

See India

With Me

JANE A. TRACY

SEE INDIA WITH ME

By

Jane A. Tracy



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Publishers

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DEDICATED TO
PROFESSOR ALBERT E. BAILEY
WHO SO INTELLIGENTLY CONDUCTED MY
SMALL PARTY THROUGH INDIA THAT I AM
ABLE TO PRESENT THIS BOOK
TO THE PUBLIC.

THE AUTHOR.

Preface

WITH the war-racked world still unsettled and unhappy, few, if any, tourists have planned a visit to India for any length of time for pleasure, so this account of my trip may be as interesting as though a number of years had not passed since the tour was taken.

My party of four traveled ten thousand miles throughout India in a private railway car. This was novel indeed, but a success from start to finish, for we became acquainted with India in a way few tourists have opportunity and, at the same time, lived under sanitary conditions, in comfort, in a home on wheels—which impressed not only the railroad companies from whom we secured the cars, but many people whom it was our pleasure to meet in places visited. When we sought opportunities to return courtesies, one request was, "Let us dine with you on your car that we may see how you live." Sixteen guests was the limit at any one time, and rarely did we dine alone, thus making our evenings delightful with merriment and jest. During the five months passed in India we were guests at only five hotels: in Bombay, Calcutta, Simla, Darjeeling, and Madras.

Sincere appreciation is here expressed for the kindness shown us by the many Station Masters. Often the car would remain several days in some stations, a week or more in others. These gentlemen were untiring in

PREFACE

their effort that all sanitary laws should be complied with and our creature comforts well looked after. Every window and door was screened and curtained, tanks kept filled, and electric light bulbs frequently renewed. From eleven to three o'clock each day the car was run into the station to avoid the heat, and later placed outside in the quiet of the train yard for the night.

A general letter from the railroad officials was given us to present to each Station Master on arrival, but this was unnecessary for they were always on the platform as the car rolled into the station, with a warm welcome and a desire to further our interests. Notice of the day and hour of departure must be placed in their hands twenty-four hours before. Only one or two trains were not at our disposal. Our manner of living was under our personal supervision, and during the months lived on the car there was no illness or accident.

My memories of India are delightful and I trust those who read my story may be impressed that travel in India, or any other country where living conditions seem impossible, may be free from many difficulties if gratuitous advice is accepted.

When stating facts regarding India, I have quoted from well-known writers: Fergusson, Sarstacht, Von Olrich, Colonel Cunningham, Dr. Burnell, and others.

JANE A. TRACY.

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Off for India	1
II. Bombay	11
III. Our First Car	21
IV. Ajmer	38
V. Udaipur	43
VI. Chitorgarh and the Deserted City of Chitor	48
VII. Nearing the Vale of Kashmir	53
VIII. Life on the House-Boat	60
IX. Srinagar	71
X. Up the River	80
XI. Peshawar and the Kyber Pass	90
XII. Lahore	98
XIII. Amritsar	107
XIV. Simla	112
XV. Delhi	115
XVI. Delhi (Continued)	126
XVII. Agra	137
XVIII. Agra (Continued)	145
XIX. The Pink City	157
XX. The Old Gawlior Fort	163
XXI. Cawnpore and Lucknow	166
XXII. Allahabad	170
XXIII. Benares	178
XXIV. Calcutta	192
XXV. Across India	202
XXVI. Madras	212
XXVII. Ceylon	228

Illustrations

	<i>Facing Page</i>
Houseboat on the Jhellum	60
Our Home on Wheels in India	90
Where Stood the Peacock Throne	130
Tomb of I-Timad-Ud-Daula	142
Bathing Ghats and Monkey Paradise at Jaipur	158
The Elephant Which Took Us to the Deserted City Amber	238

CHAPTER I.

Off for India

THE S. S. Moldavia of the Peninsular Oriental Steamships Company was ready to cast off and sail for India three weeks after England had declared war against Germany. Arriving at the pier was a party of four Americans, three ladies and a gentleman, who had motored down from London to sail away to that land of mystery,—India. Tickets and passports examined, luggage put aboard, from the promenade deck they watched the steamer move out from her berth. Crowds filled the pier; excitement and apprehension were rife as to the safety of this ship on its long voyage to the Orient.

No friends were on the pier to wish this party bon voyage save the chauffeur with whom they had been touring the British Isles since June, and he had expressed misgivings as to the wisdom of taking this long voyage, not knowing if they would reach India without accident or unusual incident. Home friends disapproved with letters and cables up to the hour of sailing. Plans for this tour to India had been made and accepted for more than a year, and we reasoned that the war had been on for only three weeks, consequently little fear was apprehended that India would not be safely reached. We decided to take the chance. What follows is the result of that chance.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Soon after leaving Tillbury a German stowaway was discovered, causing no slight excitement to officers, crew, and passengers. Little else was thought or talked of to Dover where the Moldavia was greeted with a brilliant illumination from the searchlights on the naval ships, the harbor appearing as day. Hours were taken for exploring every nook and corner, fearing other intruders or possible damage to the ship. When ordered to proceed, two cruisers accompanied her to Plymouth, where the spy was interned, the Moldavia continuing on her voyage. No passenger had even a peep at the German intruder or knew his place of confinement, but later it was reported the man confessed he was alone, trying to reach India to join the Emden. He had entered a coal bunker at night and had been three days without food or water.

Between Plymouth and Gibraltar all passengers were ordered to pass before the Captain and officers, show their passports, give their names in full, tell from what country they came, where they were going, what party they were with, and its number. As a result six Americans found each other, which added greatly to the pleasure of the sea voyage.

From England to India the Moldavia was protected by either English or French cruisers. At times lights were ordered extinguished, wireless disallowed, curtains drawn, our ship sailing on,—a phantom of the sea.

At Gibraltar no foreigners were allowed to land; no kodaks could be used. Rain fell steadily, the fog enveloped the ship like a pall, and looking into the water from the decks could be seen what devices had been used

OFF FOR INDIA

to prevent any ship entering without a pilot. No fortifications were necessary in the Near East in 1913 when I was there, but today all was changed.

The capture of a merchant ship in the Mediterranean relieved the monotony of our daily life, causing quite an excitement. The *Moldavia* and an English steamer were hailed by two cruisers who gave orders regarding lights, wireless, and drawing of curtains. Meager news from the seat of war was most unsatisfactory. A third ship coming from the east was being watched, and in a short time was sandwiched between the two cruisers so closely it seemed the smaller ship must be crushed. Quickly a French flag flying at the stern of the merchant ship was hauled down, and everyone knew that a German ship had been captured.

The first Sunday was passed at Malta, the ship sailing into the harbor of Valetta in the early morning. This is a harbor equally divided, one side being for the naval ships and the other for merchantmen. All passengers were allowed ashore, small boats bringing them alongside the marble steps of the quay where guides were in waiting to conduct them to points of interest that could be compassed in one day.

Valetta, named for Jean de la Valetta, the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, has fine buildings, and wide roads of limestone which are so dazzling eyes suffer, necessitating not only the wearing of dark glasses and veils but the use of parasols. Oleander trees lined the roadways and sidewalks, beautiful with their clusters of pink and white flowers, which

SEE INDIA WITH ME

were in greater profusion than in any country I had ever visited. The city gates were opened wide to receive us, and soon all were riding through the flower-lined streets and past artistically laid out gardens, fine buildings, and beautiful estates. The main street led to the highest point of the city from which there was an extended view of the island in all directions. The guide pointed out with the aid of glasses the catacombs in the old, old city Valetta on the western end of the island.

Built into the pavements were vaults with tightly fitted covers; these were public granaries to which farmers bring their produce to be protected from dampness. The sanitary conditions of this island seemed excellent, and the public buildings, officers' and soldiers' quarters were clean and well ventilated.

Memory will recall that Malta was captured by knights from the Island of Rhodes, who left their homes to find a place of freedom to worship God as they desired. In the Chapel of Bones the black marble altar is ornamented with the skulls of the early inhabitants; the ceiling and side wall with designs made from the bones of their skeletons.

The largest church is St. John's, built by Cæsar in the early part of the sixteenth century and now the show place of the city. The altar in the main church is silver, as well as those in the chapels, the chapels being dedicated to knights of other countries. The frescoes on the ceiling are very fine and are ascribed to Caravaggio, while the incrustations of gold on the side walls are most beau-

OFF FOR INDIA

tiful. The floors are marble slabs inlaid in color with coats of arms of knights interred beneath.

The Armory held interesting relics of warfare besides old deeds and manuscripts. The original deed granted to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem by Pope Pascal II in 1126 was in a glass case. The date of their leaving the Island of Rhodes is given as A.D. 1522.

Valetta has been the home of many nationalities; Phœnicians, 1500 B.C.; Greeks, 750 B.C.; Carthaginians, 500 B.C.; Romans, towards the end of the Punic War; Goths and Vandals, A.D. 420; Byzantine Empire, A. D. 520; the Moslems and Count Roger, A.D. 720; Normans, A.D. 1100. Even the French kings were conquerors. Napoleon Bonaparte arrived on the seventh of June, 1798, with a fleet of eighteen ships of the line, eighteen frigates, and six hundred transports,—and Malta surrendered. The French sacked the city, burned and pillaged, and before departing planted a tree of liberty before the palace. September 2, 1798, a revolt took place, and Nelson blockaded Valetta. General Vau-bois surrendered to Nelson on September 5, 1800.

The knights had their own mint, fleet, and army, and were accredited ambassadors to foreign courts. In the archives were letters addressed to them from Henry VIII, Charles II, and Queen Anne.

Early in the evening we were rowed back to the ship, a tired crowd, but well satisfied with our day on the Island of Malta. The moon was full and far up in the zenith when our gallant ship steered for the open sea whose surface was without a ripple, and the air so soft

SEE INDIA WITH ME

and balmy that following dinner many lounged on the deck until a late hour, discussing Malta and the interesting day passed there.

Ships sailing east or west on the Mediterranean reach the harbor of Port Said in daylight and ours was no exception. Entering the Suez Canal for the first time is impressive, for two long arms of heavy stone stretch far out into the sea, offering protection to ships from storm and wind. At the extreme end of the western arm stands the statue of a tall, well-proportioned man, De Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. His left hand holds a map, his right extends toward Port Said, bidding welcome to every ship. Alas, the impressive entrance is all that can be said of Port Said, for a more uninteresting and unattractive place cannot be imagined, and every tourist dreads the long hours necessarily passed there. Many officers left the ship here to join their regiments, and hours passed in discharging and taking on cargoes for the Far East. In the slips along the canal were foreign vessels which had secured places of safety for the duration of the war. The Moldavia brought orders from England that all ships should leave within twenty-four hours or be captured. Consternation reigned. Where should the fifty or more ships go? Departure meant capture.

The uniting of the Mediterranean and Red Seas was considered long before the birth of Christ, and wise men and potentates toyed with the idea from early ages, according to history, but it was left for De Lesseps to consummate the project, though little honor is due him for

OFF FOR INDIA

the methods he employed in gaining concessions from Viceroy Said and Baron Ishmal. Not an engineer, but a diplomat, not always honorable in his diplomatic relations, many of his acts connected with this deal would not bear the light of investigation. Viceroy Said signed the document in 1865, and the canal was finished and opened with great enthusiasm and brilliancy in 1869. How few now living can recall the large hotel which was built at Cairo to house the French Emperor and his wife, the French officials, and invited guests. De Lesseps received an ovation, all forgetting for the moment its cost of one hundred million dollars, more than a million dollars a mile, and the fact that the poor Egyptians must shoulder the major part of this debt, receiving small compensation. The value of the canal is for ships carrying cargoes from the Far East to the West, and vice versa. The canal proper is eighty-six miles long, and the limit of speed five and one-half miles an hour except while passing through two lakes, when speed is increased.

The over-crowded condition of our ship was relieved at Port Said, few coming aboard to travel East. The midnight bells had sounded before the ship left to pass through the canal, a full moon and cloudless sky giving promise of great pleasure. No one thought of turning in until the Red Sea was reached, so perfect was the night, so beautiful the scene. On either side of the canal stretched the great deserts, the yellow sand shimmering in the ravishing moonlight. Occasionally, in the far distance, an oasis could be outlined, with camels and Bedouins moving in the dim light. The stillness was

SEE INDIA WITH ME

almost oppressive, broken only by the braying of the donkeys and the gentle swish of the water against the ship as she glided onward.

No one wished for speed, for a veil of mystery hung over all. The point of division of the waters for the passing of the Children of Israel was pointed out and brought vividly to mind the hordes of chariots, horsemen, and men on foot rushing to their death in the oncoming waters. Dawn was approaching, moon and stars were lessening in brightness, and soon the sun in all his strength would be master of the day.

Passengers who had enjoyed the mysteries of the previous night appeared on deck late in the afternoon, to find the ship well on its way through the Red Sea, the water like glass and the heat intense. A view of Mount Sinai is seldom obtainable but today it stood clean cut against the sky, a reminder of the long stay of Moses on the top where he received instructions from God, and the Decalogue, and of his anger and breaking the tablets of stone when returning he found the Children of Israel worshipping a golden calf.

The days on the Red Sea were tiresome. Hours passed in trying to keep cool, writing letters and reading about the countries to be visited. The days and nights grew warmer, and those passengers not comfortably housed on the ship suffered intensely from the heat, especially the children. They were allowed to sleep on the decks, taking their chance of being stepped on by the promenaders. Every minute of our waking hours was passed on deck where a breeze could be found while the

OFF FOR INDIA

ship was in motion. Exercise of the slightest character was out of the question.

The ship left Port Said August 29th, and Aden was reached late in the afternoon of September 6th. The S. S. Moldavia received an ovation as she entered the harbor, for every craft that possessed a whistle mingled with the hearty cheers of the soldiers and sailors and the music from the bands on the warships from Australia and New Zealand. These warships were filled to overflowing with soldiers on their way to France. They were eager for news, and shouted and yelled without cessation, but we had none to give. We had hoped for news from them and they gave us the startling information of the mysterious ship Emden, which was making such dreadful depredations in the Far East. In a few hours we would be sailing into the zone of this arch-enemy.

The noise and confusion ceased with the departure of the warships, but gathering darkness prevented a shore trip, much to our regret. The coaling of our ship was a trying experience in this hot harbor, and escape from the noise and dirt would have been a relief. The coaling finished, the ship was cleaned and the passengers allowed on deck where they remained until far outside Aden harbor, headed toward Bombay. Dinner was served on deck, and as the ship emerged from the harbor thankfulness was expressed for the breeze that greeted us. A cruiser stood by to escort us to Bombay which city should be reached in five days. Little else was talked of but the raids of the Emden and the horrors and dangers, if

SEE INDIA WITH ME

rumors were true. The unrivalled antics of that mysterious ship are too well known to mention here, but the relief of the Far East was very sincere when the Emden was captured near the Coos Islands and her officers and crew safely interned at Madras.

This long voyage from London to Bombay, taken under suppressed excitement and apprehension, was nearing its end and soon farewells would be said, each passenger going forth somewhere into India for pleasure, duty, or business. The S. S. Moldavia would then proceed to Shanghai, the termination of her long voyage, and the remaining ship's company would be scattered, perhaps never to meet again. Many charming people travel and delightful friendships are made that last to the end of life.

Two weeks later, from Bombay, friends en route to Singapore and China wrote of the detention of the Moldavia at Colombo for more than two weeks, fearful of capture by the Emden. The delay amounted to a severe trial to many who were ill-prepared for such an experience. The captain told them the ship was too valuable to run any risk of capture or destruction. Sorrow was ours when news came to the United States in 1918 that the S. S. Moldavia had been bombed in the Mediterranean. She was a gallant ship that carried us safely to India and we mourned her loss.

Our preparations for going ashore were made long before arriving at Bombay, for landing is attended with more or less excitement and no passenger wishes to forego the unexpected.

CHAPTER II.

Bombay

A STRANGE picture greeted us as we neared the quay at Bombay and glanced at the crowds waiting to catch a glimpse of the passengers disembarking from the large English steamer. This steamer had been our home since August twenty-second, and today was September fifteenth. The Orientals on the quay were a novel sight to those landing for the first time in India, and naturally the thought passing through each mind was, "What will be our experiences in this strange country?" Our light luggage was taken with us in the launches, the heavier landed from barges.

Bombay was one of twelve islands, but is now a part of the mainland, the narrow channels having been filled. Eleven and one-half miles long, it is a city of great beauty and is commercially one of the strongest and best known of any of the cities of the Far East.

The crowd gazed at us and we at them without annoyance or rudeness, for the custom of staring seems to be well established in the Far East and stare is met with stare. Mohammedans with vari-colored turbans on their heads were there in large numbers, the brilliant green bespeaking a pilgrimage to Mecca, while pink, yellow, and white signified other religious duties satisfactorily performed. Straw sandals protected their bare

SEE INDIA WITH ME

feet, while long white cotton outer garments floated, balloon-like, in the breeze. A few Mohammedans were in foreign dress, but the turban, which is never removed from the head excepting at night, was still their head-gear, giving an odd appearance. The turban is made of wide, soft material several yards in length wound round and round the head until perfectly adjusted, the short end tucked out of sight, the long end left to float in the breeze at will.

There are over sixty million Mohammedans in India, and it may be of interest to recall that Mohamet, the founder, was born at Mecca in A.D. 570, unknown until past forty, then claimed to have a call to go up into Mount Hira near Mecca and receive a divine communication to go forth to preach a new religion. Every mosque in the world today holds a relic of Mohamet even though it be nothing more than one of his red hairs, a leg or arm bone, or one of his vertebræ.

A large part of the population of Bombay are Parsees, a peculiar people who dominate the business life of Bombay. Every public hospital, charitable institution, notable statue and drinking fountain is traced to their benefaction. Extremely wealthy, they occupy the finest villas in the city, and are the leaders in club, banking, and commercial life. Parsees are Indians by adoption only, coming from Persia to escape the persecution of the Mohammedans twelve hundred years ago. Their creed claims descent from the Hebrew Prophet Daniel, and is expressed in three precepts of two words each: "Good Thoughts, Good Words, Good Deeds."

BOMBAY

The orthodox Parsees wear a white girdle of three coils as a reminder of the three precepts, but the unorthodox wear the visorless cap. The women dress in silk with soft embroidered scarfs on their heads. Both men and women are well educated, many artistically and professionally. They speak English fluently and are strong supporters of British rule in India, showing their loyalty in many ways especially during uprisings and wars.

Many Hindus were with the throng on the pier, dressed in simple white dresses over which was thrown a long white cloak, one end over the left shoulder. Their long black hair, wavy and oily, hung in ringlets about their ears. Their dreamy eyes suggested visions, for they are dreamers and give the impression of disinterestedness in this workaday world of ours. Their starved appearance distressed us at our first meeting with them, but later when we learned something of their religion, we were not so horrified at their emaciated faces and bodies.

Hindus have been in India over four thousand years, coming from Persia through the rocky defiles of the mountains of the Northwest. They conquered as they came, and settled in the district watered by the Sindhu River, now the Indus. Today they are found in greatest numbers in southwest India and along the shore of the Ganges. Modern Hinduism is not a creed, but a vast congeries of conflicting creeds which have been added to until a system of worship has been developed, typified by

SEE INDIA WITH ME

gods, goddesses, eminent men, ancestors, and objects both animate and inanimate.

The men in the long yellow robes, wandering about the pier and holding yellow fans before their faces when meeting people, were Buddhist priests and they were, indeed, strange people. Later we came to know them and discovered that what we considered fans were really hats.

Near the year 560 B.C. there was born to a king a son who was destined to be even greater than Rama or Krishna. No man, save Christ, has left a greater impression or had a greater number of followers than the great Buddah, for they number millions in Far Eastern countries. Buddhist literature is found in eight or more different languages, while the life of Buddah can be found in a work called "The Lalita-Viastara," translated by Max Müller.

Jews, not unlike the Jews of Palestine, were wandering up and down with the crowds, but no attention was given them by us.

As we reached the street from the quay, we met an excited crowd. Bullock carts, carriages, and motors blocked the way and shouting cab drivers and motormen were insistent that we take their conveyance to the Taj Mahal Hotel. It was a bit bewildering, their jargon not intelligible and we were glad to find ourselves in a motor whirling to the hotel away from this confusion.

At the hotel no rooms were reserved as ordered. The manager had received word for the reservations the April before, but feeling sure no tourists would arrive on the

BOMBAY

Moldavia owing to the war, he had given the rooms to officers and their families waiting for steamers to England. He took care of us to the best of his ability turning parlors with Oriental furnishings into bedrooms without bedroom conveniences and ill adapted to our needs. Without a murmur we accepted what was offered and managed in all sorts of ways to make ourselves passably comfortable, and succeeded, for the major portion of our time was passed outside the hotel.

Our quarters looked over the sea toward Elephantine Island where are the Cave Temples we hoped to visit before leaving Bombay.

Our long tour throughout India was to follow our visit here and kept us busy shopping a goodly portion of every day, for the car we were to occupy had to be furnished with everything the same as a new home. When not shopping, every moment was spent in sightseeing, and later when traveling northward and talking over Bombay we were surprised at what we had accomplished.

These were the days of the monsoon when the wind blew continuously from the southwest, causing heavy showers which fell without warning. The atmosphere was sultry, enervating, and uncomfortable, causing little enthusiasm for sightseeing, but with limited time feelings could not be considered and sightseeing was faithfully pursued under any and all conditions.

A Parsee called one day presenting a letter of introduction from a friend in America who had asked him to call. Speaking English fluently, he was interesting and charming and proved of value in arranging our itinerary for

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Bombay. He desired to entertain us but a date could not be arranged, which was regretted for a visit to the home of a Parsee would have proved of great interest.

An agreement was made by our party before leaving London for India that nothing should mar the pleasure of our trip. All kinds of experiences would be ours—and they were; but no one was injured, sick, or uncomfortable. This mysterious country appealed to all, and a knowledge of its people and its conditions could be obtained in no other way than by living in the country among its people and studying their religions.

All arrangements for months of travel were made at this time including the use of private railway cars as far as that was possible. The Chief Engineer and the General Passenger Agent of the East India Railway were passengers on the ship coming out, and we were able to make preliminary arrangements with them for cars for the greater part of our tour throughout India. We found it would be necessary to use three railroad lines to tour the country. A car was furnished by the Cook Company of Bombay for Western India. From Rawal Pindi to the Kyber Pass and back to Calcutta, the car could be arranged for by the East India Railroad. That company could also arrange for the tour diagonally across country from Calcutta to within one hundred miles of Bombay and back to the East Coast and south to Amasvara, where a steamer would take us to Ceylon.

To see the great market occupied a day. This market, founded and built by Mr. Arthur Crawford, C. S. (Civil Service) Municipal Commissioner in 1865 was

BOMBAY

one of the finest buildings in Bombay. Foreign citizens appreciate this great market, for all foods are inspected by Commissioners who prevent withered vegetables, undesirable poultry and meats from being sold. A large fountain in the center throws spray upward twenty-five feet or more, thus cooling the air and freshening the atmosphere. A clock-tower one hundred and twenty-eight feet high surmounts the building, giving correct time to Bombay. A cross-barred iron roof covers the entire building, keeping out heat and rain. The floors are of stone, the stalls of marble. On the right of the entrance is sold fruit, flowers, and general merchandise; on the left, fish, meat, poultry, and vegetables. Guides pilot strangers through this great market to prevent their being defrauded by natives who play tricks on strangers unable to speak the language and know not the value of Indian money, nor the correct prices for commodities. There is always opportunity for vendors to ask unfair prices.

The Towers of Silence, the burial places of the Parsees, interested us greatly because of their unusualness. In Bombay the Towers number seven, being situated in the fashionable section of the city. Cards of introduction are necessary, and can be obtained from the Secretary of the Panchayat. A broad flight of steps leads to the gateway of the inner wall where an attendant meets strangers to give information and escort them through those portions of the Towers open to the public and explain the curious custom of disposing of the dead. Walking in this beautiful garden, a stone building is

SEE INDIA WITH ME

soon reached resembling a chapel, used for the services for the dead before the bodies are placed in the Towers.

Parsees believe that vultures should consume their dead and originated this method from the veneration the Parsees pay to the elements. Fire is too highly regarded to allow it to be polluted by burning the dead. Water is equally respected, and so is earth.

Zartast says there is another reason for this unusual disposition: "Rich and poor must meet in death." This saying has been interpreted literally and carried out by the devisors of these Towers.

When the body arrives at the lower gate, it is met by four Naar-Salars (Carriers of the Dead) followed by two bearded men and a large number of mourners who are robed in white. The mourners walk two and two, joined by a white cord symbolic of their mystic belief.

Inside the Tower, which is thirty feet high and fifteen wide, is a grilled iron shelf inclining gradually toward the center, and fastened to the inside wall five feet below the top. There is no roof save for the grill shelf which is spaced off by a narrow walk from the outer wall to the center, for the convenience of the Naar-Salars in placing the bodies on the grill. The bodies are nude. Men are laid on the upper shelf nearest the outer wall, women on the next lower, and children on the lowest. The Naar-Salars withdraw after placing the bodies on the shelves, returning in an hour to find only skeletons, as the vultures require that length of time to complete their work. The eye is the choice morsel to the vulture. The skeleton is left to dry in the sun and wind, after

BOMBAY

which the Naar-Salars pick up the bones and cast them into the well below where, mixed with chloride of lime, they crumble quickly into dust. This dust accumulates so slowly that in many years it will not rise above five feet. The Naar-Salars retire to the purifying place after the vultures leave, bathe, cast away their garments, and withdraw from the public for a certain length of time.

According to Parsee standards, the dead are believed to be unclean. Those who handle the bodies and do the work in the Towers are assigned to a class by themselves and are never allowed to mingle with others of this strange religion. The Parsee believes that an awful curse will befall an unauthorized person who gazes upon a body or skeleton inside a Tower of Silence. Vultures seem to sense a burial for they come in flocks of five hundred or more when they are needed; otherwise scarcely one is seen. The number of burials is often from seven to twenty a day.

Our last sightseeing trip was to the military camp of the Ghurkas, one of the crack Indian regiments awaiting transportation to France. Every afternoon crowds went out to dress parade. Motoring out one afternoon, we found ourselves in the presence of a fine looking body of soldiers, the warlike Ghurkas from Nepal, a province of Northwest India, who have been a trial to England since her arrival hundreds of years ago. They are born fighters, and to conquer is their ambition and glory. They have no conception of honor or truth, never keeping an agreement and ever troublesome to their neighbors. They make treaties only to break them and fight

SEE INDIA WITH ME

on the slightest provocation. Their great strength lies in their military organization, as they are able to maintain three regiments for the expense of one English regiment. Each regiment numbers twelve thousand men. A Ghurka army once invaded Thibet, plundered the temples at Lhassa and Digarchi. They were never subdued by the British until after Lord Hatings' return to England.

As they stood at parade that September afternoon in their finely fitting uniforms, each man six feet or over, they were worthy of admiration and England could well be proud that such a body of men were going to her defense. They carried guns and wicked looking curved knives in their belts. Later, rumor floated to India that certain Indian regiments after battles had wandered among the German dead, cutting off their ears to adorn their own necks. When this rumor reached us, it suggested the thought that the Ghurkas might have committed this atrocity, as they looked quite equal to such a deed.

Little or no sunshine greeted us while in Bombay and nearly all sightseeing was accomplished in deluges of rain. Time and again our clothing was soaked, since neither rubbers, coats, nor umbrellas were of any assistance in keeping dry during these downpours. The trip to the Cave Temples at Elephantine Island was given up, as no boats were running there. Later, a visit of many days to the Cave Temples at Ellora dispelled our disappointment in not seeing those at Elephantine Island.

CHAPTER III.

Our First Car

EVERY arrangement was completed for our tour through Western India, and one evening found us on the regular train for Ahmadabad, where our private car was to be taken and occupied as a home. On the car we ate our first chotohazrie while waiting the arrival of the guide from Calcutta, who was to conduct us through India.

Ahmadabad, a beautiful city situated on the banks of the Sabamarta River, was built by Sultan Ahmad I in 1411. From 1573 to 1600 it was considered the largest, most influential, and handsome city in Western India, its population equalling the London of today. Ahmadabad has passed through two periods of greatness, two of decay, and one of revival. Its water supply is obtained from wells sunk in the river bed.

Writers cannot account for Ahmadabad being so little known today, for it ranks next to Delhi and Agra in beauty and extent of architectural remains. Dr. Burgess thinks "its architecture is a striking example of Hindu and Mohammedan forms." Their utilitarian buildings, wells, reservoirs, mosques, and palaces show their architectural greatness.

On many of the streets were seen the famous Jain feeding places for birds, which are a feature peculiar to

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Ahmadabad and most picturesque, being gaily painted, beautifully carved and ornamented.

The Jain Masjid (mosque, built by Sultan Ahmed I in 1424), stands near the center of the city on the main street. Mr. Fergusson says, "Though not remarkable for its size, it is one of the most beautiful mosques in the East." On the threshold under the old main arch and embedded in the pavement is a black marble slab brought from Chintaman's Temple, which, according to Thomas Hope, is a Jain idol turned upside down for the faithful to tread upon. The roof is supported by two hundred and sixty columns. There are fifteen cupolas, the center one much larger than the others. Two minarets at the corners lost half their height in the earthquake of June 16, 1819, yet today are forty-three feet high. In one of the three prayer niches are these words engraved in Arabic: "This high and far-reaching mosque was raised by a Slave who trusts in the mercy of God, the Compassionate, the Alone to be Worshipped." The Koran says: "Truly mosques belong to God; worship no one but Him."

In this mosque were seen the first marble fret windows, so delicate in tracery of tree, branch, and stem that Mr. Fergusson says: "It would be difficult to excel the skill with which vegetable forms are conventionalized just to the extent required for the purpose. The equal spacing, also, of the subject by the three ordinary trees and four palms takes it out of the category of direct imitation of nature and renders it sufficiently structural for its situation; but perhaps the greatest skill is shown

OUR FIRST CAR

in the even manner in which the pattern is spread over the whole surface." There are exquisite specimens of tracery in precious marbles in Delhi and Agra, but none equal this one that Fergusson speaks of at Ahmadabad.

These intricate designs are traced on a solid slab of marble one to two inches thick. The pattern is cut through with a file after which it is polished. These fret windows serve a double purpose, giving air and light and keeping out flies and insects which lose themselves in the intricate patterns. Designs differ greatly in different localities. Some are so delicate they have the appearance of lace, others are heavy and labored. Much time was spent studying these beautiful fret windows, for it was difficult to comprehend how the work was ever accomplished, what tools were used, and what manner of men did the work. Sincere admiration and veneration was felt for the makers, whoever they were, for no such windows are being made in India today.

At Ahmadabad there is an asylum for animals, sheds where eight hundred animals are lodged and cared for when ill, also a room for feeding insects.

This city is noted for its craftsmen,—goldsmiths and makers of the finest archaic jewelry, copper and brass work, screens and betal boxes. There are carvers in shisham or blackwood, the hardest known wood; makers of furniture; carvers in ivory; workers in gold and silver tissue brocades and the most beautiful tinsel ornaments in India.

The Indian tricksters, for long ages heralded in song and story, were here in large numbers and time was given

SEE INDIA WITH ME

to watching big snakes crawl over their owner's body, winding themselves about his neck and arms. They would shoot out their red forked tongues with a sharp hissing sound, but the ever faithful mongoose stood near to catch the snakes by the neck at the least sign from the owner. Flowers grew in pots in a few minutes before our astonished eyes; goldfish swam around in glass dishes that a few moments before held no fish. Tricks too numerous to mention were shown, but we wearied and passed on to the other places of interest and later in our travels, little or no attention was given these tricksters.

The English Public Offices at Behadur were found in buildings built by Ahmad Shah I in 1411, and named for the Goddess Bhadra. The Post Office occupies a palace of the twenty-third Viceroy, called Udai (White Ant), a title gained because of his building activities.

The Bokhara rug-makers were here in great numbers, and the old-fashioned looms of long ages ago were in operation. Men handled the looms, small boys standing behind the weavers to hand up the colors when called by number, for the youngsters have no knowledge of colors.

Our tour through Western India was for the purpose of studying the Jain Temples and their religion, and at Ahmadabad the first temples were seen. No time was spent in them however, as Mount Abu has the finest Jain Temples and thither we were bound.

Dada Hari, one of the great men of Ahmadabad, honored his wife after her death by building the first underground wells. Only the dweller in the tropics realizes that life and agriculture cannot be sustained with-

OUR FIRST CAR

out storage of water. The man who makes this blessing possible is the greatest benefactor of the community. Walking up twenty steps to a platform roofed over and supported by many columns, entrance was gained to three tiers of finely constructed wells below ground. The first was covered with inscriptions in Sanscrit and Arabic, a second surrounded by columns enclosed by a fence. A third circular in shape used for irrigation. A narrow stairway led to the level ground where stood two stone kiosks, guardians of the wells, most impressive in their height and massiveness.

Fifty yards beyond the wells stood the Mosque of Dada Hari of dull reddish-gray stone wonderful in its architecture, one of the most finely decorated buildings in Ahmadabad, the door a masterpiece of carving.

Our first night on the car was passed at Ahmadabad, and had it not been for this car the Queen's Tomb, now a hotel, would have entertained us. After a hard day of sightseeing it was a weary party that returned to its home on wheels, a small car, to be sure, but comfortable. It was a gamble whether all the party could be accommodated for a ten days' trip. The ladies were to occupy the one large room which must answer for dining-room and parlor as well as bedroom. The servants' quarters and the kitchen were so small it seemed a miracle that three men could serve meals from it, keep it clean, and live in it themselves. They looked happy and contented in their tiny quarters, were always neatly dressed in white, and ever ready for service. The one member of the party really uncomfortable for ten days was the gentleman,

SEE INDIA WITH ME

for his quarters, though unique, were too small for comfort and his experiences kept everyone in good humor, with never a complaint from him, according to agreement made before leaving Bombay. His bedroom was the "salle de bain," one-third the size of the parlor. A board fitted over the top of the tub served him for a bed, on which was placed a thick mattress with many quilts and numerous pillows. No covers were needed owing to the great heat at night. He must be the last to retire, the first to rise. This was no hardship, he said, but a relief, for the air was cool outside in the early morning and he could exercise before chotohazrie. The car was side-tracked at night except on rare occasions as it was not considered safe to travel at night in India. The ladies' quarters must be vacated early also that chotohazrie (breakfast) could be served and the party ready for the coming of the local guide. Sight-seeing ceased at eleven in the morning, owing to the great heat, and was not resumed until after three.

To the reader, all this about our small quarters may sound complicated and trying, but such was not the case for everyone endeavored to make life aboard the car as easy as possible, and succeeded. Every little trial was treated lightly and there was no end of fun.

The first night was hot to suffocation, though the rain fell steadily without lessening the humid heat. Rising with the larks was looked forward to with great pleasure, never regarded as a trial, for chotohazrie was served at 5 A. M. as the train was passing through hilly and beautiful country.

OUR FIRST CAR

Tiffin (luncheon) finished, preparations were made for the ride of seventeen miles to the top of Mount Abu, the nearest point to reach the Jain Temples, the temples we had come so far to see and about which we had read so much. Outside the station two strange-looking vehicles called "tongas" awaited us. Broad metal mudguards covered the wheels and carried the luggage which must be tightly fastened on to prevent loss while the tonga jolted over the rough roads. The drivers, rough, unkempt fellows, occupied the front seats; we occupied the back seat thus protected from the rain which fell in torrents every few minutes.

The horses were thin and weak and it seemed a wicked shame to urge them to carry even our small load up the mountain, but our pair, once under way, showed so much vim and pulled so hard that we feared a runaway. The driver called to the driver ahead to let him pass to avoid accident. Passing, their energy was exhausted and nothing could coax them from a walk excepting when the pair in the rear gained upon them. We reached the first station five miles away some time before the second tonga, causing us to fear trouble. Arriving, that driver explained his horses would not pull unless, like ours, something urged them from behind, — his reason for starting away from the station first.

Only sympathy could be felt for our second pair. Worn out, underfed, thin, with every rib visible and horrible sores on their bodies, we felt it cruel to drive them, for they were even more decrepit than the first and their sores were so bad it seemed torture to fasten

SEE INDIA WITH ME

on the harness. Every step must have been agony and suffering for the wretched animals, and believe me, it was misery for us to ride behind them. How I longed for the authority of our American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to stop this inhuman treatment. Some day motors will be substituted for horses and then this drive up Mount Abu will be one of pleasure, not endurance. By signs we urged the driver not to beat the horses so unmercifully and to drive more slowly as there was no hurry, but all to no purpose. He pulled, yelled, and beat them and once got out and kicked them, causing delay and distress to us and allowing a greater distance between the tongas. There was no surprise on our part when told by our companions of their anxiety at our non-arrival at the second station.

Our third pair would not budge. No amount of whipping, twitching of their ears, pushing the wheels onto their heels, rattling tin cans, putting ropes around their legs and trying to pull them forward would make them start. At a favorable moment of calm, I alighted from the tonga, but my companion remained. The driver turned the horses downhill to see if that would make them start. At once they ran as fast as they could, men and boys running after them yelling and shouting to stop. I was fearful the railroad station alone would be their stopping place, but soon becoming exhausted, they stopped, turned, and came back as quietly as if nothing had happened and there was rejoicing at the safety of the one occupant of the tonga. Another pair was substi-

OUR FIRST CAR

tuted, much better, and merrily we rode to the third station five miles away.

