SUNNY LANDS AND SEAS.

A VOYAGE IN THE SS. 'CEYLON.'

Notes made during a Five Months' Tour

IN

INDIA—THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—MANILA—CHINA—JAPAN—
THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—AND CALIFORNIA.

By HUGH WILKINSON,
OF LINCOLN'S INN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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I Dedicate these Notes

TO MY

FRIEND AND TRAVELLING COMPANION,

ALBERT WOOD, Esq.,

OF BODLONDEB, CONWAY;

TO WHOSE AGREEABLE AND INTELLIGENT COMPANIONSHIP

I OWE SO MUCH OF THE PLEASURE OF MY TOUR,

AND TO WHOSE ACCURATE OBSERVATION

AND NOTES

I AM INDEBTED FOR MUCH THAT MAY BE

FOUND OF INTEREST

IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

PREFACE.

THE story of the book is soon told. My friend and I left England on the 5th of December, 1881, to join the *Ceylon* in Egypt; and having spent a short time on our way in that glorious, and now more than ever interesting land, we joined our fellow-passengers at the port of Suez. At Bombay, instead of proceeding with the ship to Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, we crossed the peninsula of Hindustan, and visited some of its most remarkable cities, rejoining the ship at Calcutta. After a short stay in Penang, Singapore, and Johore, we sailed to Manila, and afterwards to Hongkong, Canton, and thence to the three principal ports of Japan, passing through its beautiful and world-renowned Inland Sea. After spending nine days in the Sandwich Islands, we sailed to San Francisco, visiting the Yosemite Valley; and afterwards travelling by Ogden, Chicago, and Niagara, through Canada, and then to New York, we landed in England on the 5th of May, 1882, exactly six months from the day of our departure.

Ocean-yachting is certainly an excellent idea. Besides affording the luxury of travelling, it enables one to see much more in less time, and at a smaller expense, than going by the ordinary modes, which too often combine the wasting of time in places of comparatively little interest, with all the uncertainty of finding accommodation on the steamer when it arrives. Moreover, it opens out to the traveller places which cannot be reached by any direct line of steamers, and obviates all risk and annoyance with regard to luggage and sending home one's purchases. A further comfort, is that of knowing that our home is always near, to which we can return if we find (as is generally the case) that the hotels on shore are uncomfortable.

In turning our letters into a book, it may be reasonably expected that we should wish to be heard in defence of its publication, if not in our justification. We know that much has been already written, describing the lands and seas we have traversed, for it is a well-beaten track, and one which would create no interest in the Geographical Society. The circumstances of travel, however, greatly differ, and we hope these notes of our tour may be interesting to those who may purpose making a similar one, as well as to others who never seem to tire of hearing an old story, even from inexperienced lips.

Our letters, describing what we saw in the other half of the world, found a favourable reception among

a large circle of friends: and we therefore hope that in extending this circle, we may not be thought too presuming.

Having neither theories to support, nor prejudices to overcome, we frequently seemed to be travelling to be disillusioned; and though we were disappointed with much that we saw, the interest and enjoyment we derived from other and unexpected sources—but chiefly that never-tiring one, the study of mankind—more than compensated us. If these voyages are to become fashionable, travellers will see the world as we saw it, though each with his own eyes. We learnt and unlearnt a great deal, both as to what we *did* see, and what we had *expected* to see. Our ideas of facts which books had taught us, and the unquestioned facts which we ourselves observed, were often most divergent; and it is to record some of these that the following pages have been written. Our object is simply to give an idea, however faint, of those things which most impress the ordinary eye in so short a glimpse of the world as we enjoyed, and to protest against many of the numerous books of travel—generally those most read—which cause the 'globe-trotter' so much disappointment.

We claim, however, the indulgence of our readers if our ideas have been either too strongly or presumptuously expressed, and we would ask that they be only accepted as 'first impressions,' which the generality of ordinarily cultivated travellers cannot help deriving.

As a sketch has many pleasing qualities which the more finished picture has long since lost, this must be our apology for its incompleteness, and the want of a deeper thought; for our scenes were continually changing, and our journeys very rapid.

This is our only apology for allowing the following pages to go before the public; and for hoping that, as the new year comes round with all the dubious blessings of a new crop of books, these notes of a most interesting and enjoyable tour may find a not unwelcome place among them.

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SUNNY LANDS AND SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE EAST.

Arrival at Alexandria.—First Impressions.—Arabs and Bedouins.—Suez.—Block in Canal.—Mosquitoes.—We embark.—Perfect Weather.—Christmas Day.—Perim.—Burial at Sea.—The Southern Cross.—First Fraud exposed.—The *Ceylon.*

Hotel Suez, Suez,
Dec. 20, 1881.

We arrived at Suez on the evening of the 19th of December, after spending many glorious days in Alexandria and Cairo, having seen all their world-famed sights, and having ridden for the first time through groves of the date palm, by the side of Nile lakes, through old Memphis, on to the Lybian desert, where we saw the wondrous tombs of the sacred bulls, hewn thousands of years ago from the solid rock deep beneath the glaring desert sand, then on to the Sphinx, and the great Pyramid of Cheops, and into its centre chamber, victimized by the extortionate rabble of Arabs clamouring for backsheesh, as so

many of our race have been victimized before, and to which, like us, they had also to submit. We had seen the grand old Pyramids the day before from the citadel in Cairo in the distance, through the shimmering haze across the dazzling desert, looking like phantoms far away in the tremulous air; but that which startles one more than all these things, so familiar to us in image all our lives, is entering the glorious East for the first time—that first day in one's existence which can never die, for it is the awakening to a new life, a new world, illumined by a new sun, such as our cold mist-covered country can never see; a sun which pours its rich light upon a nature entirely new and strange to one. It is here, for the first time, that we see in their own homes our dusky fellow-creatures; the silent, stately palms, with their fruit-laden crests, those symbols of an Eastern world; the clustering bananas under their huge green leaves; the entrancing light and colour; the rich-coloured oranges hanging from the trees; the gorgeous flowers, growing in greatest profusion and perfection; the kites, those scavengers of the East, which are soaring about everywhere; and the narrow streets full of swarthy Arabs, Turks, Ethiopians, and Nubians, blazing in costumes from loose folds of dazzling white, to those of the richest and most varied colours.

This is but a tithe of what one sees and wonders at, and which gives one's life a zest and intensity which increases every step one gets farther away from Europe; a land, where in winter one can bask in a climate like an endless summer's afternoon, and be

again among the swallows and butterflies, and this, too, in less than a week from London, and at a time when our intolerable winter and its deathly gloom lie so heavy over our country.

A railway journey of five hours brings us to Cairo, having passed along Nile lakes, the haunts of innumerable wild-fowl, through cotton-fields, which from the train look precisely like vast fields of Marshal Neil rose bushes, both in growth and foliage, and with great numbers of pale-yellow blossoms hanging from the bushes. We also pass through sugar-cane fields, and other vigorously growing crops. We see the stately indolent-looking camels, the Bedouin tents and Arab villages, the railway stations infested with their ragged crowds, the deep sunsets steeping the landscape in a flood of mighty colour, and the rich afterglows softening all things with a russet veil, even human hearts and passions.

Another journey of eight hours from Cairo, most of it being over arid sand, generally level as water as far as we could see, and we are here.

In Suez there is little to do in the way of sight-seeing, but there is much to occupy the eye. About the hotel are beautifully draped Arabs in folds of loose white flimsy cotton, many of them having faces stamped with great haughtiness and character: the women, too, with their rich, deep-coloured skins, have often fine straight-featured faces, and are sometimes very pretty—all being splendidly erect, from their habit of carrying their burdens so much on their heads. They sit in groups at their doors with their children,

surrounded by legions of flies, the little children's faces, near their eyes especially, being covered with black patches of them, which they seem either too indolent to brush away, or else have given up the ineffectual struggle with them in despair.

On arriving here we found there was a block in the canal, thirty steamers besides ours waiting to pass through. It may be a day or two before the *Ceylon* will arrive, so for the present we are high and *very* dry here in the sand. There are many nice people in the hotel waiting for their ships to go off to new and distant homes in the East, so we are all, in one sense, in the same boat; and our misfortune in being obliged to wait in so dreary a place as this has tended to link us together in ties nearer than those of mere acquaintances.

Opposite the hotel, as far as the eye can reach, there is naught but sand and water to gaze upon, the latter looking crisp and fresh, for a stiff breeze is whitening the tops of the blue waves, and giving a most enjoyable freshness to the air.

The courtyard of the hotel is quite a little oasis in this blinding desert of sand, and the eye gratefully lingers upon the green-leaved palms and other tropical shrubs with which it is filled.

