomiting, thirst, cramp in legs, intense coldness, and collapse. Treatment: Promptness essential. In early stage check diarrhoea by opium and astringents;

¹ For some of these medical hints on diseases I am indebted to the valuable chapter of medical and surgical advice by W. H. Crosse, M.D., in the Royal Geographical Society's "Hints to Travellers."

Give chlorodyne ; camphor also has been recommended. In cold stage keep patient warm ; rub well to maintain the circulation. Put hot bottle to feet ; give small doses of brandy or ammonia.

If no anti-cholera pills or chlorodyne be immediately available, a wineglassful of vinegar taken in sips at frequent intervals is a tolerable substitute.

If the patient is constipated, give an aperient at once. If the griping pains are very severe, ten to fifteen drops of laudanum may be given.

Some discretion should be used in allaying the intense thirst from which in many cases the patient suffers, as drinking aggravates the vomiting. Small pieces of ice, to relieve the thirst, are better, or even warm water to rinse out the mouth.

Inoculation against cholera has been practised of late. It consists of injecting a certain preparation under the skin. It causes a slight feverish indisposition for a day or so. The protective effects usually last for some six months.

A popular native corrective is a drink of Bail fruit, which should be drunk on rising in the morning.

“Bail fruit is classed among the astringents, but it is almost an alterative, its astringent powers being but slight. In irregularity of the bowels presenting alternations of diarrhœa and constipation one draught taken early in the morning often exercises a most beneficial effect in regulating the bowels.”

In Egypt, during the terrible epidemic some years ago, the favourite treatment was a stiff dose of raw brandy and ginger.

Constipation.—Give a cascara tabloid (2 grs.) once or twice a day, or a saline draught. If there is vomiting as well, *by no means* give any aperient. If there is colic, apply hot-water fomentations to the abdomen, and give a soap-and-water enema. If pain is severe, give fifteen minims of tincture of opium.

Diarrhœa.—Simple diarrhœa is due usually to some irritant in the bowels. To remove this, give castor oil or some mild aperient. If diarrhœa continues, give astringent medicine. Diet : Broths, beef-tea, rice, arrowroot, beaten-up eggs. and other semi-solids. Diarrhœa, even in the simplest forms, should *always be regarded seriously when travelling*, as, if neglected, it might develop into some form of dysentery. Diarrhœa and dysentery are some times brought on by neglecting a chill.

The following homely remedy has frequently checked the trouble when given at an early stage : Give the patient a teaspoon-

ful of flour or unboiled arrowroot, mixed with cold water or milk to the consistency of cream.

Dysentery.—Symptoms : The presence of blood in motions an unmistakable symptom ; diarrhoea *plus* colic pains and straining. Treatment : Rest, warmth, semi-liquid food as in diarrhoea, and very little at early stage. If needful, give an enema at first. If dysentery not checked, give chlorodyne (20 m.), followed by ipecacuanha (20 to 30 grs.), repeated twice a day if necessary. Continue treatment for at least a week.

Malarial Fever.—Symptoms : Languor and depression, followed by cold stage, hot stage, and sweating stage. Treatment : Mild aperient to begin with. Then quinine,¹ 10 to 15 grs. (total given in twenty-four hours should not be more than 30 grs., but if much fever 50 to 60 might be given). At cold stage give warm drinks, and sponge with warm water. At hot stage cold sponging, but take care to avoid giving patient a chill ; antipyrin,² 5 to 8 grs. Cold drinks, such as water with lime-juice, at sweating stage. Temperature all along best guide to treatment and amount of quinine to be given. For instance, if the characteristic buzzing in the head is felt, the quinine dose should be reduced. As a general rule, aim at increasing perspiration.

In malarial regions take daily (even when perfectly well) 5 grs. of quinine. Important to keep the bowels open. Any neglect of this precaution in tropical countries is likely to be far more serious than at home.

Quinine can be obtained at any post-office in India.

Ophthalmia.—This is caused usually by irritation due to sand, insects, cold winds, etc. It is an inflammation of the membrane of the eye and of the eyelids. The eyes are bloodshot, and feel as if particles of sand had got into them, and they run profusely with a thin watery fluid ; and if the trouble be not checked the discharge becomes thick matter. The treatment is bathing the eyes with a lukewarm solution of boracic acid of about .10 grs. to one wineglassful of water. The edges of the lids should be smeared with boracic ointment to prevent their adhering. An alternative treatment is the time-honoured one of sulphate of zinc (2 grs. to half-a-wineglassful of water) as a wash.

¹ Some persons, however, cannot take quinine, and in such cases arsenic in very small doses may be given instead.

² But antipyrin is unsuited to some constitutions, on account of its "lowering" effect on the heart. In such cases antifebrine or phenacetine would be more suitable.