Thick woods were entered soon after leaving this station and we remarked, "Surely in this dark place something unusual will happen." Sure enough, a rustling sound in the trees caused us to look up and to our amazement there appeared many apes, big fellows with gray fur and pink faces, with the same color showing under their tails and bodies and around their black eyes. Such a chattering, such leaping as they jumped among the branches and across the roadway, forty feet or more. They stood five or six feet, had wicked, mischievous-looking eyes which were not reassuring and fear was a mild word to express our feeling, not knowing what might happen should one or more take it into their "wise" heads to jump down upon us. The English vocabulary of our driver evidently consisted of one word, for he repeated "Good" over and over as he pointed to the apes, making us understand that they would not hurt us. We had to trust his word and prayed it might be true. While in sight the apes formed bridges for their young to walk over to other trees too far for them to jump. Their antics, in freedom, were beyond belief and unlike what has been written of them in children's books. We made the driver halt until the performance was over and the apes had disappeared into the woods. No zoölogical garden we visited housed apes like these seen in the Mount Abu woods. We were told that they were very sacred and under the command of Rama. Fifty were counted before they fled into the deep woods

SEE INDIA WITH ME

and, strange to relate, the occupants of the second tonga never saw a monkey.

At the fourth station another pair of balky horses! This time my companion and I alighted and declared, "No more miles with the present driver." A change was made and all went well for us, but our cast-offs proved no better for our companions than for us, and they insisted on a change of driver and horses, which was reluctantly made. For over an hour we awaited their arrival at the fifth station. They gave a forlorn account of their experience and explained the cause of delay,—nothing could be done with the pair of horses cast off by us and, no others being at hand, they waited the arrival of a pair. Even with good horses and good drivers it was dark when we arrived at the Mount Abu Hotel, where we received a welcome from the manager.

The rooms assigned were dark, cold, and damp, but a fire burning in the open grate, and hot tea dispelled our fatigue. Suitcases unpacked, soon gave the rooms a personal touch. All marks of travel resulting from the tedious ride up the mountain were effaced and a feeling of restfulness possessed us, for here we were to remain a number of days enjoying the cool, invigorating mountain air, so acceptable after the humid heat of the plain.

The Mount Abu Hotel proved all it promised from its circular, for the rooms were large with high ceilings and many windows. A tightly-woven net hung from a hook in the ceiling to protect the bed from spiders and other insects of which there were myriads. Two beds, one table, and two chairs comprised the furnishings which must

OUR FIRST CAR

necessarily be simple in India owing to dampness and vermin. Day and night we kept fires burning and the rooms were dry and warm.

Mount Abu is a summer resort for the English who come north to pass the warm months, and at this time the hotel had many guests. The mountain air certainly was a tonic for us and we decided to remain here until thoroughly rested and in prime condition to return to the plains of India.

It was not surprising that the first days in India were trying and enervating and produced a languor difficult to overcome, and that nightly our car welcomed a weary and footsore group. Learning how to live and endure fatigue while sightseeing in a hot climate was not an easy lesson, but once learned, we experienced no illness throughout the entire five months. Each morning at eleven we returned to the car where tiffin was served, followed by a rest period until three when riding or walking was enjoyed until dark. Dinner was served at six or seven, as suited our convenience, the evening being passed in reading of what we had seen or would see the following morning. Chotohazrie, served at daybreak, was a substantial meal fortifying us for a busy morning, the food of good quality though simple. Very early hours were kept, the morning finding us rested and ready for sightseeing.

Two hours by rickshaw brought us to the Jain Temples. We were prepared for something fine, but our highest expectations were surpassed, for no words can do justice to the architectural beauty of these Dilwarra

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Temples. They must be seen to be appreciated. Letters of introduction, easily obtained, gained us entrance to the temples, also a guide to conduct us about. Woolen slippers were necessary to put over our shoes to preserve the marble floors.

Inside the gate near the temples stands a small marble building, too sacred for any but Jains to enter; but we were allowed to look through the doorway where we beheld nine life-size marble elephants bedecked with most gorgeous trappings, the carvings on the howdahs exquisite. Small marble figures seated on their backs held the iron probes. These elephants have stood for centuries and are still in perfect condition. The marble, once white, has now the appearance of old ivory. Filling the doorway in front of the elephants was the life-size figure of the builder sitting astride a horse which, unfortunately, occupied too much space and prevented a clear view of the room.

The nearest temple, called Neminath after the twenty-second Tirthanker, has a wealth of carving and design unequalled in any other temples visited in all India. Built by Tejapala in A. D. 1230, this Temple stands unparalleled for its beauty even in this land of patient and lavish labor. Forty feet square, the roof is upheld by many columns each exquisitely carved with dainty dancing figures hidden among flowers and branches, standing out from the columns sufficiently to allow a finger to be passed behind. Hanging between the columns are festoons of delicately carved marble flowers seeming at first sight too frail to support the heavy

OUR FIRST CAR

roof. The marble floors are inlaid with designs of most intricate pattern.

The center cell held the idol to whose memory the temple was built. It could not be entered and flashlights were used to gain a clear view of the idol. The white marble figure was covered with jewels. A crown adorned his head, while neck, arms, legs, and toes were loaded with jewels, gifts from the faithful. His eyes of crystal had a most peculiar expression due to tinfoil behind them and not pleasant to look at. His hands were folded in the Buddha sign of contemplation. The top of his cell terminated in a Sikhara or pyramidal roof giving the effect of a spire.

To see the gorgeously carved ceiling it was necessary to lie upon the floor, where an excellent view of the masterly designs and lavish workmanship could be obtained. In this position snapshots were taken and time was given to study the details.

The main room was surrounded by a corridor containing fifty-two cells each housing an idol whose name was carved above the doorway. These cells were similar in appearance to that in the center and many of these idols were adorned with jewels, but none had such numerous or beautiful jewels as the center idol. Walking down one side of the corridor, we approached a room to enter which we were obliged to pay a big fee because here was the marble Goddess Durga, one of the many wives of Siva, known as Parvati and Kali. Here she was represented as a beautiful woman with ten pairs of arms of which she made good use when fighting the Giant Durga.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The old legend tells how Siva asked Parvati to go and destroy the Giant who had become too powerful. She accepted the commission and a terrific battle was fought. As they drew near each other, Parvati assumed one thousand arms and filling her hands with many different weapons seated herself on the Vindya Mountains and awaited the Giant's approach. Soon he came, only to be seized with her thousand arms and carried into the air where she dropped him with great force to earth, at the same time piercing him with her many arrows.

Many fret windows, delicate and beautiful, were here and again the thought, how could human hands carve marble so delicately? Surely, Indian workmanship is beyond compare.

Daylight was giving place to night when we left the first temple to return to the hotel where we lingered outside to enjoy the landscape in the moonlight, its beauty enhanced by a transparent mist overspreading mountain and valley—an unforgettable picture.

An early start was made the next morning to visit the second and oldest of these Jain Temples, the guide of the previous day acting as escort.

This Dilwarra Temple was built in A. D. 1103 by Vimala, minister or governor under Bhimadeza. It is more simple in design and bolder in execution than the first, but in equally good taste. Many prefer the bold straight lines to the fanciful carvings of the first. This temple is the oldest and a most complete example of a Jain Temple, its peculiarity in design serving to illustrate

OUR FIRST CAR

how perfectly it was adapted to the Jain religion of early years.

The pillared hall is loftier, its serpentine brackets and struts less ornamental, its dome and pendentive more exquisite, and the pyramidal roof too low to be called a spire. Looking at these temples with their wealth of carving, we longed to know something of the men who designed and executed them. Who taught them how to do this work and how long a time was required for building them? What was the cost and what the wages paid?

The principal feature in this temple like the first was the idol, called Adinath, sitting cross-legged in the central cell. All the idols looked alike and were, without doubt, carved by the same hand and at the same period. There was the closed hall or mandapan with the portico and the fifty-two cells each containing an idol, only in this temple the columns supporting the roof were not carved but fluted, and to me much more beautiful as they expressed strength. Heavy walls enclosed the beautiful flower gardens.

One of the important tenets of the Jain religion is the number of idols and each must be housed in a separate cell. The two Jain Temples at Mount Abu are the climax of Indian carving and ornamental construction. They are masterpieces. Time and again a return was made to study their beauty and something unnoticed before was always found.

The Jains are a religious sect who, like the Buddhists, revolted against Brahmanism, which they regarded as a

SEE INDIA WITH ME

departure from the true primitive religion of India. The Jains are a comparatively small community resembling the Buddhists, whom they have survived. Both sects rejected the Vedas, disregarded caste rules, and professed to believe in the religious and social equality of man. At this time they have so far departed from the Buddhist ideals that they acknowledge and worship Hindu deities. The innovations of the Brahmas in introducing into their religion the worship of the Lingam, Bull, Monkeys and Elephants, and certain sacrificial rites of puranic times, was so highly resented by a large number of influential Hindus of many castes that they withdrew from the Hindu sect and formed one of their own called Jains. The term "Jain" comes from Jani, meaning one who has conquered the human infirmities and passions. A Jani is a deified saint, called a Tirthanker, an object of worship. Both Buddhists and Jains worship a succession of deified saints in place of the many gods adored by the Hindus. Time is divided into three successive eras, twenty-four Jains being assigned to each. It is the second era at the present time, and the twenty-four saints of the first and second eras are the deities of modern Jainism.

They are firm believers in the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul from one body to another after death. Non-killing is their supreme religion. Little doubt is expressed that in the future they will be absorbed into Hinduism. At present they employ Brahman priests in their temples and pay inferior homage to such Hindu gods as Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu.

The study of the Dilwarra Temples being finished,

OUR FIRST CAR

time was taken to ride around Mount Abu and Gem Lake, an artificial body of water, Mount Abu's water supply. There were queer rock formations on the bank resembling human giants, animals, and toads, which our kodaks reproduced for us. The toads looked ready to spring into the water. Islands dotted the lake on which were attractive English homes occupied during February, March, April, and May, the summer months in India. Heavy wind and rain prevented sightseeing for two days, but, nothing daunted, the gentleman of our party went to see the Temple of Algichilghar four miles distant. The mud was so deep that his coolies carried him pigaback a large portion of the way. The temple was very fine, he reported, but not equal to the Dilwarra Temples.

Rested and delighted with our visit, we left for Mount Abu station in two tongas which came up the mountain for us. The drive down was accomplished without any of the incidents of the upward journey and we reached the car to find it thoroughly cleaned and ready for our departure on the regular train to Ajmer the following morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Ajmer

AJMER, a city surrounded by strong walls and entered only by one of five guarded gateways, was founded by one of the Chauhan kings, a noted ruler of India, in A.D. 145. After his death the Rajput States were divided into many small states. Akbar, the first Great Mogul, revered the memory of this great Chauhan king to such an extent that yearly he visited his shrine at Ajmer often making the journey on foot. To guide him on his way, minars (masonry columns) were erected from Fatehpur Sikri, near Agra, to Ajmer. Many of these columns are still standing and are in a fairly good state of preservation.

This very old city is the capital of the Rajput States, lying in the valley of the Targarh Hills three thousand feet above sea level. It can be reached by carriage only and a local guide is necessary while making the visit to the two hundred year old temple and other places of interest. This temple contains a room representing heaven and earth, unusual to a degree in design. A gilt mountain in the center represents the earth around which are seven circles, each circle a garden. Rama sits in a chariot holding his son on his lap, on his way to his son's wedding, surrounded by diminutive figures marching around the circles in procession accompanied by elephants

AJMER

and horses. From the ceiling hang quicksilver balls representing the stars surrounding the golden sun which hangs from the center, with the silver moon to one side. As if the sun, moon, and stars were not sufficient, small boats fashioned like elephants and geese, emblematical of Hindu gods, and filled with gods and goddesses arrayed in gorgeous costumes hang among the stars. For lack of room nothing more could be hung from the ceiling, but the side walls are covered with figures and flowers of brilliant hue. This room was built one hundred and ninety years ago, is enclosed in glass and open to Jain worshippers only, but can be viewed from a gallery surrounding all sides. Below in a room on the ground floor are life-size wooden elephants and other animals used in procession on festal days.

In one of the fine old buildings of Rajah Ana of the eleventh century, which stands on the bank of an artificial lake, the source of the River Luni, the British Resident is housed. Emperor Shah Jahan during his reign erected a number of marble pavilions on this lake for occupancy when visiting here. Viceroy Lord Curson restored many of these buildings, which became the official residences of the English Commissioners. Near the pavilions is one of the numerous palaces of Akbar, now used as a museum.

There is an old mosque in Ajmer, Arhai-din-ka-jhompra (hut of two and one-half days), built by Emperor Altmas who reigned from A.D. 1200 to 1236. The name was derived from a tradition that it was built supernaturally in two and one-half days. The mosque is a ruin, but the

SEE INDIA WITH ME

screen of arches, two hundred feet long, all that is left of its glory, is magnificent. Seven arches comprise the screen similar in design to those seen at Ktub, the first city of Delhi, and also built by Altmas. The center screen rises to a height of fifty-six feet. At the corners are two minarets inscribed in Tughra, a dialect used during the reign of the Tughlak Emperors early in the thirteenth century. These Tughlak Emperors, rulers over Delhi for many, many years, were finally overthrown by Baber, the second Great Mogul.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and taste with which the Kufic (old Arabic) and Tughra inscriptions are interwoven with the purely architectural and structural lines of the design.

We visited the burial place of Awaya-muin-ud-dinchista (Sun of the Realm), a slave in his early years, but of such great ability and shrewdness that he became emperor and today is venerated by Hindu and Mohamadan alike. At the time of our visit the grounds were thronged with visitors, it being one of the numerous festal days. Two enormous cauldrons standing inside the gate were used for offerings to the gods at this time. The offering takes the form of a feast to the poor. Into the cauldrons are put rice, ghi, almonds, raisins, and spices, with enough water to make a soft mixture which is cooked to the consistency of pudding, when it is served to the hungry crowds that come to the feast. We did not remain to see the crowds eat.

Inside the walls are many other relics, mosques, and tombs, two large candlesticks, cauldrons, and drums that

AJMER

were brought from Chitor by Akbar after the seige of that city in 1535. The remains of a daughter of Shah Jahan who died in infancy are entombed here. No one is allowed to enter any of the tombs, even when wearing the woolen slippers. The sun was intense yet no sunshades were allowed to be raised, so we shortened our stay, fearing the intense heat. Our guide called attention to one tomb, that of a slave who was a court favorite and allowed to be king for a day, a whim of his master. During his short reign, he made changes in the laws and had coins of leather studded with gold nail-heads made. Who knows but the great play, "King for a Day," made famous by E. H. Sothern, was not founded on this Indian legend?

The college for the Rajput Princes, built to honor the memory of Lord Mayo, Viceroy to India in 1869, was visited. A marble statue of the viceroy stands in front of the Administration Building amidst a bower of flowers and shrubs. Near the college buildings were the hostels built by the different Rajput States for their young princes, thus preventing any violation of caste.

To a Hindu the most sacred lake is Pushkar, supposed to be of supernatural origin, for it marks the spot made sacred by the sacrifice of Brahma, the one god of all the Hindus. Brahma had three personalities, Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer and Reproducer. Brahma the Creator is generally represented with four heads and the same number of arms. He rides a goose, holding in his hand a spoon for lustral observation, a rosary, a portion of the Veda, and a vessel

SEE INDIA WITH ME

of lustral water. To see this lake a ride of seven miles behind poor horses in an uncomfortable, worn-out carriage was necessary. It proved a tiresome excursion.

Villas belonging to rich Hindus surround the lake, to which pilgrims to the number of one hundred thousand come once a year for the Festival of Brahma and to bathe in and drink the dirty water. All the ancient buildings were destroyed by Aurangzeb, the last Mogul of any prominence in India. Today Brahma is scarcely worshipped at all in India and only two temples exist, one at Lake Pushkar, and the other at Idar near Mount Abu. The reason for such scant recognition is that his one work, Creation is accomplished.

Returning, a stop was made at the bazars to watch the crowds and make some purchases as Ajmer has no stores. The natives in costume mingle with the crowds, walking back and forth in the dust and heat, keeping up an incessant conversation with their companions, which makes for fun and frolic. There was nothing of interest to buy at the bazars, but the guide told us if we would remain for another day he would have many curios of great value brought to the car for our inspection. We regretted that our time was so arranged it was impossible for us to remain. We were leaving early in the morning for Udaipur.

CHAPTER V.

Udaipur

DINNER was served at nine that evening, following our return from the day at Ajmer, and fatigue vanished under the influence of the dainty meal in our cozy car, proving beyond a doubt that the plan of living on a car was restful and safe. Udaipur was reached at an early hour the following morning, but we were not disturbed until chotohazrie was announced with the arrival of the local guide.

Udaipur, a city of mystery, elephants, tigers, monkeys, wild boars, and old temples, occupies a hill two thousand feet above the sea overlooking Pichola Lake which lies at its feet. Dotted here and there are islands on which are the villas of the royal family, which we desired to visit with the permission of the Maharajah. Ardently we hoped to meet His Majesty, visit his big palace and his harem, a privilege rarely granted tourists for the reason that the ladies of the harem are made very unhappy seeing the freedom of the foreign women while they are so closely and selfishly confined. The pleasure of seeing a harem was never given us while in India. Guests prevented the Maharajah receiving us, but he made arrangements for us to visit his villas on the islands and to see his wild boars at their feeding place at the end of the lake.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Our local guide for this city was a Portuguese who could not speak English but understood Hindu, the language of Schaik, our servant. It was a drive of three miles to the city gate which we were to enter to visit the very old Jagannath Temple, built in 1640 in the general form of an Indo-Aryan Temple. The air was stifling and the heat intense, but inside the temple it was cool and delightful owing to the wonderful fret windows. A long flight of marble steps, guarded on either side by life-size marble elephants, led to the entrance. The god Jagannath reposed in a cell in the center of the temple and was an ugly-looking old idol with his head out of all proportion to his body, goggle eyes, no legs, and stumps for arms. This deity is not only reckoned an Avatara (descendant of Vishnu), but is a manifestation of Vishnu himself, the Lord of the world. There is a second temple for this god found at Puri in Orissa and considered by many finer than this one at Udaipur.

Guards received us at the head of the steps and directed us to a small temple at the right to see an extra fine statue of a Garadu, who in life was a priest who read the Veda and explained the law. Not understanding his direction to look in only, I walked in and such a cry of alarm as went up from the faithful standing near! This cry did not cease until I had backed out and made my peace by an offering to the temple. It alarmed all the party, this hue and cry, as it took quite a few minutes to quell the excitement sufficiently to allow the continuation of our visit.

The carvings on the outside walls of this circular

UDAIPUR

temple are marvellous but we were unable to learn the religious meaning. There were six marble bands, elaborately carved. The lowest band, very wide, had heads of tigers; the second, tigers; the third, elephants and horses marching in opposite directions to meet half way; the fourth, maidens dancing to music produced by musicians standing and playing kettle-drums, pipes, and oboes; the fifth, purely decorative; while on the sixth were large human figures in a variety of poses. The roof of the pagoda, was upheld by marble columns.

Leaving this temple, a short walk brought us to the building where the Maharajah's elephants, fine looking animals were kept. They were browsing on hay and grain, looking contented and happy, not at all concerned because strangers were admiring them.

Down a long, steep hill we crawled to the water's edge to take the rowboat in waiting to visit the royal villas on the islands. There were two, used by his Majesty at his pleasure. Entering the first, we noticed a tank which appalled us by its filth of green slimy water. All of the sleeping apartments opened onto this tank and its poisonous vapors must have been a menace to inmates. The furnishings of the rooms were modern, not at all in keeping with the architectural design of the buildings.

In one of the bedrooms were noticed novelties in furnishings, strange even to us of the western world. A four post, square cut, glass bedstead, with a canopy of bright red satin, was the only piece of furniture in this room. The walls were covered with portraits and paintings of tiger hunts of the Rajah, to which were added

SEE INDIA WITH ME

strange birds of brilliant plumage flitting in the trees. Mirrors covered the ceiling and walls at such angles that occupants of the bed could observe the entire room without effort.

Another room was painted in intense blue, with bands of yellow, equally intense, around the ceiling and base-board. Blue wooden columns supported the ceiling. The glass in the windows and transoms was red and yellow. Blue glass oil lamps stood about on tables, while the chandelier was of green glass with blue globes. The floor covering was a much worn brown and green Brussels carpet, not tacked.

Our eyes were made weary with the brilliancy and incongruities of these rooms and only obtained relief when a return was made to the boat, to visit the feeding place of the boars at the foot of the lake.

The keeper met us at the landing and conducted us to the pens where boars and tigers were in process of starvation, making ready for the Maharajah, for a fighting bout as an entertainment for his guests. These animals, with glassy eyes and ribs so prominent they could be counted, looked at us as a dainty morsel for their empty stomachs could they grab us. The keeper explained that they had been given little or nothing to eat for two weeks or more, and they looked it.

On a high platform surrounded by a railing we witnessed the feeding of the boars. Numberless bags of feed were brought and placed near the keeper, after which he commenced making a strange sound, increasing in volume and length of tone, until from every direction

UDAIPUR

could be seen coming through the woods the boars. They were of all ages and sizes, hundreds of them, standing around and near the keeper when the feeding began, which was kept up until every boar was satisfied and turned away. Again that peculiar sound, starting the boars toward the woods.

We remained spellbound and speechless at this wonderful exhibition of animal control and the ease with which it was accomplished. Thanking the keeper heartily for this unusual entertainment, we entered the boat and were rowed to the lower end of the lake, from which point the car could be quickly reached.

Evening shadows were settling into darkness and night was upon us. Trees and low bushes on island and shore were full of parrots, cockatoos, birds of paradise, cranes, and many other birds seeking habitation for the night, and the air was full of sound—sweet, musical, harsh, unpleasant. Even the whir of the insects and the croak of the frogs joined in the mighty chorus of evening praise, and with them we lifted our voices in the Doxology as a fitting thanksgiving for a wonderful day on the Udaipur Hill.

CHAPTER VI.

Chitorgarh and the Deserted City of Chitor

EIGHT o'clock in the morning and the car was still standing outside the station at Udaipur! Where had the night flown? Our service man was tapping at my door to announce our immediate departure and to inquire if I would have chotohazrie served in my room. As he spoke the train pulled out, a short run bringing us to the old city of Chitor, famous for terrific wars and one of the most romantic tragedies in Indian history.

The town clock of Chitorgarh was striking the noon hour when the train arrived at the station, and it was then too warm to think of leaving until after three for our first elephant ride. The feelings of the party can better be imagined than expressed, for the one thought with all was: "How will we like elephant riding?" It was the only way to visit Chitor, the deserted city, five miles up a steep hill, save by tongas—and we longed for this strange experience with fear.

As the hour arrived for the jaunt, excitement pervaded the car. Mr. Elephant was striding toward the steps where we were to mount. Did we dare trust ourselves to this huge creature? The elephant knelt while we scrambled up a shaky ladder and seated ourselves in the howdah. One must be very quick when mounting for

CHITORGARH AND THE DESERTED CITY

elephants dislike to remain long in the kneeling position, and this elephant was old and cranky. For over thirty years he had been doing duty carrying people and merchandise up to Chitor, and his temper was irritable, nervous, and anything but reassuring. When all was ready, a gentleman standing near suggested that he take a snapshot. The development of the film displayed feet only.

Away we went, fear expressed in every face, but becoming accustomed to the motion, all acknowledged it quite a novel experience. This elephant knew a number of tricks which he demonstrated to our dismay on the way up: starting suddenly as if to throw us off; running a few steps; shaking us terribly; throwing up his head and letting his trunk fall backward as if to strike us; and stopping with a sudden jolt when the driver would probe him with his iron until the blood flowed. His weird noises were startling, causing amusement to the driver and consternation to us, despite the fact that he constantly reiterated how gentle and safe the animal was, which we did not believe.

Up a winding road, five hundred feet above the plain, stood the deserted city of Chitor, to reach which we passed two old guard houses, so large that in the early days a regiment of soldiers could be housed therein. At the present time they were the homes of the caretakers of the old city. The fortress on the top was originally composed of a number of separate buildings, now ruins. Some of the important ones have been restored sufficiently to make an interesting study for the tourist and the local guide selected those most interesting.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Two fine towers, one dedicated to Fame, the other to Victory, are near the east rampart, having been built during the reign of Sri Allata, A.D. 853. The Tower of Fame, 75 feet high, was built to commemorate the death of Adinath, the first Jain Tirthanker, whose temple we had visited at Mount Abu, and was covered on the outside with sculptured mouldings from base to top, of his nude figure repeated hundreds of times. The seventh story was reached by a narrow, winding, stone stairway, up treads fourteen inches high—a hard climb on a warm day, but an extensive view of the country was obtained from the top, whose roof was supported by columns.

The Tower of Victory, of a much later period, A.D. 1428, was built in the reign of Kumba, one of the most powerful kings of the Newar Dynasty, to commemorate his victory over Manud Khalja. The base measures 47 square feet, the tower being over 100 feet high. The nine stories are not carved outside, but there is the same open room at the top, the roof supported by columns.

Near these towers is the Mahasati (place of cremation), used long before crematories were established at Udaipur. On the terrace below are fine springs issuing from the rocks through an opening resembling the mouth of a cow, hence the name, "Gaumukh Springs."

Coming to the ruins of Queen Radimina's Palace, the guide told us the story of the Siege of Chitor by Alla-uddin, one of the Emperors of Delhi, who desired to capture the beautiful wife of the King of Chitor whose face he had seen in a mirror and vowed to possess. No way was possible to accomplish his purpose except to lay siege

CHITORGARH AND THE DESERTED CITY

to the city, which he did, seizing the Rajah and carrying him off to his camp, demanding his queen as ransom.

A few days later a procession was seen wending its way toward the camp of the emperor. Surrounding the queen's litter was a bevy of beautiful maidens carrying garlands of flowers, who sang and danced along the way. Enraptured at the success of his scheme the emperor went forth to meet the queen. The litter was placed on the ground and the curtains drawn. It was empty. The beautiful maidens proved to be warriors. The emperor fled for his life, allowing the Rajah to escape to his home accompanied by his attendants. The siege of Chitor then began in earnest, and though the Rajah and his army fought bravely, they were outnumbered and the battlements were strewn with the dead and wounded. The women were frantic with fear, but were determined not to be captured notwithstanding the helplessness of their situation. One of the greatest suttees ever recorded in Indian history was then executed. They set fire to themselves and their homes, that the victorious army entering should find only smouldering ruins to reward them for their cowardly act.

A monument has been erected to this beautiful queen and her palace restored as a memorial of this tragedy which occurred in the fourteenth century. This old story, ever new, is told over and over. Time can never efface the memory of her bravery, or of her attendants.

Returning on the elephant did not appeal to any of us after the experience of coming, but there was no alternative. Darkness was rapidly descending and the hill

SEE INDIA WITH ME

looked long and steep. To kill time, every remembered song was sung, poems recited, and stories and riddles told, but time dragged. The elephant seemed to travel more and more slowly, no one knew why. Suddenly the cause of delay dawned upon us, the driver was enjoying our entertainment and was purposely allowing the elephant to loiter. Instantly the entertainment stopped, and though the driver made frantic motions for us to continue, not a sound was made and the elephant's speed increased perceptibly. Half-after-nine found us at the car step. Every servant was outside, walking back and forth, greatly agitated at our delay, fearing accident. Too tired to eat, no reference was made to our elephant ride until the following morning while enroute to Ratlam Junction. where we were to give up our private car taking the regular train of the East Indian Railroad to Rawal Pindi for a month's trip on a house-boat on the Jhelum river in the Vale of Kashmir.

CHAPTER VII.

Nearing the Vale of Kashmir

MANY dusty and dirty railway rides were taken in India, but quite the dirtiest and hottest ever experienced was on that warm September day and night while enroute to Rawal Pindi. Smoke and dust came in at the doors and windows, necessarily kept open to catch the lightest breeze. It was perfectly safe to leave the door open while the train was in motion, but at the stations the door must be bolted and barred, otherwise anyone could walk in and take possession. Once it happened. A man opened the door to our compartment, threw his luggage in, and jumped. No amount of argument or persuasion convinced him that his society was not agreeable. Our servants threw out his luggage and called the conductor who ejected him as an intruder and we locked the door.

On first class trains servants sleep between compartments in cramped quarters without light or air. They must sit Turkish fashion or partly recline. Schaik was so uncomfortable in his cubbyhole that during the daylight hours he sat with us. The value of compartments with bathrooms for long distances can never be overestimated, and the fact that the tank on our car was refilled at nearly every station is proof of this statement. The diner was directly back of the engine, our

SEE INDIA WITH ME

accommodations in the last of the train. There could be no passing through the second and third class cars, so the diner could be reached only when the train stopped at a station nearest the hour convenient for eating. Our passing back and forth, escorted by the conductor, was ever a source of amusement to the second and third class passengers who crowded every window and made remarks which, fortunately, we could not understand.

In four languages over an arched gateway at one station was the name "Krishna," a favorite deity of a large part of India, which every Hindu saluted as he passed.

"Where are all the crowds on these trains going?" was a question asked many times. Fathers, mothers, children, grand-parents, uncles, aunts, and all the neighbors and friends seemed to be traveling, and all were loaded down with their earthly possessions. Without doubt, large sums of money were being spent for travel that should have been utilized in other ways, for they looked ill-fed, poorly clad, and aroused our sympathy.

Rawal Pindi was reached after thirty-six hours of travel, and waiting at the station was a motor manned by a Mohammedan as chauffeur. He looked so strange in his suit of foreign clothes with his turban of vivid green, indicating his pilgrimage to Mecca—the only reminder of his religious faith—that it was difficult to keep from laughing. One long streamer floated out behind in correct style, making his appearance almost ludicrous. With a most gracious manner he came forward and in excellent English said, "I am to motor you into the valley and am ready to leave at your pleasure." Two ekkas

NEARING THE VALE OF KASHMIR

were there to take our luggage to the house-boat at Srinagar, which could be quickly reached by traveling night and day. Ekkas are similar in style to tongas, differing only in size, and the wheels which are of wood creak loudly at every turn, announcing their approach.

The trunks had been dispatched into the valley before we left Bombay for Western India, with the assurance that they would be awaiting our arrival at Srinagar.

The motor was an ancient, seven-passenger French car, and proved very uncomfortable for a trip of two hundred miles. However, it was strong and carried us safely to Baramula.

Our chauffeur proved most intelligent. He gave us valuable information about the country through which we were passing and of the inhabitants of this mountainous valley.

The road for the greater part of the first day's journey was good, though portions were under construction making careful driving necessary. The two hundred miles to Srinagar should be easily covered in a day or a day and a half if the roads were good, but two nights and two days were necessary because of the rough roads and stormy weather. We were rewarded for this delay by obtaining marvelous views of the Himalayas as we approached, and exclamation after exclamation broke forth spontaneously and kodaks were kept busy.

To reach Mauree, our first night's stop, we motored over plains, up hills, and through woods of chenars, deodars, and firs, India's famous trees. Beautiful waterfalls and cascades came leaping down the mountain sides,

SEE INDIA WITH ME

falling into pools hundreds of feet below. Once when we were crossing over a high bridge, myriads of waterfalls fell from the rocky sides, jumping and splashing into the depths below like small Niagaras. High mountains enveloped us. Dark and narrow was the road, and we hugged the mountains, fearful of the deep precipices awaiting us should a mistake be made in handling the motor. It was exciting but perilous driving through this wild country, and we were thankful to reach the hotel whose lights flashed out a welcome five thousand feet above the sea.

The following morning in a downpour of rain we left the hotel with the hope of reaching Baramula in the afternoon. Rain and rough roads made rapid progress impossible and rarely did we exceed fifteen miles an hour.

Dak-bungalows (rest houses) are built by the English for the benefit of travelers who are obliged to pass the night or take tiffin enroute. Hearty thanks must ever be given to the kind providers. First come, first served is the rule. The bungalows are low, one-storied buildings containing six or seven bedrooms, living room, dining room, and two baths, simply and scantily furnished, but with sufficient comforts for travelers. In the bedrooms are bedsteads without springs, the mattresses, bedding, pillows, mosquito netting and toilet comforts must be provided by the tourists. The menu was sufficient, though simple, and the cost slight. Candles or oil lamps were in the rooms. Cold nights fire in the large fireplaces heated the living and dining room. Were it not for these bungalows, tourists would have no stopping places, other than

NEARING THE VALE OF KASHMIR.

the dirty and wretched native inns or the alternative—camps in the open. Tiffin was taken at the Bungalow Domel where the chauffeur enjoyed an hour's rest, for he had driven the car many miles over poor roads descending three thousand feet and ascending directly five thousand, all in the space of a few hours.

The Custom House was reached in the afternoon, where all travelers must stop to give and receive information. Passports must be shown and the probable length of the visit stated. In return, "Rules for Observance by Visitors and Residents in the Territories of H. H. the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir" are handed out to prevent unpardonable mistakes.

During the second afternoon there were frequent electric storms of terrific intensity, and progress was slow. Arriving at the second dak-bungalow, called "Uri," it was decided to abandon the idea of reaching Baramula that night and to remain there, continuing in the morning. The decision was wise, for one electric storm followed another in rapid succession throughout the night. A heavy storm at sunset beggars description, it was so fine. In all the gorgeousness of color, the sun was dropping behind the western hills. Two electric storms were battling on opposite sides of the Himalayas whose tops, white with snow, served as a background to this picture. Up and down the valley for miles and miles, the lowlands and hills were illuminated with the reds and golden yellows of the setting sun. The heavens declared the glory of God, and we stood appalled and awed to silence at the majesty of His power.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

A fair dinner and a fairly restful night, frequently interrupted by heavy storms, found us not altogether in the mood to continue our journey in the morning, but the bright sunshine revived our drooping spirits and we left, finding few serious results from the wind and rain. The roads were dry, firm and smooth and only twenty-eight miles to Baramula where the house-boat would be in waiting to sail at our command.

The deeper we motored into the valley, the higher and more rugged the mountains, more winding the roads, more rapid the current of the River Jhelum, and more frequent the waterfalls. All weariness vanished at the superb scenery, enhanced by the brilliant sunshine. It was warm this first day of October, promising a wonderful month in the Valley of Kashmir.

As we passed the town of Baramula, a small crowd stood at a street corner, which the chauffeur pointed out as the captain and crew of the "Scarlet Pimpernel," the house-boat we were to occupy. The men clapped their hands, raised their hats, and in other ways expressed their pleasure at our arrival. We bade goodbye to the chauffeur, the captain and crew piloting us to the house-boat. The luggage had arrived, and soon the bow of the Scarlet Pimpernel was headed up the river and the dream of years was to become a reality.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, one hundred feet long, was divided into parlor, dining room, pantry, two bedrooms, and a bath, simply and neatly furnished. Small quarters, we thought, for a party of four for a month's trip, but the captain, who had overheard our remarks, informed

NEARING THE VALE OF KASHMIR

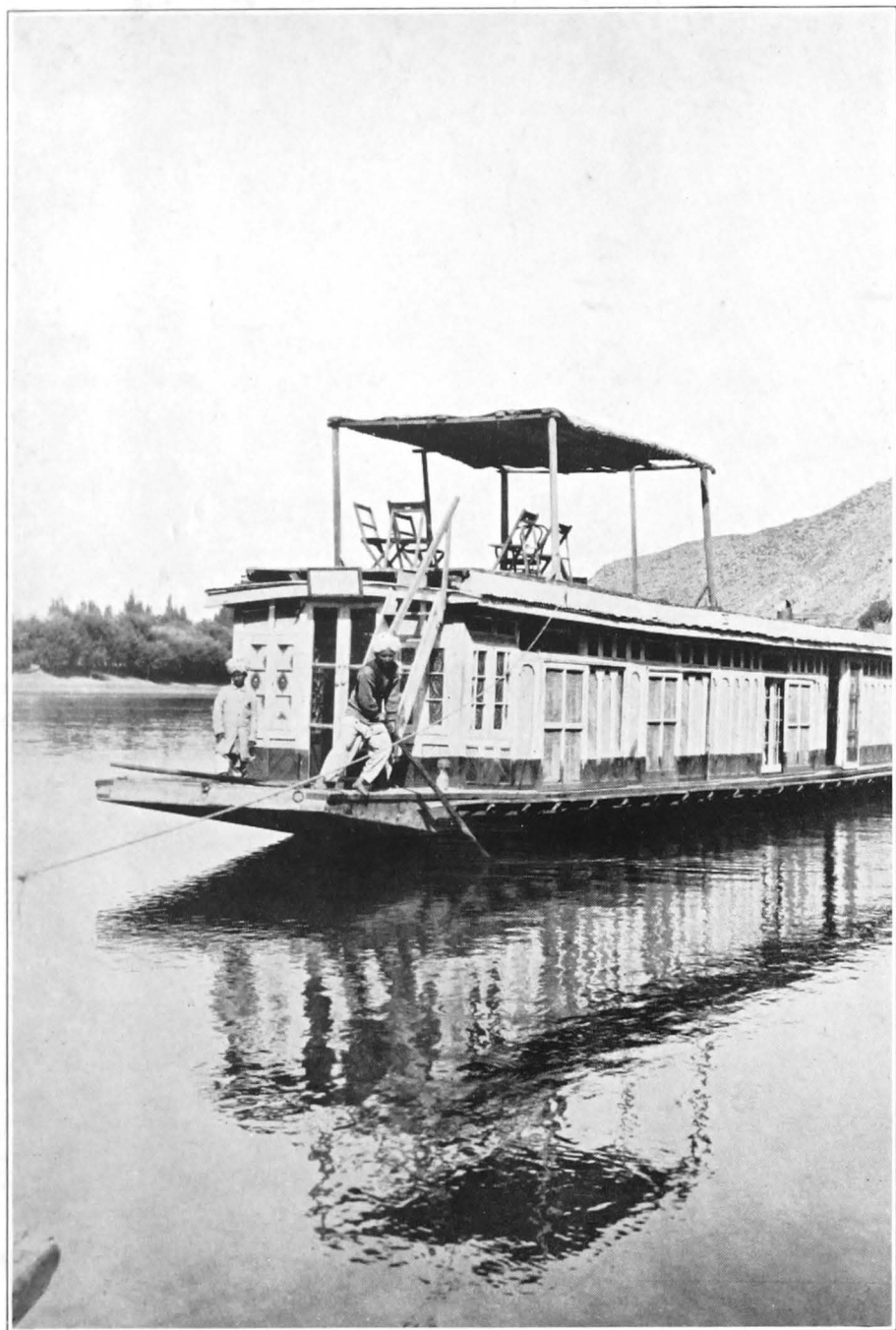
us that this boat had housed a family of six all summer with never a complaint. We silently wondered how it could have been done. We drew lots for locations of sleeping apartments and then gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the trip. The top deck was the sky parlor, and in use constantly. The kitchen and servants were housed in small boats attached to ours. Meals were served from the kitchen boat which came alongside the pantry when the hour for serving arrived. There was no confusion or noise, for the service was excellent, and food good. The servants called upon us after the first tiffin to present their credentials which were too fulsome for truth. They were fairly good servants but far from the standard of their references. All foreign residents of the valley must give satisfactory characters to their servants, we were told, no matter what their character, for it is unwise to have the enmity of the service class. Our crew and service men numbered eighteen. The average wage a month for each member of the crew was eight annas. The cook received twenty-five rupees. Schaik, who traveled with us constantly as our servant, received sixty rupees a month and expenses. (One anna equals two and one-half cents. The rupee equals thirty-three cents.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Life on the House-Boat

THE atmosphere of the valley with its mystery, beauty and history gripped us as it had others who had come under its spell and, like others, we gave ourselves up to all its fascinations, forgetting the world and all responsibilities. The natives, the houses and temples fascinated us, and it seemed impossible to do else but gaze and dream the hours away. Words seem inadequate to describe what was passing before our eyes, and silence reigned supreme. "Lalla Rookh" lay open on our laps, but poetry made no appeal. This was poetry. Life seemed unreal with no awakening, for our days began and ended with the darkness that came suddenly when the sun dropped behind the western hills, allowing the moon and stars to take possession of the heavens and light the world till morning. No thought to go below occurred to any one until the sweet toned gong announced the hour when physical man must be indulged, without which there can be no enjoyment.