After dinner we are treated to stories illustrative of the ferocity of the mosquitoes, from which it appears that they will rip up the beds and pull them all over the room in their rage, if they are unable to get at one through the curtains. But the most wonderful instance of their bloodthirstiness was that recounted by our

landlord, who, having tethered one of his cows overnight to a tree, in the morning found only its mangled skin on the ground, and on happening to look up saw a huge mosquito on a bough actually picking its teeth with one of the horns of its victim, and watching him closely with an eye that nearly scorched him!

Dec. 21, 1881.

We had a great downpour of rain last night, it being the first that has fallen here for ten months; the streets this morning are, in consequence, most filthy, and the air muggy and hot. There is very great excitement amongst us all, for we hear the block in the canal is removed, and that the *Ceylon* will be through in about an hour. We can see a crowd of ships away in the distance over the sand, steaming slowly through the canal, which is about three-quarters of a mile off. The *Ceylon* has just come in sight, so we must be off to meet her. She is to be easily distinguished from the others by her light dove-colour.

S.S. *Ceylon*, near Bombay.

We joined our home for the next few months about three miles from the hotel, in the Gulf of Suez, after bidding hurried adieus to our friends, and the same evening we steamed away for Bombay. Every day since we left we have had hot, cloudless, and breezy days, and all along the Red Sea have been occasionally in sight of land. The morning after we started we saw Mount Sinai, and low and perfectly barren mountains on both sides of us, brilliant in pink and purple, with hard and

ragged outlines against the clear, warm sky. The sea was, Allah be praised! as calm as tranquillity itself, and everyone was consequently very happy, very hot, and not a few very thirsty. On Christmas Day it was nearly 90° in the cabins, and unclouded overhead. It is Yule-tide nevertheless, and roast beef, plum-pudding, and the usual festivities had to be gone through, even in this Red Sea heat. The next day we saw the coast-line again, looking very beautiful—sky, land, and sea all blending harmoniously together in most tender colour, and low down on the sea Mocha, from whence we are told the celebrated coffee of that name never comes. There is much languor on board; the continued calmness of the sea astonishes us, but we are told that any time from November to April the sea is almost always like a pond, the sky cloudless, and the voyage a delight to all. In passing through the Red Sea one always hears from some of the nautical men on board the great dangers of being wrecked on the sterile shores on either side of us, and the almost certainty of all falling victims to either the wild beasts, the murderous tribes of natives, or, worse than all, a slow death from starvation. With small exception the parched desert sand and rock, which give out again the fierce heat of the sun, are all the comfort that relentless Nature here affords, and shipwrecked crews have gone through the most terrible struggles for life from both the cruelty of Nature and man before they have been welcomed by the relieving hand of civilization.

Six days after leaving Suez we were out of the Red

Sea and past the little British island of Perim which commands it. It is a barren island, without a trace of vegetation upon it that we could see, and is garrisoned by a British officer and a company of sepoys, who are relieved every three months from Aden, upon which they are dependent not only for their provisions, but even for their water; so it is a veritable penal settlement. The story of our occupation of Perim is a strange one; and if it be true it is stranger still, for it discloses conduct about which perhaps the less said the better. Not many years since a French admiral called at Aden, and accepting the hospitality of the English officers, his wine-loosened tongue acquainted them of his intention of proceeding next morning to hoist the French flag on the island at the mouth of the Red Sea, it being at that time 'Nobody's land.' The idea struck the British as being so good, that they sent on a fast steamer that same night with a handful of troops to get possession of the island before the French arrived. When the latter did arrive, they found they had been forestalled and betrayed by their smiling, hospitable hosts, and, chagrined, they had to withdraw and satisfy themselves with the land on the other side of the straits, which here are about a mile broad, but which they were soon compelled to evacuate on account of the high death-rate amongst their troops.

An amusing story is told of this island. The lieutenant in command of the company comprising the garrison there, on the expiration of his three months' command, applied to his colonel at Aden for an ex-

tension, saying he would like to continue his arduous duties as commander-in-chief of the island. This was readily granted, his brother officers merely remarking, that he must be either mad or suffering from *delirium tremens* or sunstroke. The second three months over; so proud was this young officer of his command, that a third and fourth extension was applied for, and, like the second, granted. Unfortunately for this festive and sportive subaltern, the colonel of his regiment obtained sick-leave, and, happening to walk into the 'Rag' one day, found the vice-governor of Perim calmly eating his lunch. It appears that this lieutenant, naturally preferring the gaieties and attractions of London to the barren desolation of Perim, had signed beforehand, and given to his sergeant, all requisite states and forms, leaving them to be filled in as occasion required, and had taken the first steamer for the more enjoyable pleasures of the metropolis! What happened to this young and zealous officer we do not know, but we think he should at least have got his step for his consummate coolness.

In the afternoon of the 27th, one of those sad and tragic incidents took place before which all are forced to bow, and which pierce all to the heart. Death knows neither times nor seasons for his unwelcome visits; without warning he swooped down in silent flight upon us, in terrible mockery in the peace and joy of this summer sea, and carried off in her sleep the only child-treasure of her desolate father. The solemn hush of death lay heavy on our ship, and our little world was changed to stone.

In the glowing calm of the following afternoon, the placid waters of the Arabian Sea received the dearest charge a fond father could give it; and after lingering near the hallowed spot for a short time, we steamed slowly on our way for Bombay. The funeral-service, which was attended by all on board, was most impressive, and the scene a most dreadful and painful one.

We saw flying-fish for the first time on Christmas Day; they scuttle away from the ship in flocks, no doubt looking upon us as some huge devouring monster; they generally fly about 100 yards close over the water, looking very much like quails from their straight flight. One came on board last night, a little fellow like a pilchard, with long wing-like fins. We have also seen bonitos bounding over the water, chasing them for long distances.

It is difficult to believe we have been eleven days at sea from Suez; the weather is so heavenly that we nearly sleep away time in a delightful languor, only now and again playing perhaps a lazy game at quoits, so the days fly quickly past. After dinner our excellent little band of twelve plays to us, and occasionally couples are seen gently dancing under the soft moonlight: over any flirting of which some of our amorous pilgrims *may* have been guilty we will draw a veil.

Many of us sleep on deck, for our cabins are now very close. The Southern Cross we have been seeing for some nights in splendid brilliancy; it is a very great disappointment, being simply four stars like this

* ** *, and about the same distance apart as our Great Bear stars are from one another. A word about our ship. She belonged formerly to the P. and O. Company, but was sold by them on account of her not being able to carry freight, having been constructed only for the accommodation of passengers. She is a splendid sea boat; is very strongly built; has high bulwarks like an old frigate, and is barque-rigged.

We both intend travelling across India instead of going round with the ship. We shall miss seeing Ceylon, but then we shall have more than three weeks in India, and shall see Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow and Benares, and try to get up to Darjeeling, from which we shall see the Himalayas and peaks over 29,000 feet high, the highest land in the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRADLE OF BRITISH INDIA

Bombay.—Natives.—Fish and Fruit Markets.—Jugglers.—Malabar Hill.—Towers of Silence.—Vultures.—The Governor's Band.

Watson's Hotel, Bombay,
January 5th.

HERE we are in this India—so full of the picturesque, so full of glorious light and rich and varied colour, so brimful of artistic feeling in everything—the streets glowing and palpitating under a steady blazing sun, so relentless and wearying to residents, so grateful to the poor smoke-begrimed sunless Londoner. Ah! how I wish you could see these crowded streets under this flood of sunlight—streets teeming with all the different castes and races of India, turbans of all shapes and sizes, the different-coloured costumes, the lithe, nimble, almost naked forms of the lower orders, so miserably poor in physique, such thin bony legs and arms, so like sticks in their thinness, and all so solemn and serious, and so noiseless as they glide along. It is indeed entering a new world—a regeneration—where everything has to be learnt again, and

has to be *seen* to be learnt—where everything, down to the humblest detail, has for one a new, powerful and absorbing interest.

We landed early this morning, and we find it so baking hot, notwithstanding that this is the 'cold weather,' that our thinnest clothes feel like winter ones, and we are obliged to provide ourselves with others—simple brown-holland suits. The new part of Bombay is quite splendid; our hotel being surrounded by magnificent buildings, public offices, all new. They are as fine blocks of buildings as one can see anywhere, and are much favoured in being surrounded by beautiful and well-kept gardens. We drive through the city; the old parts of which are far more picturesque and interesting than anything to be seen in Egypt. The people seem almost skin and bone; the men often have fine features, and some of the women are pretty, and many have forms of great beauty. The type of face is new to us, and I dare say we cannot yet understand it. We feel dazed at the newness and variety of things. We go through the fish-market, said to be the finest in the world, where there is a great busy, smelling crowd of nearly naked natives. The sable women, heavily bangled, both on their ankles and wrists, large rings through their ears and on their toes, and a metal button through their noses, carry on their trade amidst apparent great excitement and much shouting. There are here all sorts of fish, quite new to us, and from four to five feet in length, down to innumerable little ones of an inch or two long, and

nearly transparent. We also notice huge prawns, five or six inches long, like small lobsters.