When removing foreign objects from the eye, the most effective treatment is to drop in a few drops of cocaine solution (2 grs. dissolved in a teaspoonful of water). Failing cocaine, a drop of castor oil will be found to relieve any pain afterwards.

Piles.—These often occur if constipation be not checked. Ordinary ablutions with cold water, or lotions of hazeline, and rest, will sometimes prove efficacious at an early stage. If the parts are very inflamed, apply hot fomentations sprinkled with laudanum. A good homely remedy is to apply salad oil which has been beaten up into a cream in water applied drop by drop.

Typhoid (enteric) is usually caused by drinking polluted water, or by insanitary surroundings. Incubation period from ten to fifteen days. Symptoms: Usually headache, general depression, often diarrhœa (or sometimes constipation), and rise of temperature. Treatment: Absolute rest and quiet. Diet: Milk, three or four pints (of course, boiled) a day, *but taken in small quantities*. If there is constipation at the beginning, an enema must be given, but no aperient.

If fresh milk be not obtainable, condensed milk must serve, but this should be mixed with water which has been *boiled*.

“DONT’S,” SOME MEDICAL

1. Don't take a cold bath.
2. Don't neglect to take quinine regularly, as a precautionary measure. But Dr Koch considers that repeated small doses are ineffective. He recommends instead 15 grs. on two successive days weekly.
3. Don't neglect to wear a cholera belt.
4. Don't take alcohol in any form *merely as a beverage*, at all events, “when the sun is up.”
5. *Don't neglect to boil all drinking water*, and after it has been filtered.
6. Don't trust *only* to a filter. “Most filters are death traps,” because rarely cleaned properly.
7. Don't drink any cold water, and studiously avoid iced drinks.
8. Don't take exercise soon after a meal.
9. Don't sit out at night when there is a heavy dew.
10. Don't leave your sight-seeing till late in the morning: the earlier the better;

DRUGS, SOME USEFUL

When possible these should be in the "tabloid" form for convenience.

Aromatic Chalk Powder and Opium tabloids (B. & W.¹), 5 grs. Two to six for a dose. Good for diarrhœa as an astringent.

Bicarbonate of Soda. Useful in dyspepsia. Dose 5 to 10 grs.

Blue Pill and Compound Rhubarb tabloids (B. & W.), or *Compound Podophyllin* tabloids (B. & W.). For biliousness and liver disturbance.

Boracic Acid in powder.

Bromide of Ammonium. A useful sedative, and much less depressing than the popular bromide of potassium. Dose, two or three tablets (5 gr.).

Cascara "tabloids," 2 gr. For constipation.

Chinosol. A new drug, which now replaces carbolic acid, and is free from the latter's poisonous qualities.

Chlorate of Potash tabloids. Two for a dose: For sore throat.

Chlorodyne (Collis Browne's). Extremely useful for diarrhœa and dysentery.

Cinnamon, Essence of (Langdale's). Excellent for colds.

Dover's Powder "tabloids," 5 gr. Two for a dose. Acts on skin; useful in early cold.

Epsom Salts, as a mild saline aperient, or, better, Magnesium Sulphate Effervescent tabloids (B. & W.).

Hazeline Snow.—Good for abrasions.

Izal. Valuable antiseptic dressing; non-poisonous, and does not irritate the skin.

Permanganate of Potassium. Used in solution with water is a well-known disinfectant; and it is also a useful test for impure water, which it turns brown instead of purple.

Phenacetine tabloids. Excellent remedy for headache.

Quinine Pills. Of little use in this form, as they are very hard of solution. Tabloids (2 grs.) better.

Soda Mint tabloids. Useful for indigestion:

N.B.—Drugs in the form of tabloids act better if dissolved in water.

Medicine Chest.—There is an embarrassing choice from the stock of the leading medical outfitters, but the traveller will probably not be wrong if he applies to the well-known firms of Messrs

¹ B. & W stands for Burroughs & Wellcome.

Burroughs & Wellcome, or Messrs Park, Davies & Co. Unless the traveller's itinerary take him for a considerable time beyond the reach of medical advice the latter firm's (Park, Davies & Co.'s) pocket medical case (No. 58), at £1, 7s. 6d., fitted complete, will suffice. For more extended travel, and exploration generally, Messrs Burroughs & Wellcome's Aluminium Tabloid Medicine Chest—it weighs, fitted complete, about 27 lbs.—is more suitable. Some travellers prefer to fit the chest themselves. In this case it should contain supplies of the following:—Quinine, in 2 and 5 grain tabloids (not pills). Anti-cholera pills. Permanganate of potash. Chlorodyne (Collis Browne's). Laudanum (tincture). Ipecacuanha (powder). Ammonia (Scrubb's Ammonia sufficient strength). Mustard leaves (in tin), safety pins, rolls of lint, clinical thermometer, vaseline, medicine glass, scissors, lancet. Cascara tabloids (2 grs.). Epsom salts, 2 oz. Small bottle of best liqueur brandy. Boracic acid ointment. Boracic acid powder (in a tin).