All activities on the river stopped as night closed in and boats tied up, near others and close to towns for safety. At dawn all were alert and active, for preparations must be made for getting under way. Chotohazrie was served at an early hour that nothing should be missed



HOUSEBOAT ON THE JHELLUM

LIFE ON THE HOUSE-BOAT

of the life of the river, so our day began and ended with the boatmen's.

Reading and writing seemed impossible because of the processions passing up and down the river, glorified by the panorama of the majestic mountains which rose high into the clouds, only to lose their peaks in mist, and later to be seen clean cut against the azure sky in robes of white. Tucked anywhere in these hundreds of boats were the women and children, happy, carefree, and dirty; satisfied with life as it was, because they knew no other. Baramula was the distributing point, in and out, for all products of the valley. Long rafts of logs took up much space and proved a nuisance and very dangerous. Occasionally log jams would occur near or under the bridges, imperilling life, and causing tedious delays. The Kashmiri are a noisy people, keeping up a continuous chatter which at times becomes wearisome. Under excitement they are boisterous and even dangerous.

The coolie class live in boats on the river or in huts along the bank, and all household washing is done at the river's edge. The banks are crowded with women washing and it was both novel and interesting to see the clothes pounded on the stones with a truncheon, a short wooden club, until they were white and smooth, with a sheen exceeding that produced by artificial heat in modern countries. Mighty strength was necessary in woman's arm and hand.

The washing of sheep was a novel sight but a miserable experience for the sheep, as expressed in their constant bleating and trying to release themselves from the

SEE INDIA WITH ME

ropes that tied them fast. The men held them roughly by the neck as they doused them dozens of times under the water, rubbing and shampooing the wool meanwhile. The rinsing finished, the sheep were tossed on the shore to others who began to comb the wool until it was dry and fluffy, the sheep becoming three times their original size. A sheep comb is half of a barrel hoop with handles at each end, an instrument of torture when vigorously applied. The ordeal over, the sheep would lie down on the ground exhausted.

At our request, the captain would stop the boat and allow us to visit on shore the old temples and ruins or view the people at closer range.

The river water was a deep yellow color, most unattractive, a sewer for the towns along its length of one hundred miles. All refuse from boats and shore was thrown into it and its physical condition did not enhance the pleasure of our trip on its waters. "Look up, not down; forget conditions," was a valuable axiom and became our slogan during the long journey in India.

After tiffin our first day, a small boat most fantastically festooned with bright colors came alongside and took us to visit the village of Sopor, a small and dirty town filled with unattractive people. They were too busy to pay any attention to us because they were drying in the sun quantities of red peppers, squashes, pumpkins, and sweet potatoes cut into small pieces. There were no buildings, temples, or ruins worthy of a visit so we joined the Pimpernel and proceeded until nightfall, when our boat was tied up at moorings one mile beyond the

LIFE ON THE HOUSE-BOAT

village. At Sopor is Amira Kadal (Bridge for the Nobility) the first of seven famous bridges over the Jhelum River. Looking at the bridge from the house-boat, surprise was expressed that heavy loads were allowed to pass over such a frail looking structure.

The river at Sopor is broad, being the outlet of Lake Wular which lake we hoped to cross the following morning if conditions were propitious. When winds are contrary, crossing is not only difficult but dangerous, as the boat is propelled entirely by human power, either poling from a narrow walk on either side of the boat or pulling by a rope while walking in shallow water.

Our night at Sopor was full of experiences, alarming, amusing, and in a way, dangerous. Soon after dinner a number of small mice were seen running about the room, which could not be accounted for, never before having been seen or heard. At midnight when all was still, footsteps were heard in the sky parlor, which alarmed me, for callers were not expected at that hour. Listening to the stealthy steps across the roof, I made noises, hoping the intruder would take his speedy departure. Again and again, I heard the step, so without waiting longer, I aroused the family who in turn called the captain. The midnight caller departed, walking down the steps near my cabin door and running away into the darkness. Returning to my couch, I heard water running and swashing in the room next to mine and, fearing our midnight visitor had been tampering with the boat, I became thoroughly alarmed.

Again the family was aroused but in sleepy tones all

SEE INDIA WITH ME

said, "Oh, it is only the water lapping against the boat. Don't be afraid." But more quickly than I can write these lines, confusion and excitement reigned in the dining room. The captain was talking excitedly and coolies were rushing into the room, grabbing chairs, tables, rugs and everything that might hinder their reaching the floor below. Every available utensil was used to bail the water which was rushing into the boat from a large hole and had reached the deck boards when discovered. After an hour or more of hard work, the water was sufficiently reduced to find the trouble and close the opening. Had it not been discovered when it was, our boat would have rested on the bottom before morning. A third time I retired, hoping for a few moments of quiet sleep, but no such good fortune. Daylight was coming. The coolies must have chotohazrie. The waters of Lake Wular were friendly and the house-boat must be made ready for crossing, so, bidding farewell to sleep, I dressed and went to the sky parlor to watch the sun rise over the mountains.

Oh, the picture! The clear, smooth surface of the water reflected trees and mountains and the billowy clouds hanging softly in the sky, aglow with the rising sun heralding the coming day full of promise.

Sudden squalls on Lake Wular are monsters of fear to the Kashmiri boatmen, the most superstitious of men. Captain and crew are always nervous and anxious during transit on this the largest lake in India, twelve and one-half miles long and five miles wide. They fear the evil spirits that live in the water and take the form of snakes.

LIFE ON THE HOUSE-BOAT

Dotting the lake at this very early hour were Kashmiri in their small boats, picking up the water chestnuts which ripe at this season are most delicate eating. Later during our travels we met the pedlars with these chestnuts strung on a frame like an umbrella carried over their heads with a long handle. They called their wares in a sweet musical note as they walked about the streets, handing to their purchasers one rib of the frame.

At chotohazrie the morning following our wild night, we reasoned thus: the small mice which evidently made their home below the deck were ousted by the incoming waters, for they departed to be seen no more. The captain was convinced that the water had been coming into the boat since leaving Baramula, owing to several loosened boards found on the outside. Our midnight caller who came to pick up what he could find without being discovered was, evidently, not vicious in his visit.

Entering the river after a safe crossing over Lake Wular, we were detained several hours by a log jam under one of the bridges and it was exciting to watch the frantic efforts of the log-rollers to untangle the mix-up. Four days were taken to reach Srinagar, each one full of the unexpected. There were no dull moments, for excitements on the river were frequent.

Cargo boats move slowly, both up and down, hugging the shore, for time is nothing to the Kashmiri, and it matters little when they reach Baramula or Islamabad. Thousands live on these boats the year round, in the most uncomfortable, unsanitary and immoral conditions. The children peeped out of the cabins, ragged, dirty and

SEE INDIA WITH ME

ill-fed, and one can not help feeling and expressing sympathy for them. Passing through this avenue of boats was often hazardous for us, for noise and confusion reigned when the unexpected happened: boats tipping over, children or babies falling into the water, fights between Kashmiri, a big haul of fish in the queer, picturesque nets—these were our constant entertainments. The large fishing nets are as queer as the people. The frame is made of bamboo, oblong, jointed, and covered with coarse netting, which closes tightly when full of fish and a string pulled.

The heat in the middle of the day was intense, notwithstanding the high altitude, so that remaining in our sky parlor was unendurable, and we remained in our cabin until late afternoon as the Custom-house Book of Rules advised.

At the Custom-house near Srinagar officials greeted us cordially but expressed surprise that there were American tourists on the river owing to the war, and wondered how we ever reached India safely from London. Details of our plans and probable length of our visit were given and we were allowed to proceed. We were told of the horrible ravages of cholera during the past summer and warned not to eat uncooked food nor drink unboiled water. Deaths had averaged from one thousand to fifteen hundred a month. One American woman, living at Srinagar, expired after an hour's illness from indulging in peaches bought from a boat lying near the shore and which she had neglected to cook or disinfect. With

LIFE ON THE HOUSE-BOAT

the request that we call upon the English Resident at Srinagar at our earliest opportunity, we sailed away.

The Custom-house was evidently the favorite place for the natives to bathe and wash their clothes, for hundreds were standing in and around the water when we arrived. Others loafed on the steps nearby in a lazy listless manner, dreaming the daylight hours away. One suit of clothes seemed to be the entire wardrobe of a Kashmiri so while that was being laundered, he must remain under water, or wait in one of the small bath houses provided along the shore.

There are over four hundred house-boats on the river, the captain told us, and thousands of native crafts. The Maharajah of Kashmir will not permit foreigners to own houses or land in the valley, fearful of interference of his rights, consequently, they must live in house-boats or rent native houses.

A house-boat is to be preferred to a native house with its dirt and vermin, but the boats are often too small for comfort, especially if the family is large. The Scarlet Pimpernel was considered one of the largest on the river, but seemed small to us. An English gentleman with a large family had passed four years on our house-boat, which could no longer be endured, preferring the trials of a native house to a home on the river.

The roofs of native houses along the shore had the appearance of flower gardens, covered as they were with growing vegetation, grains, and flowers. Natives think their roofs are protected in this manner from dampness and decay. Little or no glass could be seen in windows

SEE INDIA WITH ME

or doors, due to its scarcity and expense. During summer windows are not needed. In winter paper is pasted over the openings to keep out cold and storm, and for these months inmates never see the sunlight, unless outside. Imagine the atmosphere of these houses!

The domes of Buddhist temples were brilliant in the sunlight, covered with the 5-gallon tins from the Standard Oil Company of America which held the oil bought for fuel from Standard boats plying up and down the river.

We passed under the seven bridges, mentioned in the Custom-house Book of Rules, before reaching Srinagar and we were impressed with their frail appearance and of the weight put upon them by the crowds passing back and forth. We learned of their construction later, for the piers which support the bridges are made of stone built up from the bottom of the river, and are overlapped and interlocked by massive square trestles of deodar logs. Immense beams of cedar are placed across these trestles, after which the flooring is laid. Alternate courses of stone and wood fasten down the ends of the bridges, making them very strong. In early times these bridges carried roofs.

We arrived at Srinagar late in the afternoon and the Scarlet Pimpernel anchored on the north side of the river, near enough the shore that a plank sufficed to reach the land, where a short walk brought us to the steps leading to the main street. The throngs on the street suggested a festival but proved to be the everyday crowds.

LIFE ON THE HOUSE-BOAT

The trunks were our first thought, and no little surprise and disappointment was felt that the two most needed for housekeeping on the river were missing—nor did they arrive until our visit was finished and we were returning to Rawl Pindi. Purchases supplied the missing articles, and the boat was stocked for the trip up and down the river. Only necessary supplies sufficient to reach Srinagar had been supplied at Baramula.

The parlor of the house-boat had seven windows in addition to the door which was part glass, and through the thin muslin curtains light was intense and afforded every opportunity to peepers. Hanging dark green curtains prevented further annoyance.

We remained two weeks at Srinagar before sailing up the river, and excursions were taken to places of interest in and around the city. Sightseeing began at daylight to escape the heat and the many merchants who came in droves to show their wares and urge buying. The space on either side of our boat would be occupied by merchants' crafts filled to overflowing with Kashmiri goods and the only way to avoid them was to pull the curtains, close the doors, and absolutely refuse to look at a single article and, further, refuse to buy from merchants who insisted after being told they must wait. A compromise was made whereby no business was to be transacted until our return from up the river, when their stores would be visited. This proved satisfactory and the annoyance ceased.

Srinagar is 5250 feet above sea level. Warm and delightful during the day, after nightfall the cold was in-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

tense and fires were a necessity in the rooms of the Pimpernel and, fortunately, wood was procurable.

Sir Thomas Moore has made famous the Valley of Kashmir in his poem "Lalla Rookh." Mur-Mahal, the princess, was the wife of Jahan Jir, the fourth Great Mogul of India, who reigned from A.D. 1605 to 1627. He and his wife loved the valley and came each year to pass the season of heat on their beautiful estates, Shalimar Bagh and Nishat Bagh.

One day when the air was soft and a blue haze overspread hill and dale we had a picnic in these gardens. In the early morning we motored to Shalimar Bagh by way of the lake, which supplies pure water to Srinagar. This lake is miles from the filth and dirt of the city, protected by a high fence and gateway. No one is allowed to come nearer than the entrance gate where a fine view can be obtained of the water supply, which is piped to convenient hydrants. Astonishing as it may seem, this pure water is not appreciated by the Kashmiri because of the distance to walk. They use the river water.

CHAPTER IX.

Srinagar

BEFORE leaving the house-boat for the gardens, we arranged that the servants should meet us at twelve o'clock in one of the pavilions at Shalimar Bagh with the tiffin baskets, thus giving the morning to wandering over the gardens of the two lovers of hundreds of years ago trying to imagine how they lived among their shrubs and flowers.

The mountain views were grand in all directions. Flowers bloomed everywhere, with shrubbery so placed to give the greatest effect. Single fountains, numbering hundreds, were scattered throughout the garden and among the flower beds, sending their silver spray upward to great height to fall in gentle showers over the flowers washing away the dust, thus adding to their freshness.

The woods nearby were a part of the garden, a paradise of loveliness, with big chenars, deodars and fir trees in which birds and wood nymphs could sing and dance unseen.

At twelve we reached the pavilion chosen for tiffin, with keen appetites. It required a few minutes to cook some portions, over an alcohol lamp. Kneeling on the floor in the palace of a Mogul, with no conveniences of any kind, I produced hot coffee, scrambled eggs, bacon and potatoes.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Finishing tiffin, the rest hour was passed listening to selections from "Lalla Rookh" read aloud, and we remarked how impossible it seemed that Sir Thomas Moore could describe so accurately the Valley of Kashmir, never having visited this romantic garden nor known the lovers, and decided it must have been a heavenly flight of imagination. The story of Nur Mahal, the beautiful young princess whose father loved her, and wished for her happiness in marriage, is particularly lovely. He allowed her the unusual experience of companionship with the man she wished to marry by sending her, under protection, into the valley in company with the young Prince Jahan Jir. The poem tells of their wanderings, their romance in this dreamland, and how they came to realize the sincerity of their love. This was the time and place to read the poem!

Late in the afternoon, a motor took us to Mur Mahal's garden, Nishat Bagh, given her by her husband to plan and develop as she pleased and, again, the lovers worked together for the beautification of this garden. Mur Mahal's is the more beautiful because of its situation on a side hill, terraced from top to bottom, each terrace a garden of rare flowers, watered from a reservoir at the top a picture difficult to describe. Marguerites bloomed on the terraces the day of our visit, and the air was heavy with the perfume of other flowers. A snapshot taken of myself standing on one of the terraces amidst the Marguerites became my Christmas thought to friends.

SRINAGAR

Seated in Mur Mahal's Pavilion on the shore of the lake, where she and her lady friends made merry many centuries ago, we partook of tea and then left in a row-boat to cross Dal Lake, to witness a Mohammedan festival at the great Mosque Hazrat Bal. Here thousands had gathered to do homage to a single hair of Mohamet kept in this temple, and we joined them to take snapshots of the crowds.

Later, we rowed back to Srinagar, through the canals which honeycomb Srinagar, under bridges and balconied houses in picturesque surroundings, all the time conscious of the unsanitary conditions and malodorous atmosphere. These canals suggest most beautiful and artistic pictures, but the making in these foul surroundings is fraught with greatest danger. The largest and most picturesque canal called Tsonti-I-Kul (Apple Canal) leads to Chanarbah, the most romantic spot, but most unhealthy, in Srinagar. Our boat passed a man standing in the water washing something which on close inspection proved to be the entrails of a sheep that our guide said would be cooked and eaten with relish for his supper.

The main street of Srinagar is paved and drained, but the countless canals intersecting the city are its menace. The Kashmiri know nothing of sanitation as their habits are primitive. Filth breeds disease and death on every side. Drainage runs into the stagnant canals in which the people bathe, and drink the water; and it is little wonder that tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, enteric fever, and other dread diseases stalk abroad each year reaping a big harvest.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

A call was made upon the English Resident, as requested by the Custom-house officials, and our plans and manner of travel throughout India laid before him. He seemed greatly interested because of its novelty, and gave us valuable information, promising we should be taken through the Kyber Pass under escort when we arrived at Peshawar. He mentioned our touring in his province for some time and that it would be unnecessary to show our passports or make further reports of our movements until asked to do so after reaching another province, when we would know we had passed from his jurisdiction.

Each Sunday morning service was attended at the English Chapel—a pleasure after the long privation of no service, and, with others, a stop was made at the office of the Resident to read the war bulletins, posted for the benefit of the public. The news was discouraging and awful, and we sympathized deeply with those whose loved ones were in the war, and remarked many times that America, sooner or later, would enter. How could it be otherwise!

A Mission Hospital, outside the city, is ably conducted by Dr. Ernest Neve, whose faithful and skillful work for the Kashmiri has caused something of a sensation among medical men in England and other countries to whom his work is known. We met Doctor Neve and visited his hospital with him.

Dr. Elmslie was the first medical missionary (1865) to come to the valley, although at that time no European

SRINAGAR

doctor was allowed to remain during the winter. His first summer he treated over two thousand patients. The second summer, the Governor of Kashmir would not allow a house to be rented to him for his work, so the doctor pitched a tent in an open lot and treated over three thousand. In 1870, Dr. W. E. Storrs took up the work, and in 1872, with the help of Dr. Elmslie, carried the Kashmiri through an epidemic of cholera. The work went forward, increasing each year against oppression and discouragement, until Dr. Arthur Neve, the father of the present incumbent, came out from England to work with Dr. Downs until his retirement, when he became the head of the Medical Mission.

In 1885 occurred the terrible earthquake with its appalling loss of life and property, at which time Dr. Neve gave valuable service, which was markedly appreciated. The Kiser-I-Hind gold medal was conferred upon him for public service in 1901. Three thousand persons, ten thousand houses, forty thousand cattle and sheep were destroyed by the earthquake. Following this calamity, Maharajah Raubar Sing of Srinagar built a state hospital capable of holding one hundred beds and which was called "The City of Snow." How much more appropriate—"The City of Appalling Odors."

Dr. Ernest F. Neve, the present medical missionary, came to Kashmir in 1900, and was so convinced that the old hospital buildings had outgrown their usefulness that he had them torn down, and built on the north ridge of Takht-I-Sulerman a modern hospital. Fifty-five thou-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

sand Kashmiri received treatment the year of our visit, and the doctor told us that could the English at home see and appreciate what was being done for the Kashmiri, all the money needed for the good work would be forthcoming without stint or delay.

The new hospital is one of the show places of Kashmir, its location most attractive, surrounded on three sides by the blue waters of Dal Lake, with the Himalayas for a background. Nine buildings make up this hospital city. Roofs and floors are tiled; two windows in each room; gardens of flowers, vegetables and fruit trees surround the hospital. Many become Christians while patients in the hospital, under the influence of the Christian surgeons, doctors and nurses, but few have the moral courage and fortitude to continue the Christian life after returning to their heathen homes.

Dr. and Mrs. Neve entertained us at their home, showing great interest in our plan for the trip up the river, soon to be taken, and gave us letters to the lady medical missionaries at Islamabad, who would show us the work being done for women and children. His book, "Kashmir Beyond the Pir PanJal," which he gave me, was of great value as it contained a deal of information about the valley and its people.

Millions are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Rice is the staple crop of which there are sixty varieties, each bearing a distinct name. The two broad divisions are the red and white, the former being considered superior. Its cultivation requires constant labor by the Kashmiri

SRINAGAR

who are experts. Throughout the valley there is extensive irrigation, so necessary for the growing of rice.

Kashmir is particularly rich in fruit growing; peach, pear, apricot and plum predominating. While currants, raspberries and gooseberries grow in abundance, grapes are poor. Hops grow in Kashmir, a market being found for them at Mauree.

Cows and sheeps are bred in large numbers, but the quantity of milk is small, averaging only five or six pounds daily. Milk is not drunk by babies or grown-ups, but used to nourish the calves. Cows are used for agricultural work and hauling heavy loads.

Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, head of the Kashmir Mission School, works against fearful odds to educate the youth of Kashmir and uplift the families through the children. A visit to this school was one of our excursions. Not only to see the school but to apply for the admittance of a boy, the son of the captain of the house-boat who acted as "Buttons" and whom we dubbed "Supercargo." His sad, careworn face appealed to us, for he was a neglected child, his clothes poor and ragged, and his home life unhappy.

Rev. Tyndale-Biscoe received us at his home and, after explaining his ideals, hopes, and methods for his school, escorted us to one of four schools he conducts at Srinagar.

"The object of my school is to train boys—not only the clever and strong, but the weak. Fewer marks are given to mind than to body, because Kashmiri boys prefer books to bodily exercise. Marks in sports are not given neces-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

sarily to the best swimmers and cricketers, but to boys who try the hardest. If we rewarded the strong, the weak would give up trying. Physical training includes gymnastics, drill, boating, swimming, football and cricket, and my aim is to make the boys healthy and strong, and to promote *esprit de corps*, discipline, reverence for authority, and a due sense of obedience and subordination."

During the summer a boy must bathe daily with his class. All must learn to swim. Sometimes three hundred boys are in the water at once. Prizes are given for long swims and daring feats in the water. They are taught to save life and medals are awarded for this especially meritorious act.

The great task is to teach boys manliness, loyalty, charity, manners, cleanliness, truth, and Christian Doctrine. The motto of the school is—"In all things be men." The crest is a pair of paddles crossed. The paddles are in the shape of a heart, reminding one of kindness. The crossed paddles represent self-sacrifice, reminding them of the One who is the greatest example of Godliness, and from whom we learn to be true men.

Many Srinagar boys wear the blades and these boys may be appealed to by anyone in difficulty, distress, or danger, for they have been taught to render service at all times to those in need. The aim of this work is similar to the Boy Scouts of America.

Dr. Tyndale-Biscoe's ardent hope is that, in the near future, residential colleges will be established, that boys may live in hostels, each of which will be a private in-

SRINAGAR

stitution and have its own religion. The hostels will be Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindu. This college will be a government institution and religion will not be taught.

Before leaving Srinagar our "Supercargo" became a pupil in the school and remained for a number of years, leaving with an honorable record and some education.

CHAPTER X.

Up the River

COLD weather was approaching and our trip up the river must be taken for winter settles in the valley without warnings. One warm, bright morning we left Srinagar to find as we went north that the river was much more attractive, cleaner, and clearer and our sky parlor more livable.

The first stop was at the Temple Pandrathan, the smallest known temple in the world, being eighteen feet square and thirty feet high. During high water a boat is needed to reach the inside, but at this season the water was sufficiently low to allow us to walk without protection to our feet.

The perfect architectural proportions of this temple, the trefoil headed arches and the roof, characteristic of the Kashmir style and unknown elsewhere except for a few out of the way places in the Punjab, were what attracted us. This small temple was built in A. D. 921 and today shows few cracks or disintegration. A broken lingam, representative of Siva and an object of worship by the Hindu, stands outside the door.

Farther on are the ruins of the ancient and famous city of Avantipur, ruled over by King Avanti-Varma in the Ninth Century. Two magnificent temples, their gate-

UP THE RIVER

ways richly fluted, are being excavated, proof of what a rich and beautiful city this was.

We watched the workmen uncover a portion of one colonnade of the smaller temple and appreciated their excitement over the find.

Here was obtained one of the finest and most extensive views of the higher Himalayas since our arrival in the valley, for a cloudless sky and rare atmosphere made them seem within reach.

The moorings for the night were near Avantipur and the moon being full, the view of the ruins was superb. The deathlike stillness was broken only by the sighing of the wind through the leaves of the chenar and deodar trees as we wandered through the ruins, dreaming dreams of this great city in the days of kings. There was no thought of retiring until the wee hours, but early in the morning the boat left for Kanba to visit the ruins of Martand Temple, the finest and largest in Kashmir.

The date of this temple is thought to be in the fifth century, but this is not authentic. There was a mile or more of walking to reach the old gateway of colossal stone blocks whose carvings were almost obliterated. Entering the ruins we passed under intervening recessed trefoil arches into the quadrangle, and from thence into the temple proper through a cloister of fluted columns with perfectly proportioned bases and Doric capitals. The square architraves to the doorways and the trefoil arches though badly ruined, plainly showed the glory of this temple in its palmy days.

A lofty central edifice in the quadrangle, reached by a

SEE INDIA WITH ME

broad flight of stone steps, was surmounted on each side by a graceful trefoil arch, and on each side of the nave flanking the central building were two chapels. The roof whose scattered masses of stone were on the ground was probably a pyramid of stone blocks towering to the height of seventy-five feet and flanked by smaller pyramids over the wings. Imagination was rife as we stood among these ruins and pictured what this temple must have been in the days when Hindu priests, dressed in their gray woolen tunics and caps, moved about blowing their shell trumpets, striking the bell to attract the gods; when women filling their jars at nearby tanks chanted the evening prayer to the Father of All, a faint odor of incense rising to envelope the temple in a cloud of white mist.

The dream was over, the spell broken. Rain was falling fast, wind howling and whistling through the ruins, air chilly and cold and we a mile or more from the boat. Nothing was near us but this great ruin unable to tell anything of its life and influence. No wonder our minds were alive to its mysteries on this lonely hill in the tempest.

The following morning Islamabad was reached, but the rain and wind was so violent there was no possibility of leaving the boat until the storm should cease which it did about midday.

Islamabad, the second largest city in Kashmir, with a population of a million, is built round a hill. Roofs are grass covered, buildings of hollow dried bricks filled between with gray or yellow mud, giving a picturesque ap-

UP THE RIVER

pearance. There are many large orchards of peach and pear, and numerous springs from the hillsides flowing down into tanks which are the city's water supply.

Miss Gomery and Miss Newham, the medical missionaries, greeted us cordially, having received word of our coming from Dr. Neve. They gave valuable time to accompany us to places of interest, shops, hospital, and one or two native homes which proved the value of their work for women and children. They spoke of the powerful influence of the priests over the women and how difficult it was to make them understand what happiness would be theirs freed from the influence of priestcraft. Women rule the households and their children; priests rule the women.

We discussed the needs of the Kashmiri women and children, asked innumerable questions which they answered, but always with these words: "We are convinced that converting the Kashmiri women is a difficult problem."

Kashmir and its fascination held sway over Jahan Jir, the fourth Great Mogul, throughout his reign, for more time was passed here than at any other place. His memoirs speak of his love for it, and how he hoped that Kashmir, among his loved chenar and deodar trees in his beautiful garden, might be his last resting place, a wish denied him, as his tomb is at Lahore.

Jahan Jir's way of reaching the valley was probably by Banihal to Jammu, a more direct and shorter route from Delhi, not via Barramula. Near the Banihal Pass

SEE INDIA WITH ME

in a most picturesque spot near the woods he loved Jahan Jir built another beautiful garden. Here in a deep octagonal pool, enclosed by an old stone wall, filled from an ever-flowing spring, sacred fish darted in the water. No one is allowed to catch them but can feed them sacred food which tames them to the extent that they can be taken in the hand and held. They are fat and edible, and a mournful sigh unconsciously escaped that they were unattainable. This sacred pool is one of the many sources of the Jhelum River.

The valley is hilly and rocky and many springs flow down into artificial tanks full of fish. At the foot of the hills are many Hindu statues covered with red paint, and in seven hundred places in Kashmir are stone snakes worshipped by the Hindus which are associated with these springs. "Nag," (snake) is the Kashmir word for spring.

Rain fell in torrents at Islamabad, and we decided to return at once to Srinagar and begin preparations for leaving the valley. One morning the wind blew so strong the captain was afraid and anchored behind a point of land until the hurricane passed. No stops were made to Srinagar which we found had been visited by heavy storms; the river rising four feet, covering our former anchorage on the north and washing away the steps leading to the main street. It was impossible to find a safe mooring, so for two days we anchored on the south from which vantage point a fine view of Srinagar and the mountains behind the city was obtained.

Our remaining days were passed in arranging for

UP THE RIVER

departure, which was to be by motor. We visited the shops as agreed and bade farewell to the charming people we had met. The two missing trunks arrived during our absence up the river, not needed now but of value on the private car which was to meet us at Rawal Pindi, to be our home for many weeks.

Finding entrance to Kashmir shops would have been difficult had it not been for the guidance of Schaik, for the highways and byways of Srinagar are devious and many. Owing to the steep river bank there are numerous floors to buildings on the river front, only two or three on the street. The shops were filled with goods so jumbled together and dirty that one hesitated to handle them without tongs. There were beautiful things to buy at fair prices if the purchaser was as quick and wily as the shopkeepers, and never accepted the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth price. Generally when a price was agreed upon, it was somewhere near the real value. Beautiful rugs, wood carvings, shawls, jewelry, metal and leather goods, chudda wool by the yard, papier mâché bowls, candlesticks, and many other articles were there. Our purchases were packed and shipped in our presence, for otherwise they might never leave Srinagar.

We watched the carvers in wood and marble in their shops, work from patterns marked in colored chalks and executed with sharp-pointed tools and files.

Kashmir was for ages the only center for the manufacture of papier mâché, but at present it is produced in Lucknow, Lahore, and Amritsar by workers whose origin is traced to Kashmir who left years ago to estab-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

lish themselves in southern cities, hoping for more work, better wages, and less severe climate in winter.

Papier mâché is manufactured from paper pulp, stamped from dies. The paper is not fully pulped, but softened sufficiently to enable it to be pasted, layer upon layer, into a mold of the required shape. Wrappings of muslin and coatings of very fine plaster of Paris harden the articles and completes the process. The painting is done in water-color after the surface is covered with a coating of Cepal varnish. Much of the so-called papier mâché of Kashmir is now made on a basis of wood, a layer or two of muslin and a coating of fine plaster to produce the proper surface required for painting. Papier mâché is rapidly losing the foliated and quaint forms originally assumed, being now right-angled conceptions, such as picture and photograph frames, easily constructed of wood. The ancient art is lost.

Kashmir papier mâché painting has two well defined types, the very old shawl and the rose pattern—the latter, bunches of richly colored roses intermingled with birds and gaily painted flowers. The old productions are much to be preferred to the modern, but equally scarce.

Islamabad in early days was the great shawl-weaving center, popular in Queen Victoria's day, when she gave to every favorite when she married.

The lovely white chudda shawls, so soft and clinging, known and popular all over the world, are made by the Kashmiri. The same wool is woven by the yard and used by the Kashmiri when cool weather arrives. In wintry weather he encases his feet in straw sandals,

UP THE RIVER

fastened on with woolen rags, but winds yards and yards of chudda wool around his throat and head. His one cotton suit is padded for winter and sewed on in November. At that time the windows and doors of his home are covered with paper to keep out the cold air during the long winter season, and the houses are in semi-light. The winter garments were being made and sewed on the men, women and children when we were there, and the filth upon them by spring can be easily imagined.

Wilton rugs of finest quality are made at Srinagar, principally for the English trade. Visiting the factory we watched the process of weaving—for the men do the work with the help of small boys who stand behind handing up the colors as their numbers are called, the same as at Ahmadabad. The work here is superior in grade, material and workmanship. The unsanitary conditions in this factory were appalling, the long, low building housing the workers is without ventilation excepting through the fret windows of wood, open in summer, covered with paper in winter. The weavers, number twenty-five, the helpers a dozen or more, all working for ten hours, with no possible chance for a breath of pure air excepting as someone opens or closes the door when entering or departing. No wonder disease is rampant in these factories.

The Himalayas were growing whiter and whiter with each succeeding storm, the cold increasing, which meant keeping the house-boat warm—impossible, but forcibly reminding us that the time was near to say farewell to

SEE INDIA WITH ME

this lovely valley and return to the low country to continue our tour.

We were sorry to give up the Kashmir country, say farewell to our dreams of the old Mogul days and tune our lives once more to modern conditions. Dreams vanish, awakenings come, but the fascination of this valley, difficult to understand, describe, or appreciate, casts a spell never to be lost or forgotten. There were cold rains with snow on the nearby hills which made our parting less sorrowful. Two motors took us to Uri for luncheon, the night being passed at Domel. Bright open fires, most acceptable after the long, cold ride, greeted us for we were expected, having notified the Rest House of our coming.

Reaching Mauree, we remained two nights and a day for rest, and to enjoy the warmth and comfort of a modern hotel after weeks on a house-boat. Mauree was so much warmer than Srinagar that we passed hours in the sunshine watching the distant mountains white with their fresh covering of snow.

Between Mauree and Rawal Pindi we met a regiment of soldiers marching out of the valley with their camp equipment mounted on camels and mules, and at that time, the longest camel caravan seen. It was necessary for us to pass, so sounding the horn, the caravan moved to one side. Evidently camels do not like motors for, taking one look, without warning, they stampeded up the hillside, making frantic efforts to free themselves from their burdens, not securely fastened. Up and down the hill they ran, dropping their loads. The tent poles, stretching far out behind, could not be dropped and were a dan-

UP THE RIVER

gerous weapon for our motor to encounter. Succeeding in passing the caravan, we stopped to speak to the leader to express regret that we had frightened the four hundred camels. The band was playing one of Sousa's marches suggesting home and dear America.

A rapid ride took us to Rawal Pindi to the railway station where was waiting the "Car" to go to the Kyber Pass, the farthest northwest corner of India, and from there to Calcutta, over the widest portion of India, privileged to stop when and where we desired, and take excursions north and south of the main line on the East India Railroad.

CHAPTER XI.

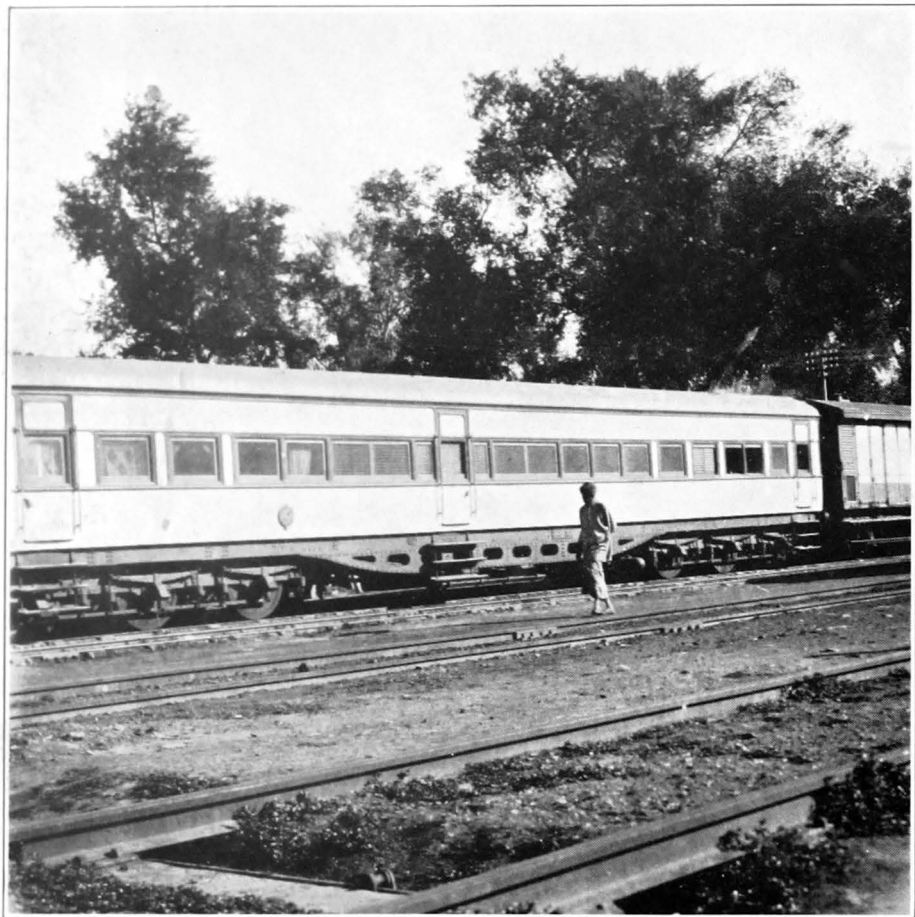
Peshawar and the Kyber Pass

IT was summer weather, and heavy clothing gave place to summer garb. The car ready we were soon settled for long weeks of travel in our home on wheels.