In the fruit-market, to which we next go, we are overwhelmed by the perfume of rich and mellow fruits, in all the variety which this fierce sun calls forth. Oranges and bananas, mangoes, pomegranates, and other fruity luxuries we see, and some we try; but I have long heard of the Indian banana, and I 'salaam,' conquered at once by her soft and witching charms. One's first introduction to the mango is not generally a very pleasing one, and ours was no exception. It is a kidney-shaped fruit, three or four inches long, with a tough, leathery skin and a yellow, fibrous, but juicy pulp, in the centre of which is a stone, to which the stringy flesh adheres. It has a strong flavour of tow, turpentine and musk, and reminds one a little unpleasantly of cats; and yet it is considered one of the finest fruits of the earth!

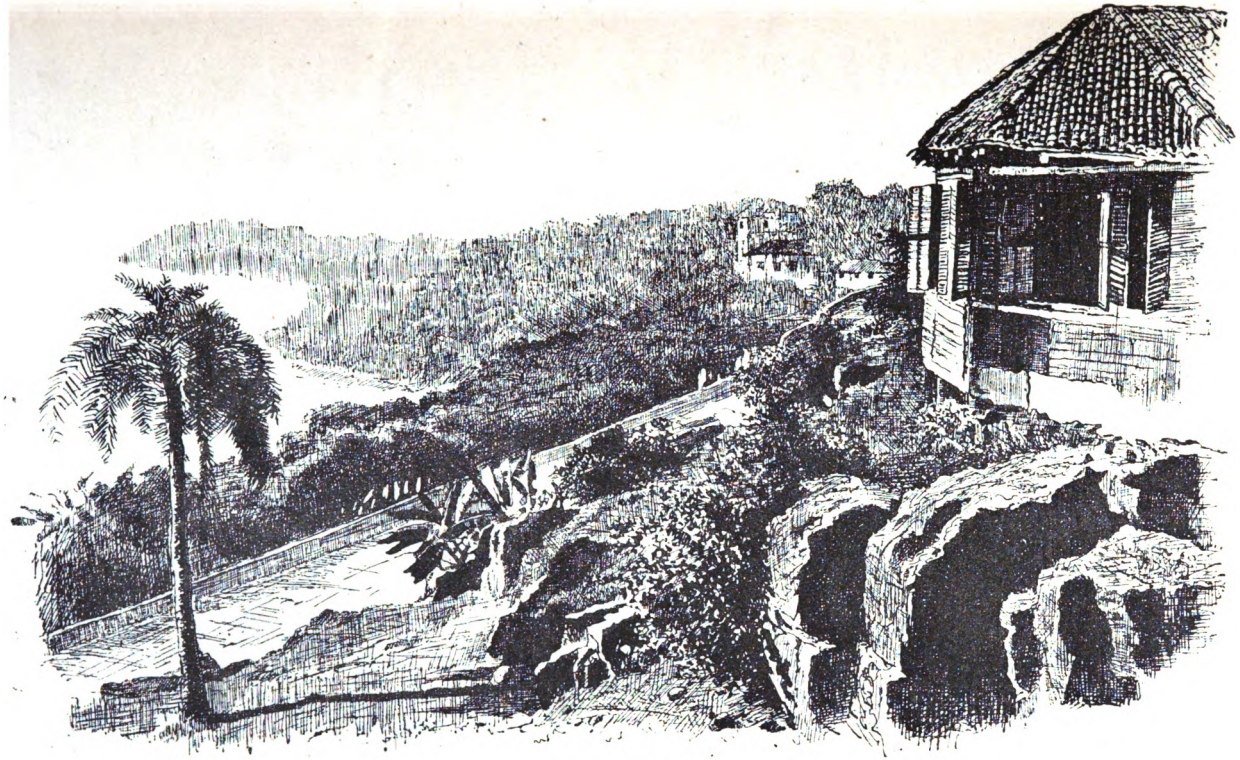
From the balcony of our hotel we have just been watching some jugglers in the road. They have shown some very wonderful sleight of hand, but their great mango-trick we detected at once. This trick naturally takes some minutes to do; for, from a pan of soil which is covered with a cloth, first they show the mango sprouting, then after a short interval, a shrub, a foot high, is uncovered; then, after another interval, a bushy young mango tree two or three feet high. While they endeavoured to attract our attention to their other tricks, a number of natives, confederates of course, crowded in front of where the mango-trick was preparing, manifesting the greatest interest in the

other tricks that were going on. Another confederate managed then to get the different-sized trees under the covering, and to plant them; but the illusion was destroyed by our seeing him do it.

Jan. 6th.—Another cloudless, still and baking day. A thick rich sunlight on the dusty roads, which seems quite palpable, it is so intense; sleepy old palm-trees, with their sharp-cut shadows on the ground, and dense foliage-trees giving a deep and grateful shade, into which, however, it is not always easy to get. What the temperature is in the sun, I don't know, but I see it is 86° in the shade. Many of the large trees here are ablaze in splendid-coloured blossoms, and the flowers in the gardens are superb. They grow with all the gentle ease and luxuriance of our weeds at home.

This afternoon we drove round the Malabar Hill, from which there is a beautiful view of the city beneath, just across the green tops of a forest of high palms. The sea, too, looked calm, peaceful, and beautiful; and near where the tiny waves are rippling indolently to the beach, we see where the Hindoos are burning their dead, their fires burning brightly all night long.

We went to the 'Towers of Silence,' where the Parsees leave their dead; round white low towers, without ornamentation of any sort, about twenty yards in diameter, and about twenty feet high. They are in a large inclosure—a perfectly kept garden on the Malabar Hill, full of beautiful tropical flowers, shrubs, and palms. It was horrible to think of



MALABAR HILL.

what is daily enacted in so peaceful and beautiful a spot. We saw the vultures sitting in a row all round the top of one of these towers, lazily cleaning their beaks, no doubt just after a savoury dish of fat Parsee. They looked, from their rather insolent indifference of us, as if they thought they belonged to a higher order of creation, regarding us as a conquered race, as we do the Indians. As they are never molested by man, and as they are the only living things which gorge themselves off human flesh with impunity, there may be said to be some colour for their insolently apathetic looks. Perhaps it is that their familiarity with our species breeds contempt.

The oldest tower is a little over 200 years old, and one of them, apart from the others, is used only for criminals, whose bones are not allowed to mingle with those of the just. We hadn't 'the melancholy pleasure' (as the undertakers say) of seeing a funeral, but we were told that, immediately after the body is placed inside the tower, the vultures swoop down in large numbers, and in less than half an hour only bones are left. When the vultures have had their feast, the carrion crows, which have all along been waiting behind their masters at a respectful distance for the crumbs, rush in, and not only pick the bones clean, but polish them. Some days afterwards these are deposited in a well in the centre of the tower, to the companionship of those of generations of their caste who have gone before.

There are a large number of Parsees here. They

are a very intelligent race, very loyal to our rule, and are the most advanced of all the Indians, having little of caste prejudice; occupying with their ladies a social position unknown to other Indians, and endeavouring to adopt the best features of our European civilization.

In the evening we heard the Governor's band, a most excellent one, and well led. There was nearly a full moon shining, and a great number of people were enjoying the music and the deliciously cool evening after a blistering day. We heard much nice music, including a new waltz by Waldteufel, 'Toujours Fidèle,' a soft dreamy waltz which seems very popular. Music must be the food of love, for we were enraptured with everything, and especially with the solemn splendour of these Eastern nights, so vast, so quiet and still, so full of peace and rest. Music never sounded sweeter; and it was being torn back to earth when it ceased, and the cares of the day came stealing upon us again with the thought of bed, mosquitoes, and other earthly discomforts.

CHAPTER III.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD INDIA.—A NATIVE STATE.

Journey to Jeypore.—Varieties of Animal Life.—Arrival at Dak Bungalow.—Sacred Cows and Brahmin Bulls.—Fine Streets.—Amber.—Sacred Alligators.—Temple of Goddess Kali.—Rival Scavengers.—Public Gardens.—Native Cricket.—Native Jeweller.—First Symptoms of the Curio Mania.—The Prison.—Laws of the State of Jeypore as regards Women.—Coiners and Warders.

Dak Bungalow, Jeypore,
January 10th, 1882.

We hired to-day a travelling-servant, called 'Fernandez,' at something less than £1 a week, out of which he has to keep himself, and to attend us during our stay in India; we bought cotton quilts and pillows, not only for the railway-travelling at nights, which are very cold, but also for the Dak Bungalows, which do not provide bed-clothing of any sort.