Filters.—A filter of some kind is usually included in the traveller's outfit. No doubt the pocket filters are useful from their portability, but they must not be counted upon to eradicate noxious organisms. Indeed, a well-known authority on outfit roundly declares that "all pocket filters are worse than useless." Perhaps the only two that can be regarded as absolutely reliable as germ destroyers are the Berkefeld and Pasteur Chamberland, though one is bound to admit that some experts doubt the infallibility even of these famous makes. On the other hand, Dr Andrew Wilson does not hesitate to give his opinion as follows of the Berkefeld Filter:—"The filters sold by the Berkefeld Filter Co., Ltd., London, W., remove all germs from water. They are thoroughly reliable appliances: they realise the ideal of the sanitarian's definition of a true filter—one which will yield a germ-free supply of water."

Prickly Heat.—Sponge the part affected with a mild solution of carbolic acid, and take a mild aperient. In slight attacks sponging with toilet vinegar, or hazeline, affords relief. Sprinkling with violet powder is also a palliative.

For ordinary *Sun-blister*, cold cream, hazeline snow, or zinc ointment is a good palliative. Any of these is more efficacious than vaseline.

Sea-Sickness.—Sea-sickness, like toothache, headache, and, in short, all minor ills to which flesh is heir, is one of those maladies

which arouse very little sympathy from non-sufferers. Indeed, it is its humorous aspect which would seem to appeal chiefly to the friends of the victim. But, all the same, no other minor ailment has such a demoralising effect upon the sufferer, vividly summed up in the well-known description, attributed to every famous humourist from Sydney Smith to Mark Twain: "In the first hour you are afraid you will die, and in the second hour you are afraid you won't."

Fortunately for the Indian tourist, one is more subject to this distressing malady in short holiday trips in comparatively small steamers than in large ocean steamers. No doubt there are palliatives, but there is, of course, no infallible cure for *mal-de-mer*, *pace* the proprietors of various much-advertised quack nostrums and panaceas. Indeed, the only absolute cure for sea-sickness is a negative one, and that is the proverbial remedy of Punch: "Don't go to sea." Of all the popular remedies, Yanatas—a preparation which goes direct to the seat of the trouble by allaying the irritation of the pneumogastric nerve, is the most likely to be efficacious. It is certainly a useful palliative, and has indeed proved remarkably successful in many obstinate cases.

Those peculiarly subject to sea-sickness should live very simply for a few days before starting on a voyage, and take a mild aperient; and those of a full habit of body should be sparing in the matter of rich diet for two or three days before starting.

Effusion of blood to the brain and disturbance of the digestive system are, no doubt, the chief causes of sea-sickness; and certainly those of weak digestion are particularly susceptible to its attacks.

Then it is undeniable that, to put it bluntly, most people on board ship eat too much and take too little exercise. The over-indulgence in the rich dishes at the elaborate meals on the big ocean liners—where even at breakfast there are more courses than most passengers are accustomed to at dinner at home—is a bad preparation for a severe attack of *mal-de-mer*. Naturally, during the attack the victims are not inclined to eat at all. Consequently it is not surprising that this alternation of repletion and starvation plays havoc with the digestive organs; and, of course, with these organs thus overstrained, the passenger is considerably handicapped in a serious bout of sea-sickness.

For severe attacks there are many medical remedies which would probably be efficacious. For instance, applying a mustard-

plaster leaf to the stomach and a hot-water bottle to the feet will tend to allay the nausea and vomiting.

A simpler and pleasanter remedy is a dose of three or four drops of chloroform on a lump of sugar, or a dose of fifteen grains of bromide of soda and five grains of antipyrin in half-a-wineglassful of water. Some medical men recommend cocaine tablets (consisting of one-twentieth of a grain) every hour or so till the nausea is arrested, while some pin their faith to chlorobrom, a compound of chloralamide and bromide of potassium, originally prescribed by the late Professor Charteris of Glasgow.

Another and less stringent remedy is bicarbonate of soda, which can be bought at any chemist's. Enough to cover a sixpenny-piece in half-a-wineglassful of water is a sufficient dose.

But it cannot be too much insisted on that no drugs should be taken except as a last resource and *only with a doctor's sanction*. Their indiscriminate use is exceedingly dangerous.

In obstinate cases it will often be found that wearing an ice-belt will minimise the feeling of nausea, or if ice be not obtainable the application of a cold compress along the spine is nearly as effective. Even tightening the belt round the waist will often afford some measure of relief.

As for the traveller's home-made remedies for *mal-de-mer*, they are as the sands of the sea for number, ranging from drinking a glass of hot milk, to prevent straining on an empty stomach, to the consumption of a couple of apples. Some travellers implicitly believe in the quaint treatment of keeping one eye shut while the gaze of the other is steadily fixed on the sea!