The car was one hundred feet long, divided with a small room in the center which served as hall and dining-room when without guests on one side, two rooms, bath and room for luggage. On the opposite side two rooms, bath, kitchen and servants' room, a good arrangement for a party of four. Our personal things were distributed about the rooms, maps and photographs hung on the wall, books on the table, and writing material in the small desk. Curtains at the windows, which were screened, and our flag draped over the door in the hall.

Peshawar, the ancient capital of Gandhara Province, was reached that same evening, allowing our first night to be one of quiet.

Peshawar was the original home of the Buddhists, but later the Mahayana sect introduced Bodhi Sattwas (ritualism) into their pantheon, with attending deities, demons, spacious temples, images, processions, ceremonials, and festivals, which finally brought the Buddhists to accept Hinduism, while Buddhism slowly disappeared from the country. In parts of India, Burma, Ceylon, Dar-



OUR HOME ON WHEELS IN INDIA

PESHAWAR AND THE KYBER PASS

jeeling, and Kashmir, ancient Buddhism still survives. The ruins of very large Buddhists stupas are seen in many places. One of the largest is here. At the Peshawar Museum is a casket, said to contain some of the ashes of the true Buddha, found in this big stupa during the excavation in 1909. The casket was placed in our hands when visiting the Museum. Buddha was eighty-four years old when he died and, after cremation, his ashes were distributed in caskets to the faithful in India.

A stupa is a mound of earth which holds the relic in the top. The outside is covered with brick or stone and, outside of that, marble—delicately carved with scenes of Buddha's life. During King Osoka's reign in India eighty-four thousand stupas were erected, all commemorative of the Great Buddha.

Nothing is left of the outside ornamentations on this Peshawar stupa except a few pieces of marble which have been taken from the ruins and placed in the Museum. Fergusson speaks of this stupa erected by King Kaniska as more than four hundred and seventy feet in height one hundred and eighty-five feet in diameter with wonderful decorations of exquisite beauty and of its tower of graceful proportions.

At the Peshawar Hospital we were told that thirty thousand patients were treated the year of our visit. The patients arrive in the morning before daylight, after walking miles to be the first to meet the doctors, and while waiting their turn are entertained with religious and sanitary talks given in the auditorium of the hospital.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The wards are most comfortable and the patients, given the best of treatment.

We called on President and Mrs. Wood of Edwards College, who extended a cordial welcome, and took infinite pains to assign a first class local guide to accompany us during our visit to Peshawar, the Kyber Pass, and other places of interest outside the city. President and Mrs. Wood entertained us at dinner and tea and showed their home, so wonderfully constructed to withstand India's humid heat. Every modern method for keeping out heat and disagreeable insects has been adopted. The rooms twenty-two feet high have a row of windows near the ceiling, in addition to the French windows opening onto the spacious porches which surround the house, and which were hung with curtains of matting on the outside of the porch, as well as outside the long windows. The servants live in separate houses on the grounds, the kitchen and laundry in detached buildings. Only parlor, bedrooms and dining-room are in the main house.

We were introduced to the manner of bathing in India which was similar to Java. In a room devoted to that necessity the bather stands on mats while applying soap and hot water, after which they rinse by throwing dippers of cold water over the body from a tank having a constant flow. The cooling effect is magical and refreshing.

President and Mrs. Wood expressed a desire to see our home and be shown our way of living and they were our first dinner guests. They told us we were the first tourists to visit their city in a private car.

PESHAWAR AND THE KYBER PASS

Peshawar is a big trade center for Kabul, Bokhara and Central Asia, and street fairs and bazars are held there several times a year. The rugs brought to sell are beauties, in spite of the dirt which is appalling, and which make necessary the use of tongs in handling. One cannot refrain from buying these rugs whether one needs them or not, and many on my floors are a delightful reminder of my visit to far-away Peshawar. Many of the finest rugs in homes in the United States came from these unsanitary fairs that I have described. These beautiful rugs from far-off Persia, likely as not gave service as roof covering for the huts of the natives before coming to America.

Colored gauzy scarfs, lunges (turbans), wax work, embroidery, knives, small arms and a special style of wood carvings were shown here in quantities and were most attractive.

The car was taken up to the entrance gate to the Pass late one night, and the following morning escorts arrived with tongas to drive us through, a distance of eleven miles. High hills of red stone flank both sides of the roadway shutting out views. The Pass is minus trees, shrubs, flowers, or grass, causing a desolate outlook to travelers. Two English roads lead through the Pass, one for ingoing, the other outgoing—both winding around the hills that are high, dreary and gloomy.

Barracks on top of many hills are the quarters of the Kyber Rifles who guard the Pass. Each barrack is stocked with provisions and ammunition sufficient for

SEE INDIA WITH ME

a week or more. The Pass is open every Tuesday and Friday from ten until four o'clock, and daily until the passing of the mail. As the barracks were passed the guard came out and stood at attention, as we were with English escort.

The Alfridas are a warlike, unconquerable people, and create insecure feeling when seen peeping out from crevices and caves along the highway. Our feeling of thankfulness was very sincere that military protection was being given us while riding through this dreary Pass. The Alfridas wear little or no clothing. Short trousers are their only garment, though some did wear bright scarfs around their necks. Their hair was long, black and curly, their eyes vicious, not at all pleasing or reassuring when catching a glimpse of the curved knives carried at their sides. Their leather belts were full of ammunition, for the guns slung over their shoulders. Capture by them meant mutilation in its most cruel and atrocious form. They are a terror and a menace to Peshawar and must be constantly watched by the Kyber Rifles to prevent assault and destruction of property. A few days before our arrival at Peshawar they had made an attempt to blow up the railroad bridge entering the city, making hourly guarding a necessity.

The Kyber Pass is the only approach by land from Central Asia into India, and is the same that Alexander the Great marched through when endeavoring to conquer the world, and wept because unable to advance farther.

PESHAWAR AND THE KYBER PASS

Fort Ali Masjid, at the end of the Pass, is two thousand, four hundred and thirty feet above the roadway, and all who enter from the west must pass this fort at a point where the road narrows perceptibly, hemmed in by high hills on either side. Leaving the tongas at the fort, we were received by the officers who informed us that a long caravan was to pass through from Kabul which might be of interest. Kodaks could not be used, much to our regret, for there were many fine pictures of these picturesque people. For three hours we sat on a stone wall watching this caravan of strange people pass, for the procession was over two miles long, made up of hundreds of camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, men, women, children and babies and looked what it was—a medley of humanity and the animal world, appropriately illustrating the rhyme of Old Mother Goose:

“Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in velvet gown.”

Dressed in the brightest of colors, dirty and ragged, with neither shoes nor stockings, their necks covered with necklaces, the upper and lower lobes of their ears and their noses heavily jewelled, they passed before us. Toes and fingers were covered with rings, arms above the elbows and the legs below the knees with bracelets and anklets. These were strange people. The men, women, and children were fine specimens of physical development, and trudged over the roads as if fatigue was unknown. The hills looked less dreary because of the brilliant col-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

oring of the trampers, with the bright handkerchiefs worn loosely around the necks of the men and over the heads of the women.

Every camel and donkey carried saddle-bags filled to overflowing with produce and merchandise. If there was ample space in the bags, babies, and small children peeped from the top. Round baskets with large holes carried chickens and ducks, while rolled up and hanging from the sides of the camels were the rugs; if the rugs were too long for one, two camels did duty. The outer coverings of these saddle-bags were often beautiful, fine rugs, sold in pairs for fabulous prices.

They laughed, chatted, and bowed to us as they passed along, giving the impression that care and sorrow meant little to them.

After the passing of the caravan, we followed to the entrance gate. Rain was falling steadily, with every prospect of a stormy afternoon, and thus it proved; but in our cozy car all was dry, warm and comfortable. After tiffin time passed quickly writing up notebooks and talking over the experiences of the morning, and of our drive through the Kyber Pass. Peshawar was reached early in the evening, the car side-tracked for the night.

The Fair Grounds were alive the following morning with the natives from Persia, and hours were spent looking over and purchasing the dirty rugs and curios brought from Kabul. All small articles were assorted as to kind, making it easy to find desired objects. Besides the rugs, silks, embroideries, jewelry, fruits, both fresh and dried, were for sale in quantities. Caravans arriving,

PESHAWAR AND THE KYBER PASS

they settle themselves in huts on the outskirts of the Fair Ground and carry on their daily life as if at home. Here the fine rugs were doing service in protecting the inmates of the huts from the inclement weather by keeping the roofs dry, the cold out and the floors warm,—these very rugs that later would be ornamenting the fine homes in America or other countries, valued highly and handled most tenderly, every hole and break revered. We were told that the number of rugs owned by a family represents its wealth and many rugs at this fair were very, very old and had seen years of service before being brought to Peshawar.

President and Mrs. Wood came to the station to see us off when we left, which gave another opportunity to thank them for the many courtesies which they had shown us. Their introductions and influence gave many opportunities that otherwise would have been denied.

CHAPTER XII.

Lahore

IT was a night's ride to Lahore where the car was placed on a siding outside the station for a prolonged visit. All railroad stations in India are two or three miles outside the cities, seemingly a strange arrangement, yet prevailing everywhere, for Indians do not like the "iron horses" to come thundering into the center of their cities.

Going for our mail the first morning, we found many notes from mutual friends anxious to make our visit pleasant. Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Ewing of Foreman College called and presented a plan for sightseeing which assured us a thorough knowledge of the interesting places in Lahore. Dr. Ewing, an American, was President of Foreman College, and had the honor of being one of seven Chancellors for Education in India. They greeted us as old friends and were untiring in their efforts for our pleasure.

At the college we learned that their standards equalled that of any university and that graduates were able to fill any position for which they had been prepared. We met the professors and a few students who spoke English, and gave the time to attend some lectures which increased our interest and admiration for what Americans were

LAHORE

striving to give Indian boys and girls of college age in Lahore.

We were told that the directions given for sightseeing in large cities of India should be followed closely, otherwise sightseeing became a jumble and little was accomplished. Lahore could not be exhausted in years, there was so much of historical interest.

The public buildings are a combination of Hindu and Mohammedan architecture with modern requirements. J. L. Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, was for years the Curator of the Museum and had much to do with the buildings of modern Lahore. He combined most successfully the square arch of the Hindu temples with the domes and open corridors of the Mohammedan mosques. Associated with Mr. Kipling were a large number of educated Indians who held positions of prominence and trust. The principal of the School of Art, R. B. Gangaram, C.I.E., and the principal of the old school, Sardar Hahadu Bhai Ram Singh, N.V.O., were taught museum work by Mr. Kipling.

Tradition tells that Lahore was founded by Loh, the oldest son of Rahma, but no mention is made of it in Alexander's history, and no Græco-Bactrian coins have ever been found among the ruins.

Lahore attained its greatest prominence during the reigns of the Great Moguls in India, A. D. 1210, described as Tartars, ugly nomads with yellow complexions, high cheek bones, flat noses, small eyes and large mouths, who over-ran Asia and entered the Punjab in the Thirteenth Century.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Akbar, the first Mogul of prominence, founded the Empire in 1556 and reigned until 1605. He enlarged and repaired the old fort and surrounded the town with a wall, portions of which are still standing. When Ranjit-Singh became ruler of Lahore in 1764 he built the old portions of the wall into a new and modern wall. Jahan Jir, Akbar's son, resided here, and built his Palace and Mausoleum at Shahdara, five miles from the city. Aurangzeb, his grandson, built the great mosque at the time the city was showing signs of decline, and was laid in ruins by Ahmad Shah Durani, a man from Afghanistan who gained the throne of the Moguls after the downfall of Aurangzeb. Of its glory in its prime, the proverb ran: "If Isfahan and Shirz united, it would not equal the half of Lahore."

On the Mall of the Lawrence Gardens stands the statue of Lord Lawrence, Chief Commissioner and Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. This garden, consisting of one hundred and twelve acres, contains a large variety of trees, shrubs and flowers, which surround the memorial buildings of Lawrence and Montgomery, now used for Public Offices. The Jubilee statue of Queen Victoria stands in a square by itself known as "Charing Cross." Government House, formerly the Tomb of Mohammed Kasim Khan, a cousin of the Emperor Akbar, was a patron of wrestlers, which gives the name of "Wrestler's Dome" to his tomb.

The Museum, the finest in India and the most interesting of all the public buildings, stands opposite the new

LAHORE

University Hall. It is the British Museum of the Far East.

The famous "Kim Gun," known as "Ammasma Humma" (Lion's Roar), stands in front of the entrance—made by Shah Wali Khan Wazer for Ahmar Shah Durani and used at the Battle of Pampat. After Durani left India it came into the hands of the Bhangi Misl. Maharajah Ranjit-Singh eventually got possession of it, and used it at the Siege of Multan in 1818. It was placed at the entrance of the Delhi Gate at Lahore until 1860, when it was removed to its present site. The Persian inscription gives the date of casting as A.D. 1762. Of large size, mounted on a gun carriage, it serves today as a resting place for many a weary tourist, as it did for Kim when contemplating his sudden departure from Lahore.

The Museum is of great educational value, showing not only the finished articles of many crafts but the process of manufacture. Here will be found a collection of Graeco Buddhist sculptures, excavated from various sites in Peshawar and the surrounding districts of that ancient Gandahara Country, illustrating scenes from the life of Buddha, of particular interest, following our recent visit to Peshawar. Two pillars brought by General Cunningham from Shah Kideri, an ancient city of Northern India; a Buddhist pillar nine feet high with a head projecting from one side, dug up near Jhelum; cases of jewelry, antique and modern, including specimens from Trans-Indus territory, all showing great beauty in design and decoration; a collection of arms, armor and daggers,

SEE INDIA WITH ME

decorated with pearls in grooves on the blades; swords whose hilts and scabbards were covered with Niello work, an alloy inserted in the metal design; embroidery on silk and cotton, interspersed with small bits of glass, called "Hookas," special to the Punjab; idols, hideously painted, worshipped by ladies of the Sikh Court; Kashmir shawls, woven and hand embroidered; specimens of Batik (the tying process), where the material is caught in knots by tying cord around small pieces of the goods in design, dyed, dried, the knots cut, showing the designed patterns. Groups making pottery; glass, metal, and lacquer work; other lay figures, robed in costumes of leather, showing what can be done with this material in the Punjab.

There were the Lahaul, Spiti, Ladak, and Tibetan prayer wheels, dating from the time of Buddha, that brought forth a prayer when whirled, thus aiding devotees too lazy to pray.

In the Mineral Section is the model of the Kohinoor Diamond made for the Exhibition of 1851 and which, according to the Hindu, belonged to Karna, King of Anga, a Persian who claims it to be the sister diamond of the Darya-I-Mur (Sea of Light) worn by the Afrasiab of that country at court functions.

There were Tibetan Llamahistic Temple banners, supposedly not found outside of Tibet; among them the banner of Padma-Sambhara (lotus born), who converted Tibet to Buddhism; the wheel of existence; scenes of Buddha's life, from his conception and birth to Nirvana.

LAHORE

The Mayo School of Art has attained an enviable position in the art world under the direction of Sardar Bahdur Ramsingh, Principal. The late Queen Empress and His Royal Highness the late Duke of Connaught frequently gave commissions to this school. There was a training school for teachers in drawing and crafts, who were sent to all parts of the Punjab and India after graduation.

The Lahore Fort, old before the days of the great Mogul, was entered through a modern postern, as the two very old and original gateways were closed following the British occupation in 1853. Registration after entering is required.

Behind these old gateways is Hathi Pol (Elephant Gate), once the private entrance of the Emperors and their ladies. These gates and walls, now badly mutilated—the result of bombardment during the Sikh Period, were gorgeous in colored tile mosaics in early days.

Kashi (Tile Work) was the favorite decoration for brick buildings during the reign of Shah Jahan Jir and several large panels of human figures in combat with elephants, a favorite amusement of the Mogul Court, were seen here. On other panels Persian polo, a sport of the great Moguls, was noticed. Military occupation in A.D. 1849 badly damaged the fort, but Lord Curzon, while Viceroy, made repairs with a degree of success.

The road leading to the palace from the Hathi Pol (Elephant Gate) takes the visitor to the west end of the big quadrangle of the Dewan-I-Am (Hall of Public Audience), which gives some idea of the original plan. Over the gateway is a tablet telling of the completion

SEE INDIA WITH ME

of the palace by Mamu Khan during the reign of Jahan Jir. After the capture of the fort by the Sikhs, it became the treasure-house, and was used as such until rescued and restored by Lord Curzon. The Diwan-I-Am occupies the center and was used as a barracks until 1903, when it also was restored. Built by Shah Jahah in the first year of his reign, it sheltered his courtiers attending the daily public audience. The Jharoka (Three Balcony) where the Emperor made his daily appearance, was the most interesting section. Remnants of the white marble railing remain, which served the purpose of grouping the nobles according to their rank and dignity when attending court. The Palace of Mirrors (Shis Mahal), occupying the north side of the square, was used in March 1849 when the sovereignty of the Punjab was surrendered to the British Government, the act being recorded on a marble tablet dating back to the time of the Moguls of the Seventeenth Century. The buildings are now used by the British for military and business purposes and no visitors are allowed within, which detracts materially from the pleasure of a visit to this oldest of forts.

Opposite the fort, reached by a long flight of steps, is the white marble and red sandstone Mosque of Akbar, built in 1573, and called the Golden Mosque because of the three gilt domes which adorn the top, characteristic of all Mohammedan mosques. Situated at the juncture of two streets, it is attractive and imposing, adding not a little to the beauty of the landscape. Bazars are held daily in the grounds surrounding the Mosque.

Inscribed over the gateway to Jahan Jir's garden, five

LAHORE

miles from Lahore, are these words: "Sweet is this garden; through envy of it the tulip is spotted, the rays of the sun and moon form its beautiful lamp." Inside the gate three terraces lead to a pavilion which is surrounded by a wall broken with several gateways. A tank in the center is supplied with water from canals. The island is reached by a bridge, from which can be seen hundreds of individual fountains, pyramidal in shape, scattering water over the flower beds laid out in monotonous squares, too regular to be even effective. This garden is now a pleasure spot for citizens of Lahore.

The Tomb of Shah Jahan Jir is outside Lahore beyond a bridge of boats on the right bank of the Ravi. The Mausoleum stands on a terraced platform with four minarets at the corners. The passageway leading to the tomb is paved with marble similar to the cenotaph which is white inlaid with pietra dura work (designs cut into the marble and re-filled with semi-precious stones), which gives an unusual and beautiful effect. The ninety-nine names of God are carved on the east and west walls, while on the south is this inscription: "The Glorious Tomb of His Majesty, Asylum of Protectors, Nur-Ud-Din-Mohammed, the Emperor Jahan Jir." The marble screen surrounding the cenotaph is of rare workmanship, while a lamp, most effective in design, presented by the Maharajah Katak hangs above the cenotaph. The outside staircase leads to a flat marble roof, in the center of which is a small pavilion, surrounded with a marble railing once stolen by Maharajah Ranjit-Singh, one of the later Emperors of Lahore, recovered and replaced.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The four minarets are ninety-five feet high, of four stories, of unusual appearance because of the huge blocks of stone eight feet long of which they are built. From the top of the minarets a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained.

The wife of Jahan Jir, Mur Mahal, lies in a simple tomb among the trees she loved so well, not far from the tomb of her husband, a fitting memorial to a woman of culture, and a loved companion of a great Mogul. A few years ago a Maharajah who admired her character raised a fund for the restoration of her tomb, with ample provision for its future preservation.

CHAPTER XIII.

Amritsar

AMRITSAR, the home of the Sikh, ranks next to Delhi in wealth, and after Delhi is the most populous city of the Punjab. Founded in 1574 by Rani Das, the fourth Guru, on a site Emperor Akbar granted him, it is today the religious capital of the Sikhs.

Amritsar is the center of numerous manufacturies, for in the early years Kashmir shawls were woven here by Kashmiri who emigrated from the north. After the shawl industry ceased, carpet and silk factories were established, and today the beautiful silks, so soft and heavy, come from here. Ivory carving employs many artists who came from other parts of India.

The city is entered through one of twelve gates, the north gate being the most ancient. The government buildings occupy the center of the city, in front of which stands a fine marble statue of Queen Victoria.

A guru is a religious teacher and stands in authority next to a Brahman. He is an object of worship among the Hindus, a spiritual guide, and is literally a god in the estimation of his disciples. Whenever a guru approaches, disciples prostrate themselves in the dust before him. They drink the water in which he has washed his feet, and rely entirely upon his blessings for final happiness. It matters little if the character of the guru

SEE INDIA WITH ME

is none too spotless—by reason of his office he is considered holy.

The Golden Temple stands in the center of a sacred tank sixty-five feet square, taking its name from the city, "Pool of Nectar." It is approached from the mainland by a white marble causeway. Amah Shah Durani, the same who captured Lahore in 1764, destroyed this Temple in 1761, defying the gurus as not of his faith. An Afghanistan, and the most popular of rulers; he was able after becoming Shah to combine the Kingdom of Kabul and Persia with the Kingdom of Delhi and Amritsar. Following his retirement the city was divided among the various Sikh chiefs, but later came under the power of Bangi Mish until 1802.

Sikhs originally had no nationality. They are a close religious community, formed from Hindus, Mohāmedans and others. Soldiers of the Khalsa, they were divided into twelve fraternities known as Misls (Equals). The Sikh is characterized by four distinct signs: first, his knot of hair; second, his comb which, made of tortoise shell or bone two inches wide with teeth an inch long, close together like a child's, is stuck in his hair lightly, directly back of the topknot, standing up from the head; third, his wrist bracelet of gold, silver or brass, two inches wide, according to his wealth; fourth, the loose breeches cut off abruptly at the knees. Their whiskers are very black, and fall to their waistline before being curled to reach from ear to ear, secured by a glue which holds them in the prescribed form.

AMRITSAR

The Sikh government is a theocratic commonwealth, like that of the Hebrews under the Judges—a sect rather than a nationality, animated with a stern military enthusiasm like Cromwell's Ironsides. Nanak Guru founded the Sikh Community in the fifteenth century, but great reforms were introduced in the seventeenth by Guru Govind. The essence of the Sikh faith is the belief in one God. The Guru is the head of his sect during his entire lifetime, and is considered God's prophet. All Sikhs are considered equal in the eyes of God and Guru, bound together in the holy brotherhood "Khalsa." Guru Govind abolished all social distinctions among the Khalsa, which signifies the saved or liberated. Govind baptized with holy water five faithful disciples, a Brahman, a Kshatriya and three Sudras. He hailed them as Singhs or Lion Warriors, declaring they were all Khalsa and promised to abide in their midst whenever they were gathered together.

In 1802 Ranjit-Singh roofed the great shrine of the Temple with sheets of copper gilt, hence its name—"Golden Temple." The tower portions of the walls are of white marble, inlaid with pietra dura work, inscribed in Punjab characters from the Granth Sahib (Sacred Book of the Sikh's Bible). The four doors of the temple lead to the center court which is open to the roof. A gallery surrounds the upper floors. Tourists, after putting on woolen slippers, enter the north door and realize at once the strangeness of the place.

The walls are richly gilded and painted in floral designs. The High Priest sits on the east side of the

SEE INDIA WITH ME

temple, reading the Granth Sahib, which lies on a cushion before him, waving a Chauri (duster) over the book as a part of the service. A low, monotonous hum rises from the Holy of Holies—it is the priests reciting from the Sacred Book, in which the Sikh pilgrims join after passing in front of the High Priest, throwing offerings of flowers, money and gifts upon a sheet spread in the middle of the floor. Cups of sugar are presented to the pilgrims after offering money—which must not be less than a rupee (one-third of a dollar).

On the roof is the richly decorated Shismahal, the seat of the great guru in early times. The brooms used for sweeping the temple are made from peacock feathers. The doors are covered with massive silver plates. Visitors are shown to a narrow staircase leading to the treasure room which holds the temple accessories in chests. Inside were thirty-one silver poles, nine feet long, four and one-half inches in diameter; four larger ones of the same material; three gilt maces; a panka (fan); two chauris (dusters) with gilt handles; a canopy of pure gold weighing ten pounds, ornamented with emeralds, rubies and diamonds, used in processions to cover the head of the High Priest; a pendant of gold which the guru wears; a colored plan of the temple; a diadem of diamonds with strings of pearls, worn by Nau Migl Singh! and a gilt arch six feet high. Permission was given us to handle and closely examine these treasures.

Facing the Golden Temple is Akel Bungar, a smaller temple, built in the time of Arjan, the fifth guru. The stairs lead to the treasure room which contains a gilt ark,

AMRITSAR

the Ganis mace, and other things used in the initiation of members into the Sikh brotherhood. A sword four feet long, widening toward the end, is said to be the sword of Guru Govind. A Sacred Bull stands outside under a canopy of embroidered red velvet which protects him from the rays of the sun. Worshippers bow and prostrate themselves before this Bull hanging flowers and gifts about his neck. Bulls hold the highest place in the Hindu and Sikh religion as long as they retain their youthful strength and beauty, but with the infirmities of age, attractiveness and usefulness gone, they are turned into the streets to be cared for by the people. No one dares kill a bull, yet they can be neglected and left to wander where they will, without comment, until death overtakes them, when someone carries them off—no one knows where, or cares.

Near this temple is a beautiful garden of thirty acres, containing fruit trees, flowers, shrubs, and the ever present tank, a necessary adjunct to every temple and garden in India. In this garden is a seven-storied tower, memorial to Atal Rai, youngest son of Guru Govind, who was reprimanded by his father for raising a child from the dead. He believed that supernatural powers ought to be displayed in purity of doctrine and holiness of life. He saved a life and one was required. Rai gladly sacrificed his own for that of a child.

CHAPTER XIV.

Simla

SIMLA is better known to the world through Kipling's "Phantom Rickshaw" and "Kim" than as the summer capital of the British Government.

The capital is reached by a narrow gauge railway, up the mountains seven thousand feet, in open cars with only a roof for protection, thus allowing a fine view of the mountains and surrounding country, but at the risk of life. This railroad, built by clever engineers, hangs on the sides of the mountain, and how the cars keep the track is their secret. It is exciting and frightful to travel so rapidly, one holds one's breath as the train speeds around sharp curves and through the one hundred and one tunnels without lessening speed. A feeling of relief and thankfulness comes as the station is safely reached and Fallita's summer hotel opens its doors to receive the frightened guests. Furs and fires were necessary in this highly ventilated building whose walls were so thin that every gust of wind passed through the open floors as if a sieve. No outside doors would close tightly, and to keep the rooms even comfortably warm constant fires in the tiny grates were necessary, though the price of fuel was almost prohibitive.

Simla must be a charming mountain resort and desirable as a place of residence during the hot months, but

SIMLA

not so in dull November's fog and snow when days are short and winds are cold. Neither horses nor automobiles are allowed on the streets, jinrickshaws being the mode of conveyance, which adds to the pleasure and safety of pedestrians. The weather was bright and clear and every moment of daylight was passed outside the hotel.

The Palace of Victory and other public buildings were closed, but caretakers were gracious and all the buildings were visited and the wonderful view of the country and mountains enjoyed. The palace situated on the top of Observatory Hill is reached by a long, winding road. Lord and Lady Duffield were the first to occupy this Lodge as a residence in 1888, since when all Viceroy's have made it their summer home. The new Council Chamber, recently completed, is for the accommodation of increased business of the government. Large galleries surround this chamber for the use of the press and visitors. On Peterhoff Hill in the old Government House is housed the foreign departments.

Simla was selected by the English Government for a sanatorium at the close of the Gurka War in 1815. Lieutenant Ross erected the first residence, a thatched wooden cottage, in 1819. His successor, Lieutenant Kennedy, built a permanent house in 1822, and other officers' homes followed, until Simla became a settlement. In 1829 Lord Amherst spent the summer at the sanatorium and from that date it has grown rapidly as the summer capital of India. The Viceroy and the officers of the Supreme Court leave Delhi for Simla in March and remain until the warm weather has passed.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Mount Jakko, 8,048 feet high, is connected with Observatory and Prospect Hills on the west by a long ridge and in jinrickshaws over the finest of British roads, we rode to see the residences of the summer guests. Chor Mountain, ten thousand feet high, stands forth in all its majesty, a guardian to Walker Hospital and the Mayo Orphanage built on the north side of Mt. Jakko.

Three days sufficed for our visit to this hill city and the breezy hotel, and there was rejoicing when, retracing our steps, we reached Umballa to find it warm. The finest stores in Simla are open during the season only, so there was little to see and nothing to buy.

Even more exciting was the descent, because of the rapidity of the train which seemed tobogganing down hill. Holding on tightly to the seats was absolutely necessary, and my party was thankful when the station was reached in safety.

For once the heat of the plains was enjoyed to the full, following the intense cold of Simla, whose altitude caused sleeplessness.

The regular train, with our car attached, immediately left for Delhi, the new capital of India.

CHAPTER XV.

Delhi

DELHI appeals more to the tourist and students of India than any other city, excepting possibly Agra and Lahore. It teems with relics of Empires, and footprints more ancient by several centuries than the Christian era. Von Olrich calls it the "Indian Rome." Seven capital cities have appeared and disappeared, the sites with but one exception being either marked by ruins or indicated by traditions. More battles, sieges, massacres and murders crowd the annals than those of any other similar area throughout the world. Added to its already bloodstained records is the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, which quite equals and possibly rivals the massacres of St. Bartholomew. The Delhi District, and with it the modern Delhi, was transferred to the Punjab from the north-west Provinces in 1858, and in 1903 was re-christened "The United Provinces of Agra and Oudh."

Arriving in the early morning, the car was run on a siding and, following chotahazrie, carriages were taken to visit the city. Delhi had long been anticipated as one of India's richest treats, and there was no delay in starting out to see this wonderful city. A long drive gave us a good idea of the geography of the city, and how best to compass this vast section of country in a limited time.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The capital of India is now re-established in this old Mogul city, by imperial proclamation of His Majesty, King George V, in commemoration of his Durbar on the 12th of December, 1911. At present the government is occupying temporary buildings in the north section, pending the completion of the new capital buildings in the southwestern part of the city. Seven cities of Delhi have been known to history. Delhi was in early times, and is at present, famous for its jewelers, silversmiths, embroiderers, and furniture makers. Nowhere in India are seen more rare art treasures, for other sections of India send to Delhi articles to be sold. Entrance to the city from the north is through the Kashmir and Mori gates; from the north-west by the Ajmer Gate. The section south from the modern city is known as Delhi Sha Jalanapad, covering a distance of twelve miles in which the ruins of six old cities and fortresses can be visited, all valuable in historical data.

With many letters of introduction, and the politeness and thoughtfulness of new acquaintances, Delhi was opened to us in ways that the great World War would have made impossible.

The great mosque was visited on a Mohammedan Sunday (Friday), the private box of the Maharajah being offered. Ten thousand worshipers, more or less, gathered before ten o'clock in the morning to take part in the service, and our arriving at an early hour the preparations by the faithful for service were witnessed from the beginning with intense interest. Hands, faces and feet were washed in the big tank in the center of the

DELHI

quadrangle before daring to face the East. The men wore white trousers, with vests and coats often of bright colors. Every head was crowned with a turban—green, if the pilgrimage to Mecca had been taken. Crowds, six deep, stood about the sides of the tank, and only a miracle prevented hundreds from falling into the water. Two hours passed before every man was ready to join the leader, who conducted the service from a Kilba which faced the East.

The worshipers were so absorbed in the movements of their leader, they were oblivious to all else. In perfect unison, with heads erect, arms raised high above their heads, and with palms turned outward, a quick forward and downward movement, knees bent, the body dropped, the forehead touching the ground. Each worshiper audibly repeated—“God is Allah and Mohamet is His Prophet,” and quickly the body returned to its upright position. Repetition of this body movement continued for the best part of *an hour*, when the services came to an end, and the mosque emptied.

Women, their bright, black eyes looking from behind their veils, occupy the gallery under the arched roof behind the open quadrangle.

It was an astounding thought to me that this service was taking place all over the Mohammedan world the same day, at the same hour. Can any other denomination in the world attract such numbers to a service?

The mosque at Delhi is the largest in the world, capable of holding twenty thousand people without crowding.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Its plan is not unlike the Moti Masjid in the Agra Fort, only larger and it is one of the very few mosques in India designed to produce a pleasing external appearance, for it has a lofty base, four towers, three domes, three gateways, and is flanked by two minarets one hundred and thirty feet high, framed in vertical stripes of red stone and marble. Begun in 1644, it was completed in 1658. Its principal gateway, a noble portal with massive doors covered with brass arabesques, is opened only for the Maharajahs, the Viceroy of England, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and, in olden days, for the Mogul Emperors when they attended service. Visitors must enter by the wicket (small opening) in the big door. The other entrances are reached by long flights of stone steps. The stately quadrangle, three hundred and twenty-five feet square, has open cloisters upheld by columns on three sides. In the center is the marble tank and fountain where the faithful cleanse themselves before the service. Arabic characters carved above the arches at the west end, gives the date as 1658. This was the year in which Aurangzeb opposed his father, Shah Jehan, endeavoring to prove him mentally incapacitated, thereby hoping to make himself ruler of India. On the center arch is the word "Yahidi" (Oh, the Guide!) The three white marble domes on the roof are relieved by a thin vertical line of black marble placed every few inches. Relics of Mohamet are kept in a pavilion in the corridor and are shown for a fee. The Delhi Fort, the Memorial Building to the many women and children killed during the mutiny of 1857, and the Memorial

DELHI

Tower to the brave men who sacrificed their lives, can be seen from the galleries of this mosque.

Fair weather is more necessary for tourists when visiting historic places in and out of Delhi than almost any place in India for those of greatest interest are long distances from the center of the city. Six miles of ruins lie to the south, and to reach them motors or carriages must be used. Scarcely anyone has the mental or physical strength to visit and study all, so a choice is made.

The Kotila (fort) built by Shah Firoz, Sultan of Delhi, in 1350 claimed our attention because it was the first city of Delhi. Firoz allowed the dismemberment of the Empire, destroyed the temples and idols and cremated a Brahman for perverting Mohammedan women. He brought the second pillar of Asoka from Topra on the banks of the Jumna in the Umballa district and erected it in his fort. This pillar of iron, ten feet and ten inches in circumference at its base, and forty-two feet and seven inches high, is standing today on its lofty platform, a silent witness to Asoka, the greatest follower of Buddah. There are Nagri inscriptions of the "Samwat" (year) A.D. 1163, added after its removal to Delhi. Above the Nagri are Pali inscriptions, which are edicts of Osoka dating from the middle of the Third Century B.C. The characters of these inscriptions are the oldest form yet found in India, and to decipher them, Shah Firoz assembled all the learned men of his day, but they were unable to decipher the writing.

Other inscriptions record the victories of the Chauhan

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Prince, Visaladeya, whose power extended from the Himalayas to the Vindhaya Mountains. The expansion of Buddhism dawned in India when Asoka, the third Mauryan King of Magadha, came under its influence and made a visit to the Buddhists' holy places (272-321 B.C.). He forced the Buddhist law of piety upon his subjects and issued his rock-cut edicts. He ordered the sacred books to be collected and had himself ordained a monk. His domain extended to the Hindu Kush Mountains north-west of Nellore.

Literature, civilization and culture assisted the development of the Buddhist religion. Specimens of Asoka's rock edicts, inscribed under the title of "The Priyadasi" still exist at Gurnai Dehauri and Shah Bazgarhi. Monolithic columns at Lats, with portions of his edicts upon them, may still be seen at Umballa and Delhi. These edicts, deciphered, embody many of the moral rules of Buddhism, such as the non-shedding of blood, inculcating obedience to parents, alms giving, charity, and mercy to all living creatures, respect for teachers, and the support of religious instructors. They refer to the appointment of censors of morals and manners, the creation of hospitals, building of roads and wells, and conclude with the prayer for the spreading of Buddhism. The number of Asoka edicts are fourteen, besides minor edicts on rocks and pillars. There is a legend that Asoka covered India with eighty-four thousand stupas and viharas.

The sacred stairway and underground passages in this

DELHI

fort are all that is left of the old city of Shah Firoz in the Tirozabad Citadel. The Lal Darwazza (North Gate) seen when leaving the ruins is a wonder, and the view to the south from the top most extensive. Materials from the ruins of the Tirozabad Citadel were used by Shah Jahan for the construction of the Delhi City, ruins of which are meager.

Our second visit was to the Mausoleum of Humayun, father of Akbar, important from an architectural standpoint, exceeding in beauty the tombs of the other Moguls of India. On arrival the great gate was opened by an attendant who acted as guide and who ushered us into the octagonal building, one hundred and fifty-six feet in diameter, with a dome one hundred and twenty-five feet high, rising from the roof. Octagonal towers stands at the corners of the building, which is of red sandstone, relieved by white marble. The windows are recessed and the doors on the first floor are beautiful fret marble. A very high porch, with painted arches, extends along the front. Under the dome on the main floor is the cenotaph, the empty show casket, for the body is always placed in a stone casket in the basement. This tomb of Humayun gave to Shah Jahan the idea, architecturally, for the tomb built in memory of his wife, Nuntaz Mahal, known to the world as the Taj Mahal at Agra.

From the upper gallery on the terrace surrounding the neck of the great dome, we obtained an extended view of the country and the garden surrounding the tomb. It was here in 1857 that the surrender of Bahadur Shah, King of

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Delhi, his two sons and grandsons, to the English, took place.