Dak Bungalows are Government quarters for travellers, and we hear that they are often unprovided even with cooking utensils as well as bedding. For the long railway-journeys we have also to take a provision-basket, for it is seldom that refreshments can be got at the stations on the line.

We tear ourselves away from Bombay, where we have found all so interesting, and at five p.m. we are in the train for Jeypore, in a most comfortable saloon carriage. All the first-class carriages in India are saloon carriages, with lavatories, and a good supply of fresh water. For half a rupee we buy a large bunch of delicious little bananas, and a basket holding nearly three dozen luscious Mandarin oranges. We soon pass away from the town, and get among the broad waving crops, which look thick and heavy, and which have a great and pleasing variety of fine and deep colour. There is the densest of palm-forests outside Bombay; the slender graceful stems and the cloud of feathery foliage, deep and gloomy — a majestic silence against a deep-toned evening sky—a few gorgeous bars of gold in a sky fast taking its flight to the lands of the West, in an unrivalled blending and harmony of richest though quiet colour: a glow and tone such as no eye at home can ever see. When we have watched the varied landscape fade gently away, and have seen the day to its end—and how short these twilights are!—we are joined by a friend who has accepted our invitation to dine in our carriage with us. We are not without our home luxuries here, testified by a freely passing champagne bottle and ice *ad libitum.*

The travelling is very slow: we think disgracefully so; but yet it seems quite in harmony with the feeling of repose there is in everything. In the night we pass through Baroda, and the next morning awake up at Ahmedabad, where we get breakfast after a

comfortable night in the excellent beds which are fitted up in the carriage. We change trains here, getting on a narrow-gauge line. The morning is shiveringly cold; but immediately the life-giving sun is up, we are thawed and happy again. In our carriage the thermometer before sunrise was only 42°, whereas at midday it is 84°.

After leaving Ahmedabad we are made conscious of the immense amount of animal life with which the country teems. On either side of the line, for 100 miles from Ahmedabad, are countless birds, in the greatest variety; and troops of big monkeys, which jump and scamper about in the most grotesque and laughable way, jumping over one another, scrambling up trees till the branches sway again and again to breaking point. In the little acacia trees, close to the line, we see quantities of the long loosely-woven nests of the weaver-birds in the shape of a big bottle. We see foxes, peacocks, storks, and waders of many varieties; swallows, kingfishers, kites, and buzzard-hawks; parakeets in thousands; and an immense grey bird called the Sarus, which stands as high as a soldier, with many other birds quite new to us. In fact, the country is like a huge Zoological Garden; this being so because no shooting is allowed in the State.

Ah! what pictures we see going through this country of the sun, over fertile plains hidden in rich waving crops, through rice, cotton, and sugar-cane fields, glowing in this flood of golden sunlight! On our right, on a platform erected on four high slender

poles, covered with dazzling golden leaves of the Indian corn, stands an Indian girl; her graceful, flowing figure, cutting the fierce light, unhampered but with scantiest garments at her hips, with sling in hand ready to hurl at any intruders amongst her crops. What light and shade! Her sable self and platform, and their shadows in strong relief against a sea of gold! What pigment, what painter, without fire on his palette, could even suggest this living blaze of light?

We see many similar models while passing through these glowing scenes. We see great fields of castor-oil plants—one might almost call them trees, they are so large, and so handsome with their large and many-pointed leaves.

Soon the landscape changes, and we go amongst hills covered with low forest trees, and high, thick, dead grass; then, past undulating hills, with granite showing through the thin soil in huge boulders, and here and there bursting forth into mountains of rock. One more night in the train — one more viciously cold morning, and with a sun which again sails up unclouded in all his oriental splendour, we arrived here after a journey full of interest and with little fatigue. The line has not been open more than a year, and the native life through which we passed is still of the most primitive and picturesque character; one tribe, many of whom we saw, still having their bows and arrows.

After reaching the Dak Bungalow—there are no hotels here—and getting rid of the dust of this

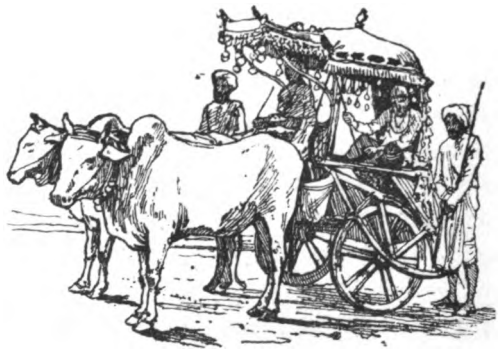
long journey in a delicious bath, we went into the city, said to be the finest and most interesting of the modern cities of India, having a population of about 100,000. It is about two miles square, surrounded by high walls with lofty towers and fine gateways, all being of spotless white, relieved with lines of pink in poor and stiff design; the Maharajah's palace and entire city being coloured in the same way, giving one the idea of its being built of white and pink cardboard.

The effect is dazzling, like the sun shining on snow—the streets and all but the people in glaring white; these unconsciously artful people putting brilliant colour in the scene by their different-coloured and beautiful costumes. Seldom do we notice people dressed alike. We see many elephants and camels; and in the streets the sacred cows wandering about at will, and apparently picking up what they want from either the street or the stalls of the natives. The main streets of the city are very wide, clean, and well-kept; the principal ones being forty yards wide—nearly as wide again as our Regent Street.

We also see extraordinary little carriages; their tops being dome-shaped, like the end of an egg, with red curtains hanging from them. These are drawn by huge Brahmin bulls. In the Maharajah's stables there are about 300 Arab horses, many of them splendid animals, and each horse having its own attendant, who showed himself most proud of his charge, and most anxious to win our approbation.

Jan. 10*th.*—We started at 6.30 this morning for

Amber, the old deserted native city of Jeypore, having first obtained the necessary permission from our political officer. Amber is about five miles from the new city, and is beautifully situated by the side of a lake, and in the midst of hills. In the lake we saw alligators, which are sacred, until they become too



OXEN AND CART.

fond of the lean humankind here, when they are chased and killed; the bangles, anklets, nose and toe-rings, found inside, being returned to their late proprietors' sorrowing families. The latter part of the way we performed on elephants, which the kindly Maharajah supplies to English visitors who are properly introduced. They climbed the hill above the lake, on a pinnacle of which the old ruined palace stands, much of it being built of white marble. On this we saw splendid white marble carving, very chaste and beautiful in design, and lattice-work of the same material—astonishingly rich and exquisite work, full of delicate finish and great beauty.

Three generations ago, and all here was as busy as an ant's-nest; but the reigning house left then, and took with them all the population, about 100,000, to the new city. The old city is now all in dirt and ruins, but it still holds about 5,000 inhabitants. There are monkeys skipping about the trees, and squirrels too; and green parakeets, with long tails, chasing one another, and screaming shrilly all the while.

Within the palace we went into the temple, where a goat is still offered up daily to the Goddess Kali. We were happily too late to see the slaughter, but we saw the sickening evidences of it, as well as the repulsive-looking and multiform goddess wrapped up in fine cloths.

This 'Kali,' who has many other names, is the consort of Siva, the destroyer in the Hindoo Trinity —the elements being the 'creator,' the 'supporter,' and the 'destroyer.' These poor people, in their gross superstition, but with some worldly wisdom, devote apparently all their religious attentions to appeasing the anger of the god of destruction. Siva's wife has been much displeased and disgusted ever since the daily human sacrifice has been discontinued; but they say the boys in the neighbourhood wear a far less anxious expression on their faces now than they used to do. Much to our annoyance and disgust, the Eastern quiet of this temple was desecrated (if our straight-laced Christian friends will allow the word) by a party of Anglo-Indian Goths, whose noisy swagger, interrupting the devotions of the natives, was on a par

with the conduct of their dogs, which, uncontrolled by their masters, ran about appropriating everything they could find, even licking up the blood of the sacrifice! Our guide tells us there is splendid tiger-shooting on the hills near here.

Going through the main square of the city this morning, we saw many thousands of pigeons, in a perfectly compact mass on the ground, being apparently the same bird as our blue rock. All were very busy with what is thrown down for them every morning and evening.

In the afternoon, in another street, we saw the kites on the ground in about the same numbers. Throughout the East these splendid birds divide the scavengering with the jackals; but I fear the latter get little more than well-polished bones, and as varied and indigestible an assortment of articles as find their way into the basket of a chiffonier from the Paris gutters, for they don't show up till night, when all the fun is over, and then have to content themselves with fighting and tearing one another over an old horse-cloth, and in keeping a weary humanity awake and tearing their hair over their discordant wailings.