As to beverages, stout, in spite of its popularity, is perhaps the worst of all. Iced dry champagne is about the most suitable, though it is more useful in the depressing and exhausting stages of a long attack than at the beginning. It should, in short, be regarded as a palliative rather than a preventive.

A favourite specific with captains of Atlantic liners is what is popularly known as a "prairie oyster." This consists of a dessert-spoonful of vinegar, the yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, and a dash of brandy, beaten up in a wineglass. Some add a little cayenne pepper to the mixture.

Drowning.—The right methods for restoring an apparently drowned person may be easily summarised. The body should first be raised for about a minute with the chest well above the head, and the tongue drawn forward. This is to allow water that

has got into the air passages to run out.¹ Then some system of artificial respiration should be practised for at least two hours, and in the meantime the body should be stripped, and vigorously rubbed from below upwards. The best and simplest method of inducing artificial respiration is to kneel behind the head of the patient (who should be laid flat on the ground on his back, with a pillow under the shoulders), grasping the arms above the elbow, and bringing them slowly, and without jerking, up above the head to their full extent, holding them in that position for a second and then returning them slowly to the patient's side, pressing them in close. This should be repeated some fifteen to twenty times a minute, and continued for *at least two hours*.

When there are any signs of returning life, a few drops of brandy should be poured down the throat (but with great care, or suffocation might result), and the patient put to bed with hot bottles at feet and sides.

Sunstroke.—The treatment is continuous douching of head and shoulders with cold water. Give at once hot-water enema or an emetic, or even both, and put patient to bed, with cold-water compresses (which should be changed frequently) along the spine. Better still, apply an ice-bag to back of neck. If exhaustion cause the sufferer to faint, the treatment is the same as that for an ordinary fainting fit.

SURGERY, ROUGH AND READY

Broken Leg.—This should be bound firmly to the sound leg and an improvised splint tied on the outer side. The patient must, of course, be carried to the nearest house or camp. A hammock can be improvised by running a stick through the sleeves of a great-coat or ulster, and in carrying the bearers should "break step" to lessen the jolting.²

Bruises.—The treatment is similar to that for sprains.

Cuts.—Cleanse with an antiseptic solution, such as boracic acid, and then bring the edges together with strips of plaster,

¹ To facilitate this a rubber band (or failing this a piece of tape or a strip torn from a handkerchief) should be slipped over tongue and chin.

² I have known a case in New Zealand in which a man, when prospecting alone, broke his leg, and managed, by resting the broken limb on the sound one, and *crawling on his back head foremost*, to proceed nearly two miles before he was picked up.

taking care to leave intervals to allow of any discharge. If the cut is extensive, sewing will be required ; but this demands considerable skill, and the untrained had better not attempt it.

Sprains. Bandage the part with a cloth that has been dipped in cold water, and keep the bandage cool by frequently pouring cold water over it. The homely remedy of holding the sprained part under the cold water tap is not, of course, possible when the traveller is on a camping tour.¹

Thermometer, Clinical.—A Kew registered one essential, but the rapid "one minute" ones should not be implicitly believed in. Always safer to allow at least two minutes.

Water.—See Filters.

Weights and Measures—

| <i>Solid</i> | <i>Liquid</i> |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 15½ grains = 1 gramme. | 1 minim = 1 drop. |
| 60 grains = 1 drachm. | 60 minims = 1 drachm. |
| 437 grains = 1 oz. | 8 drachms = 1 oz. |
| 1 kilogramme (nearly) = 2 lb. 3 oz. | 20 oz. = 1 pint. |

A teaspoonful is approximately equal to 1 fluid drachm.

A dessertspoonful is approximately equal to 2 fluid drachms.

A tablespoonful is approximately equal to ½ oz.

Four tablespoonfuls are equal to 1 wineglassful.

A tumblerful is approximately equal to half-a-pint.

A litre is approximately equal to 1¾ pint.

Some of these hints are taken from my "Practical Hints for Travellers in the Near East" (Marlborough).

III. TRAVEL HINTS: VOYAGE TO INDIA

Baggage.—The amount of baggage allowed by the various steamship companies does not materially differ. Usually about 3 cwt. first and 1½ cwt. second class are allowed free. Some companies reckon by cubic feet, 40 feet being allowed first and 20 feet second class. The following table will serve as an indication of the amount of free baggage allowed :—

¹ The latest medical theory advocates fomentation with water and vinegar as hot as it can be borne—a treatment the very reverse of the time-honoured cold-water cure.

| Length | | Breadth | | Depth | | Cubic Contents | |
|--------|--------|---------|--------|-------|--------|----------------|--------|
| Feet | Inches | Feet | Inches | Feet | Inches | Feet | Inches |
| 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| 2 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 3 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| 3 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 9 | 5 |
| 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 13 | 6 |
| 3 | 0 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 27 | 0 |
| 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| 3 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 11 |
| 3 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 15 | 9 |

Strictly, no trunk exceeding the limits of 3 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot 3 inches is allowed in the cabin, but this rule is not rigidly enforced on some lines.