Our third visit was to the oldest city of Delhi, the Kutab Minar, a visit ever to be remembered, so unlike any other. The weather was glorious, and we in the intellectual mood to grasp the history of this great memorial, and appreciate the architectural beauty of this city of stone. The rest house inside the grounds, provided by the English, made possible an all day visit.

Entering the inner archway, an inscription records the year of the building of the Kutab, by Kutab-Ud-Din, as A.D. 1133, for in that year Kutab ceased to be a Viceroy and became Sultan of Delhi. Originally a slave, he rose to power under Mohammed-Ghori, being the first Slave King to reign, and he celebrated his triumph by building this city of Kutab and the Minar (great tower) which proclaimed the victory of Islam over the idol worshipers of the Hindu. Ibu Batuta, the Indian historian, one hundred and fifty years after its erection, described this city as having no equal either in beauty or extent. The Post Amir Khuraru also gave it high praise. The Kutab Minar is not as large as the great Mosque of Jaunpur, but it stands unrivaled for its great line of gigantic arches and the graceful beauty of the flowered tracery which covers its walls. There is nothing like them in the world today. It occupies a platform on which formerly stood a Hindu Temple built by Rai Pithora, a Hindu King, in the Twelfth Century, and which was demolished by the Mohammedans. Altmarsh, in the years A.D. 1210-1230, surrounded the mosque with a large cloistered court.

DELHI

In A.D. 1300, Ala-Ud-Din built the eastern court and the south gateway (Ali Dawaza) and designed other additions and extensions of the screen on the north side, in which the Alai Minar (Second Tower) was to correspond with the Kutab. The ruined piers of these great courts still stand, a silent witness to its greatness. The main entrance to the Kutab is through an arched gateway in the center of the east wall. Steps lead to the courtyard which measures four hundred and ninety-two by one hundred and eighty feet, surrounded by cloisters of Jain columns, richly ornamented, placed one upon the other. Later, many of the figures were defaced by the Mohammedans.

Over the east gateway Arabic inscriptions tell that the materials were obtained from the demolition of twenty-seven idolatrous Hindu Temples. A third Osoka pillar stands in front of the central opening of the mosque, through which the angles of the cloisters and a beautiful domed pavilion can be seen.

It has been questioned by scholars if the Kutab Minar was not originally Hindu, and altered by the Mohammedan conquerors. General Cunningham, after much research, has pronounced it pure Mohammedan.

The lower story bears the name of Mohammed Bisam and Kutub-Ud-Din Aibek, Sultans of Delhi. The next three stories contain the name of Altmash, while at the entrance door is an inscription of Skiander Lodi, dated A.D. 1503. The tower is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, each story marked by a corbelled balcony, and decorated with bands of inscriptions. These rest upon a

SEE INDIA WITH ME

base measuring forty-seven feet and three inches on the ground, and nine feet at the top of the base. The first three stories are of red sandstone with semi-circular and angular flutings, faced with white marble. The two upper stories, faced with marble, were built by Firoz Shah Tughiak in 1368, also the cupola. In 1803 the tower was greatly impaired by an earthquake and the cupola thrown down and, sad to relate, in 1829 an English architect attempted its restoration. The battlements of the balconies were removed and replaced by the present flimsy balustrade. The honeycomb work beneath the brackets on the first balcony are similar to those seen on the Alhambra in Spain and, like them, cannot be accounted for. A wonderful view awaits those who feel able to mount the three hundred and seventy-nine steps to the top but there is consolation for those unable to do the climbing, as a very good view can be obtained from the first gallery, ninety-five feet above the ground. The inscriptions on the lower bands are extremely beautiful.

The tomb of Altmash, of red sandstone, stands outside the northwest corner of the extension, on a high base. The main entrance opens to the east, the others to the north and south. The interior is covered with beautiful decorations, inscribed with finely engraved passages from the Koran. The Kibla (pulpit) stands in the center of the west side, looking to the east. General Cunningham says that although at present there is no roof, there is reason to believe that it was once covered by an overlapping Hindu dome, as a single stone of one of the over-

DELHI

lapping circles still remains, engraved with Arabic letters. Aside from its beauty it is of interest because it is the oldest tomb known to exist in India. Any number of visits to the oldest city of Delhi, could not exhaust its beauties of historic interest.

CHAPTER XVI

Delhi (Continued)

SAHIB RUDRA, President of Delhi Christian College, frequently became our guide when making excursions in and around Delhi. Occasionally he would dine with us on the car, highly entertaining us with anecdotes of his college life, and Delhi history—on which subject he was most conversant. One evening he read a paper he had prepared for a meeting of men of education, relative to advanced educational work, which certainly gave food for thought on advanced ideas for higher education.

He procured for us an invitation to the wedding of a high class Mohammedan, one of his pupils, which for uniqueness and strangeness, exceeded any pleasure yet afforded.

Arriving at the home of the bride, there was no hostess to receive, only a company of ladies, beautiful in gowns of filmy gauze of delicate colors, with necks, arms and legs bare, save for the rare and beautiful jewels showing through the filmy gauze. A sari (scarf) was thrown gracefully over their heads, falling quite to their feet. Unable to speak or understand each other in language, there was no conversation indulged in, but with nods, smiles and admiring glances, we were able to make them understand our pleasure at being their guests. The sim-

DELHI (*Continued*)

plicity of our gowns interested them quite as much as their gorgeous gowns did us. They showed no hesitancy in handling our person as they pleased, even to looking beneath our skirts for jeweled anklets, and expressing surprise that our legs and feet were covered. Our hats and gloves particularly interested them, also the few jewels we wore—of no value whatever in comparison to theirs.

We were seated on a hard, narrow bench for an interminable length of time, waiting for the ceremony to take place, and while waiting were offered nuts, cardamon seeds, tea and small cakes, of which we ate, as Sahib Rudra told us we must. While seated, they examined, again and again, our apparel, and we imagined that among themselves they spoke of how simply we were dressed in contrast to them.

The hour for the ceremony arriving, we were ushered into a room, dimly lighted, with no visible furnishings save a very wide bed in the middle of the room, built up with uneven humps, and covered with a white coverlid. As we entered and stood at one side of the bed, two men, evidently priests, entered and approached the bed. Low sounds were heard with faint replies from under the cover, but of this there could be no certainty, as the room was dark. But who could be talking, and from whence came the low, gentle sounds? Intense quiet reigned for a moment after the priests ceased speaking, when the cover was removed by attendants, and huddled together on the bed was the family of the bride, numbering eight. The young bride lay in the arms of an elderly lady (pre-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

sumably the grandmother), looking the child bride she was—nervous and frightened as a fawn. She would not raise her head nor speak, neither would she accept the gifts offered by those present, all of whom presented her with something. At an auspicious moment, our party walked to the bedside, smiled and offered her gifts, which she accepted with a faint smile. This was our opportunity to look at her exquisite robe of white gauze, embroidered in silver. She wore no jewels—only a red sari over her head covering her face.

Following shortly, the bride's brother came to escort us to the wedding of the groom in a building a block away. We were the only ladies present, and chairs were provided for us directly behind the groom who sat on a raised platform, crouched in a heap with his back to the guests. His costume was even more gorgeous than that of the bride, consisting of a satin coat and trousers covered elaborately with embroidery. Around his forehead was a three-inch band from which hung a fringe which covered his face. The two priests seen at the bride's house were here standing on either side of the groom and speaking in the same low tones, the responses being given in like manner. The air was heavy with incense and the odor of tobacco, for all the men numbering fifty or more, were smoking.

The ceremony finished, the guests arose and at once began talking, thus breaking the intense silence. The groom, poor man, remained in the same crouched position, his head lowered on his chest, deep in meditation, we hoped, over the responsibilities he was about to as-

DELHI (*Continued*)

sume, for he was young in years as was the bride. Continuous talking kept up while refreshments were served consisting of seeds, cakes, tea, fruit, and nuts. No hilarity, no joyousness prevailed, and no one went forward to congratulate the groom, not even his parents, if they were present, or his close friends, and altogether it was a solemn and serious affair. No one spoke to us, only stared, and none of the guests ate in our presence. We were ushered into a room, the guests gathering at the doorway to see us eat, smiling and making remarks which, fortunately perhaps, we did not understand.

The wedding guests departed soon after, and we followed, not before casting a last glance at the forlorn figure on the floor. How interesting, could we have divined his thoughts!

Driving back to town, Sahib Rudra informed us that the newly wedded couple would not meet for several hours, the groom remaining in his lowly position on the floor until a sedan chair would take him to his bride at their new home. Outside, the wedding guests would gather to await his coming, the groom entering alone to see the face of his bride for the first time. If she met with his approval, he would present himself at the door, wave his hand, smile, and retire closing and bolting the door; if his disapproval, he could divorce her then and there by giving her a dower.

Dame Fortune favored us many times while in India, but at no more opportune time than when ready to visit the Delhi Fort. Informed that owing to the war no one

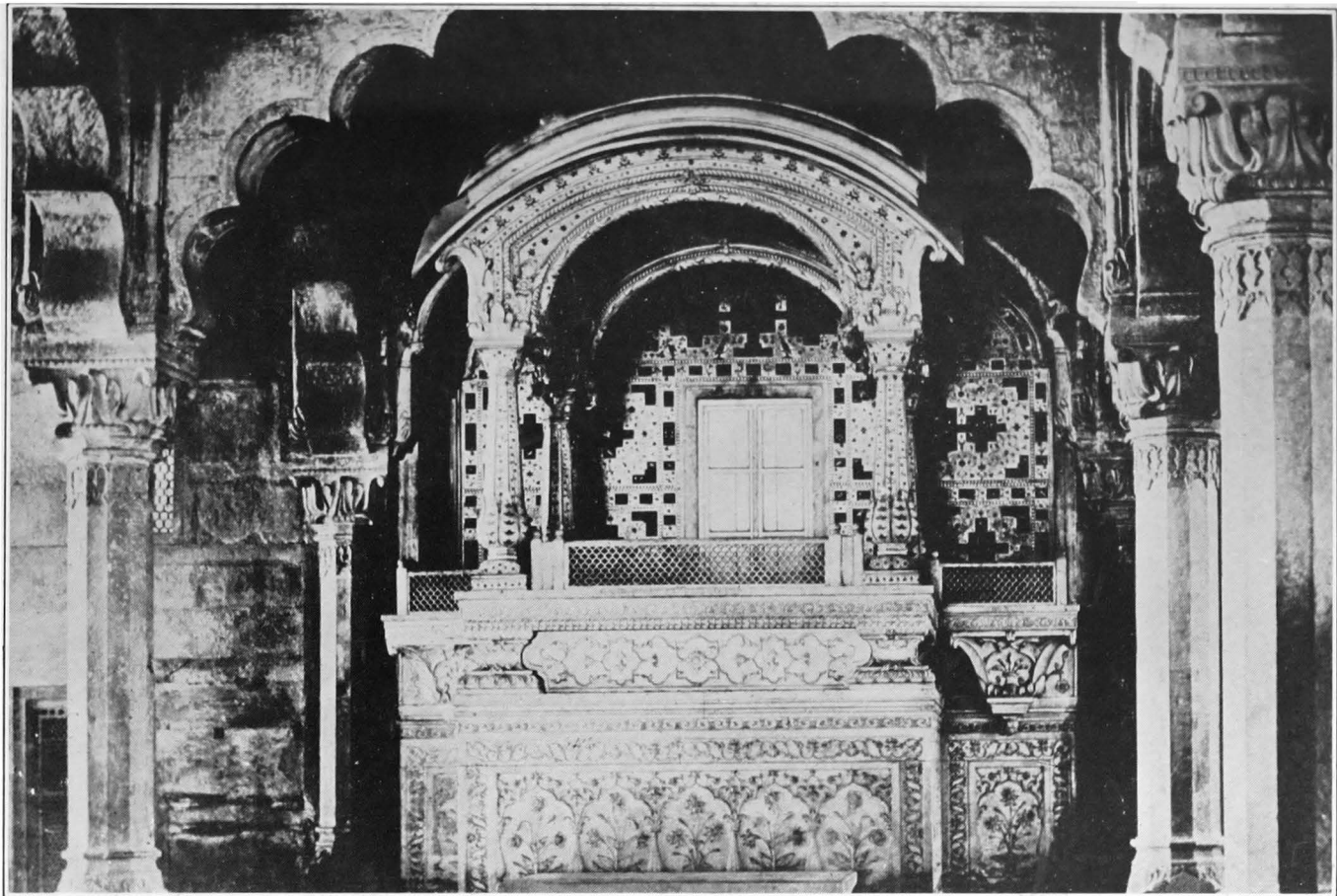
SEE INDIA WITH ME

could enter the fort except government officials, so our chance of seeing that ancient fortress was very slight. During our long stay at Delhi, one government officer only was introduced to us. He was head master of the Government Schools at Delhi, and during a conversation I expressed our strong desire to see the Fort and of our great regret if we must leave without the gratification of that desire. Imagine our delight when he offered most graciously to escort us there.

Delhi Fort was built by Shah Jahan between A.D. 1638-1648, and is Delhi's greatest attraction. It was, therefore, a happy party that passed through the Lahore Gateway as it swung open to receive us one Sunday afternoon.

Bishop Heber says of the Lahore Gate and the arched vestibule: "They are the noblest of their kind in the world." The vestibule can only be likened to a long vaulted aisle in a Gothic cathedral. This archway, four hundred and fifty feet by three hundred and sixty feet, Fergusson describes as the noblest entrance belonging to any palace and describes his feelings when entering this passageway as "deeply reverential." Picture the Royal Band playing in this vestibule five times on the King's birthday.

Princes royal, in the Maharajah days, could pass through this vestibule mounted. All other dignitaries must walk. Even in the last days of the Moguls, this entrance was jealously guarded. The second great gateway (Delhi) was closed to the public as it was the wireless station. The two stone elephants so famous as guards to this entrance, could be seen from a distance.



WHERE STOOD THE PEACOCK THRONE

DELHI (*Continued*)

During the Mogul wars they were badly damaged, and it is owing to Lord Curzon that they have been repaired.

The Diwan-I-Am (Hall of Public Audience) near the arcade entrance is one of almost perfect proportions, five hundred by three hundred feet and thirty feet high.— It stands unrivaled among the large buildings of the world. The arches give the impression of power and strength which excels all other work of its kind. Originally the entire room was covered with brilliant Chunan (plaster in which had been placed mica and chips from precious stones which gave great brilliancy).

This room in Mogul days contained the Peacock Throne which stood in a raised recess on the side.*

This throne, six by four feet, stood on six massive gold feet inlaid with emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

At the back of the throne stood two life-size peacocks, their tail feathers spread and studded with jewels, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones, which intensified the color in the feathers. Between the peacocks stood a parrot, life-size, said to have been carved from a single emerald. A gold canopy supported by twelve columns highly emblazoned with costly gems, had a fringe of pearls hanging from its edge. In 1739, the fort was captured and ransacked by Nadir Shah of Persia, who took the throne and additional plunder worth eighty millions sterling to his home. It may be seen today in the Royal Palace, as it is used by the Shahs of Persia on state occasions. Old writers speak of this throne as neither graceful nor beautiful, having

* The following description is taken from Mr. Beresford's Guide of Delhi.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

the look of an old-fashioned four post bedstead, with two peacocks and a parrot perched on the tester, but gorgeous in gems and gold. A model was in the Imanbara at Lucknow, until destroyed in 1857. The white marble slab on which the throne stood was removed from the central room during the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1876 and placed in the east wing of the hall. The seat of the Wazir (special attendant) which stood on the floor beneath the throne was taken to the Kensington Museum and kept there for many years, but Lord Curzon rescued it and had it returned to its place in the Palace during his term as Viceroy.

In the mind's eye picture the Mogul Shal Jahan in his gorgeous state robes, seated upon this throne of jewels, attended on either side by his sons, eunuchs driving the flies and insects away with peacock feather fans, while others waved back and forth the punkas to cool the air. Standing below the Mogul were the Umras, Rajahs, and Ambassadors on slightly raised platforms guarded from accident by a silver railing—their eyes downcast, their hands crossed in front. Farther away stood the Mausebdars, or lesser Umras, in the same attitude of respect. The seat of the Wazir was immediately below that of the Emperor—while still farther away, in the remaining unoccupied space, was the great crowd of people who came every day at noon when the Mogul gave audience to all in the Diwan-I-Am (Place of audience for great and small).

The audience being seated, a parade of elephants and

DELHI (*Continued*)

fighting animals took place, after which there was a cavalry review. The young lords dressed in odd garments, and their horses trapped with iron and harnessed in odd fashions, gave feats of arms. Petitions from the people were presented and read, after which orders for those the Mogul wished to have appear were given and justice rendered at once, without waiting for an appeal to the Chamber of Justice. Every evening the Umras must present themselves in this room, when the most important affairs of state were considered.

There are many historic associations connected with this Hall, for many grand events have taken place there. His Royal Highness, Nadir Shah, the Persian, and Ahmad Shah, the Afghan, were received here; the blinding of the Emperor Shah Alam by the brutal Chulam Kadir; the reception of Lord Lake after the battle of Delhi in 1803; the Thanksgiving Service of the Field Army on the 27th of September, 1857; the trial of the last King of Delhi in January and March, 1858; the two grand balls given to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by the Indian Army in 1876; and the ball in 1903, in honor of the Coronation of Edward VII, make up the famous records of this room.

The coronation ball of King Edward VII was arranged and given by Lord and Lady Curzon, and is considered the finest and most sumptuous entertainment ever given by a Viceroy. Lady Curzon, regally gowned, represented Queen Alexandria, and came to the ball seated in a silver howdah on an elephant, crowds lining the roadsides to see this beautiful American Queen pass. She was

SEE INDIA WITH ME

received by the guests as only a Queen could be received, with every appointment perfect. The silver howdah now reposes in the Hall of the Viceregal Lodge at Simla, and was shown us while there. The ball given for His Royal Highness, King George V and Queen Mary in 1911 was simple in comparison with the one given for King Edward VII.

The Diwan-I-Khas (Hall of Private Audience) was of white marble, inlaid with precious stones, and has been pronounced by critics one of the most graceful buildings in the world. Thirty-two columns, joined by arches, beautifully carved and inlaid with serpentine, lapis lazuli and porphyry, supports the flat roof. The ceiling was richly decorated in design in silver inlaid with gold. After the downfall of the Moguls, the ceiling and marble floor was removed by the Jats or the Mahrattas to their capital, Deoghur, a kingdom south of the Nerbudda River, over the western Dekhan, where it is still to be seen. The ceiling today has been restored in wood with gold painted designs. Over the outer arch is this famous Persian inscription: "If Paradise can be on the face of the earth, it is this—Oh, it is this."

One window in the Diwan-I-Khas represents the heavens surrounding the scales of justice, a perfect piece of fretwork. When the Mogul Shah Jahan built this hall, his orders were that it should be enriched with the finest work of inlaid jewels, like the de Medici Chapel at Florence. Few were ever allowed to enter.

The royal private apartments consist of three sets of rooms, called the "Massamman Burg" (octagon porch),

DELHI (*Continued*)

which project over the river where an extended view can be obtained.

Beautiful decorations and pierced grilles are seen in other rooms. South of the Diwan-I-Khas is the Rang Mahal or Painted Palace, once the residence of the Chief Sultana, and until lately used as a mess house for the officers quartered there, but now restored, all modern additions having been removed.

The Royal Baths consist of three large rooms, floored over with white marble elaborately inlaid with pietra dura work, which were used as a sergeants' mess, but now is the Delhi Museum of Archaeology, containing mutiny relics, views and plans of the early days of Delhi and an excellent collection of miniature portraits of the Moguls. Marble cased water channels ran under the floors, covered over with slabs of white marble. The manner of lighting these rooms was with red, green and yellow glass in the roof. In the center a fountain and marble reservoir supplied the baths of the Moguls, a necessary feature in all palaces.

The Pearl Mosque of white and gray marble, with bronze doors covered with designs in low relief, was built A.D. 1659 by Aurangzeb, the last great Mogul. Its cost was great, a proof of his extravagance. Three boldly ribbed domes, capped by richly copper-gilt spikes finish the roof. This mosque was the special chapel of the Moguls, who entered from the east through the bronze doors, the ladies of the imperial household entering through a private passage from the north. Fergusson mentions this mosque as "The Little Golden Mosque

SEE INDIA WITH ME

—an elaborate and beautiful piece of art, but too small for such a palace.”

The Shah Burg (the garden court) and the Bhadon and Swann Pavilions are the only original buildings remaining of the Mogul days. Tanks and water channels have been restored as far as possible, and all modern, unsightly additions removed, which is a great help in trying to mind-picture the palaces of these powerful monarchs.

Following this visit to the Fort, preparations for our departure were completed, calls made and sincere thanks expressed to all who had contributed so generously to the pleasure of our visit. The car rolled away one evening in the twilight, not without fear that had we remained longer, Delhi would have proven too beguiling and the plans made for the remainder of our tour been given up without a regret for the charm of this ancient Mogul city.

Six great Moguls of India
Barber
Humayun
Ackbar
Jahan Jir
Shan Jahan
Auranzeb

CHAPTER XVII.

Agra

THE early years of the reign of Emperor Akbar were passed at Agra, but in 1568 Fatehpur-Sikri, Akbar's city, was finished and he left Agra for his new home. The charm of the new city lasted only twelve years, when for some fancied reason that Fatehpur-Sikri was unhealthy because of insufficient water supply, it was abandoned, the court returning to Agra where, shortly after, Akbar died.

Shan Jahan Jir, son of Akbar, left Agra in 1618 never to return, preferring to live at Delhi and the Vale of Kashmir. Shah Jahan, his grandson, resided at Agra for many years, building much of the fort, the Palace and the Taj Mahal. The Palace and Jami Masjid, at Delhi, were also erected by him, his intention being to remove the capital to that place. Before this change was accomplished, his son, Aurangzeb, deposed him, and he lived a prisoner of state for seven years at Agra, in the Jassamine Tower of the Agra Fort.

Mohammedan architecture is seen in perfection in the Jami Masjid Mosque the fort at Delhi, and in two of the most beautiful tombs at Agra, the Taj Mahal and the tomb of It-Mad-Ud-Daula.

Characteristic of India is its lavish expenditure in preparation for death, and not a little surprise is felt

SEE INDIA WITH ME

that the most perfect tomb in the world should be a memorial to a woman. To Shah Jahan, a contemporary of Charles I, we owe many of the most beautiful buildings in India.

Two cities, Delhi and Agra, are closely associated in the lives of three monarchs: grandfather, son, and grandson, and visiting the latter is but a continuation of the study of the former.

Arriving at Agra, a city on the right bank of the Jumna, carriages were taken to make a survey of the city. Strangers in Agra, with no letters of introduction, it seemed impossible that a sight of the fort and other places of interest, closed because of the war, could be opened to us, — but a stay of three weeks brought a realization of every wish.

Late in the afternoon of our first day, we stopped at the great gateway of the Taj, an hour when the sun, in all its glory was shining upon the stately red stone entrance to the last resting place of Mumtaz Mahal, an entrance so magnificent it is worthy of the Taj. Perfect in proportion and exquisitely decorated in white marble, with inscriptions from the Koran, it extends a welcome to all to enter and to do honor to the tomb of a beloved wife.

Twenty-six marble cupolas surmount the roof of this gateway, making a perfect finish to an already impressive building of three stories. Climbing to an upper balcony which faces the Taj, our first sight of this famous building was obtained. The gateway opens into a court of immense size, eight hundred and eighty by

AGRA

four hundred and forty feet, laid out in a formal garden whose walks are outlined with shrubbery and a sufficient number of large trees to relieve the monotony. A waterway flows through the center, divided half-way by a marble wall on which are seats, inviting the tourist to rest before going forward. The Taj is mirrored in this waterway, and in the river back of the tomb. Lilies, lotus, and other plants are growing in the water; cypress trees each side added greatly to an already perfect picture. The garden is enclosed by a high red stone wall its entire length, broken half-way by two small buildings, a red stone mosque on the west and a Jawab (Hall for Resting) on the right, both guardians of the Taj, their red color intensifying the purity and whiteness of the tomb.

The Taj stands on a white marble platform three hundred and thirteen feet square and twenty-two feet above the ground. The entrance is hidden under an arch, causing surprise when discovered. The mausoleum measures one hundred and eighty-six feet each side, the corners being bevelled off and recessed into a bay. On either side of an angle is another small bay, and in the center of the side walls are deep bays sixty-three feet high. The height of the walls and the parapets over them is one hundred and eight feet. Small marble domes rise at each corner, while in the center is the great dome reaching to a height of one hundred and eighty-seven feet, the metal pinnacle adding another thirty feet. The height to the top of the dome above the level of the garden is just twenty-five feet less than that of the Kutb Minar at Delhi.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Minarets at the four corners are slightly less in height than the central dome. Stairs inside lead to an open room where a wide view can be obtained.

A superb fret-work screen surrounds the two cenotaphs protecting them from the public gaze, considered by critics to be a perfect example of Indian art. Mumtaz Mahal's cenotaph stands in the center, Shah Jahan's at the side, his remains being placed there after it was decided not to build a mausoleum for him on the opposite side of the river. Hanging from the ceiling of the big dome is a superb Cairene lamp which throws a softened glow over all, when the fret windows give insufficient light. The glare on the polished marble would be intolerable if the light was intense. Awed by its beauty, no one of our party spoke for several minutes, for there is nothing like the Taj in the whole world, and words are inadequate.

Bands of pietra dura work, intricate in design, surround the cenotaph, the screen, and casings to the fret windows, each flower and leaf perfect in color and form. Everywhere there is proof of the infinite patience and skill required, for it was the work of years to erect and complete this building. A fortune was expended upon it notwithstanding the workers were paid a mere pittance for their labors. Carved around the arches are Arabic Prayers from the Koran, and the ninety-nine names of God. Her name, Arjumand Banu Began, Mumtaz Mahal, and date of death, 1040 A.H. (A.D. 1631), is inscribed on her cenotaph, which is of the whitest marble.

The softest or loudest word spoken under the dome

AGRA

is echoed and re-echoed, causing an uncanny feeling, as if in the presence of the Unknown. One verse of "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung, slowly and reverently, by the gentleman of our party, each note repeating itself and gaining sweetness in its ascension until, perhaps, it was caught and re-chanted by the angelic choir. Several seconds must elapse between each note to prevent confusion of sound. The crowd stood quietly with bowed heads until the hymn was finished when the guards urged our companion to sing again.

All hours of the day or night found us at the Taj. Early morning, when all was roseate with the coming dawn; at high noon, when the light was strongest and the whiteness of the marble stood out in all its strength; at sunset, when whiteness changed to opalescent tints from the setting sun, and the tip of the dome was aglow with color; by the light of the moon, when the Taj looked like a phantom of silver, mystic in form and beauty, floating in air; in a small boat on the river, every visit unfolding something new, making it impossible ever to decide which view was the most beautiful.

Critical eyes may wish for minor changes to enhance its beauty but, taking it all in all, the Taj is the most perfect and beautiful building, architecturally and artistically, ever erected. After seeing it, one concurs in all that has been said or written regarding it. There is never a feeling of disappointment, and words fail to praise it too highly or express too deeply the thoughts that arise while gazing at its beauty.

This tomb of Mumtaz Mahal was built in loving

SEE INDIA WITH ME

memory of a wife by her husband, a heathen; a man whose hands were stained with blood; who played false to every trust; who gained his throne by treachery and murder; yet was able to express in this incomparable monument his innermost feelings and undying love for a woman, his favorite wife, mother of his seven children, his confidante in all royal duties—official, military and social, the one woman who filled and satisfied his inmost thought and wish. Nothing known to the world today more beautifully expresses the deep love of man for woman than this superb tomb.

It is as it should be, a fitting tribute—for it stands for Woman. It is strong; it is beautiful; and one is speechless while approaching, and hesitates to enter for fear of finding it unreal—a mirage that may vanish at approach.

There are many other beautiful tombs in and around Agra, but none worthy excepting one, to be compared with the Taj—the tomb of I-Timad-Ud-Daula, the father of Nur Mahal, the wife of Jahan Jir, and grandfather of Mumtaz Mahal, wife of Shah Jahan. This tomb is a dream, a gem without a peer. To visit it one must arrange for a conveyance after crossing the river, as the distance is too great to walk.

Another red stone gateway inlaid with marble, another formal garden through which to pass before entering the open door to the tomb nestling among flowers and shrubs, for it is a small building, built three hundred years ago, and what was once white marble is now old ivory. The carvings and pietra dura work, the earliest known in India, are magnificent, and have



TOMB OF I-TIMAD-UD-DAULA

AGRA

never been surpassed in beauty and workmanship. The fret windows far surpass in design the windows in the Taj. The fine frescoes can bear the closest inspection. The cenotaph stands on the top of the building, guarded at each corner by octagonal minarets of marble, forty feet high. The roof is of slabs of marble, covering a large open space where visitors can walk and have a fine view of the Taj.

The charm and beauty of this tomb held our attention longer than was wise, giving little time for visits to others of note farther up the river. Shadows of evening soon enveloped the land and a return to the car was made at once or we would be lost in Indian darkness, a sensation very impressive to strangers in a city with few or no lights.

The construction of I-Timad-Ud-Daula's Tomb marked the transition from the style of Akbar to that of Shah Jahanjir, the towers at the four corners being the first suggestion of detached minarets. Tombs in India are always crowned by a dome, pure Saracenic Architecture.

Hastily we looked at the tombs of Chini Karquza (China tomb) the burial place of Afzal Khan, brother of Nur Mahal, and uncle of Mumtaz Mahal who served Jahan Jir and Shah Jahan as officer of the court for years. He died at Lahore in 1639 and was buried at Agra in the tomb which he erected during his life. This tomb is unusual in that it had a great dome resting on an octagonal base, and externally decorated with glazed tiles, extensively used on public buildings at Lahore in

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Afzal Khan's time. The floral panels, when first erected and before time worked its destruction, must have been most effective.

The Rambagh was that of the Emperor Babar, buried there while awaiting the erection of his mausoleum at Kabul. He was true to his inheritance, for his body was returned for burial after death to the land of his fathers in Afghanistan. The terrace in this garden was extremely picturesque, extending as it did to the water's edge, where small boats could be taken for a return to the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Agra (Continued)

FIVE miles from Agra, at Sikandra, is the tomb of the great Akbar. History tells that Akbar, as an architect, was so versatile he failed to build anything that a trained eye and mind could accept as absolutely good. Expectation was keen for what the great Akbar would build — for was he not the greatest Mogul? Inconstant? Yes. Proven by frequent changes of religious beliefs, which led him into increased activities of widely diversified character—noticeable in his tomb and famous city of Fatehpur Sikri, for neither has meaning nor beauty.

The entrance gate at Sikandra is grand, of fine proportions and great beauty, far exceeding the tomb which suggests a pleasure pavilion frequently found in parks or at the shore.

The top floor is reached by outside stone steps whose treads measure fourteen inches, making a tiresome climb, but here is the cenotaph with the pedestal at the head which once held the famous “Kohinoor” diamond, now among the English crown jewels. A marble screen, a masterpiece in design and exquisite carving, surrounds both cenotaph and pedestal. The floor of white and black marble blocks is most unattractive reminding one of a hotel or theatre lobby.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Late in the afternoon, following our visit, tea was served under the spreading tamarind trees. Chipmunks and crows joined in the feast, eating from our hands the nuts and crumbs held out to them. The wily crows, too quick for the chipmunks, snatched the food and flew away before Mr. Chipmunk realized what had happened.

We left Agra one morning in the car to give a full day to the study of Fatehpur Sikri, a city of red sandstone, deserted by Akbar after a residence of twelve years, owing to unsanitary conditions and lack of water.

Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-three miles from Agra, is built entirely of red sandstone with nothing to relieve the monotony of color. Even the pavements of the large courts are red stone. The architect of the eleven buildings and the Gate of Victory was Saint Christi Shaikh Salim, private secretary and favorite courtier to Akbar. All the buildings stand in such relation one to the other that Akbar could overlook and reach any one of them without effort. The plan was probably adaptable to the age of the Moguls, but not the present time for the buildings are scattered all over the enclosure without rhythm or symmetry, and require study to understand the arrangement.

A local guide is absolutely necessary when visiting this city for there is little meaning to the arrangement, and a visit might prove very tiresome. An English-speaking Mohammedan priest was our guide and what would have proved a bore he made delightfully interesting. He was the most unattractive and untidy man in appearance that

AGRA (*Continued*)

had ever appeared before us; his long hair and shaggy beard waved in the wind like grain, while his jaws worked overtime on the betel leaf that he kept in his mouth. He was a disgusting object to look at, but—"Look up, not down." We listened intently of this deserted city and were surprised when the servants appeared with baskets to serve tiffin in one of the buildings.

The outside walls of the apartment of Akbar's Turkish Queen were a mass of carving. Every square inch of surface, including the soffits of the cornices, the ceilings, and the veranda pillars and pilasters were carved. Inside the house was an elaborate dado four feet high, consisting of eight sculptured panels representing forest and animal life. The wall above the latticed panels were recessed for shelves. Much of this carving was curiously like Chinese work and reminded one of what Abul Fazl said of local red sandstone: "Clever workmen chisel it so skilfully as no turner could do with wood, and their work vies with the picture books of Mani" (a legendary Persian painter).

The Panch Mahal (Pleasure Pavilion) was five stories with no side walls, the roof supported by columns. Each story decreased in size to the top terminating in a small kiosk. There were fifty-six columns on the first floor, each showing great variety in carving and design. On the floor of one court was the outline of a parchesi board so arranged that Akbar could sit on the porch of his palace of pleasure and direct the moves of his wives, proving this game was a pastime among the harem ladies.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The Dwin-I-Khas (Private Audience Hall) appeared from the outside to be a two-story building, entering found to be one. A very large circular pillar, superbly carved, stood in the center, crowned by an immense circular corbelled capital, from which radiated four stone balconies to the four corners of the room. This pillar took up more than half the space of the room.

Here Akbar held audience, occupying his throne on the top of the pillar; his ministers seated in the narrow balconies leading to the four corners; other great nobles admitted to his presence stood beneath. Secret stairways reached the ground from two sides. From this secluded spot state business was conducted without interference.

His astrologer, a Hindu guru, lived by himself in a building covered with carvings indicative of his art and used for astrological purposes in early Hindu times.

The mother of Jahan Jir, one of Akbar's many wives, was a Portuguese Princess of the name of Miriam Zamani. Upon the walls of her home were seen defaced frescoes in niches and piers on which could be seen wings of angels, suggestive of the Annunciation, which gave credence to the legend that she was a Christian. The name "Sonehri Makah" (golden house) was given to her home because of the profuse gilding with which its walls were adorned. Her garden had a tank with a large column in the center, the use of which our guide knew not. On the west side of the court was the Nagina, or Ladies' Mosque, and the remains of a small Turkish bath and tank.

AGRA (*Continued*)

The Elephant Gate is now a hopeless ruin, but in its day must have been one of the wonders of Fatehpur Sikri.

Aurangzeb, the great-great-grandson of Akbar, and the last Mogul of prominence, built the Elephant Gate which led to Sangin Burz, a groined bastion or keep, thought to have been the beginning of a fortification planned by Akbar, but abandoned because of the objection of Saint Christi Shaikh Salim.

The Karawan Sarai was a merchants' hostelry, with stables for over a hundred horses and nearly as many camels. The stone rings for the halters are still there.

The Hiram Minar (Deer Minaret) was a circular tower seventy feet high, studded with stone elephants' tusks. Tradition recalls that Akbar erected this tower over the grave of his favorite elephant. It was here that antelope and other game was killed, driven near by beaters.

In Akbar's time the land below the tower was a vast lake, surrounded by a stone wall, forming a water system controlled by a series of Persian wheels and reservoirs which lifted the water from the lake level to the arch gate on the northwest corner of Birbal's Palace where it was dispensed throughout the city. This Water Palace stood near the home of Miriam, daughter of Rajah Birbel, and considered the finest building in Fatehpur Sikri. Rajah Birbel, an architect, was celebrated for his wit and learning and was the only Hindu of eminence who adopted the various religions of Akbar, consequently

SEE INDIA WITH ME

a favorite courtier. He perished while commanding his army in the Ysafzai country, northwest of Peshawar, in 1586.

In the Building of Records, tiffin was served late in the afternoon, after which the Dargan Mosque and the tomb of Saint Christi Shaikh Salim, the builder of the city was visited. His cenotaph, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was protected with a canopy having a fringe of ostrich eggs, surrounded by a white marble screen whose doors of ebony were studded with brass, a stunning effect of a great richness. A long epitaph told of his virtues, that he lived the life of a hermit and was a most godly man for his time. This mosque is supposed to be an exact copy of the mosque at Mecca. At the back of his tomb is an enclosure holding the remains of his infant son, whose life he sacrificed at the age of six months that Akbar's son Jahan Jir might live when born.

The Gate of Victory outside is called "Buland Darwaza" (High Gate) for its towers are one hundred and thirty feet high, and Mr. Fergusson says: "When looked at from below its appearance is noble beyond that of any portal attached to any mosque in India, perhaps in the whole world." Its grandeur is enhanced by a flight of steps which gives it a total height of one hundred and seventy-two feet. In the archway is this inscription, "King of Kings, Shadow of God, Jalal-Ud-Din, Mohammed, Akbar the Emperor, came to Fatehpur Sikri in the forty-sixth year of his reign, A.D. 1601, and proceeded from thence to Agra." On the opposite side

AGRA (*Continued*)

of the arch is inscribed "Isa," which means "Jesus," who said, "The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it; the world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion." The doors of this great gateway are studded with horse shoes affixed there by men whose sick horses have been made well by the prayers of the saint. Near the steps is a large well into which boys and men dive from heights varying from thirty to eighty feet for a small fee. The great Fair of Fatehpur Sikri commences on the 20th of Raman (October), the anniversary of the saint's death, and lasts for eight days when great crowds of admirers and worshippers camp in this deserted city.