The kites betray no fear of man, and they will often swoop past one's head, nearly brushing one with their long and powerful wings if they want anything near on the ground. It was a strange sight, particularly to an Englishman, to see these kindly natives trying to avoid disturbing either pigeons or kites, and we couldn't help comparing the different state of things at home, where, with few exceptions, our boys would

only have been satisfied when they had thrown the entire street of stones at them.

When we were contemplating the view from one of the ruined terraces of the old Palace at Amber, and watching a pigeon sunning itself on a ledge quite close to us, and in all blissful ignorance of danger, one of these kites in a grand sweep carried it off as if it had been a fly, so neatly and quietly, without even disturbing its friends sitting close alongside, or giving it time to complain of its gross rudeness.

The Public Gardens here are really superb, being most beautifully and tastefully laid out, with a wealth of roses and other flowers in full bloom around us. Here again we hear soft and sweet music, played by the Maharajah's band, under the leadership of an excellent master; and again we have 'Toujours Fidèle.'

What a fascination and enchantment attend such beautiful spots. A calm still evening; an air laden with the scent of fragrant flowers, and all still so new and strange to us. Hard by on what would have been a creditable lawn even at home, cricket was going on, played entirely by young Indians, students from the college here. Their costumes did not quite accord with the noble game.

Seeing us watching them, one came to us, and in excellent English pressed us to join them, saying he was sure we could teach them something. We doubtless could have done this, as their form was anything but English, but being much out of practice, we took the wise and patriotic course of not disgracing our country by an exhibition of play which might, and

probably would, have ended in disaster with the first well-pitched straight ball.

There seem to be no mosquitoes here, for neither of us has been at all troubled by them. In Bombay it was very different, De Bosco being terribly bitten by them, a quantity of them getting through a tiny hole in his gauze curtains, and nearly pulling him out of bed. I have not been bitten by anything up to the present, which is much to say and to be thankful for.

Wishing to see some of the native jewellery here, our guide takes us from the main street down narrow dirty alleys, through courts, and a perfect labyrinth of filthy passages, up a rickety narrow staircase into a little room in which one can barely stand erect, and where we are received by a salaaming merchant, who takes his valuables from his little boxes one by one with the most tender care. We try to get up a little enthusiasm over these rude and primitive-looking ornaments, but we find it most difficult, excepting with a very few of them. Our guide, who is also our friend, and who seems very desirous of preventing our being imposed upon, wishes us to see the wares of other jewellers and to compare prices.

Before getting to the next shop we hear high and angry words between our guide and a native whom we have not noticed before. Immediately afterwards our little fellow springs at the other, who, however, after a moment of indecision and wavering, bolts, unable to face the assault. An exciting though short race ensues; we see our mentor deliver two or three kicks and punches, and the other has vanished, 'not dead,

but gone before.' Our little hero, exulting in victory, tells us this other savage was trying to get to the other shops first to get his commission, as well as warning them not to abate their extortionate prices.

De Bosco here showed the first symptoms of the curio malady, and was tempted to buy one or two fine pieces of gold work at one of these latter shops, one being a heavy necklace which was adorning the neck of the young merchant, a fine swarthy, handsome-featured young Indian, with large soft eyes, a necklace which weighed down nearly forty of our sovereigns. Whatever lady is fated to wear so great a weight when we get home will have to sacrifice much comfort to appearances, but no doubt one will be found without any difficulty to do it.

We visited the Prison, the governor of it being English. Everything in it was irreproachably neat, clean, and orderly, and the three hundred prisoners seemed more than contented with their lot. No heavy work is done here, the heaviest being the grinding of wheat, which being always done outside by women, is considered degrading work for men. So they dislike this, and kick a little at it. Excellent rugs and carpets are made here, a few of which we have purchased. They have a great talent for copying old Indian and Persian carpets, of which the Maharajah has many of great value.

Some years ago an English-speaking Jew borrowed one of these from the Maharajah, ostensibly for the laudable purpose of copying its great beauty. This æsthetic Hebrew felt so keenly the charms of this

quite too superlatively utter carpet that he wafted himself away with it, and after divers mesne assignments and acts *not* in 'the law,' it has found a resting-place, we hear, in South Kensington, our Government having purchased it for a fabulous sum!

There are very few women here, for these poor meek and humbled slaves seldom offend against any laws. Most of these had been long ago deserted by their husbands, and then, for a miserable food and shelter, had found at last a home in the mud-hovel of some other Indian. Their husbands hearing of this, perhaps some years after, would charge them with adultery, and notwithstanding their wives' utterly helpless condition and their own infamous desertion, the poor women are sent to prison for long periods! Such are the laws of this Native State of Jeypore, and such the lot of the poor Indian woman, against whom the glittering gates of mercy are for ever shut, and whose silent life of suffering excites no pity. Oppressed and dishonoured from her birth, treated as an animal, 'unwooed, unwon,' having heard no soft words of love, having given no trembling, welcome answer. She is simply given and taken.

While we were in the prison a gang of coiners were brought in, all chained. We watched the operation of taking off their chains and replacing them with the prison ones. They seemed rather contented than otherwise with what was going on, and showed as much interest in the chains being hammered on them as if they were being put on some one else.

We saw very few warders about, and I am sure an

English prison-bird would get out or in just as he pleased, commit a robbery, and be in his place again before he was missed. The guards at the gates certainly did have old flint-and-steel Brown Besses, but then they were useless, for there were no flints in the hammers; it reminded one of the Irishman in the sedan chair with the bottom out, who said if it 'hadn't been for the honour of the thing he might as well have walked.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROME OF ASIA.

Leave Jeypore for Delhi.—Its present Size compared with that of its greatest Days.—The Pearl Mosque.—Palace of the Moghuls.—Tomb of Humaioon, Scene of Hodson's Capture of the Sons of the King of Delhi.—Kootub Column.—Reflections on the Past.—Bathing Tank.—Cashmere Gate.—Assault by H.M. 52nd Foot.—Capture of Delhi.—Obsequious Natives.—*Objets de Luxe.*—Indian Crows.—Chandni Chouk.—An honest Thermometer.—Native Funerals.—Leave for Agra.

Delhi, January 13th.

We left Jeypore by the 6.30 p.m. train on the 10th, and reached here at 11.30 the following morning. We found our quilts and pillows very useful, for it was very cold in the early morning. What we saw of the country during the night was as flat as a billiard table. At all the numerous stations at which the train stops there are crowds of natives, as docile and tractable as sheep, and all huddling close together like them, yet showing a great deal of excitement amongst themselves. These are all pilgrims on their way to different places, and many of them very far-off places. Our hotel—Northbrook—though the best in Delhi, is a very indifferent one, and the city is disappointing. It strikes us as being poorer, dirtier, and

having less 'go' about it, than any of the others we have seen. It is now only the shadow of the mighty city it once was—a city which during its splendour covered a space nearly twenty miles in length, but which at the present time is not more than seven or eight miles in circumference. It has been conquered and reconquered over and over again, and many past Delhis have extended over the land far beyond its present limits. The Persians were the last to rob and despoil it, and this was in its most glorious and wealthy epoch, when, accompanied by a great massacre of its inhabitants, they carried off loot to the value of £100,000,000 sterling.

The sluggish and muddy old Jumna runs alongside the city, which is surrounded by the flattest of flat country, but still a green one, and this stretches away till it is lost in the heat and haze of the distance.

I will not enter into details of all we have seen here. The Pearl Mosque, a fairy-like wonder in marble, worked by the patient labour of slaves, is perfect in Oriental feeling. It is filigree work applied to marble, and how white the marble remains in this climate! and how different from ours, covered with thick filth and greasy soot. The Jamá Musjid, the finest and most superb mosque in India, with its three shining cupolas, is built chiefly of a red stone, much of it being inlaid with white marble. In its character it is very simple and impressive. Another marvel is the Palace of the Moghuls, also built of whitest marble, inlaid with richest mosaic work of jasper, lapis-lazuli, agate, garnet, and many other

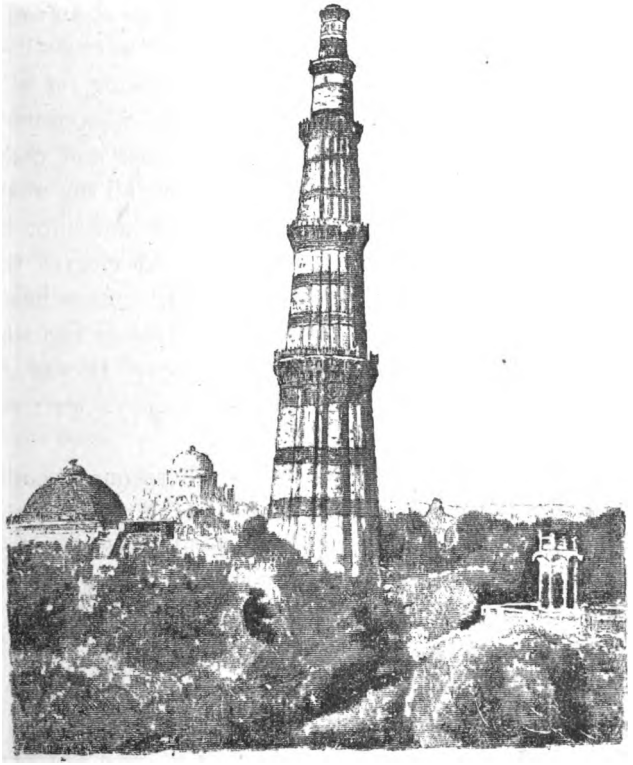
beautiful stones. In this palace, amongst other marvels of barbaric wealth and splendour, was the world-famed peacock throne, but all went in this last Persian conquest.