By all lines matches are looked upon as dangerous contraband, and a heavy fine is inflicted on those taking them in their luggage. I have known a case where a passenger was fined £50 by a well-known steamship company for having two boxes of wax vestas in his luggage without notifying the officials.

Cabin, Selection of.—Obtain, if possible, an outside cabin, and one as much amidships as possible. For the outward voyage an outside cabin on the port side is preferable, and on the starboard side on the return voyage. In the big mail steamers the first-class cabins are arranged with due consideration to the unpleasantness of the proximity of the engines or cooking-galley, but in the smaller ships the passengers should take the necessary precautions. In any case, always study the steamer chart before booking. From October to December the outward-bound P. & O. steamers are usually very crowded, and if time be no object, it might be well to book by an intermediate Calcutta steamer. For place at table arrange with chief steward. If a place is allotted at the captain's table the chief steward will expect a tip as well as table steward. Arrange with bath-man or cabin steward about booking a time for bath-room.

Fares (see also "Complete Tourist in India" chapter).—Families of not less than three are usually allowed a reduction of ten per cent. on the full fares. For servants there are two rates—European and native.

Children's Fares.—As a rule children under three years are carried free, and children between three and twelve years pay half fares. On some lines, however, children over three years are charged at the rate of one-sixteenth of the full fare for each year.

Meals, Hours of.—Breakfast, usually from 8-30 to 10 A.M.; lunch, 1 P.M.; afternoon tea, 4-30 or 5; dinner, 7 P.M.; and sandwiches and other light refreshments at 10 P.M.

Medical Attendance.—Though the medical officer on most lines is not entitled to charge for attendance, it is usual to pay a fee.

Outfit for Voyage.—It is the exception not to dress for dinner on board, but a dinner jacket takes the place usually of the full dress coat. On the P. & O. boats in particular the passenger who ignores this sumptuary convention would probably feel a little "out of it." Tennis shoes and patent leather shoes should replace ordinary boots. Boots that require blacking are intolerable on a voyage. A simple cloth hold-all with a dozen pockets, to hang up in the cabin, will add much to the comfort of the passenger. It should be furnished with straps or strong tapes, so as to serve as a travelling toilet-case.

"For ladies, a tweed or serge travelling dress, with comfortable travelling coat and neat hat for the first part of the voyage, will prove sufficient. For the warmer portion, drill, linen, tussore, or thin flannel gowns will be found most comfortable. Blouses, shady hats, and an evening skirt with a light silk or other suitable bodice for evening wear may be added. It is wise to arrange so as to have easy access to a more elaborate toilette in case of dances or other entertainments which often enliven the tedium of the voyage. Canvas shoes for deck use are convenient; if with rubber soles they give a better foothold in rough weather, but are somewhat trying to the feet, particularly in the warmer latitudes. Both gentlemen and ladies should have dressing-gowns for use in going to and from their baths; and a dust cloak of some light material of neutral tint is invaluable for keeping the clothes clean when travelling."—"Imperial Guide to India."

Quarantine.—All companies require the passenger detained by quarantine to pay for his keep—usually ten shillings a day for first class.

"In case of illness, on the Ship's surgeon's certificate, a passenger may be put on shore at any port of call, the company undertaking to convey him to his destination as soon as he is in a fit state to travel. Cost of transshipment and maintenance on

shore is at the charge of the passenger."—Bradshaw's "Overland Guide."

Return Fares.—On all lines these fares are calculated on the basis of one and a half the single fare : and they are good for two years.

Tips to Stewards.—The usual rule of allowing one-tenth of the passage-money for fee would be unnecessarily lavish on the P. & O. mail steamers where £52 is charged for a three weeks' (or two weeks' from Marseilles) voyage. £1 to cabin steward, 10s. to £1 to table steward, 5s. each to smoking-room steward and bath-room steward would be suitable gratuities. On the smaller lines, City, Anchor, etc., two-thirds of the above amount would suffice. It is advisable to pay half the intended gratuity at the beginning of the voyage, letting it be understood that this will be supplemented by a further tip at the end of the voyage, if the steward's services be satisfactory.

RAILWAY TRAVEL

In addition to the hints given in "The Complete Tourist in India" chapter, the following may be of service.

Bedding.—Bedding must always be taken even when visiting friends. This consists usually of a pair of sheets, a pillow, rug and a *rezai*, that is a quilt stuffed with cotton. This can be bought at any Bazaar for about five or six rupees.

Refreshment.—Most of the through trains on the trunk lines are provided with well-equipped dining cars. Indeed on the famous Bombay-Poona express a passenger can obtain a dinner at a moderate price hardly to be equalled in the best hotel in India.