A weary party returned to the car, following that long, tiresome but interesting day, with a feeling of thankfulness that dinner was ready and could be served while returning to Agra.

After a week's absence, a pleasant surprise awaited our return, for our great wish to see the Agra Fort was to be gratified. Extreme caution was necessary in granting permission to visit public buildings during war times, and for Delhi and Agra this was specially true.

The fort at Agra, like Delhi, was open to government, military officers and soldiers only, and we were acquainted with no one who belonged to any of these arms of the service. Dame Fortune, the Hindu gods, or Mohamet favored us—for during a call upon our banker, great regret was expressed that we must leave Agra without visiting the fort. "I go each morning to

SEE INDIA WITH ME

the fort to train and drill volunteers and can easily obtain a permit for you to accompany me and will do so." An appointment was made forthwith for the following morning at eight. Imagine our surprise and joy!

This gentleman and his wife dined with us that evening and at a late hour, carriages were called to go to the Taj for a last look by moonlight.

The midnight bell had sounded and all was still in the garden of the Taj. This exquisite building stood out in beauty and majesty as never before and we gazed upon it from every angle; sitting upon the curbing of the mosque and the jawab (rest house), where the shadows on the Taj and the garden were most impressive. Words fail to express our feelings, nor were we able to decide which view was the finest. We wandered in every nook and corner inside and out of the building, singing and whispering just to hear the heavenly echo in the big dome, and to fancy that the angels in heaven might be listening to our hymns of praise.

Night was giving place to day, the moon and stars losing their brilliancy in the stronger rays of the sun, reminding us that our dreams were over and we must return to the car. We lingered on, once more to see the sun kiss the marble and tomb through the fret windows, illuminating the cenotaph of the beloved Muntaz. There was just one hour to spare before we were due at the Fort Gate at eight. Chotohazrie must be served and no time be lost for our valued friend would be waiting.

AGRA (*Continued*)

The walls surrounding Agra Fort are similar to those of Delhi Fort, only higher, more massive, the moat wider and deeper. Hathi Pol (Elephant Gate) was closed for the same reason as at Delhi, but this did not detract from our happiness for the enormous elephants will be standing to greet us should we return to India.

Turning to the left after entering, we noted that the Moti Masjid, and Dwin-I-Am, were the same as at Delhi. The Pearl Mosque one of the purest and most exquisite gray marble buildings seen in India was built by Shah Jahan, A.D. 1648 at a cost of three hundred thousand rupees. Three arched marble openings cross the front, three domes surmount the roof. An inscription on black marble inlaid in white likens this mosque to a precious pearl, for no other in the world is faced throughout with marble like this.

The Amar Singh Gate is approached by a double staircase which opens into a courtyard where a large tank occupies the center and in one corner is a very old sundial of two crossed lines and an arc with no gnomon and which rests on an octagonal pillar.

Beyond the Minna Bazar is the entrance to the Diwan-I-Am (Public Audience Hall) with its three aisles and nine bays and an opening on three sides giving an expansive view of the room. A red marble screen at the end indicates the place where the ladies of the Mogul court watched the proceedings.

The inner court of the Palace is reached through a passageway leading to the Diwan-I-Am, and it was here

SEE INDIA WITH ME

that the entertainments, Captain Hawkins so vividly describes, in connection with Emperor Jahan Jir took place. The two bronze gates Akbar brought as trophies of war from Chitor are on the north side, while near is the three-domed mosque of white marble, called the "Nagina Masjid" (Gem Mosque), the private mosque of the royal ladies, built for them by Shah Jahan. In this mosque Emperor Jahan spent the last seven years of his life a prisoner, through the treachery of his son, Aurangzeb.

The Diwan-I-Khas (Private Audience Hall) was an open colonade beautiful in its carving of flowers inlaid with white marble and outlined with semi-precious stones, a much more charming room than the Diwan-I-Khas at Delhi, and called "Abode of Joy." A staircase led to the Saman Burg (Octogan), now known by its corrupted name of Jassamine Tower.

Muntaz Mahal, the beloved wife of Shah Jahan lived in these beautiful rooms with their fountains and retiring rooms, and every comfort possible for those early days. Each room overlooked the river which was protected from the sun by an exquisite marble screen, now a ruin. On the pavement in front is seen the parchesi boards similar to those at Fatehpur Sikri. Here Shah Jahan spent hours while a prisoner, looking across to the Taj, the tomb of his beloved wife, by whom he would lie when death released him which it did in A.D. 1666.

The Khas Mahal was the model after which the Diwan-I-Khas at Delhi was built and under this great

AGRA (*Continued*)

building were subterranean apartments used during the heat of summer, with passages leading to other rooms of the fort.

Facing the river was the Golden Pavilion, so called from its curved roofs covered with gilded plates of copper. In the ladies' rooms were holes in the wall fourteen inches deep for keeping jewels—the holes so narrow that only a woman's arm, delicate and small, could pass within.

The Mahal of Jahan Jir, a red sandstone building, was between the palace of Shah Jahan and the Gangali Bastion. Bright tiles decorated the upper portion, and a fine gateway led through a vestibule into a domed hall, the ceiling of which was elaborately carved, and from which a corridor led into the grand central court. The design of this court, its columns, its carvings and ornamentations are Hindu. The palace faces the river which has a retaining wall and two corner bastions, each surmounted with a tower and a domed cupola. This palace has lately been restored by the Archæological Department, after being used for years as a military prison. There are many ruins of reservoirs and aqueducts.

The visit to the fort was naturally hurried and not altogether satisfactory because of limited time and the many closed buildings, but we were thankful for even a short visit as it gave us an excellent idea of its beauty and extent. Comparison of the two forts is made unconsciously by visitors, and there are divers opinions. The Delhi Fort appealed to me more strongly than the one at Agra owing to the plan of the grounds, the architec-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

tural beauty of its buildings and the air of hospitality not found at Agra. Delhi Fort has not as many buildings, but its walls and gateways are similar. The interiors are entirely different. Emperor Akbar resided at Agra for many years before moving to Fatehpur Sikri in A.D 1568.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Pink City

ROSE PINK comes vividly to mind as I write the word "Jaipur," for that color flashed to our eyes as we reached that city. The railroad to Jaipur is narrow gauge so arrangements were made for another car, thus making the first separation from our home on wheels since leaving Simla. Jaipur was reached at midnight, the car side-tracked, and we left undisturbed till morning.

Lalla Ram was at the station to meet us and was our devoted guide while in this famous city. He owned and managed the hotel but assumed the duties of guide as opportunity offered and he felt inclined, for he was wealthy and work was not a necessity. He was in foreign dress, excepting his headgear, the green turban bespeaking his pilgrimage to Mecca. Jaipur was his one thought and no guidebook was needed while he was in attendance, and to him we are indebted for an intensely interesting visit.

Jaipur is purely Indian, for not one foreigner was on the streets. The province of the Maharajah covers fifteen thousand square miles with a population of over two million, who pay the Maharajah large revenue with which to enjoy life, and from all appearance he certainly

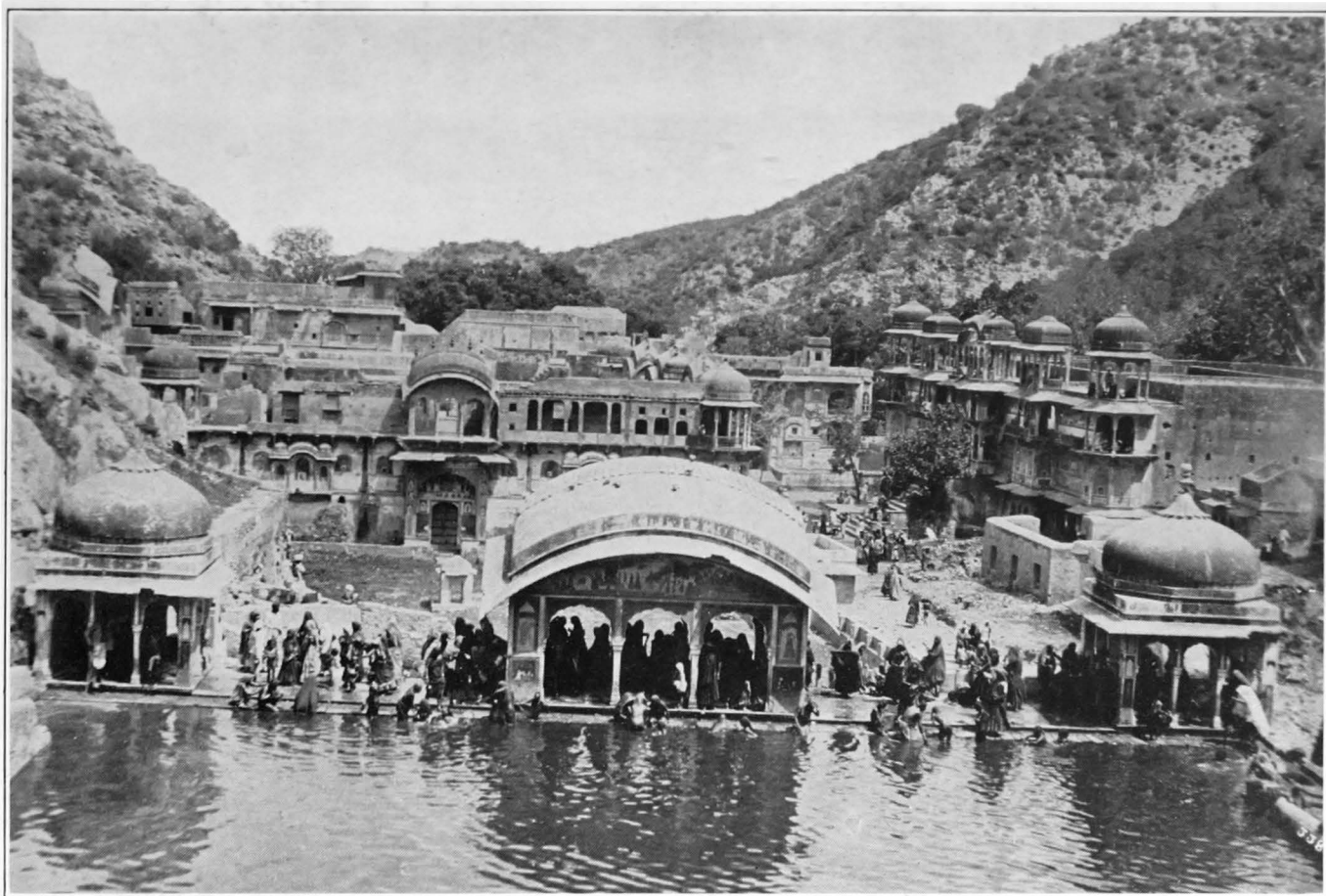
SEE INDIA WITH ME

does. The English Resident lives here, our guide informed us.

Surrounded on three sides by rugged hills crowned with forts is proof of a fortified city, the rugged face of the ridge rendering it inaccessible to any enemy. The city is entered through seven gates; the pink walls, depict scenes from every-day life, fights between elephants and tigers interspersed with flowers and pink flags. The walls join the hills, making an entrance impossible excepting through the gates.

Jaipur, the capital, is one of the most prosperous, independent cities of the Rajputana, supports large banks and other trading establishments, and is the center of many manufactories of print cloth, jewelry, muslins, enamel work (considered the best in India), and the cutting and setting of garnets and other precious and semi-precious stones found in the Province. The wide street is lighted at night by gas which adds to the picturesqueness of the bazars and the streets. The city is laid out in rectangular blocks, divided into six equal parts by cross streets. At the lower end of the street, facing the Tripolia, is a fine collection of tigers, many of them said to be man-eaters. Monkeys are more numerous than people, and in evidence every minute as they run over the buildings, into the rooms of houses and on everybody, a nuisance and annoyance, yet too sacred to be killed.

The buildings are pink, and the people appear as walking pink roses. The Temple of the Wind, a most imposing structure from its height and color, overtops all other buildings on the main street. Elephants in pink



BATHING GHATS AND MONKEY PARADISE AT JAIPUR

THE PINK CITY.

trappings walk the wide thoroughfares with a stately stride. They are owned by the Maharajah who rents them out for a visit to the deserted city of Amber, the shrine of the Sun God of Galta, and the monkeys' paradise. Long acquaintance with monkeys did not enhance our desire to see their paradise or shrine. The trip to Amber was taken one early morning, to avoid the mid-day heat, and in time to witness the sacrifice of a lamb to Siva inside the city's gate, which sacrifice takes place daily. Sacrificial ceremonies are not agreeable, and we missed as many as possible.

Amber has a few fine buildings but are disappointing after seeing Chitor and Fatehpur Sikri. Amber (Queen of the Pass) is situated in the crotch of a rock gorge, and built so long ago Ptolemy makes mention of it. The ancient race of Mynas, supposedly descendants of Rama, were the founders. In the Eleventh Century it fell into the hands of the Rajputs, the present rulers.

Man Singh of Akbar's time did much for Amber; in fact, during his reign Amber reached the height of its prosperity. He erected fine buildings, laid out gardens and constructed forts and fortifications.

The Hall of Victory, the one interesting building at Amber, is full of dignity and stateliness, and is beautifully ornamented with enamel work, for which Jaipur is famous today. Its alabaster panels are delicately inlaid or carved in floral designs in high relief. A passage leads to the bath rooms of cream white marble. Nearby

SEE INDIA WITH ME

is another hall, which, literally, glows with bright and delicate colors of inlaid work. Through the arches of carved alabaster, upheld by clusters of slender columns, a fine view of the lake and the mountains is obtained.

Amber was deserted in the seventeenth century by Jai Singh who began a city five miles from Amber on the plains and borders of a lake which yields today about four hundred tons of salt annually. In 1870 the British Government leased the lake.

The Observatory built by Jai Singh is one of five built by this celebrated astronomer. It is not under cover, but in an open courtyard full of curious and fantastic instruments designed by him. It was constructed between A.D. 1718-34, and has recently been restored by the Maharajah of Jaipur, Lieut. A. Ganet, R. E., supervising the work. The instruments are dials, gnomons, quadrants, and other instruments designed by the royal astronomer, and used by him in his calculations and discoveries, which were the wonder of his contemporaries and have excited the wonder of modern scholars.

The Maharajah spends much of his time in travel and hunting, and was absent the day of our visit, but we were invited to visit the grounds of his fine city home and enjoy the formal garden, fine trees and shrubs, whose beauty is enhanced by numerous fountains constantly playing to cool the air. The crocodiles in the lake were fed for our pleasure. Not one was in sight when we arrived at the water's edge, but when the keeper, with a long pole having at the end a red flag and a piece of meat, began slapping the water, the lazy crocodiles lifted their heads and moved toward us. Over one hundred were

THE PINK CITY

counted as they received the meat. What an unfortunate experience to fall into that lake!

The Maharajah's palace, seven stories, overlooks the garden and several small buildings scattered about, give the appearance of a city within a city. The harem ladies were luxuriously housed, and deeply did we regret not meeting them or seeing the inside of their home. The white marble Diwan-I-Khas (Public Audience Room) was remarkable for its simplicity and beautiful architecture.

The royal stables with places for more than two hundred Arabian horses surrounds a court and the keeper took great pride in showing the finest racers and putting them through their paces. An equal number of elephants and camels are housed in nearby buildings and they also, were shown.

A clock in a high tower surmounting the Armory in the courtyard gives the time to the city.

Beyond the courtyard was the parade grounds and the Court of Justice.

The royal tombs, as elsewhere, were visited, exemplifying the personal characteristics of the rulers. Gethur, the last resting place of the Maharajahs of Jaipur, is very fine. The present Rajah is building his tomb, and the architect showed the plans which were very beautiful, but none of the tombs of the present time compare with the early ones built when materials were plentiful and labor cheap. The trees in this garden of tombs were full of wicked-looking monkeys, who went skipping and jumping in every direction, irrespective of the solemnity of their surroundings.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The Museum was filled with a rare collection of local curios and the life-sized portraits of every Maharajah of Jaipur.

Near the Museum were the Zoölogical Gardens where wonderful specimens of oriental birds, tigers, lions, and wild boars, snakes, and insects were found. The tigers were especially fine. These animals abound in great numbers in the jungles and are hunted by the Maharajah and his friends. It is not thought safe for any person to walk or hunt in the jungles without companions.

Jaipur had many attractions, especially its people and shops, and we regretted time would not allow our remaining longer with our hospitable host who wished us to give up other places and prolong our visit here. Lalla Ram in foreign clothes, waving his green turban as the train moved out of the station, was a memorable farewell to Jaipur with its scenic walls, pink buildings, gay costumes, monkeys, tigers, elephants, and the never to be forgotten crocodiles.

CHAPTER XX.

The Old Gwalior Fort

THE visit to Old Gwalior was solely to see the carved walls, so famous in history, the tomb of Mohammed Ghus, and the deserted palace on the top of the hill. The fort, founded in the sixth century by Swazen, a Kachwaha Chief, is one of the most ancient of the renowned strongholds of India.

Swazen, a leper, was disallowed a home with his family, so he went to Gwalior and made a home on the hilltop long years before a fort existed. One day he met a hermit, called Gwalipi, from whom he accepted a drink of water which cured his leprosy, Gwalipi promising him that his descendants should reign at Gwalior while the name "Pal" was retained. Eighty-three reigned, but the eighty-fourth changed his name to "Taj Karn" and in time lost his kingdom.

The capture of Gwalior by Altmash is commemorated by an inscription over the gate of Arwahi which Emperor Babar states he saw 630 A.H. (A.D. 1232) when the Tomar Chief declared independence and founded the Tomar Dynasty of Gwalior. In 1425 Dongar Sing commenced the great rock sculptures on the walls, which were completed by his son, Kirti Sing, in 1454.

A permit from the Residency Office is necessary when visiting this old fort, and for an elephant to carry parties

SEE INDIA WITH ME

to the top. We preferred to walk, in order to see the carvings on the wall at our leisure.

The fort is on a precipitous, flat-topped hill, three hundred feet above the sea, approached by a long, narrow hill. A sculptured wall, thirty to thirty-five feet high, rough and jagged, borders the road. The sculptures are at intervals from the foot to the top, ceasing at the first entrance. Some of the gates are finely carved, others have inscriptions, while near the east gate is a shrine hewn out of the solid rock, twelve feet square, supposed to have been built in A.D. 876, and called "Char-tarbbuj Mandu", meaning "Shrine of the Four-Armed Sacred Vishnu."

General Cunningham says of the rock sculptures that they are unique in Northern India for their number as well as for their gigantic size. They are carved on the cliffs of the fort where there are small caves and niches, and consist of five groups. The first and last are the most interesting and attractive. Many of them were mutilated by order of Emperor Akbar, who records the fact in his memoirs, because the figures were nude. Akbar directed the idols be destroyed entirely, but the heads only were knocked off. Later they were repaired by the Jains.

Inside stands the Jujari Palace, built for the Queen of Mau Bingh. Bands of Mosaic marble sculptured in Brahmani ducks, elephants and peacocks, enameled in blue, green, and gold, give an unsurpassed charm and elegance, the colored tiles on the south wall being much the brighter in spite of time. The walls of the rooms

THE OLD GWALIOR FORT

were covered with bats, so numerous the coloring and sculptures could not be seen in places. The massive round towers surmounted by open domed cupolas were connected at the top by lattice work, and the rooms arranged around the courts.

Jahanjir and Shah Jahan built palaces and a state prison here of rubble plaster, quite plain, and of no architectural interest.

A Jain temple, built in 1100, does not compare in beauty and design with the Jain temples at Mount Abu. A figure of Vishnu is over the main entrance of the larger temple, and the central hall is crowded with massive columns necessary to bear the enormous weight of the pyramidal roof.

The new city of Gwalior, at the foot of the hill, called Lashkar, was founded by Daulat Rao Sindhia in 1794. The Maharajah ruling at the time of our visit gave generous assistance to the English during the war. As we arrived at the station, he was leaving with four other Rajahs to inspect a hospital ship, a gift to the British Government for the sick and wounded Indians. The Maharajah of Gwalior died at Paris in the summer of 1925.

CHAPTER XXI.

Cawnpore and Lucknow

IT was a short ride from Gwalior to Cawnpore and Lucknow, made memorable by the Mutiny of 1857, when the massacre of many English women and children brought deepest sorrow to their families in England. The English cantonment at the time of the mutiny covered an area of six or seven miles, garrisoned with three thousand Indian soldiers and sixty Europeans. The Indian mutiny is so much a matter of history it is hardly necessary to speak of the horrors of that year, recalled to our minds when walking about these cities, but a brief resumé may interest.

Memorial tablets have been erected along the entrenchments where so many fell, and inside the church tablets are inscribed with the names of those who lost their lives. Outside a cross and tablets express loving tribute for Christian fortitude and bravery.

We walked to the Sati Chaura Ghat, near the Temple of Siva, and listened to the story of horrors, or how four hundred and fifty women and children were put into small boats by the order of Tania Tope, pushed from shore into deep mud, and murdered by shooting from ambush whenever the bugle sounded. The roofs of the boats took fire, suffocating many; the Sepoys after jumping into the boats killed many more. One hundred and

CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW

twenty-five were saved by the order of the Commander who sent word to stop the massacre and return to Cawnpore. One boat escaped, to be captured after thirty-six hours when all were killed. A Memorial in the form of an octagonal Gothic screen which surrounds a well, has on the cover the figure of an angel, her arms crossed on her breast with a palm branch in each hand. Over the arch is inscribed these words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation," and a second inscription, "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian People, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the Indian Rebels, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the fifteenth day of June, 1857." This Memorial was the gift of Lord and Lady Canning, and stands in the eastern end of the city at Barbugerth.

The great yearly festival of the Mohammedans, the celebration of the Muharram, in commemoration of the death of Housian, the son of Fatima, the daughter of Mohamet, was to be celebrated the Sunday of our visit, and because of the free fight between Mohammedans and Hindus which takes place that day is interesting and causes no end of excitement. All religions of India being represented in the Great War, there was no fighting spirit—and no fight.

Lucknow, the fifth city in India, the capital of Oudth, is a Mohammedan city, the Mohammedans outnumbering the Hindus by more than one hundred thousand. It contains little of interest outside of the ruins and memorials.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The few survivors of the mutiny guard the ruins, escort the tourists to see the Residency, beautiful in its cover of ivy—nature's way of obliterating the unsightly, and recites the story of 1857. There is little left to remind one of the tragedy of June, 1857, when for five months the cellar of the Residency was the home of over a hundred and fifty of these innocent people, under most trying conditions.

Praise and glory must ever be given Sir Henry Lawrence for his forethought and self-denial, in trying to alleviate the sufferings of those under his care. He foresaw the coming trouble, long weeks before the mutiny started and stocked the Residency with sufficient food that no one should starve during the siege, relieved the sufferings of the afflicted when, to save their lives, they were forced to live underground so many months. The British soldiers sent to the relief of the besieged were too few to be efficient, and Sir Henry was helpless. Shortly after the siege began, while sitting in front of the fire in the Residency, he was shot. With his comrades he lies in the cemetery at Lucknow, his grave marked by a simple Runic cross. On the ruins of the Residency the British flag floats day and night from a staff on the broken chimney and is never lowered excepting when replaced by a new flag. Thus the British Empire honors its loyal subjects.

Silver and Bidri work (silver inlaid on iron) and beautiful embroideries are found at Lucknow, but little else attract visitors for the ruins overtop everything in Cawnpore and Lucknow. Two tombs in the Kaiserbagh

CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW

and Jami Masjid Mosque were of interest because of age.

When leaving, a lake was passed where a number of big elephants were taking a bath, and it was surprising the easy way these animals handled themselves in the water, getting up and down, and rolling over without the least effort. Their attendants had difficulty in making them leave the water.

CHAPTER XXII.

Allahabad.

REACHING Allahabad kind friends met us with a welcome and program which, carried out, would have kept us busy for a much longer time than had been allotted to this city. As it was the days passed like magic, piloted as we were from one place of interest to another with little or no delay.

Allahabad has been known to the Hindu world since early times as the capital of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, situated on the left bank of the Jumna River. The headquarters of the General commanding the army is in the old fort built by Akbar five centuries ago, and at this time, owing to the war, closed to tourists. Through the influence of friends we were allowed to visit the historic sections found in underground rooms which contain the very oldest Hindu relics. We wandered through the many dimly-lighted passageways, radiating from a center where stood a large lingam dedicated to Siva. The "never-dying banyan tree"—a fake, as removal of covers proved—yet still worshipped by the Hindus. A new tree replaces the old whenever necessary for Hindu festivals, the deluded pilgrims believing that it is the original which Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, mentions seeing in the Seventh Century, and who said, "In a Brahmanical temple in this city the presentation of a

ALLAHABAD

piece of money procured as many returns as thousands of pieces elsewhere." Surmounting the base are the bones of pilgrims who have sacrificed themselves to Rama. Idols are arranged along the walls, pilgrims sprinkling oil, water, and spices, from their brass baskets, over these idols, rendering them unrecognizable.

The most sacred spot here is the Meeting of the Jumna and Ganges Rivers. A religious festival of great antiquity is celebrated in Allahabad every twelve years. It is fostered and encouraged by the railroads because at this time they carry millions of pilgrims to Allahabad to witness the procession of the thousands of nude fakirs who march before the throngs to the places of torture. They mutilate their bodies by jumping on spiked beds, whip themselves with iron chains, twist their bodies almost to the breaking point to arouse sympathy and earn money, a panacea for their sufferings.

Yearly during the month of January, thousands come to bathe at the meeting point of the rivers, camping along the shore near the groups of idols which, under umbrellas, are worshipped and anointed by the faithful. For a fee small boats take the people to the sacred meeting-place. The day of our visit many nude men were sitting on the banks facing the sun, apparently lost in meditation, as they never moved a muscle or shut their eyes from the blazing light, seemingly experiencing no discomfort from the glaring sun in their eyes. When the spirit moved them they would model idols from clay and call out in a loud voice to Rama or Vishnu to come and in-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

habit them. It is true that the devout Hindu lives for death and future happiness, not for a life of pleasure on earth.

The brass baskets every Hindu carries in his hands when visiting the temples was a source of much curiosity, so much so that I followed the basket-carriers to see them anoint the idols. Inside the baskets were jars which held the sacred oil, spices, water, and meal with which the idols were to be sprinkled. After thousands have passed, their condition can be imagined.

In this fort was the third Osoka pillar, thirty-five feet high, highly polished, constructed of stone as the others, and of great interest because of age. Discovered in 1837, buried deep in the ground, it was resurrected, re-erected, and restored. Its inscriptions rank with other Osoka edicts of 242 B.C. but this one records a victory of A.D. 340, and commemorates the accession of Jahan Jir to the throne. There are minor inscriptions dating before the Christian era.

At the large Mission School for boys, the scholars entertained us with exercises, songs, and recitations, and at the request of the superintendent a snapshot was taken of the entire body, fortunately proving a success. It was enlarged and returned with the request that every boy find his face, and as this was their first introduction to the mysteries of photography, it was amusing to see the eagerness to find themselves.

Jumna College, now called Ewing in memory of a former and much-beloved president, gives every boy and girl above the age of five years an opportunity to secure

ALLAHABAD

an education, and it was a beehive of activity the day of our visit.

The Agricultural Department was the greatest surprise, for here every boy is educated along modern lines in agriculture so necessary in big India where there is so much virgin land, with so small a portion under cultivation. After graduation the boys are sent to all parts of India to take up this work, being watched over by the school authorities until established.

Since this article was written, Mr. Sam Higginbottom, the head of this department has visited the United States and given to our people statistics of the growth of agriculture in India, results almost unbelievable. He has had every inducement offered him to give up his position in Allahabad to become Commissioner of Agriculture for all India. The British Government has often made overtures to him, but nothing can induce him to give up his mission work in Allahabad, for which he was educated. Last year King George presented to him a magnificent gold medal with the King's monogram on one side, on the reverse his name and "For service in India." His book, *The Gospel and the Plow*, gives in detail his work along agricultural lines in Allahabad. Maharajahs visit this school and offer every inducement for him to come to their provinces and establish similar schools. If it is possible he goes, or makes arrangements to send someone.

Colonel Hudson, late Superintendent of the House of Correction, was a rare character, who died in service trying to uplift the unfortunate by giving them some means of support and ideals to live by after leaving prison.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Before Colonel Hudson was detailed to Allahabad, nothing was done for the uplift of the prisoners, but he coming to study conditions, made it a condition of his accepting, that he should conduct the prison along lines he thought best for its inmates and work out its problems without interference. He proved his theory by the high standard of work of the men, moral improvement, and the large number who lived correct lives after completing their term. Death relieved him after many years; his monument: the thousands of Indians who revere his memory by living the higher life. His guests for a day, we visited every department of the prison with him.

Agriculture, manufacturing, carpentering, weaving, reading, writing, simple mathematics, horticulture, dairy products, poultry raising, and garden methods were the subjects taught. A large farm in operation supplied the farm. The surplus truck was sold to residents of Allahabad, which netted a fine sum for improvements and pleasures to the inmates. Colonel Hudson was a valued friend to the struggling Department of Agriculture at Ewing College in its early days, and a tribute by Mr. Higginbottom is given him in his book.

Some inmates were life prisoners, others confined for a longer or shorter time. Each prisoner wore about his neck a brass ring from which hung a wooden tag, giving the name, age, date of entrance, and number of commitment. One prisoner had twelve numbers on his tag. Many confessed to the Superintendent that they only committed crimes to be returned, preferring prison life to starving outside.

ALLAHABAD

The morning was spent visiting the prison, and so quickly did time slip by tiffin was announced before anyone realized it was the noon hour. Mrs. Hudson entertained us delightfully in their charming home in the prison grounds, giving us many interesting incidents of their experiences.

Colonel Hudson mentioned our manner of travel as novel to him and said he would enjoy to visit the car before we left Allahabad. Mrs. Hudson turned to me and said, "You should be flattered at such a request from Colonel Hudson, for he never goes anywhere socially, his duties proving too arduous for any social effort."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I am going to break away from my iron-bound rule for almost the first time, to accept your invitation, for I am very curious to see how you keep house on a car."

This had been said so often that I smiled and replied that his remarks were no surprise to us. The Hudson family came to tiffin the following day, remaining until the car left for Benares.

The Colonel took us to the leper hospital, also under his jurisdiction, where we saw leprosy in many of its phases. Several of the mild cases were brought near that we might see how leprosy looked and learn how cases were handled. Married lepers are provided with small houses and given an allowance for their support. Inmates marry, and children born to them often show no signs of leprosy. The babies are taken away at once and treated for five years with inoculations of chaulmaugra oil or until the blood shows no sign of the dread disease.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Nearly every child of leper parents becomes healthy and strong. They never return to their parents to live.

Allahabad is imbued with the spirit of progress. Its main streets are paved and clean, the people more prosperous than many other cities, for they seem to appreciate what the missionaries and educators are doing for them and their children in schools and hospitals.

Soon after leaving Allahabad, our train was held for some time at a small station, and during the delay we entertained the tenth bride of a Maharajah who was traveling on the same train. Anxious for the sight of an Indian Princess, we acceded to the request to receive her. A closely covered sedan chair conveyed the Princess to the car entrance but before alighting, a large canvas was thrown over the top and held tightly on each side of the door, while the Princess alighted from her chair and entered. Her maid and one eunuch were in attendance.

The Princess was not allowed to travel in the car with her husband but must sit in her sedan chair on an open freight car directly behind the engine, which enveloped her in soot and smoke, the sun beating down on her chair covered with brilliant red velvet, richly embroidered in gold bullion. The Maharajah traveled in the Pullman with every comfort, far from the engine's smoke and soot, with attendants to swing back and forth the punka to cool the air and keep away the flies.

Conversation with the Princess was impossible so signs were in order and succeeded. She offered us betel nuts to chew, from a jeweled bag hanging on her arm, which pleasure we declined after looking at her mouth and

ALLAHABAD

teeth besmeared with red. We offered her candy which she accepted with a smile and ate with a relish as she made signs for more. She handled our hats, clothes, gloves, shoes, and seemed surprised we wore no jewels and were gowned so simply.

Her dress was gauze of the lightest texture, exquisitely embroidered, her sarai (scarf) lightly thrown over her head. Her feet and legs were bare to the knees, jeweled anklets on each leg reaching halfway to the knee, while her arms were covered with bracelets from wrist to shoulder. Many of these bracelets were very beautiful and of unusual design and heavily jeweled. Six or seven chains were around her neck, rings on every finger and toe and in upper and lower lobes of her ears—in fact, she was literally weighted down with jewels, making walking almost impossible; but walk she would about the car, looking into every place. When her attendants came to escort her to the freight car, she showed annoyance. Before the train started, her husband appeared and thanked us for the pleasure we had given his wife.

CHAPTER XXIII

Benares

BENARES is and has been the religious capital of India since before the dawn of history, being mentioned in both the Mahabaratta and the Ramayana. It combines the virtues of all other places of pilgrimage, so much so that anyone of whatever creed, however numerous his misdeeds, who dies within the compass of the Panch Kosi (road which surrounds Benares) is transported straight to heaven.

The site of Benares has been changed frequently and much of its past history is involved in obscurity. It was a flourishing and important place six centuries before the Christian era. Hardly a building now dates back beyond the time of Akbar as its conquerors destroyed everything, leaving little or no history of the city behind.

The sacred writings of the Hindus are the four Vedas, the Puranas (the institute of man), the Tantras, and the two epic poems. The Veda is supposed to be the work of the Supreme Being—therefore eternal. The meaning of the word Veda is “knowledge divinely communicated.” The Puranas and the two great epic poems, the Ramayana and the Mahabaratta, and the five Tantras are the principal sources of knowledge of the gods of modern India. The Puranas and later writings are the great authorities of modern Hinduism.

BENARES

The Institute of Man is the law book of the Hindus, and in its present form belongs to the fifth century B.C. It contains two thousand, six hundred and eighty-five verses, evidently the work of one man, and is the foundation of the Hindu law.

The Mahabaratta is supposed to have been written by Vyasa, a century nearer our own time. It is a vast storehouse of Hindu mythology, legendary history, ethics and philosophy, and the growth of centuries of Hindu thought.

The Ramayana relates the travels and adventures of Rama, one continuous narrative written by the sage Valmiki. It is an epic poem depicting the life of Rama and contains about fifty thousand lines. Rama is pictured as a high-minded god, husband of but one wife, true in thought and noble in action, and Sita, his wife, pure as the stainless snow. They are rightly held in the highest esteem by their followers. His birthplace was Benares, one thousand years before Christ. The young bridegroom brought home the peerless Sita, endowed with youth, goodness, sweetness, and prudence, dear to him as his own soul. There were years of conflict caused by intrigue of one of his father's numerous wives, and he lost his right to reign. Rama went into exile with his wife Sita and they lived with the hermit Valmiki. During their exile, Sita was stolen from Rama by Ravana, King of Lanka (Ceylon), to appease the wrath of his sister who loved Rama, and whose love was unrequited. However, in later years Rama returned to reign in triumph on the throne of his fathers.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

If descriptions of this city given in the epic are true, it must have been one of splendor, for its streets were broad, temples famous, groves green, gardens wonderful, pools of limpid water scattered here and there, and Rama's banners waving everywhere. Brahmans chanted the Vedic hymns, musicians played and sang lyrics in honor of their King who dwelt in his palace in the center of the city.

The marriage of Rama and Sita was a romance even for primitive times, for then the maiden was given in marriage to the victor in savage sports and trials of strength. King Janaka of Mithala had a most beautiful and talented daughter, her origin miraculous, her beauty wondrous. As he ploughed in the fields, an infant sprang from the ground over which his plough had just passed. He named her Sita. Her magic birth likened her to Lakshmi (born again). The King claimed that his fifteen-year-old daughter, Sita, should become the bride of the Kshatriya who could bend and string the enormous bow given him by Siva, a reward for sacrifice. No other competitor was able to lift the bow from the ground but Rama, who not only strung it but, in bending, snapped it in two—to the admiration and fright of the onlookers; and as a reward became the husband of Sita. In the Ramayana, Rama's marriage is described as celebrated in the old Aryan fashion. The bride and bridegroom stood before the sacred fire, symbol of Agni. The bridegroom took the hand of the bride while they were sprinkled with water consecrated by the priest. The bride walks round

BENARES

the fire seven times. In marriages, as in the funeral rites, fire and water play a prominent part in Benares.

Ramaswaram contains one of the most venerated Hindu shrines in India, being founded by Rama himself to commemorate his journey to Ceylon in search of Sita, who was stolen by the King of Lanka. For centuries this old shrine has been the pilgrim's Mecca.

Puranas follows the two great poems, and the special guide for the separate and conflicting sects, written for the purpose of promoting either Vishnu or Siva worship at the expense of the other god.

The Tantras are a series of sixty-four books, only five of which are of any importance. Tantra means "rule" or "ritual." A Hindu who believes in the Veda will be nearer Christianity than the followers of the Puranas and Tantras.

The code of Manu (law) divides Hindus into four Vamas: the Brahmans (priests) who came from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas (warriors) who came from his arms; the Vaisyas (agricultural leaders) who came from his thighs; the Sudras (slaves) who came from his feet. There are twelve Hindu gods which seem to control the destinies of the Hindu and who are worshipped by the Vishna: Siva, Brahma, Llakshmi, Pavati, Saravati, Durga or Kati, Devi, Kastikkaya, Ganesha, Hanuman and Rama. One spiritual being pervades everything—one god, called Brahma, who has three personal manifestations: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer and Reproducer.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Hindus believe that everyone is an outcast who does not accept their belief and observe the caste. This belief and its results are seen more prominently at Benares than at any other place excepting Allahabad. The religious life of Benares centers on the shore of the River Ganges at a point where the river takes a turn from south to north, a strip two miles which, to the Hindu, is the most sacred portion. To study these people, hours were passed on a small boat, which moved as close to the shore as was safe, allowing us to watch the crowds of worshipers bathe in the sacred river. After bathing and washing their clothes, they offer prayer and sitting or standing model idols, under enormous umbrellas of matting, fac-similes of the stone umbrellas used in Buddha's day. Old temples line the shore, some containing such suggestive wall pictures that ladies are not permitted to enter.