Outside the walls of the present Delhi for nearly eleven miles, we pass through a level country and an awful scene of desolation: the remains of bygone Delhis and their greatness. We see the immense tomb of Humaioon, its dome rising high into the sky * We had seen so many tombs to-day and felt so weary, that we thought of saying a last good-bye to one another and taking to the two best ones we could find. We now approach the great Kootub column, which is one of the wonders of India, being the highest as well as the most richly carved column in the world. It, too, is built of red stone and white marble, with texts from the Koran most beautifully traced on it; but from the fact of its being a simple column of great height, it is impossible to be fascinated by any great idea of beauty in it—but still, people rave about it.

From its top we look over these eternal flats on a scene of desolation and ruin. We can understand now, and feel, the vast and limitless past of India, its glory and its shame, its splendour and its decay. We can read now the chain of its history, woven in tradition, superstition, tyranny, slavery, and war. We can see

* This is the tomb in which, during the Mutiny, the two sons of the King of Delhi were arrested by Hodson, and, while on their way back to the city under his charge, were most unwarrantably killed by him. The tomb is seen immediately on the left of the Kootub Column in the illustration.

a little now what it all means. The home of a savage vanity, of ferocity and weakness, the home of barbaric splendour and a squalid poverty, of glittering pageants and bowing crowds, the careless, sensuous,



THE KOOTUB COLUMN.

toiling millions, the massacres and wars—the jewels and dross for which the nations of the world have striven!

There is a large and deep brick tank hard by, the

water in which, far beneath us, looks green and stagnant. Here are a lot of naked men and boys, who get on to the rounded dome of a mosque overlooking the water; with a run and a jump they are in mid air; another moment and down, down they go at an awful and increasing velocity a distance of seventy feet below. We hold our breath, but not for long, for with a 'whish' they have met the water and disappeared; a second or two more and they reappear and make for the steps of the tank. The action for all the world is like that of the gannet, when from a height he beholds his prey, closes his wings, and cleaves the water like a dart, except that the bird enters head-first, and the human diver feet-first. One or two who made the jump were quite little boys. It was an interesting sight, and the 'divers' moneys we gave them were 'well' earned.

Outside Delhi we were shown where our assaults were made upon it during those awful times of the Mutiny, and which 70,000 rebels held, unable to face the 7000 troops with which we held them in check outside. What times of terrible trial, endurance, hardship, and heroism those were, and what noble and splendid characters they revealed! Our guide here was an old Irishman, with brogue fresh from the bogs, broken down in health, gasping for breath from asthma. He showed us the Cashmere Gate where, when the assault was determined on in that ever-to-be-remembered September in 1857, 'The explosion party, consisting of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, of the Bengal Engineers, three sergeants of same corps, Burgess,

Carmichael, and Smith, and a few native sappers, in the face of a very hot fire, crossed in succession the precarious timbers of the battered bridge. Lieutenant Home first lodged the powder-bags, each weighing twenty-four pounds, at the foot of the gate, which had been closed in panic by the enemy. He then jumped into the ditch along with Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd Foot, who was to sound the call for the column to advance. Lieutenant Salkeld placed the next bags, and in arranging the fuse was mortally wounded, falling into the ditch below. Serjeants Burgess and Carmichael, in endeavouring to do the same, shared his fate and fell below. Sergeant Smith, more fortunate, after stooping to ignite the fuse with a lucifer, and warned that it was already alight by the upward flash of the portfire in his face, jumped into the ditch, and was saved. The next moment there was a loud crash; and the massive gate, through the wicket of which the enemy kept firing, was shattered with a tremendous explosion, and the 52nd Foot, which had watched for this signal, not hearing the bugle-call, but seeing the rising smoke aloft, dashed over the bridge and entered the city. The Victoria Cross was conferred upon Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and also on Bugler Hawthorne and Sergeant Smith immediately after.'

Our fellows knew full well what this assault meant; death stared all in the face, and almost all the first who rushed in met it—*but not all.* That day Delhi was taken, after months of patient toil and suffering; but only with a loss of 1,200 of our officers and men.

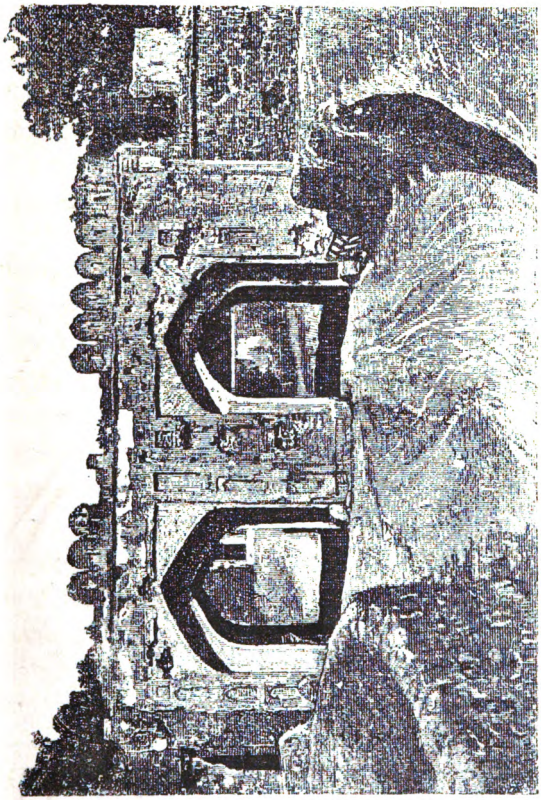
Our own guide was himself in the storming-party, and before reaching the moat was knocked 'insinsible' by a rifle-ball; but this didn't stop him, for 'very few were in before him.' He took us to the different spots where our batteries were posted—always nearer and nearer to the walls—told us how they smashed and crumpled up the thick wall yonder, and how, when this last battery was unmasked, the rebel shot tore through the air all round them, and where this and that noble life gushed out, their last thoughts speeding away to the peaceful home in the West, far away over the waters.

There can be no disappointment in this, for life can but be freely and nobly given up to one's country. This was given or ready to be given by all, even by the few faithful Indian troops, who stood by us in that dark hour of trial; but we did feel disappointed at the Cashmere Gate itself, built as it was of stucco and bricks, and not so high or important as photographs had led us to expect.

How courteous and respectful these poor gentle Indians are! how cringing even! and how humiliating it is to be the subject of salaams so unmanly and servile, and a submission so abject! Subjects, all of us, of the same Queen! What volumes their demeanour speaks of the vast gulf between us—a gulf fed with the waters of unsympathy and indifference, as well as ignorance of the feelings of the people, and a gulf which *must* ere long either widen or narrow, and which with gentleness and love will vanish, but which with indifference, neglect, and injustice, will

become an ocean, in whose righteous storms our rule may pass away!

Not only are the natives so obsequious, but the police everywhere throughout our line of travel salute



CASHMERE GATE.

us, as if we were military officers of distinction. When at Bombay we first noticed this custom, which certainly doesn't obtrude itself much upon one's notice

at home, we turned round to see what important person was the subject of so much fuss, but there was no one. I think at the particular moment each thought it must have been himself whose martial

A NATIVE POLICEMAN.

appearance called forth this mistaken salute; the next moment he was sure of it, and wondered that he hadn't found it out before; but after this we noticed all the policemen doing the same thing. Oh, how we felt drawn to those swarthy men, and thought we

never had seen such smart and intelligent-looking fellows, and that their pay (whatever it was) was a pittance for such patient merit!