But when passengers are dependent on refreshment-rooms it is best to be provided with a luncheon basket. This should include in addition to a cold chicken, biscuits, potted meats, Swiss milk, Brand's Essence, methylated spirits and tea outfit. Avoid tea and especially milk at the less important refreshment-rooms.

Fares.—Railway fares are moderate, about three halfpence a mile first class, and half that sum second, while for over 300 miles the fares are slightly less. But the fares of mountain railways—*e.g.* Siligarh to Darjeeling and Kalka to Simla—are considerably higher.

Luggage.—The free allowance of luggage is one and a half

maunds (a maund is 80 lbs.) first class and half this amount second class.

All first and second class carriages have lavatories attached, and reserved compartments for ladies can generally be obtained at twenty-four hours' notice.

Railway Time.—For some inscrutable reason only Madras time is kept on all railways. Calcutta is 33, Allahabad 7 minutes ahead of ordinary time, and Delhi 13, Agra 10, Lahore 23, Karachi 52 minutes behind railway time. Newman's "Indian Bradshaw" (eight annas) gives much valuable information on most of these points.

Tips.—For coolies carrying luggage one anna a package is liberal. Waiters at refreshment-rooms should be satisfied with two or three annas, while the butler of the dining car on a long railway journey might be given half-a-rupee. If practicable always do your tipping yourself.

IV. BABUISMS

BABUISMS, like the theological howlers of undergraduates (which are popularly supposed to be invented by Dons in their rare moments of relaxation in college common rooms), are usually factitious or fictitious. The following are, however, supposed to be genuine.

A Babu convert, being ignorant as to the correct mode of addressing a lady missionary, taking a line from a clergyman being addressed as Reverend Sir, began his letter "Pious Miss."

There is a story told of a Bengal Babu travelling by rail, whose wife had been insulted by a drunken soldier. When he complained to the magistrate, he was naturally asked why he did not interfere. Whereupon he replied, "Your Honour, I am a fearful man."

The Pioneer is responsible for the following delightful example of a letter from a Babu, proposing marriage, addressed to the father of his lady-love:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is with a flattering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret

passion has firing my bosom internally with love for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love-knot that is being constructed in my within side, but the humid lamp of affection still nourishes my love-sickened heart. Hoping that you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom, and thereby acquire me into your family circle.

Your dutiful son-in-law,

An Indian native doctor's certificate of death, quoted by *The Pioneer*, runs :—" I am of a mind that he died (or lost his life) for want of foodings, or on account of starvation. Maybe also for other things of his comfortables, and most probably he died of drowning."

An even more typical case, perhaps, was that of the Parsee doctor who, calling professionally on two ladies whose husbands were absent on duty, thought he was condoling handsomely with them, and in the most approved polite fashion, by assuring them on his departure that he was " very sorry to see a couple of such abandoned women."

The following letter was sent by a young Madrassee servant to his Mem Sahib when leaving India :—

" DEAR AND HONOURED MADAM,—I send you a bouquet of flowers as a token of the esteem and regard I have to you for your kindness during time I am in your service.

" Alas ! the flowers will soon fade, and their perfume vanish, but you, my dear Mrs Tompkinson, will smell for ever," etc. etc.

A London daily vouches for the authenticity of the following letter, in which a Babu writes of his attainments :—" As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am now masticating." This is almost as big an achievement as that of the lady novelist's Oxford hero, who won a scholarship called an ægrotat, and was consequently excused Smalls.

In one of the lesser Indian cities the clerk in charge of the official documents is a Hindoo, with a peculiar knowledge of English. As rats did much damage to his papers he obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of them receiving rather better rations. A few weeks later the head office at Calcutta received this despatch :—

" I have the honour to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do ? "

To this problem there was vouchsafed no answer. After waiting a few days the Hindoo sent off a proposal :

“ In *re* absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into Government service a probationer cat on full rations.”

The collection of bona-fide Babuisms was one of the late Lady Curzon's hobbies in India, and Lord Curzon himself does not disdain to leaven his after-dinner speech with a few of these gems. At one of the annual Dinners of the Society of Authors he quoted one or two choice specimens of this eccentric vernacular. He was once addressed in a petition as “ Your Orpulent and Predominant Excellency,” and had wondered whether the intention of the petitioner would best be served by inserting a C or by omitting an R. Another had written of himself in relation to the Viceroy, “ as a baby waiting to receive his mother's milk.”

The following circular was sent out to their patrons by two Bombay merchants on the death of their father, who had been the head of the firm :—

“ GENTLEMEN,—We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet, and Mal. 15.00 rupees per chest. “ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? ”—We remain, etc.”

An Indian stationmaster, having been annoyed by a certain female milk hawker, addressed the following remonstrance to her employer :—

“ HONOURED SIR,—I beg you will remove your handmaiden of milk, as she is not good fellow, and we cannot stand her cheeks.”