Cremations were taking place constantly and the air was heavy with smoke and the odor of burning. One cremation we watched from beginning to end. A father, minus clothes save for a loin cloth, brought his son for cremation. All hair had been shaved from his body, the Oriental custom for mourning. Four male friends, with similar attire, attended, no women being allowed to have anything to do with the dead. The corpse, wrapped in a winding sheet with a painted red line one inch wide from neck to the division, the distinguishing mark for the male, was submerged in the Ganges before being given to the consuming fire. The father must build the funeral pyre—if wealthy, of cedar and teak wood, if poor, of

BENARES

pine with one or more sticks of the more expensive wood. When ready, the body is taken from the water, placed on the pyre, the father going to the priest in a nearby temple for the sacred coals with which to start the fire. Returning, he places them in the opening on the side, the flames rising immediately and enveloping the body. The mourners sit near watching the stokers keep the fire burning until all is consumed, when they leave to attend a big feast given to the afflicted family. While the ashes are still hot, they are looked over for jewels or gold by the stokers—after which all the refuse is thrown into the Ganges to enhance the purity and sacredness of the water.

Bathing went on in the immediate vicinity as if no cremations were taking place and the water drunk as if no refuse had been thrown into it.

The old custom of throwing children to the crocodiles in this river has been done away with entirely by the British.

Benares being the most sacred city and the Ganges the most sacred river, every Hindu desires to die there, that his body may be dipped in the river and cremated on the shore. As a result, Benares is the most thickly populated city in India. Many of the houses are not occupied unless for sickness or death, as the rich Hindu prefers to live elsewhere. The death rate is the largest of any city in India, yet no birth or death records are kept and the numbers cannot be accurately computed.

An invitation to visit the estate of the Maharajah of Benares on the opposite shore gave us a delightful after-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

noon. His majesty was absent on a tiger hunt, but all arrangements had been made for our visit. One of his boats came across the river for us and, reaching his landing, his carriage harnessed to wonderful Arabian horses and driven by a coachman in livery and two sics (outrunners) to clear the way, took us for a drive about the estate. Crowds gathered to greet us with bows and waving of banners.

At his private temple we were invited to leave the carriage and enter the grounds to see the sacred fountain, the guards standing at attention while we entered. We were informed that a great privilege had been extended us to view the outside of the temple, but our shoes must be removed as the ground over which we were to walk was sacred. No slippers were offered and, having none with us, we walked in stocking feet.

The marble temple was a gem; its walls and roof elaborately carved with scenes of Hindu mythology. The sacred bell was struck to attract the god, but the temple door was not opened, much to our regret as it was known to be very beautiful. Kodaks were allowed to take the exterior walls and the grounds. Arriving back to our shoes, we found the feet of our stockings entirely gone, which mattered little as the privilege of seeing the beauty of the temple compensated for all discomforts.

Tea was served at the tea house overlooking the lake and large bunches of flowers presented after which the elephant and tiger houses were visited, to see the finest specimens yet seen in India.

The palace was visited but the harem denied us,

BENARES

much to our regret. Our guide informed us that harems were never open to foreign ladies because the harem ladies were made unhappy at our freedom. The furnishings of the palace were unusual not attractive, for the floors were laid in large square blocks of black and white marble similar to floors in public buildings. The rooms were furnished by French, English, and Oriental artists and modern pictures adorned the walls, none of great value, while the skins of tigers, trophies of the hunt, were stretched at full length on easels.

Darkness was enveloping the land as we recrossed the river, the moonlight allowing us to forget the dirty water in its silvery mist.

The bazars at Benares contain the finest embroideries, gauze, silks, saris, and chiccan and no finer brass work is seen anywhere in India. Mingling with the crowds in the streets, in the Monkey and Elephant temples, we tried, without success, to solve the fascinations and mysteries of the Hindu religion, and why the contents of the baskets were thrown over the idols at every visit of the faithful. It would require the practise of a lifetime to equal their skill in throwing these sacred liquids on the idols which were smeared past recognition, a strange and amusing sight.

Hanuman (monkey god), one of the most popular gods in India today, gained his godhead from Rama for recovering Sita from Ravana who abducted her and carried her to Ceylon. Hanuman was the commander of the monkey hosts and Rama's ally in that mighty struggle. He leaped from India to Ceylon in one bound,

SEE INDIA WITH ME

tore up trees, and carried huge boulders from the Himalayas to build the famous bridge by means of which Rama's army crossed from India to Ceylon. Rama rewarded him with perpetual life and youth, making him one of the greatest gods. His nude image, besmeared with oil and vermilion, meets the eye in every fair-sized Hindu village, for he typifies faithfulness, unselfishness, and devoted service, and is worshipped and honored as Rama's representative. Feeding the live monkeys and sprinkling the statues of monkeys from the baskets is part of the ritual of the temple. No one would dare kill a monkey in India.

A remarkable story is told of the Rajah of Wadlya, who spent ten thousand pounds in marrying two monkeys. There was a magnificent parade of elephants, camels, horses, all richly caparisoned. Palanquins carried the bride and groom whose path was lit by torches and fairy lamps. Mr. Monkey, with a golden crown upon his head, was fastened in his palanquin with a silver chain, while servants stood on either side to fan him with punkas (Indian fans). Dancing girls followed in carriages and every musical instrument known was pressed into service. At the time of the marriage ceremony no less than twelve learned Brahmans read the Lastras.

The Monkey Temple at Benares is one of the largest in India and thousands of monkeys roam at will over the building. We witnessed the sacrificial ceremony to Siva which takes place at this temple every morning, or whenever a disciple desires to make an offering.

BENARES

The lamb to be offered is tied to a stake by his hind legs, while his forelegs are held by a priest or attendant of the temple. The High Priest brings out a curved knife, keen of edge, and with a single stroke severs the head from the body. It is a very bad omen if the head does not fall at the first stroke. Instantly, the dogs standing around lick up the blood; the head is taken home by the person offering the sacrifice; the skin is quickly removed, the entrails given to the dogs, and the remainder divided among the priests.

Doubt was expressed in our presence of the sincerity of the Hindu in his beliefs. Education counts for little, for many Hindus have been highly educated in England and have traveled widely, yet cannot be induced to give up their faith. One marvels at this for to an educated person the Hindu religion is revolting and disgusting, difficult to understand what tenets hold the believer so strongly. It commands attention and observation from the deepest students, for Benares is the fountainhead of all its activities. The college founded here by Mrs. Besant has over one thousand students, each enthusiastic over the Hindu doctrine.

The Elephant Temple (Ganesha) is in the center of the city and is Benares' most elaborately carved and highly decorated building. It was thronged with worshipers the morning of our visit, as each Hindu carried a basket to anoint generously the idols as well as our gowns and hats, which could not escape if we mingled with the worshipers.

Ganesha (elephant god) is the oldest son of Siva and

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Parvita, his name being derived from Gana-Osa or Lord of the Ganas, meaning a troop of inferior deities and evil spirits, especially those subordinate to Siva who delegates the command of them to Ganesha.

In northern India he is known as Ganesha; in the southern part, as Pulliyar, and is the most widely worshiped of all Hindu gods, being the god of success and good luck. His form is corpulent and there is a peculiarity in the formation of his head for he has one tusk only; the other broken in a tussle with Parasurama, a favorite of Siva, when he threw an axe at Ganesha. Seated at the seat of customs, with legs folded under him, he is the embodiment of satiated appetite. Success in life, to the Hindu, is synonymous with good living, plenteousness, prosperity, and ease. On all occasions Ganesha is called upon to bless and his favor is invoked by the Hindu when entering into any unusual business or religious activity.

At Benares our visit was greatly enhanced by having Mr. Muskeegge for guide, as every opportunity was given us to visit places, see the homes, and study the religion of the people that otherwise would have been denied. Mr. Muskeegge was a converted Hindu, a student at Foreman College of Lahore, and spoke English fluently. He was at Benares on furlough during our visit and we availed ourselves of his service.

Sarnath is a suburb of Benares recently come into the limelight owing to the wonderful excavations of Buddhist stupas and monasteries. Known as "Deer Park" or

BENARES

“Body of Sages”, in early times, it was prominent in one of the Jatka (birth) stories of the Buddha.

The first five converts to Buddhism retired to Sarnath for meditation after leaving their master, for it was at Sarnath that Buddha first made known his doctrines to the world. Buddhists revere this holy spot where Buddha sat and preached and gave forth his doctrines. Two Chinese travelers, Fahian of the Fifth Century and Hinian Tsang of the Seventh, visited this place and both mention the two monasteries then existing in Deer Park, the four Memorial Topes (chapels), a Vihara (steeple) two hundred feet high, a figure of Buddha turning the Wheels of the Law, Osoka's stone stupa seventy feet high, three lakes, many other monuments, and a third magnificent stupa three hundred feet high, and the fifteen thousand priests in the convents.

Sarnath was probably destroyed when Gohri's Generals, Kutb-Ud-Din and Shahab-Ud-Din, devastated Benares in A. D. 1194, after the overthrow of Buddhism in India.

The great Stupa, Kakmek Tower, lost for centuries has in recent excavations been found, and the stone base-ment ninety-three feet in diameter, shows how each stone was clamped together with irons to the height of forty-three feet. The base brick-work rises one hundred and four feet above the terrace of the temple and one hundred and forty-three feet from its foundation. The lower portion is relieved by eight projecting faces, each twenty-one and a half feet wide and fifteen feet apart with a statue in each niche. Encircling the monu-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

ment is a band of sculpture of exquisite beauty in geometric patterns of greatest delicacy of line, while above and below are rich floral arabesques, the whole being indicative of the daily life of the Imperial Guptas. General Cunningham found buried in the brick-work a stone inscribed with the Buddhist formula in the characters of the Seventh Century. Only a portion of the Osoka Pillar was standing. The upper part of the shaft and capital lay against the side of the shrine. The capital is bell-shaped, surmounted with four magnificent lions sitting back to back, between them a wheel, symbolizing the Law of Buddha. Beneath the lions a drum ornamented with four animals in relief—lion, elephant, boar, and horse—separated from each other by four wheels. These relics are in the museum at Sarnath and were shown and explained to us by the Curator, Mr. Hargraves, who went about pointing out groups and parts of buildings that had been excavated. Many of the great pieces are broken, but it is easy to imagine the magnificence of this stupa in the day of perfection, and it is also positive proof of the existence of Buddha, the great spirit which prompted the building of these great stupas.

It was difficult to feel or express any interest or enthusiasm about anything following our visit to Benares and Sarnath, for our strength was exhausted and desire gone; but Buddh Gaya was calling and there was the Bow Tree, under which the great Buddha sat when formulating his philosophy and instructing his disciples, and it would have been folly to pass it. The Secretary to the

BENARES

Maharajah of Buddh Gaya was to be our host, motoring us the seventeen miles to see the Bow Tree, over which he was most enthusiastic.

A Buddhist festival was being held under the Bow Tree, thus giving ample opportunity to gaze at crowds of Buddhist devotees, striving to be under or near the sacred tree at the same moment. It was unsafe for us to make an attempt to sit under the Tree, so we stood at a distance watching and studying the crowds, and wandering through the temple. The people were uninteresting, even at a distance, and near to were most unattractive, so one short hour sufficed for our visit. There was promise of war if numbers lingered too long under the Sacred Tree, and the thought of a fight was not to our liking.

The Maharajah's secretary extended a cordial invitation to us for tiffin at his home and, accepting, we met his charming English wife and other house guests. Late in the afternoon we were shown the palace of the Maharajah then in England with his Austrian wife, all the native wives remaining at Buddh Gaya. A large photograph of His Majesty in court dress was presented to me, after which we bade goodbye to our host and hostess and returned to the car. They followed later for tea, having expressed a wish to see our home on wheels.

Calcutta was reached that some evening, we going to the Great Eastern Hotel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Calcutta

AT CALCUTTA the broad gauge railroad came to an end and the car, which had been our home for so many weeks, was given up; the balance of our trip to be taken over the narrow gauge. We were surprised to find that our using a private car for so many weeks had created interest among the officials of the East India Railroad, for several gentlemen came to call to learn at first hand our experience, stating the plan which we had introduced might solve the future for tourist travel in India. During the journey whoever entertained us, or appeared interested to learn how foreigners could live comfortably for many weeks in a car, was invited to come and see for themselves; and every question and inquiry was answered to the best of our ability, thereby hoping this mode of travel would become popular.

When the Railway Company sent the car to Rawal Pindi, written directions were handed us to present each station master as an introduction. The station masters received copies, and were all attention from the time of our arrival until our departure. These English gentlemen were untiring for our comfort, and at Calcutta we took particular pains to tell the East India Railroad Company of our satisfaction at the way our car had been handled and of their courteous attention.

CALCUTTA

The Company explained that private cars were often taken for a day or two for short trips, and private trains for ten days or more by tourist agents, but no other small party had ever taken one for so many weeks and lived in it as a home. This astonished us, for we had supposed our plan for travel in India was the accepted one for small parties and long tours. It is true that by this arrangement housing, food problems, and correct sanitation, so serious in India, was taken care of properly. Our luggage was with us, a most convenient arrangement. The gentleman of our party had had wide experience in travel and had entire control of car, servants, service, bills, and keeping expense accounts. The itinerary was made before leaving Bombay, and adhered to with the exception of minor changes throughout the tour.

Sightseeing in Calcutta was in motor cars, a comfortable and quick way of seeing places of interest in and out of the city.

Calcutta, a charming English city was the capital of India for many years, but as a popular move of H. R. H. George V, at his Durbar, the capital was transferred to Delhi. The wisdom of the change is yet to be proven as the years pass.

Government House is a fine stone building surrounded by six acres of land.* A motor ride along the Hoogly River gave us opportunity to see the natives on land, in

* Standing back from the Maidan (park). It was built by Captain Wyatt, in 1802-3—designed after Kedleston Hall. In the breakfast room is a fine statue of Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General at that time. The walls of this room are white chunan, the floor of veined white marble. The Throne Room contains the throne of Tipu Sultan. Some rare portraits and fine paintings have been moved to Delhi. Above the dining-room is a fine ball room, whose floor is polished teak. The ceiling is beautifully panelled. The chandeliers and portrait of Louis XV were captured from the French at Chandernagore in 1757.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

boats, and on the great bridges, where crowds pass back and forth as at Kashmir. Old Fort William originally stood on the site of the present post office, but now is near the river. It was closed to the public owing to the war, a regret, as this old fort received its name from William III, after the Battle of Plassy.

The historic Black Hole, stands near the postoffice, a tablet indicating the actual site and giving the size — twenty-two by fourteen by sixteen feet. On the night of June 20, 1857, one hundred and forty-six people were forced into this hole, twenty-three surviving the awful experience. An obelisk erected in front of the postoffice by one of the survivors, Mr. J. H. Howell, by neglect had become much out of repair, but Lord Curson restored it while Viceroy. Today it is one of the places to visit. The Black Hole originally was a lock-up for drunken soldiers of the Garrison, forming a part of the sleeping quarters in the south corner of the fort, between the bastion and the barracks.

The Cathedral of St. John, all but lost to view among the shade trees, attracts particular attention because of its unusual architectural appearance and age. Built in 1783, it was open for service in 1787. Later an addition was built, not at all in keeping with the original architecture, which gives it unusual appearance. Outside was erected a dome pavilion to commemorate the memory of those who fell in the Rohilla War, but no inscriptions prove this. In the vestibule hangs a large picture of The Last Supper, painted and presented to the church by John Zoffany. The Apostles' faces are por-

CALCUTTA

traits of well known men in Calcutta. Bishop Middleton, the first Bishop, and Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta, are buried in the nave. There is a tablet to Surgeon William Hamilton who, in 1716, cured the Emperor Farrukhsiyar of a serious ailment, and for reward obtained for the East India Company the eternal right to import goods free of duty, and other great privileges.

The Museum, housed in a fine stone building on the main street, contains large numbers of carved Buddhist statues, and relics of rare value. Portions of the wall from Buddh-Guya-Bharhut are seen and the exhibits, though of interest, do not compare with the Museum at Delhi—in fact, Delhi Museum ranks first in India.

The Carey Baptist Church, so small it can accommodate but fifty at one time, is the oldest church in India, services are still held there each week. The Pastor did the honors when we called, allowing kodaks to be taken of the beautiful old communion service used since 1800, and telling the facts about Carey, the Evangelist, who though a poor cobbler, felt the call of God to go to India and preach the Gospel. Every discouragement was given to prevent his going. The result of his ministry was the establishment of the Baptist Church, a school, and college at Serampore attended today by large numbers of students.

This college founded by Carey, Marshman and Ward, the President told us had proved to be one of the brightest episodes of evangelical effort in India. First editions of Carey and Marshman's forty translations of the

SEE INDIA WITH ME

Bible, curious Sanskrit and Tibetan manuscripts, and a History of the Apostles, which a nephew of St. Xavier prepared for Akbar, are in the library, also portraits of notables, one supposed to be Mme. Grand said to have been the wife of Talleyrand. In the college compound is the house in which Carey lived and died, now the home of the president of the college.

Serampore, the site of the college, was originally a Danish settlement called "Frederick's Nagore." The old Mission Building of the Danish Government is now the Court of Justice and Administration Offices of the college. In 1845 a treaty was made with the King of Denmark, whereby all the Danish possessions were transferred to the East India Company for one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds.

In a time of great depression and financial difficulty in the college, this fine Mission House was sold to the Indian Jute Company and today is an endless source of annoyance to the college. Constant regrets are heard that the building is lost to the college, but hopes are entertained that it may be repurchased. The graves of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, can be seen in the old cemetery, a part of the college grounds.

The Royal Botanical Garden, its size and beauty attracted us and hours passed studying the flowers, trees, ferneries, and orchids for no one had prepared us for the wonders of this garden. Work started in 1787 at the suggestion of Colonel Kid, the first superintendent, today its area is two hundred and seventy acres, with a mile of frontage on the river.

CALCUTTA

Sir John Hooker writes of these gardens in his Himalayan Journals, "This garden has contributed more useful and ornamental plants to the public and to the private gardens of the world than any other. The great Indian Herbarium, prepared by the staff of the Botanical Garden under the direction of Dr. Wallich, was distributed in 1829 to the principal museums of Europe and considered the most valuable contributions ever made to science." Tea culture in the Himalayas and Assam is almost entirely the work of the superintendents of these gardens.

The largest banyan tree in the world is here. Its numerous roots reach the ground, forming arbors where visitors can enjoy afternoon tea and eat green cocoanuts, so delicious in this part of the world. To obtain a snapshot of this tree, a walk of three hundred feet was necessary.

These gardens equal the Botanical Gardens at Beitzenzorg, Java, considered the finest in the world.

Shaik, our ever-faithful servant, became ill and was unable to continue in our service after reaching Calcutta. We knew it would be impossible to fill his place, for he had been with the party since Ahmadabad, his knowledge of places and able service being of greatest value. Besides all these virtues, he was an excellent house-keeper and provider. Before leaving Calcutta, we put Shaik in business, and word has reached us since our return of his success.

Going to Darjeeling was in many respects a repetition of our going to Simla, for after passing a few hours on the cars, a few hours on a boat, where dinner was served.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

We endured a night's ride on a train up seven thousand feet to Darjeeling. This ride did not compare with the wild ride to Simla, but, the view of the Himalayas was far more wonderful, in fact, the grandest view of mountains in the world.

The hotel was horrible; the rooms assigned to us had not been opened for months, and were damp and cold. To keep them warm and dry, constant fires were necessary; the price of coal to us exorbitant, six rupees (one dollar) per small bucket, and difficult to obtain at any price. Continued heat in our rooms made them habitable, so we forgave and forgot all trials while feasting our eyes on the glory of glories—the majestic Himalayas.

Fortunately, every day of our stay was clear and bright, and every minute of daylight hours and many throughout the night were passed watching the mountains. The highest peaks in the world are seen here, their height and size increasing as the clouds ascend or descend from their tips. To obtain a perfect view of Mt. Everest requires a ride in a dandy thirteen miles, with little hope at this season of a clear view of this mountain peak at sunrise, so that excursion was not attempted.

Oh, the glory of the Kinchinjunga Range, 28,156 feet above sea level and distant thirty-five miles—no distance at all in that high altitude and clear atmosphere. Ever the shadows would play on those peaks at sunrise, at sunset and in the mid-day hours. All the colors of the rainbow danced over and around them like myriads of jeweled sprites in a hey day of jollification. Nothing could excel the brilliant shadows on land and cloud; and

CALCUTTA

to speak was unpardonable. Nothing else could be thought of but the superb beauty of these mountains, and how they came and what their influence on this great earth. No one thought of returning to the hotel until the last shadow had faded into night. When turning from this splendor, a hymn of praise to Him, the Creator of all, burst forth.

As if golden sunlight was not sufficient, the moon came forth in glory to envelop these mountains in fairy light, and spellbound were we held by these mystical night shadows playing over these snowy peaks. The tingling sensation of freezing alone reminded us of our mortality, and the frightful fear that morning's sunrise might find us statues of ice.

“No tongue can tell nor words express
The wondrous beauty of the view,
The mighty range from East to West,
Where Silence speaks 'twixt God and you.

“Aloft the Kinchinjunga holds
Her head among attendant peaks,
As if in council calm and bold
In Earth's high hall where Heaven meets.”

—*T. G. Litchfield.*

The summer temperature of Darjeeling is about eighty degrees, making it a popular resort with the British during the months of heat. The winter temperature varies slightly above or below freezing, but to us it

SEE INDIA WITH ME

seemed like twenty degrees below zero after the heat of the plains.

The dandy and rickshaw convey tourists when exploring the city; uncomfortable as they are they must be used to save time. The dandy is similar to the ancient Japanese kago, a couch hung between poles, too short and low, requiring the occupant to half recline. All tourists try them once for the novelty, but never twice if possible to walk.

In the native quarter, the women have their looms outside their homes, notwithstanding the winter-cold, and in passing we watched them weave rugs, cravats, scarfs and bands which pleased them. If we bought their work they would follow us urging more buying. The Darjeeling type is easily recognized, as they are pure Indians in eyes, hair, and coloring. Every woman wears the long heavy turquoise ear rings, and the prayer beads. They are untidy; their hair looking as if unacquainted with a brush or comb.

The street bazars held Sundays were fascinating, for here were crowds from everywhere—Nepal, Pahari, Bengal, and Kashmir. The bazars are held in a large open space in the center of the city, and the crowds are so great, it is next to impossible to move about without stepping on someone or hitting them in passing. The turquoise mines were too far for a visit, but the bazars showed many fine stones of moderate price.

The chief industry of Darjeeling is tea. Its cultivation was started in 1856, in gardens covering thousands of

CALCUTTA

acres. One-third of the population is employed in Colonel Lipton's tea gardens, and while visiting them, we bought freshly cured tea at a very small price, in comparison to prices asked in Europe and America. The census of 1901 reported sixty thousand coolies employed in the tea gardens of Darjeeling, and the output fifteen million pounds yearly.

CHAPTER XXV

Across India

A LAST view of the Kinchinjunga range. A return journey to Calcutta to make final arrangements for further travel in the interior of India. A car was to be taken to travel southwest to within one hundred miles of Bombay, stopping at Balpur, Jubbalpore, and Ellora, then recrossing diagonally to Madras, Tangore, Trichinopoly, Mandura and Ramaswaram where a steamer would be taken to Ceylon.

Leaving Darjeeling with its exhilarating mountain air, the heat and humidity of the plains was depressing, the party regretting that a month could not have been passed in the mountains. Our plan was to continue living in a railway car as far as that was possible, and a date was made for leaving Calcutta.

It was a short ride to Balpur where we were to spend the day at the home of Rabindhranath Tagore. A scholar and lecturer well known in the United States as he has visited and lectured here. He is one of seven brothers, all of whom have distinguished records in the arts, sciences and letters.

Unfortunately, Tagore was called to Delhi the day before our arrival, so the visit was incomplete, but his daughter and the English teachers did the honors and the day proved most interesting. We were driven from the

ACROSS INDIA

station to the school, a mile or more, behind two bullocks, a novel experience. This school is original if nothing, for each boy is studied individually and educated accordingly. The fact that boys enter college with well developed minds, capable of thinking and reasoning, and with healthy bodies, is proof sufficient that there is wisdom in Tagore's methods, although so unusual. At the time of our visit two hundred boys were in attendance, ranging in age from five to twenty years, and there was a long waiting list. The teachers are mostly Indians, a few English, every one appearing enthusiastic over Tagore's ideas of education.

Tanguela, son-in-law of Tagore, is the head of the Agricultural Department. He was educated in the United States at the Illinois State College, later matriculating in agriculture in the East, and is well qualified to be the head of this department. Tagore's daughter presided at the tiffin served on the porch at Tagore's home, the English teachers being guests like ourselves. The menu was not oriental to our regret.

One of the nephews of Tagore, was studying art with some reputation, and was working hard hoping to go to England for study, and travel through Europe. He was a charming gentleman, and as a result of that visit, one of his pictures came to America.

Here we met one of the English teachers—Rev. F. C. Andrews, formerly Rector of St. James Episcopal Church at Delhi, a Fellow of Oxford, a distinguished scholar, a student of Hindu philosophy a friend of Tagore. While we were at Delhi, he renounced his Chris-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

tian faith for Hinduism accepting a position at the school at Balpur. Here we saw him in his Hindu dress, with his long hair, endeavoring in every way to forget his native land and his creed. He was our escort the day of our visit and proved a charming host but, uppermost in my mind was the thought—how could he renounce his belief in Christ for Hinduism? Since this was written, word has come to me that he has become a follower and intimate friend of Gandhi.

All departments of this school were shown and the plan for teaching the boys explained. When tiffin was served we were taken to see the scholars marching, as soldiers, to the dining-room, each taking his seat on the floor with his back to the center, forming a circle. A large lotus leaf served as a plate, a tin cup for soup or water, and the menu which consisted of soup, rice curry, vegetables, and a sweet paste. The boys ate with a relish if empty plates proved anything. Following tiffin, the boys entertained us with a concert on instruments made of bamboo, in style and size resembling modern musical instruments. There were no brasses. The music was soft and sweet, without character; the vocal selections interesting, not pleasing. The school chapel was not opened during the absence of Tagore, which prevented our viewing the interior.

Late in the afternoon a return was made to the station with the escorts of the morning, in the same cart drawn by bullocks. The gentlemen remained until the train left, when farewells were said and regret expressed that we had missed meeting Tagore.

ACROSS INDIA

After my return, Tagore was in this country on a lecture tour when I met him and had a long talk about his school. He told me of his desires and ambitions for his boys, and expressed regret for his necessary absence the day of our visit, and of the pleasure it had given the school.

Whether to remain in an uncomfortable bungalow and dirty station for one night or miss seeing Jubbalpore and the marble rocks, discomforts were chosen, for the marble rocks, distant twelve miles from the station, were well worth a visit. For centuries they have been known under the name of "Behra Ghats."

En route a stop was made to look at the old fortress and ancient city of the Ghond Kings which is surrounded by a very high wall, to protect the sixty-four cells, each containing a Joginii idol (Jain), old and badly mutilated at the present time.

Below this fortress is the Jubbalpore River, plunging down the Dhuandhar (smoke cascade) gorge, between marble quarries of many colors, superb in the sunlight. These quarries have and are still furnishing all the marbles used in building temples, palaces, and tombs. A small boat took us up the river to the rapids at the end of the gorge.

On either side are marble cliffs of every color, rising hundreds of feet out of the water, making a perfect picture. The supply seems inexhaustible, even after centuries of supplying enormous amounts for building pur-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

poses. Bees in their nests in the cracks and crevices of the rocks were shown us, a fierce and poisonous species, never to be molested. Once a tourist had been attacked and to save his life jumped in the water and remained submerged until rescued.

These rocks were the homes of hundreds of monkeys, who were jumping in every direction, offensive and disagreeable. Inscriptions, and impressions of elephants' feet, perfect in every detail, were seen on the rocks; their origin unknown. Holy hermits lived in these recesses, their entrance and exit known only to themselves. No boats were seen near their caves, and it was impossible for them to scramble over the high, smooth rocks at the rear. Nude, they spent their time lying in the sunshine, chanting the Veda and the Epic Poems.

The worst cases of leprosy, pitiable objects, in the last stages of this dread disease, were living in the caves. Their appeal for alms was irresistible, notwithstanding we had been cautioned not to give. During the rainy season the water rises fifty and sixty feet, a deep line worn into the rocks showing the different heights.

En route to the caves we stopped to see the Tomb of Aurangzeb, the last Mogul of prominence and, like everything else in that locality, badly neglected and out of repair. His tomb was being used for bazar purposes, little to remind one of the sanctity of the last resting place of the dead. Noise, confusion, dirt, soon drove us from the building, to continue the drive to Ellora.

With the death of Aurangzeb the Mogul Empire, the result of war and intrigue, was divided into small states

ACROSS INDIA

and provinces. The son of Shah Jahan, he intrigued for the kingdom of his father before his death, announcing to the people that his father was insane and must be shut up in the tower at Agra for the safety of the kingdom. His last years were spent looking at the beautiful Taj across the river, a sad and broken spirit.

Aurangzeb was a strict Mohammedan, but found it difficult to reconcile his ambitious schemes with his religious views. He was crafty and wily and these traits, combined with fanaticism, removed every difficulty to perpetrate the most atrocious crimes. A disagreeable nature, he delighted to wound the feelings of others, and particularly those dependent upon him. His reign was one of intrigue, pitting one man against another to further his own ends. He was the only one of the great Moguls who would not allow his memoirs to be written, fearing too much might be told of his cruel treatment of his father and brothers, whom he murdered to gain the crown. His reign covered forty-two years, not one of peace and happiness. Conditions surrounding his last years were similar to those of his father, in that his sons plotted to depose him.

While at Ellora, we were within one hundred miles of Bombay, the starting point of our long tour in India, but we did not continue to Bombay but recrossed the country for a third time to Madras, to travel down the eastern coast to visit the famous Hindu cities. At Ramasvaren, we were within twenty-five miles of the southern-most point of India.

It was a long drive in tongas to the Cave Temples from

SEE INDIA WITH ME

the railroad station at Daulatabad, where our luggage was stored and tiffin taken. The Cave Temples at Ellora number thirty-two, and are the finest and largest in India. There are twelve Buddhist, fifteen Brahman, and five Jain. Impossible to visit all, we wisely allowed the local guide to decide which, thus saving valuable time. The main road of Ellora divides the temple district into two groups, eighteen on the left, fourteen on the right. The Buddhist and Brahma Temples are to the south, the Jains to the north, the finest being the Brahma and Kalissa.

Hundreds of acres are occupied by these temples, an astonishing fact when one realizes that the temples are a hundred or more feet under ground and were probably constructed under artificial light, and still more astounding that the plans of the temples, carvings, and religious ideals of each sect are carried out to perfection.

The Kalissa Temple, named for the home of Siva and Parvita in the Himalayas, surrounds a court two hundred and seventy-six by one hundred and fifty-four feet. A pierced rock screen, guarded by two gigantic stone elephants, is the entrance to the court on the west. Between the screen and the temple is a fine Nandi (bull) Shrine two stories high and twenty-six feet square, with two stone flagstaffs on either side. Beyond is the temple proper, measuring one hundred and sixty-four by one hundred and nine feet from side to side of the porches, and rising ninety-six feet above the floor of the court. This temple of three parts consists of a central hall, porch, and dark shrine. In the hall are sixteen massive square columns arranged in groups of four with

ACROSS INDIA

broad aisles leading north, south, east, and west. Inside the dark shrine, statues of Ganesha (Elephant) and Jumna (the River), the daughter of the Sun God and sister of Rama, act as guardians to a passage leading around the shrine which opens into five chapels at the side and back, illustrating the cells of the Buddhist Viharas. The solid base is carved with a series of elephants and other monsters projecting from the walls and forming one of the finest specimens of ancient architecture in all India. A bridge connects the porch, Nandi Chapel and staircase with the former. Large sculptures and reliefs represent scenes from the Ramayana, and must be seen with the aid of a strong flashlight as the chapel is in darkness. A gallery supported by two columns contains statues of the seven goddesses and Ganesha, while east is a cave supported by four columns, and a veranda by two columns. An upper story to this cave was once connected with the temple by a flying bridge, under which, on the temple wall, is a bas relief of Ravana (King of Lanka, leader of a race of savage demons) shaking Kalissa (the home of Siva and Parvita in the Himalayas).

A corridor encircles the court, from which, cut into the rock, are forty-three compartments, each containing carvings representing scenes from Siva and Vaishnava (sun worshippers) who believe that the sun descended from his chariot in human form, and left traces of his descent on the earth. Rama, the hero god, was descended from the Sun. Today, the Rajputs, the reigning family of Udaipur claim descent from the sun, for sun worship has had special prominence at Udaipur, proof of its

SEE INDIA WITH ME

belief in this legend. The chief gate to the apartment in the palace, and the royal parasol, all bear the image of the Sun God.

Below the cliffs, looking up, the view of the Kalissa temple is very impressive—by far the finest of all the temples at Ellora. The Cave Temples on Elephantine Island, near Bombay, are copies of these temples at Ellora, but do not compare in workmanship or beauty, our guide informed us.

Only one Buddhist cave temple proved of interest, so little time was given to studying others. This one was reached by many steps leading to a veranda and through a door, flanked by a window on either side and guarded by two large carved figures called dwarfpals. The interior measured forty-eight feet square with a raised lateral gallery on each side, the roof supported by twelve columns arranged in a square with high bases and cushion capitals. The two galleries had four pillars in front, richly decorated, while the shrine at the back had two high dwarfpals on either side of a colossal Buddha seated in the center. Two standing Buddhas occupied the middle of the back wall, while two cells elaborately carved were on each side of the Buddhas.

The five Jain Cave Temples, north of the Brahman caves, could not be easily found without a guide. Of the five, Jagannath Sabha interested us the most, and our time was spent there. The cave is supported by four columns in front and four inside, the sculptures being in an unusually perfect condition. There is an outside staircase leading to the upper hall, the ceiling of which is

ACROSS INDIA

painted in concentric circles, the walls sculptured with figures of Mahavira and Parasnath. This cave connects with two others underground. On the top of the hill, in the Jain cave chapels, is the statue of Parasnath, sixteen feet high, protected by a building placed over it two hundred years ago.

The dak-bungalow occupied while at Ellora was simply horrible because of dirt and poor food. These conditions naturally shortened our visit, for there were cave temples of sufficient interest to keep us busy and interested for many days. We remained long enough to see the best of the Cave Temples notwithstanding our discomforts.

CHAPTER XXVI

Madras

RETURNING to the Daulatabad station, our party took possession of a car to go to Madras and let me assure my readers that after the inland trip, it was a joy to find cleanliness, palatable food and an opportunity for rest and quiet. The trip to Ellora was of great interest, but one of trial and fatigue.

Late in the evening our car was attached to the regular train from Bombay which took us to Madras. The thermometer stood at eighty and there was little to remind us that it was Christmas Eve. No one met us at Madras station, and no rooms were reserved at the Conemare Hotel, though arranged for by wire and acknowledged weeks before our arrival. Naturally, matters appeared complicated; but, nothing daunted, other rooms were sought, difficult to find as every hotel was full of delegates to the many conventions held at this season of the year. Several hotels were visited, but "no rooms" was the reply. The D'Angelis Hotel had fair rooms, a beautiful garden, clean dining room, and good food, and as guests of this hotel we remained for a number of days. The heat was intense and no outdoor sightseeing nor motoring was thought of until late afternoon, when we motored around Madras, the first home of the East India Company.

MADRAS

In 1639 Francis Day was given territory by the Deputy of the Rajah of Chandragiri, the last representative of the Vijayanager Royal Family. The gift was confirmed by the Rajah six years later, and inscribed on a plate of gold were these words: "Little could the Mohammedan Kings, who drove out the dynasty of Vijayanager in 1565, realize that in sixty years there would be granted territory to another conquering race, destined to acquire supremacy over all India."

A small fort erected in the settlement known as Chenapatnam and a town called Black Town, now Madras, grew to thirty thousand in eighteen years. This municipal corporation is the oldest in India; its constitution formulated and accepted September 29, 1688, after a charter had been issued by the orders of His Majesty, James II, and sealed with the East India Company's seal on the 30th of December, 1687. Among the governors was Sir William Langhorne, Elihu Yale, Lord Pigot, Lord Clive, Lord William Bentinok and Sir Thomas Monroe. Warren Hastings was a member of the Madras Company from 1769 to 1772. The population of this city in 1914 was 518,660, and of this great number 417,678 were Hindus, 59,169 Mohammedans, and 41,812 Christians.

Until a few years ago Madras was the port of entry for nearly all the shipping arriving on the Eastern Coast of India, but today Calcutta is the largest shipping port, much to the dismay of this old city. Rumors were heard that a project was on foot for the building of a large

SEE INDIA WITH ME

breakwater in front of the city, hoping for the return of business.

Government House holds many interesting portraits of former Governors, portraits of George III and Empress Victoria. A life-size statue of King Edward VII stands in the grounds of the official building, presented to the city by Lord Kirshnadas Balmukandas in 1903.

Madras has a wonderful sea drive and promenade that extends from the southern extremity of the fort over the Napier Bridge to the Sea View Hotel, near the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Thome, which is thronged with pleasure seekers in the late and cooler hours of the day. This boulevard is lined with mighty banyan trees whose overhanging branches offer acceptable shade.