The principal street here is full of shops of a most seductive nature, especially to ladies. There are jewellers' shops full of ancient and modern jewellery, (said to be far the best in India), cashmere shawls, embroidery work, and inlaid metal work. De Bosco has bought a quantity more jewellery here. The old merchants in these shops, which are all open to the street, are a study. I saw one old shrivelled-up fossil sitting cross-legged behind a number of open trays, full of different sorts of grain, with his eyes lazily opening and shutting like those of a tortoise, a perfect cloud of our common sparrows being about him, like so many flies, and helping themselves from his baskets. I saw consciousness return to his eyes, and then, after watching them for a moment or two, he slowly, but with what he might consider great energy, brushed them away with his hands in the most pleading though helpless way—they of course returning immediately he had relapsed into his former state of semi-consciousness.

The impudence of the sparrows is great, but not to be compared with that of the crows, which become quite too transcendently utter, after the first novelty is gone; they are wherever they are *not* wanted to be, particularly if there is anything to eat or steal. They are gifted with a large amount of reason, and it is their great delight to get into people's rooms, particularly into the room where is some invalid lady who can't well move; they then proceed in the most

boisterous way to rip and tear and steal, in open defiance of her and her feeble endeavours to get rid of them. They bully without pity, and are the cause of much profanity.

We went to a little shop in the main street, the Chandni Chouk, to get some old gold coins. Here there was another wrinkled and shrivelled-up old mummy, with a hide so ridged and furrowed that we had to look a long time before we could find in which crack his eyes were; an old sinner, our guide told us, who was worth his millions of rupees. His body was quite ready to bury; yet there he was, still at it, 'the ruling passion strong in death.' He was weighing some silver bars when we attracted his attention. He looked a hundred years old at least, and his body, as if it had been dead since he was a middle-aged man, as an American would say, 'kind of dried up like, since then.' His wrinkles, *when* they opened, were much lighter than the rest of his skin because they so seldom saw the light. He evidently suspected our intentions, and with the greatest reluctance let us see one old coin at a time. Some he wouldn't let us see at all. He pretended not to know what the common bank-notes of the country were; at all events, he wouldn't take them in payment. The Government notes of India were nothing to him. He didn't recognise our rule at all, was quite independent of us, and impatiently demanded silver rupees. Yes, they were 'good enough.' He evidently hated our race and rule, and turned from us with an unmistakable grunt as soon as he was paid his money.

Yesterday here was very cold and unpleasant, and we were literally shivering in our ulsters all day long. It was impossible to believe that a thermometer, which we bought in Bombay, was not deceiving us when it showed a temperature of 62°. De Bosco, without that rare judgment he displays on most occasions, testily hit it against the table, as he said, 'to make it go down, to some at all events reasonable temperature.' We thought it would have gone to nearly freezing-point; but no, it had a rectitude which refused to flatter! One harder blow than the rest, and its proud heart cracks, its life-blood spilt on the floor; its thin thread of life is gone, its spirit fled!—scorning to flatter, it died a martyr to unassailable truth; slaughtered like the dog Gelert, in the full merit of a great action. Within five minutes of that cruel murder, some unseen hand and unheard voice led us to where were many similar thermometers, their silent fingers all pointing reprovingly to 62°. Its blood was not altogether spilt in vain, for it has taught our hasty hands forbearance, and our fallible and passionate minds caution and control!

We have seen several native funerals. The body, which is as thin as a wafer, and seems to have shrunk nearly away to nothing, is carried on a bier by natives, who hurry along the streets at a run. The bodies we saw were being taken to the Jumna, into whose yellow waters they were to be thrown. They were covered with bright red cloths, and had fresh flowers strewn over them.

This afternoon we leave for Agra, the city of the

Taj, the glory and the pride of India! We have long had visions of it, and we have delighted to conjure up its image, unsubstantial, towering silently in the sky like a mass of golden evening cloud, which flings back to the setting sun its lavish colours, and in soft murmuring answers of gold bids farewell to the god of day! Our hearts beat quicker as we think that by to-morrow we shall have actually seen it! It is like the first meeting with the beauteous woman who is, you know, to enslave one by her soft witchery and resistless charms. May we be not disappointed!

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE BLOSSOM OF INDIA; AND LUCKNOW, THE CITY OF SORROWFUL AND PROUD RECOLLECTIONS.

Journey to Agra.—Beautiful Scenery.—The Taj.—Its Beauties.—Fort, Palace, and Mosque.—A novel Tug-of-War.—River Tortoises.—A sad Incident relieved by a homely one.—Parakeets and Squirrels.—A beautiful Juggler.—Mongoose and Snake Encounter.—Arrival at Lucknow.—The Well.—The Residency.—Graves of noble Men.

**'And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.'**

**Laurie and Staten's Hotel, Agra,
January 13th, 1882.**

WE arrived here last night at 8.30, having left Delhi in the afternoon. The railway travelling was again very slow. This may be owing to the lines being unprotected; where there is any protection, it is generally by banks of aloes or cactus. The scenery was again as flat as possible, and we passed through dry mud flats, covered with knobs of dry short grass and by mud villages, nearly hidden in deep foliage. Can happiness or contentment be known in those simple homesteads? Generally speaking, the land looked well irrigated and astonishingly fertile, with fine crops of sugar-cane, wheat, and barley, and great fields of mustard, gorgeous in its yellow flowers. Here and there we saw Indians, unclothed, working at the

crops. Of course we always have the steady blazing sun, unclouded in his course from earliest morn till it sinks exhausted from a nature which it has parched with its biting heat. The travelling is *very* dusty, but one has to put up with it, and, after a certain amount, it matters not whether it is an inch deep in the carriage or only a quarter; and then these saloon carriages have lavatories attached, which are a great comfort. The railway stations all along the line are very interesting, for, besides the native life in them, the flowers are most gorgeous. The Bougainvillea and Hibiscus are ablaze in red bloom; and, amongst other things, we notice that instead of the old station bell, they have a piece of railway rail, about three feet long, suspended by a piece of wire; this, when hit, clangs in a very effective way, and is sounded always before the train starts.

We find this hotel the most comfortable one we have yet been in, in India; but they are all poor, and one has to put up with much discomfort. We take our own bedding—that is to say, our quilts and pillows—sheets one may dream *of*, but *on* them, certainly not. For ten months in the year bedding is unnecessary, on account of the heat; but now it is very necessary, and the traveller himself has to provide it. All the hotels are infested by jewellers and other native tradesmen, who think nothing of waiting all day long on the chance of doing business with us. The hotels, like the bungalows, are only one story high, and, coolness being a most important object, they are constructed with deep verandas all round, and having fine reed blinds instead of windows. One of our rooms in

Delhi had nineteen separate and distinct entrances 'out' of it, each one accessible from the street, and as far as either security to life or property is concerned, one might as well sleep on the turnpike-road! In the bedrooms of the hotel we notice a request, often seen before, and which naturally excites our blood to boiling-heat. It is actually a request 'not to strike the servants,' but to report to the proprietor any misconduct, etc. It is simply insulting to any but a low ruffianly coward to have to read this; but the savage, uncontrollable beast who degrades himself so low as to knock the poor meek people about, deserves himself a taste of the cat.

Agra, January 16th, 1882.

We have seen the Taj, the most beautiful tomb on earth, the most ethereal-looking building in the world, built to a stainless woman, in stainless, everlasting marble. There is a feeling of the most sublime peace and rest in its towering domes of pearly white; and it is so beautiful that one submits at once to the soft chains and gentle bondage which silently steal over one; criticism being as idle and out of place as the microscope would be out of place near it. Before its soft majesty and almost supernatural sublimity there is no place but for admiration. It is difficult to believe that it belongs to earth, and that one is not dreaming—it is so lovely, so white and pure, dazzling like driven snow in this long reign of sun. Is the world behind us with its rough ways, its tears and wearisome burdens? And are THESE the shining gleaming portals of a celestial home and heavenly rest?

Spellbound and in silence we look upon it, dazed, for we now know that in beauty and grandeur it is the most stupendous result of man's dreaming that the world can show, and the most perfect suggestion on earth of those 'mansions not made with hands.' It testifies more to his power over the unseen and of his ability to seize upon the infinity of spiritual beauty, than any sight on earth. It seems unsubstantial as a vision; yet a vision 'sensible to feeling as to sight,' and from whose snowy bosom there comes, floating on the downy wings of silence, a message of gentle peace, a solemn harmony which makes all nature round it drowsy. If stones ever breathed forth sermons, these spotless ones of the Taj do.

One can neither describe its splendours nor one's sensations as one silently beholds it. Every part of it, inside and out, is wrought with the most consummate art, and carved as stone was never carved before, and its interior inlaid most richly with precious stones in exquisitely beautiful devices: Rajputana furnished the marble and red sandstone, diamonds and jaspers came from the Punjaub, cornelians and agates from Thibet, coral from Arabia, sapphires and lapis-lazuli from Ceylon. It reposes on the banks of the Jumna, in a large and beautiful garden full of Eastern flowers, bright-foliaged trees, and sombre cypresses—everything to make the wondrous white of the marble more vivid. It was built by Shah Jehan, in honour of his favourite wife, not much more than two hundred years ago, costing nearly £3,000,000, and is said to have taken 20,000 men seventeen years to complete.