Many Babu letters, it is to be feared, are either fictitious or considerably edited and embellished. The following one, which reaches me from Assam, is as authentic as it is diverting. It is an application from a native to the steamer agent at Dibrugarh (Assam) :—

“ Respectfully showeth that your humble practitioner is poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on season for the staff of life, therefore he falls upon his family's bended knees and implores of his merciful consideration for a damnable miserable like your honour's humble petitioner. That your humble

petitioner was too poorly during last rains and was trying vernacular medicine without effectuality, but was resuscitated by much medicine of Dr J. Lazarus, which made magnificent excava-tions in the coffers of your humble servant. That your petitioner has a large family of seven lives, two males and five females, last of whom is milking the paternal mother and is very noiseful, through pulmonary catastrophe in the interior abdomen. That your humble petitioner prays that if there is a place ever so small in your honour's benevolence, this slave will be allowed to creep in. For this act of kindness shall, as in duty ever bound, pray for your honour's longevity and procreativeness."

This in its way is even better than the historic one quoted by Mark Twain in "More Tramps Abroad," which describes the death of a distinguished Hindoo judge :

" And having said these words, he hermetically sealed his lips not to open them again. All the well-known doctors of Calcutta that could be procured for a man of his position and wealth were brought—Doctors Payne, Farrer, and Milmadhub, Mookerjee and others : they did what they could do, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge, but it proved after all as if to milk the ram. His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words, he remained *sotto voce* for a few hours, and then was taken from us at 6.12 P.M., according to the caprice of God which passeth understanding."

No doubt this peculiar vernacular, known as " Babu English," is partly due to the native's extraordinary facility in acquiring a smattering of a foreign language, and his inherent love for ornate phrases and idiomatic colloquialisms, which he uses with but slight understanding of their meaning.

But after all we are scarcely in a position to throw stones; Anglo-Indians are painfully familiar with ludicrous examples of ignorant use of Indian words and phrases by their fellow-countrymen. A typical one is that of the lady who took Zenana for the name of a native State. Still more amusing was the ignorance shown by a certain well-known American lady traveller who, in a book describing her travel experiences of India, when referring to social life in Simla, naïvely remarked that " all the ladies in this delightful hill station, where the snowy range is visible from the Mall, go about in pyjamas and rickshaws."

Then there is the much-quoted extract from an actual Indian

Mission Report which began : "Owing to the blessing of God on our work, the women's hospital is so crowded as to be quite insanitary."

Indeed, as Mr Sidney Low aptly observes in his "Vision of India" : "If English boys had to read the Chinese classics at school, and learn Chinese from masters who had never been nearer China than Dover beach, I daresay their literary style would cause amusement in Peking. We take young Hindoos, teach them a little English grammar, under native instructors, and then feed them on Shakespeare and Addison, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and the 'Essays of Elia.' No wonder the result is a little mixed."

"BABU ENGLISH"

By R. A. P.

So many admirable Babuisms have been invented that the genuine article often fails to make the reader smile, especially when it is not uttered in that *chee-chee* accent which is the most characteristic feature of the Hindoo English. Imagine a Yankee yarn told without some attempt at the "Amurrican" accent! Again, most authentic instances of Babu English are the work of men in a comparatively humble position in life—office-seekers, petitioners, clerks on tiny salaries—and it is perhaps hardly fair to make fun of the linguistic attempts of such people. Most educated Indians write and speak impeccable English. For instance, the Hon. Mr Gokhale possesses a gift of natural, unforced and elegant eloquence such as few Englishmen share. If then I venture to quote some scraps from a big bundle of petitions and other papers lent me by a friend, I must premise that they are the blunders of very humble folk, men whose like in England would not dream of using any other tongue than their own:

Many of them come from the pen of that ubiquitous and irrepressible personage the *Umedwar*, the "man of hope," the humble petitioner for employment at ten or twelve rupees a month.

Some of them, poor fellows, are very hard pressed to find reasons for putting forward their claims. For instance :—

"I beg most devoutly to bring to your formidable notice that I got twice plucked in the B.A. examination, and am a native of the Province. *With these humble certificates*, I beg you to favour me with a post."

Another applicant began thus :—

“ In making this more than one effectual effort and abstaining from all interruption of speech that may provoke wantonly of your Honour’s passion for teasing you in this matter, I most humbly beg, etc. etc.”

One petition concluded with this irresistible peroration :—

“ In fine I should like to state that God will certainly assist you to Heaven provided you do help this poor and helpless man.”

One successful petitioner, with a real touch of pathos, thus quaintly expressed his gratitude :—

“ My relations uttered aloud their highest praises, and my uncle and aunt, who are verging on 100, blessed your Honour, madam and children, and prayed to God with tears of Glory!”