We called on the United States Consul to inquire the truth of articles seen in the newspapers, warning all tourists to have their photographs placed on their passports, together with a detailed statement of their plans. Permission would be given to visit any cities or towns in India, and a special permit added from the English Government to leave India whenever one's tour was finished.

In the old fort grounds stands St. Mary's Church, built in 1678, and here are buried Lord Pigot, Sir Thomas Monroe and Lord Hobart. In this church is a piece of silver plate given by Lord Yale, the founder of Yale College, also the Schwartz Monument, a gift from the East India Company in memory of that famous

MADRAS

missionary who was the intermediary between the British and Hyder Ali.

Hyder Ali, a Mohammedan of obscure origin, served in the French army, but tiring of service, left it to raise an army of his own for plunder, promising to give his men one-half of what was stolen. Later he appeared as a Commander in the service of the Hindu Rajah of Mysore during operations at Trichinopoli. In 1778 he had become so formidable in the Peninsula that neither the English nor French, at war at that time, could subdue or annex him to their side. Governor Rumbold hoped to pacify Hyder Ali by sending Schwartz, the German missionary, with a message of peace. Schwartz was well fitted for the work. He could speak Hindustani, a rare accomplishment in those days, and he had already won enviable opinions amongst the nations of South India by his unassuming manner and self-sacrificing work. He was received by Hyder Ali with the respect due his sacred calling but, unfortunately, just at the time peace seemed possible, news came of the entering of the English army into Mysore for the capture of Mahe. Hyder Ali became so angry he dismissed Schwartz and continued an enemy of the English until 1784, when he was defeated by Sir Eyre Coote, one of the half forgotten heroes of the eighteenth century. The Schwartz monument in the Madras church is proof of his popularity in his adopted country; it represents the death scene of the old Missionary. Later, replicas of this monument were seen in several cities in southern India. Schwartz was a

SEE INDIA WITH ME

great traveler, and did noble missionary work in south-eastern India.

The colors of the Madras Fusiliers (now the Royal Dublin Fusiliers), the regiment at Cawnpore and Lucknow, are hanging in this church. The Fusiliers were the first European regiment of the East India Company, Lord Clive, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Barry Close serving as its officers. Lord Clive's wedding in this church was a very brilliant affair.

Madras expects to build a memorial to the late King Emperor, Edward VII, to take the form of a sanitarium and consumptive hospital.

Visiting the old fort, we walked to the top of the sea wall for an extended view and to catch a glimpse if possible of the officers and sailors of the "Emden", confined here after the capture below the Coos Islands. Memory will recall the trouble and anxiety caused England by the novel antics of that ship in the early days of the Great War. The old lighthouse forms the tower of the Court Buildings.

The College buildings were closed for the Christmas recess, but the Museum was open, and time was given to look at the wonderful collection of live snakes in their natural environment. Every snake known to India is here, also rare birds, wild animals, and recently unearthed skeletons, which are mounted and set up in cases.

The School of Art connected with the Museum was a busy place and many students were hard at work, anxious to finish their courses to go forth into the world

MADRAS

to work. Many samples of their beautiful work were purchased. The aquarium, another department of the Museum, contained rare sea life.

Every afternoon the fine English roads lured not only us but Madras Society generally to take the sea drive, and enjoy the cool air, following the stifling heat of mid-day in the city. The drive ends at Mt. St. Thomas, the supposed spot where the Apostle met his death in A.D. 68. The legend that he was killed while kneeling on a stone at prayer, which stone now forms the central altar of St. Thomas' Roman Catholic Cathedral, can be accepted for what it is worth. On the stone is an inscription in Pahlavi (a dialect spoken in the early days) alluding to the Apostle Thomas and his martyrdom in India. Tradition says that "A Brahma killed the Apostle while offering prayer, according to the Jewish custom, and that his body was carried to St. Thomas Cathedral by converts, where it was buried." This cathedral stands on the summit of the mountain built by the Portuguese in 1504, and is the most ancient building on the Coromandel Coast. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Health, and has a congregation of over two thousand.

In a cave below the cathedral, through an entrance so narrow that to enter one must stoop, is an altar hewn out of the solid rock, over which is an image of St. Thomas. Mass is occasionally said here, though daylight rarely gains an entrance except through the one narrow window through which St. Thomas was supposed to have escaped from the Indians who wished to slay him.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

This room the day of our visit was full of bats, leaving no space for visitors.

A masonry cross on the north side of the rock is said to mark the spot where St. Thomas stood when preaching, and at the foot of this rock is a very sacred fountain from which water flows continuously.

Antoni Gonsalves Vetaied, a Genoese, built the Tomb of St. Thomas for this cathedral in 1612, and as a reward received thirty-two acres of land, a gift of the Nawab of Arcot.

The Botanical Garden contained wonderful specimens of Oriental plants, trees, ferns, and rare orchids, new to us, to which the superintendent called attention; he also sold us a number of the famous "Golden Coconuts," very sweet and delicate but not equal to the coconuts grown in Singapore or Java, called "Custard Coconut."

India's Botanical Gardens equal those of any country in the world, and exhaustive work is being done to develop the industry from the standpoint of profit, beauty, and utility.

Tanjore offered us a clean bungalow which was an agreeable surprise for it added to the pleasure of the visit to the great temple. Chotohazrie was served at the station, after which we sallied forth with a local guide to visit the Siva Temple and Palace.

The Delta of the Cauvery River is considered the garden of southern India, and for ages Tanjore has been one of the chief political, military, and religious centers of the south. Its Hindu monuments, the "Little Fort"

MADRAS

which contains the great temple and palace of the Rajah, and the Schwartz Church are its points of interest.

The two forts are one, and to reach the great temple visitors must pass under the Gopuram (tower gateway), through a passageway one hundred feet long into a second Gopuram, on the side walls of which are inscriptions in Tamil characters, very beautiful and interesting. The large temple is surrounded by many cloistered chapels, each containing a lingum, an object of ardent Hindu worship. Visitors can walk at will in the enclosure but cannot enter the great temple nor even the Yajnasala, where sacrifices to Siva, the presiding god, are offered.

This temple is by far the most beautiful of all the Dravidian Temples, with its porch roof supported by three rows of columns leading to two halls, beyond which is the Adytum (altar). The tower or Vimana is two hundred feet high, surmounted by a monolithic dome, having a sikri or spiked ornament rising from the peak. The Chandikasam Kovil (shrine of the god) reports the arrival of worshipers to the chief god. Fergusson says, "This shrine is as exquisite a piece of decorative architecture as is found in southern India, and although small, divides admiration with the temple itself."

Dr. Burnell considers the temple to be not older than the early part of the sixteenth century. He speaks of its beautiful carvings which seem an imitation of wood. On the outside wall is a water spout from which water flows continuously over the idols inside, which water is drunk by the worshipers as a purifying act. The pyra-

SEE INDIA WITH ME

midal tower is only thirty feet lower than the Ktub Minar at Delhi. Critics speak of this temple at Tanjore as the most remarkable of all the temples in the south of India, being one of the oldest and best built, needing few repairs, and a perfect example of the style of architecture peculiar to India.

Close to the east side are two altars, one inside and the other out; while in a small building with roof only is the gigantic Nandi (bull) of black granite, said to be cut from a solid block of stone. This stone was brought a distance of four hundred miles and, if the legend be true, was rolled down the mountainside by human hands. Daily anointing of the bull with oil and other ointments has given it the appearance of bronze.

The forts protect the shrines from foreign invaders who come to plunder and desecrate, as was proven when the Mohammedans invaded Tanjore in 1300. On the south side is an armory, similar to the Gopuram, eight stories high, which can be seen for a long distance before reaching Tanjore.

In the palace is a marble statue of the Rajah, standing with his hands placed as if in prayer. A curious triangular cap worn by Tanjore princes tops his head. Portraits of all the Rajahs of Tanjore adorned the walls.

In the library are seen eighteen thousand Sanskrit manuscripts, written on palm leaves. To write on a palm leaf requires a sharp pointed steel instrument. The leaf is cut in lengths of eight inches or more. Writing is on either side of the rib. Ink is rubbed in, bringing

MADRAS

out the writing, which keeps its color indefinitely. The leaves are bound in wood, covered with silk.

On the ramparts is an old historic gun, called "Rajah Gopal," twenty-four feet long, ten feet in its outer circumference and two in its bore. Legend has it that this gun was fired but once. Today it is a playground, for the children who climb over and through it. Many boys and girls were climbing over it at the time of our visit. A second Schwartz church was here, with the date 1777 over the gate. The industries of Tanjore are silks, carpets, jewelry, repoussé, copper ware, and models in pith. The rapoussé ware of copper inlaid with brass and silver in swami figures is considered the best in India.

Trichinopoly was reached December 31st, "Rama's Day," the date of the greatest Hindu festival, when Rama comes to visit his temples and his people. On that day places of interest are open to visitors closed at other seasons, and it is a festival no tourist wishes to miss while in India.

Five miles from Trichinopoly, on an island in the river, is the great temple built in the tenth century, reached only by a bridge upheld by thirty-two arches. Here the great festival of Rama is celebrated, when thousands congregate to do homage to their god. The entrance is through a grand gateway forty-eight feet high, built of huge stones twenty-nine feet long which naturally suggest the question—how, and by whom, were these stones placed? No one can answer. From the terrace of the gateway the vast outer walls which enclose the garden, as well as the buildings, can be seen, for this

SEE INDIA WITH ME

is the largest temple in India. Bazars line the passages; a detraction, for those attending and the booths are dirty and untidy. The Brahma priests who live inside the grounds and conduct the services of the temple are still more unattractive. The buildings diminish in size and importance from the exterior to interior, and Fergusson says, "If its principle of design could have been reversed, it would have been one of the finest temples in south India."

There are two great Gopurams (gateways) on the east side, two on the west, and three on the south, all leading to the temple. A small mandapan (room) contains the temple jewels, which are shown for a fee. Heavy walls surround the most sacred room, which figures largely in this festival. No one can enter excepting a Hindu. The corridor beyond this room is supported by one thousand pillars (actual count nine hundred and sixty), the outside row representing prancing horses, are carved from one block of stone and are most imposing.

Rama was to visit this temple the day of our visit and show himself to his people at the mystic hour of twelve midnight. Crowds had assembled to await his coming and how ardently we hoped we might remain for this midnight festival, but our guide said "No", fearing the Hindu might resent intrusion. Present were high and low, rich and poor, all in gala attire adorned to meet their god. The jewels, numerous on both men and women. We alighted from the motor and walked with

MADRAS

the crowds to study them at first hand, and to examine their garments and jewels.

On top of a hill is a Rock Temple to Siva up two hundred and ninety steps, alternating red and white stone, being two hundred and thirty-six feet above the plain. Along the side of these steps are stone elephants and columns eighteen feet high bearing the stamp of Jain architecture. The columns have carved capitals representing the lions of the south alternating with figures of men and women. The frieze is ornamented with carvings of animals. On festival days the gods of the temple, Siva, Parvita, Ganesha, and Subrahmanya (god of war) are carried in procession. In front of the temple stands a Nandi (bull) similar to the one seen at Tanjore, only this one is covered with silver. The temple and fort were built in 1600. In 1849 a terrible disaster occurred on the steps of this temple. Crowds had assembled to worship Ganesha (elephant god) when a panic arose and five hundred people were killed.

Returning, we stopped at the third Schwartz Church: marking the spot where Bishop Heber was standing when stricken with his fatal illness, for he died at Trichinopoly. In St. John's Church, in the chancel, a fine brass plate marks the spot where he is buried. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was his great hymn.

It was a wild night at Trichinopoly, as we knew it would be, for all the people were on the street making joyous festival, and sleep was impossible. We were leaving early the next morning for Madura to visit the

SEE INDIA WITH ME

temple there, hoping to catch the left-over festival spirit of Rama's visit. An old man presented himself at our car door to act as guide, who, physically, looked so unequal to the task we were afraid to accept his service. He proved the best guide since our arrival in southern India.

The entire day was passed in one of the finest Hindu temples, and in the evening we saw the lighting of the highest Gopuram, and the midnight procession when all the gods and animals of the temple, bedecked in the temple jewels, took part in the parade.

The ground floor plan of this temple is a parallelogram with nine Gopurams (gateways) opening into the temple grounds, of which the largest is one hundred and fifty-two feet high. The most beautiful portions of this temple were built by Tirumala Nayak, the Rajah of Madura for thirty-six years, consisting of two parts: the temple to Minakshi (the fish-eyed goddess, and consort of Siva), and Temple of Siva, called Sundareswar. Legend states that the god Siva married the daughter of the Pandya Chief, the yearly anniversary being celebrated by a great festival. The Minakshi's Temple is entered through a corridor called the Hall of the Eight Saktis, because eight statues of that goddess support the roof on either side.

A statue of Subrahmanya or Kartikkaya, the Hindu Mars, stands on the right of the entrance to this green-eyed goddess, while on the left is a statue of Ganesha. All the corridors are open for the bazars, which are crowded with buyers. There was a great sameness to these long corridors. Making a visit to one or two

MADRAS

sufficient. Surrounding the big tank, Pottamari, (tank of the golden lilies), on the walls of the arcade, are paintings of the famous pagodas of India. A wonderful view is obtained from here of the towers of the Gopurama. In the belfry is a sweet toned bell, said to have been made in America.

The pillars in one corridor are copies of the figure of Yali, the conventional lion of the south, with a long snout or proboscis. Between every two lions is a figure of one of the five Pandu brothers, offspring of Pandu, the ruler of Hastinapur, an ancient city on the Ganges, sixty miles from Delhi. There are also a large number of statues of Hindu saints and gods in this corridor. The jewels worn by the gods in processions are kept in a room which adjoins this hall, and a fee will bring a sight of them, considered the finest in India. Seven men stand guard over the jewels kept in a vault with seven locks. They laid them on tables for us to look at and handle. Their value was given as over three million gold dollars. Each jewel was a gift of a wealthy Hindu. There were necklaces, collars, crowns, bracelets, anklets, head ornaments, toe and finger rings, large breast and back plates. An hour or more was given to seeing them.

The evening of this festival, the gods, goddesses and sacred animals were bedecked with the jewels and taken into the midnight procession. Hundreds of men dragged the Jaugernath cars holding these idols—but, no devotee throws himself beneath the car wheels, as was the custom before abolished by the British.

SEE INDIA WITH ME

The Festival of Rama at Madura was held one day late according to our calendar, which gave us the privilege of seeing the celebration and the lighting, with candles, of the largest Gopuram. The light was dim, as the window panes were dirty, not a fitting illumination for such an occasion or the size of the Gopuram. Should electricity ever substitute for candles, the lighting of the largest Gopuram in India will be one of the great sights for tourists to see.

Three miles from Madura is the sacred tank belonging to this temple. An island in the center holds the temple where Rama resides while on earth. No one is allowed to enter. This tank is surrounded by a stone wall, open on four sides, with steps leading to the water, while at the four corners are large stone guards with attendants on each side. A midnight illumination of the tank follows Rama's visit. A procession of floats gaily trimmed and lighted with endless vari-colored lamps sails about the tank, having as occupants the gods and goddesses wearing the temple jewels.

Opposite this tank is a building devoted to children. The edge of the roof and the roof itself holds small figures, gaily painted gifts from parents to the Hindu gods whose children have been made well by their prayers.

Letters of introduction to the mission workers at Madura brought the opportunities to witness this greatest of Hindu festivals.

Our wanderings through India came to an end at Madura. A large portion of the country had been visited, yet we were leaving knowing there was still much

MADRAS

to see and learn of great India. We departed, hoping to return.

The crossing to Ceylon was short but rough: the boat, small, and none too comfortable. The sunset, gorgeous in color, faded into darkness as Ceylon came in sight, and landing, a train was taken for a night's ride to Marana, the nearest station to Colombo. Galle Face Hotel, was to be our headquarters during our visit, modern in all appointments, it was a pleasant surprise, and hailed with deep appreciation after our long tour in India of ten thousand miles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Ceylon

THE first few days at Colombo were lazy, and restful ones, and little or nothing was accomplished, for after many months of sight seeing in India it was restful to sit on the settees along the Bund and overlook the Bay of Bengal, or motor about this fine city, and look at the many ships from all parts of the world lying at anchor inside the breakwater. Every ship displayed its country's emblem and, with the many signal flags, made a brilliant picture. Were it not for this large breakwater, no ships could stop at Colombo in stormy weather. Rarely was our flag seen in any port of the world, for at that time the United States had no merchant marine, and only a few naval ships were seen in Far Eastern harbors. We hailed one with pleasure when opportunity offered.

The weather was midsummer. Vegetation was prolific, and flowers and shrubs at their best in the gardens around Government House and Gordon Gardens. Rivers were overflowing their banks. Trees were in bloom and leaf, and many rare and unknown fruits were introduced to us.

The Clock Tower, Barracks and stores were places to visit, but for curios, old rambling shops in out of the way streets must be sought. Traveling in Ceylon is comparatively easy, the streets broad and well paved. The

CEYLON

railroads are under government control and well managed, and are the principal source of revenue to the island. Motoring throughout the island is excellent in dry weather, rest houses are attractive outside, very unattractive inside, because of lack of care and poor food. At Anaradhapura, Matara, Badul and other stations on the Great North Road, there are good hotels, but tourists are not allowed to remain at the rest houses longer than three days unless by special permission from the government officials. Throughout Ceylon, vegetation, flowers and shrubs grow luxuriously, and one revels in their tropical beauty.

A motor is absolutely necessary to see this island properly, and arrangement can be made at garages for short or long trips. Motors are not allowed on the Bund (Ocean Drive), only horse drawn vehicles, and these must be driven very slowly and carefully.

One bright morning we left for a tour of the island, to be absent indefinitely, going where we desired and to remain as long as we wished. Our first stop was at the Botanical Gardens at Paradeniya, claimed to be the finest in the Far East, and with truth. They are situated in the suburbs of Kandy at the meeting of the rivers, Maha and Gauga, which surrounds the garden of one hundred and fifty acres, rendering the landscape incomparable. Extensive tracts of land opposite the garden are used for experimental stations in the cultivation of tropical plants. Two monuments adorn the grounds, one to Dr. Gardner, and the other to Dr. Thwaite, the two directors who have made the reputation of the Garden. More and

SEE INDIA WITH ME

more as the years pass is its usefulness proven, but to describe its utility and value is next to impossible. Educated and trained men give it constant care. Its vegetation is purely tropical, and is characterized by climbing plants, palms, bamboo, pendenis (screw pines), ephiphites (orchard ferns) and lofty banyan trees, whose huge buttress roots make a network difficult to penetrate. The leaves on the trees are generally large, thick and leathery; the flowers large, brilliant and odorless.

Little or no attention is paid to doctoring trees when showing age and decay as in America, for shade trees would do duty many years if given attention. Instead they are cut down and burned.

The double cocoanut trees, Coco Cemer Palms, seen at the entrance of this garden were new to us and are unsurpassed in size and beauty. This particular variety comes from the Seychelle Islands, and for a century or more before being planted in Ceylon, the fruit was found on the shores of the Indian Ocean and picked up by the natives. Medicinal properties are ascribed to them, Emperor Rudolph offered four thousand florins for a single specimen. The trees are of slow growth, producing but one leaf a year, and the nut is ten years in coming to maturity.

Spices known to everyone in this country in a dried state grow profusely in this garden, and ours was a novel experience, standing under the nutmeg, allspice, clove, and pepper trees eating of the green fruit, for at this season they were ready for harvesting and drying. The flavor of the green fruit is far superior to that of the

CEYLON

dried. Many fruits were unknown to us which we sampled and found delicious, and regretted not being able to bring specimens home. Officials of the garden cautioned us against eating some varieties for fear of illness, and we obeyed, contenting ourselves with handling them, opening them, and becoming familiar with their odor. One variety, called Jack Fruit, was of immense size, growing on the trunk of a tree and its larger branches.

The variety of birds, insects and reptiles was large, and all seemed to be enjoying the garden quite as much as we. All main roads are open to motors and carriages, but to see and enjoy its beauty and extent, vegetation, and water plants, one must walk. Rare pictures could have been taken with the kodak if the rain had not fallen in torrents as it did continually during our visit. We heeded no obstacle but darkness which drove us out without notice, but came again the next day with increased interest.

The modern process of extracting the latex from the rubber interested us for many hours, for it is boxed and shipped to every part of the world, particularly Akron, Ohio. It is well known that rubber is exported in bundles of long, thin strips that look like ribbon.

Tea gardens and factories for the curing and packing of tea is another big industry of Ceylon which we visited, many packages being purchased from every garden.

Buddhists are found in large numbers at Kandy where there is a large monastery and temple. Buddhism has been known in Ceylon since the Fourth Century B. C. and is

SEE INDIA WITH ME

still carrying its religion into every part of Ceylon. The Temple of the Tooth, named for one of Buddha's teeth, is presided over by large numbers of Buddhist priests who are dressed in the long flowing robes of yellow, with their large fan hats ever in their hands, ready to cover their faces as they pass people not of their faith. Naturally they excite the curiosity of the tourist, who follows them on the streets to watch their eccentricities. Their temple was undergoing extensive repairs, making it difficult to walk about, but we managed to see all we cared to, even attending service, which we found dull and uninteresting without meaning to us.

The temple is neither large nor imposing, but picturesque, standing as it does in front of a high green hill surrounded by a moat. It is reached by a bridge flanked at either end by two stone elephants. The moat contains sacred fish and turtles. The sacred bull in all his majesty stands in the courtyard worshipped by the people; while the sacred tooth, for which the temple was built, reposes in the Octagon Tower on a lotus flower of pure gold hidden under seven concentric bell-shaped metal shrines, increasing in richness as they diminish in size. This tooth was brought to Ceylon in A. D. 411 in charge of a Princess of Kalinja, concealed in her hair. In 1315 it was taken by the Malabars and carried to India, but was recovered by Prakrama Bahu III and hidden. Later it was discovered by a Portuguese and taken to Goa by Don Constantine Debranganza, and burned by the Archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy and his court. Later Vikrama manufactured a tooth from a piece of old

CEYLON

Ivory two inches long and less than one inch in diameter, resembling the tooth of a crocodile rather more than a human, which answered the purpose quite as well to the deluded Buddhists.

The temple jewels very fine were shown for a fee; and a study was made of the bronze doors, the massive columns, the eaves of the projecting roof, the corbels, and the ceiling of the interior, all profusely decorated in painted figures and bright colors, grotesque monsters and floral designs, interesting and unique. The Octagon Tower contained a library as well as housing the Tooth, specimens of palm leaf writing being seen as at Tajore.

The Palace of the Vikrama-Buhu, built by Dimala Dharma about 1600, is still occupied by the official agents of the Province. Portuguese prisoners erected it, which gives the architecture a European character. We noticed that many of the wooden columns that held the roof were being eaten through by the ants, a pest of Ceylon.

The Museum connected with the School of Arts and Crafts, is in a flourishing condition, if numbers count for anything, for the rooms were crowded to suffocation. Beautiful articles were for sale, most of them copies of old temple treasures, the work of the students.

Two miles from Kandy is a Rock Temple, the home of the Devil Dancers, who gave a performance. The dancers were nearly nude, with bodies painted and tattooed. Their few garments were rare in texture and coloring, being strangely draped upon their figures below the waist line. For two hours they danced without stopping, and would have continued had we not signified—

SEE INDIA WITH ME

enough. They twisted their bodies in positions amounting to torture, whirled and cavorted, until they dropped from exhaustion. Their falling was gracefully and easily done, calling from us enthusiasm and appreciation. There were eight dancers and four musicians, their instruments being an oboe, flute and two drums. One or two of the dancers showed us their medals received while in England after giving an exhibition before Queen Victoria. The Queen pinned the decoration on each dancer, which pleased them. These dances are religious and supposed to drive away evil spirits, sickness, and unhappiness.

Rain came down in torrents while motoring to Anaradhapura from Kandy, and the roads, wet from former rains, were now rivers, dangerous for motors. A stop was made at a rest house which looked attractive outside, but proved so unattractive and dirty inside that we braved the elements and continued to Anaradhapura, arriving late in the afternoon, cold, tired, hungry, and very wet. Cordial greetings from the proprietor, warmth from the open fires, and afternoon tea revived our drooping spirits, while warm and dry clothing made us forget the moist ride of many miles. The upper porch of this hotel was the library, where it was possible to overlook the extensive ruins of the famous Buddhist City built before and immediately following the coming of Christ. Gazing at the ruins in the downpour of rain, we fervently hoped the weather of tomorrow would be propitious.

The Buddhist ruins at Anaradhapura are relics of a

CEYLON

civilization that existed more than two thousand years ago, when this city was the capital of a succession of Kings.

To see the ruins intelligently, a local guide, one recommended by the Government is necessary, for they know Buddhist history and save the tourist much study and weariness in gaining knowledge of the long ago. A motor car was used the first day to visit the excavations in a forty mile square of ruins, lying within a mile and a half of the hotel. The Brazen Palace, the Bow Tree, and the Thuparama Dagoba are close to the hotel.

The Dagobas, Monastic buildings, and the Pokunas (tanks) are objects of interest, for no more wonderful religious ruins are to be seen in the world than here. Every dagoba contains a relic of Buddha and in their day must have been wonderful structures. Dagobas are solid save for the cubicle structure, called the "Ti", which holds the sacred relic surmounting the top. These buildings are legion, varying in size from enormous masses to the tiniest objects, barely two or three feet in diameter.

Remains of monastic buildings are found in every direction and are of every shape and size, showing what numbers of Buddhist students must have congregated here. The rooms for living and sleeping measured eight by four feet, mere cells, with one low bench which served for bed at night and seat by day. One of these buildings contained sixteen hundred stone columns, arranged in forty parallel rows, divided off as quoted above. These cells formed the lower story of the famous nine story Brazen Palace erected by King Duthagaman one hundred

SEE INDIA WITH ME

years before Christ, and evidently constructed of wood for the stone columns are all that are left of the monastery.

Tanks for bathing and drinking were numerous, differing from irrigation tanks because made of masonry or cement. Many bronze statues seen at the Colombo Museum were taken from Anadhapura.

Buddhism was introduced into Ceylon by Mahinde, the son of Osoka, one of the great kings of India, residing in or near Benares. He was the same king who put up the stone pillars inscribed in Sanskrit in different parts of India, three of which we had seen while traveling. There were two in Delhi and one in Allahabad. Mahinde left Benares for Ceylon to spread the gospel of Buddhism and to make a convert of King Tissa, who reigned in Ceylon three hundred years before Christ. The king was converted and began the building of Mehintale, a religious city, eight miles east of Anaradhapura on a rocky hill crowned with large dagobas, and literally covered with the ruins of temples and dwelling places. To see these ruins, eighteen hundred stone steps, broken and loose, must be walked over. The stone cell of Mahinde, his couch and his bathtub, cut in the rock and guarded by a five-headed stone cobra was shown. Beside the cell is the Ambasthala Dagoba, erected on the traditional spot where King Tissa met the missionary Mahinde. A gold plated image of Buddha, whose age is unknown, stands in a glass case at the top of the hill.

Another object of interest at Aanaradhapura is the

CEYLON

Sacred Bow Tree, originally brought from Buddh Guya, and probably the oldest historic tree in existence. It was planted here two hundred years B.C., and from that time to this has been watched over by an uninterrupted succession of guardians. A small village has always remained on the site, but now there is a revival of interest, the result of an act of Sir Gregory in 1878, who gave a constitution to the North Central Provinces. Hundreds of village tanks have been restored. Famine and that dreadful disease called "Paranga," caused by the use of bad water and food, has been eliminated, and the population has become healthy, prosperous and numerous.

Fortunately, no rain fell while visiting this temple, for after leaving the motor a long walk and hard climb was necessary. The entire day was passed among the ruins, but scarcely had the hotel been reached in the late afternoon when rain began to fall in torrents, continuing for hours and days, making further sightseeing impossible. It was decided to return to Colombo by train, the chauffeur thinking it unsafe to pass through the flooded districts. This motor trip through Ceylon was the most stormy we experienced in all India, and the Galle Face Hotel at Colombo seemed a haven when we reached it after an absence of two weeks. The remainder of our stay at Colombo, weather permitting, was given to taking short excursions to historic places on the island.

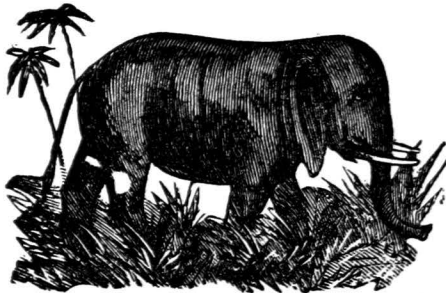
The visit to Nuwara Eliya, the Sanitorium at Ceylon, six thousand feet above the sea, and the summer residence of the Governor, was given up with regret, for we had hoped to see the wonderful display of crimson rhodo-

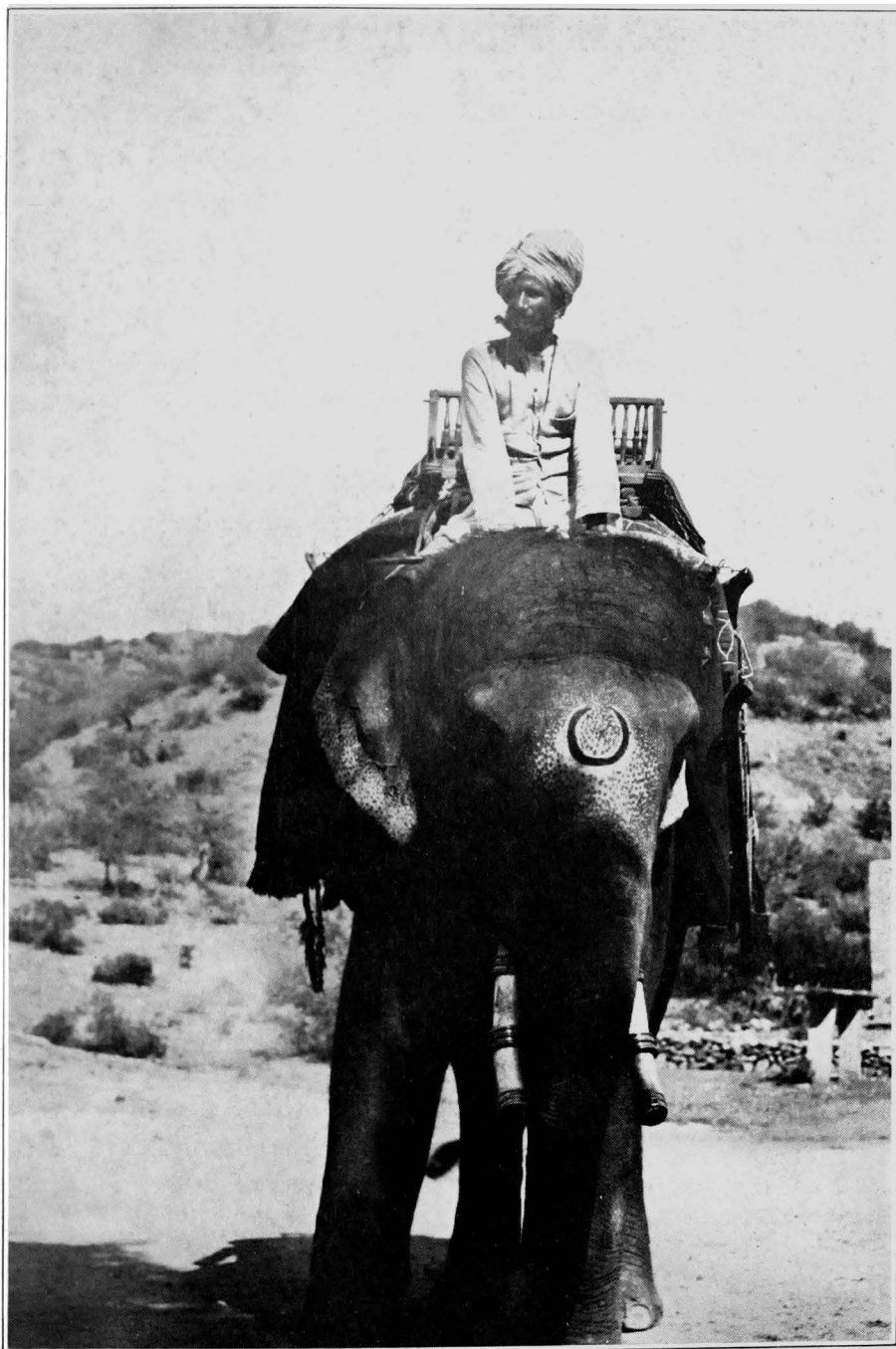
SEE INDIA WITH ME

dendrons, eucalyptus and wattle trees famous in that locality, but the rain did not cease and the visit had to be abandoned.

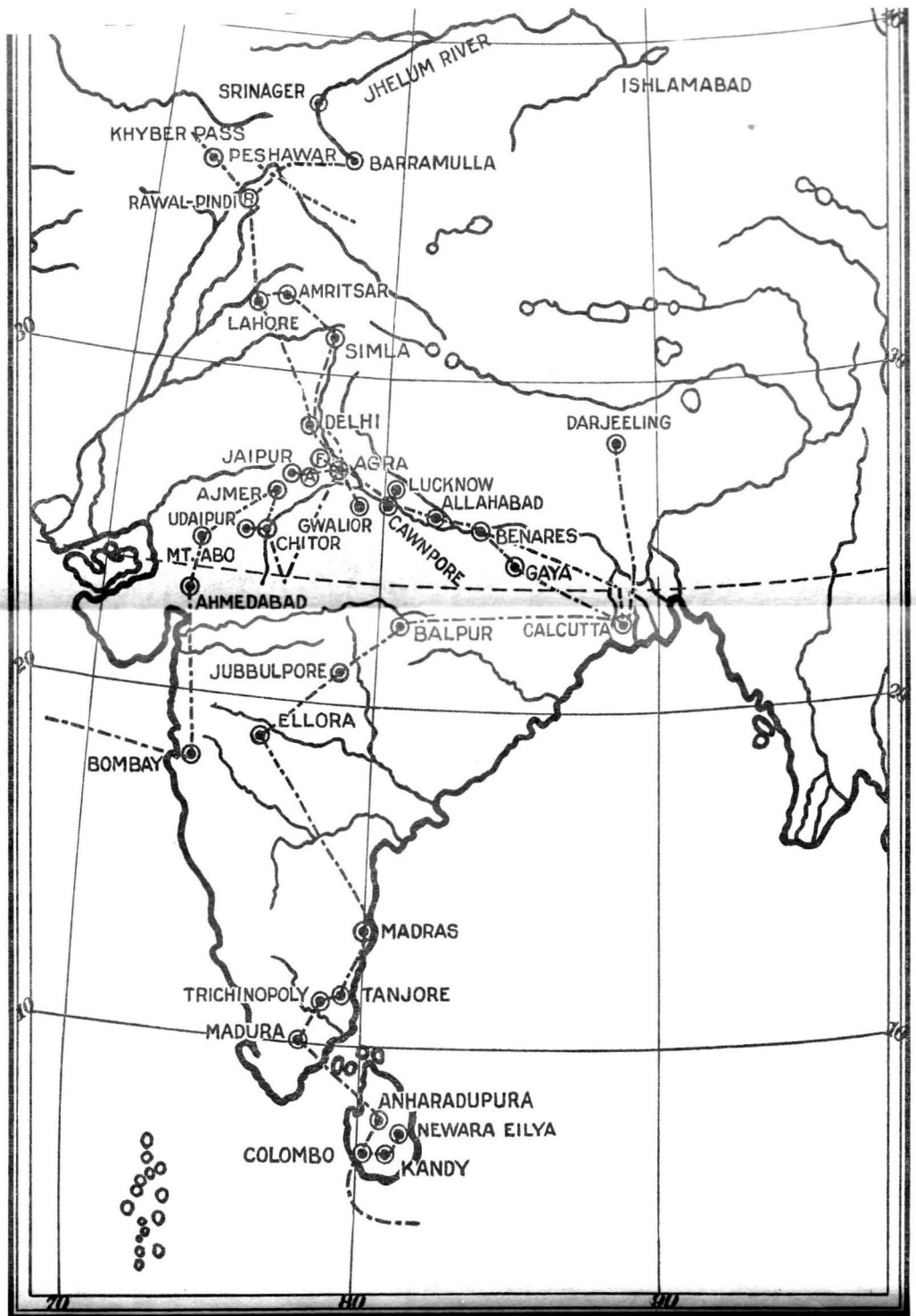
The purchases we had made were packed and sent to America before leaving for China, and many other matters attended to that naturally follow months of travel. Our party of four had been together for many months but was to separate here, as two were sailing to America via Japan, and two to China. Farewells, especially when nothing has occurred to mar one's pleasure of travel is not a joyful experience. India was soon to become only a memory.

Before leaving America for India, a list of wonders to be seen in India was given us. All of these were seen, and many others equaling, if not excelling, those listed. Everything in India is interesting, though not always pleasing. "Look up, not down" is an excellent maxim for everyone to follow who visits this country of mystery, monkeys, elephants, tigers, temples, and tombs.





THE ELEPHANT WHICH TOOK US TO THE DESERTED CITY AMBER



SRINAGER

JHELUM RIVER

ISHLAMABAD

KHYBER PASS

PESHAWAR

BARRAMULLA

RAWAL-PINDI

AMRITSAR

LAHORE

SIMLA

DELHI

DARJEELING

JAIPUR

AGRA

LUCKNOW

ALLAHABAD

AJMER

UDAIPUR

GWALIOR

CANNPORE

BENARES

MT. ABO

CHITOR

GAYA

AHMEDABAD

BALPUR

CALCUTTA

JUBBULPORE

ELLORA

BOMBAY

MADRAS

TRICHINOPOLY

TANJORE

MADURA

ANHARADUPURA

NEWARA EILYA

COLOMBO

KANDY