Sometimes petitions for posts are cunningly, vainly, and against rules addressed to the *wives* of officials, with a touching belief in British uxoriousness. One of these begins thus :—

“ Before I enter to give you an account as to *how* I am, I think it advisable on my part to make some preliminary remarks as to *who* I am so as to deprive my subsequent sincere affection from its being reduced to officiousness or intrusion.”

Another petitioner indulges in a flight of poetical fancy which is probably borrowed from vernacular literature. His appeal runs thus :—

“ As a man, in wilderness, stricken by severe storm, runs out in great despair to take shelter in to a neighbouring large tree (which by virtue of its philanthropic quality never denies shelter) so I, entirely beaten and thrashed by the severe storm of worldly circumstances, have presented before you to have a kind treatment.”

As most people know, “chits” or “certificates” are much valued as charms for conciliating the mysterious powers that confer appointments. For instance :—

“ You know me well from my earliest state. I have no such a old master as you. You are parents of mine. Therefore I beg your Honour that you will kindly be good enough to get me a Certificate which I shall always salute as You, and by which I shall be set free from any danger.”

But not every writer of this queer dialect is an applicant. Here is a person who stabled his pony in the kitchen of a dak bungalow, and was asked to explain.

“SIR,—I have the honour to explain that I met one mother tiger and two cubs on the way and the stable was not entirely fenced, so for fear of being taken away by tiger, and without knowing that to be a cook-shed, my syce kept my pony in the cook-shed. I beg to say I will be very careful about this in future.”

This somewhat mysterious communication is an authentic police report on the subject of a case of suspected murder :—

“As directed, I went to the spot, and from the evidence of the men noted in the margin as well as from the very sight of the dead body it was proved to my satisfaction that the man has really died by his own sickness under a large stone that stood like a hut near the village where he lived and refused to go to lived with relations and friends. I have *therefore* made over the dead body to the relations of the deceased.”

If the tourist secures, as he may easily secure, the trust and liking of his attendants, he will probably hear from one or other of his servants, after he has left India. One such wrote to his old master :—

“MOST VENERABLE SIR, it is with a devout and heart-felt regret I beg to say that since departure of your honourable self it seems to me that a calf without his mother !”

Metrical specimens of Babu literature must be regarded with suspicion. Most of the humorous examples which find their way into English newspapers are factitious. All genuine vernacular verse is intended to be sung. The following Babu love song, for instance, though excruciatingly funny, is evidently the work of a facetious Englishman. It purports to be composed by an amorous Babu.

A LOVE SONG

Come, oh my darling, come !
 Do you hear how the honey-bees hum ?
 I love you since last Autúmñ,
 I love you from heart's bottóm,
 Come, come, come !

Before leaving the subject of Anglo-vernacular verse I may say that translation from vernacular poetry into English is excessively difficult, and literal translation usually quite impossible. Especially is this the case with Hindoo verse, which is full of allusions to the Sanscrit classics such as would stump even learned European scholars. For instance, here is a literal translation of a pretty little lyric which will puzzle most English readers.

I

A very miracle—Listen, Lord of men,
 In the water of the *Kali* pool I saw it with my eyes,
 Lily maid in lily pond—Vanquishing lightning
 I saw the maid in the lily marsh.

II

With looks that askance—Vanquished the swift hind,
 Her hair like a snake's coil, brighter than lightning,
 The water, seizing her—Swallowed her suddenly,
 Suddenly it vomited up again her body.

III

Now I see her in the water—Now in the lily bed,
 Now the fair wanton hides in her veil,
 Brightly she shineth forth—Now in her happiness ;
 Now the Elephant casts her to the sky !

I must beg the reader to believe that the original is a little marvel of delicate amorousness.

Since most linguists, however gifted, rarely succeed in *thinking* in a foreign language, and therefore have necessarily to *translate* their thoughts into foreign speech, it is small wonder that the Babu's English contains expressions which puzzle or amuse us. On the other hand, Englishmen—and I fear I must add, especially Englishwomen—make even worse mistakes in the vernacular, and every Anglo-Indian has been astonished by the cleverness with which natives of India guess what the Sahibs and Mem-sahibs mean when they think they are talking Hindustani or some other vernacular language. For instance, I knew one lady who invariably used the past tense when she meant to use the future. She would tell her *khansamah* that she "wanted dinner for six

sahibs at eight o'clock yesterday," and the intelligent domestic would duly furnish a meal for six at eight the *next* day without the quiver of a muscle. Perhaps I may be allowed to retell an ancient Anglo-Indian yarn about a Colonel of old times whose regiment of Irregular Cavalry had been converted as a reward for valour into Regular Cavalry, and had received a medal. He is said to have addressed them as follows:—"Oh, pig-people; before, ye were raw pigs, now are ye regular pigs. To every pig will be given a pair of spectacles!" There was an almost excusable confusion between *sawâr* and *sûr*, between *chasma* and *takma*. But I might quote many such mistakes on the part of "mine own people."

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