It first bursts upon our astonished eyes as we pass

under a splendid arch of dark red stone; a fitting frame for what we see farther on; an avenue of dark cypresses and other trees appears before us, and down its centre a long white marble tank with rows of fountains in it. At the end of this avenue of mingling foliage is seen the majestic entrance of the Taj, and its centre dome of pearly white, rising high into the blue sky, and all reflected in the water at our feet. If India had nothing else, this alone would be worth making a pilgrimage to, from any part of the world.

Walking at the side of this tank we come to the terraces of white marble on which the Taj rests, and a world of white is before us. The majestic doorway confronts us, set round with texts from the Koran, in Persian characters. Entering with awe and reverence this shrine of art, we find ourselves in a soft opal light, which seems as palpable as the white marble, which gives it life, seems impalpable. We see the polished walls of fleckless marble rise high, ending in a superb vaulted dome; and before us, on a platform in the centre of the flooring, rests the tomb, inlaid in exquisite mosaic. All is the sublimest type of beauty one can see, and nothing can the world show to wondering eyes so beautiful.

After tarrying long we leave the interior, drunk with its beauty. We have seen where lies the woman who has received a more glorious sepulture than has fallen to the lot of any human being before in the world, and more glorious than perhaps any will have hereafter, and a building, which by its surpassing loveliness will guard

her remains to all time. It stands there also a monument of what the world could *once* do for its dead.

On leaving the interior, our guide wished us to see the view from the terrace at the top, to which we now climbed by winding stairs. From this terrace, from which rises the topmost dome, we had an unbroken view over the flat but smiling country, as far as the soft palpitating light of distance would allow us. We saw the quiet old Jumna dragging its weary course along, till it was lost in the distance; where, far away over these vast plains, its yellow waters shall mingle with those of the Ganges, and in a turbid flood go down to the ocean together, polluted with festering corpses and with the filth of millions.

This topmost dome is inhabited by countless thousands of bats, which we disturbed on entering. The inside was perfectly black with them flying round and round, and the odour from them the most perfectly offensive you can imagine. It had one point, which some might regard as a blessing—viz., its novelty; but we didn't so regard it, having as far back as Egypt ceased the attempt to classify the infinite varieties of smell we met with after leaving Europe.

In the fort at Agra there is also a perfect mosque and palace, the former being a quadrangle of superbly carved white marble, with a flooring of from eighty to one hundred yards square, all pure, stainless, and snow-white! From the palace there is a splendid view of the Taj, two miles away, lying at the side of the river. With this in sight, one can hardly get up any interest for beauties which elsewhere would not

only excite the greatest attention, but which would be sufficient to attract people from all parts of the world to see and to wonder at.

The old city of Agra is of great interest, as well as the drive through its narrow streets, choked up with people. The shops are all open to the street, each being about the size of a cell, and merchants are sitting in them cross-legged, with all their wares exposed for sale. In the upper floor of these houses and in the balconies we saw a great many women and girls. In fact, the streets and houses were thronged with life in all its varied phases.

Oh, these deepening sunsets and their afterglows, how splendid they are! and the still breathless evening air, how solemn it is! What a reign of rest is here both night and day, and how different from the continuous chilling and discomforting winds of England, so hindering to outdoor pleasures, and so destructive to the higher contemplation of nature. Here a great tranquillity and rest lie heavy on the earth, and harmony and tone give a swing and unity to nature, from whose pictures all insidious violence is kept by an unseen and skilful hand. Why do not some from our hordes of artists, who jostle and tread on one another at home, come to this new and unrivalled field, so full of poetic feeling, and abounding in a wealth of romantic and mythical sentiment?

On our way yesterday to the river, a little below the Taj, our attention was riveted to a grand subject fit for a large picture. There was the broad river coursing and eddying along between its shores of sand, and

coming from the far distance; two miles away faintly rose the massive fort and city of Agra; in the middle distance, on our left, rose the majestic Taj with her pearly domes, ethereal as a cloud, glowing in the shimmering heat. On our right, on a sandbank in the river, was the nearly picked skeleton of a Hindu, with vultures still tearing flesh from it. In the foreground was a knot of native girls, washing their superbly-coloured garments on stones at the river-side, some of them bathing, and their unconcealed figures flowing with lines of great beauty. On all this the rich sunlight fell. One of the great difficulties would be to determine how much to suppress of all these incidents and details.

We were sitting sketching by the river, where it has eaten away the bank so that it forms a steep wall of earth about thirty feet high, and just opposite to this skeleton upon which the vultures were so hard at work. These repulsive-looking creatures excited our ire. We felt a fellow-feeling for our fast-disappearing brother; every moment there was less and less of him for us to love; but when they at last deliberately selected sides, and had a 'tug of war' over his remains, the 'best out of three pulls' to decide, we gave up our work and looked on. At the third pull the 'rope' broke, and then followed a rough-and-tumble in the sand for it, for, in vulture gastronomy, it evidently was an *entrée(l)* most *recherché*. In the short scuffle which took place we were unable to see which won the greater portion of the prize; but both were satisfied for the time, for each took a walk round,

gulping down all the while most vigorously. When we saw them going at it again, our British instincts rose strong within us, and we delivered a quick fire of stones into their midst, but, of course, none hitting them—they never do. How many piles of stones bigger than the Pyramids have been thrown by human beings for every object hit! In the shallow water by this sand-bank we counted eleven immense river-tortoises with their heads just out of the water, enjoying a morning siesta. Though they were as big as cart-wheels, we hadn't better luck with them. They seemed very lazy and quite indifferent to stone-throwing, except when the fire was very hot; they would then disappear, and, when our attentions ceased, they returned. Our last endeavour to slay something was just before leaving, when we saw stalking about in the water, thirty yards away, a huge adjutant bird, dressed in light grey, with a small head and huge beak, like a pair of garden-shears, a long bald neck, and standing, I should guess, fully five feet high. The expression on its face as it caught us, red-handed, in the act of throwing at him, was most comical. It made two or three long hops and jumps, and then got on the wing, unscathed! These, and it seems everything else in India, are sacred, including even crocodiles! The Hindus kill nothing, and never even think of doing so!

What a number of wells there are throughout the land, and how picturesque they are!—how replete in art, and how soul-satisfying to an artist in all their surroundings! There is a sense of deep and quiet

drowsiness in everything, and on all is the stamp of an unnatural and joyless dignity. Life cannot be all laughter, but here there is none, and even cheerfulness has long since fled from a land which has never known it. Lethargy seems to have spread her pestiferous wings over all nature, for the leaves stand still on the trees, and the air itself is silent and heavy. How true that 'drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags!' but how, when all nature seems in so deep a rest, can man but follow in its sleepy steps? In this case, too, the proverb was a little too timid, for we only noticed one rag, and sometimes not even that!

In Jeypore is a large well which we frequently passed. It is in the middle of a dusty road, arched over with shading trees, and the ever-present dusky men and maidens and oxen at it, seem half at rest as they slowly fill their pitchers with the precious fluid, and exchange the greetings of the day. There are here studies, or rather ready-made pictures, which one might paint for ever!

Last evening, as I sat at sundown on a terrace of the Taj, overlooking a courtyard belonging to a wretched native hovel, and absorbed with the beauty of all around me, I was distracted at hearing the most piteous wailings. Immediately afterwards a poor Indian girl emerged from the hovel, evidently in the greatest distress, and weeping most bitterly, followed by three Indians, one of whom carried a brass pot full of water. The girl, as well as she could between her tears, was speaking in the most beseeching way; but she was only answered by rough handling, vehe-

ment gesticulations, and loud talking by the men. Was this poor girl ill? I wondered; and was this a native medicine-man? or was it some proceeding connected with their miserable religion? The ruffian with

COMING FROM THE WELL.

the water, now filling his hand with it, dashed it in her face with as much force as if he were trying to dash it through her, the poor girl, naked to the waist, trembling as well as crying violently. One of the

other men now brought out some straw, which was placed near the girl's feet and lighted, whilst she was bent over it so as to catch as much smoke as was possible. She now began to cry worse than ever, and sneeze and cough and choke, while more water was dashed over her. When the straw was all burnt, and the water had been all thrown at her, the third man placed over her a dry blanket, and the poor thing was then allowed to get back to her miserable den. What it all meant I cannot guess, but the incident filled me with much sadness.

In the morning we watched for some time the much more pleasant incident of a young Indian mother playing with her little baby, just in the same way as our mothers do at home; both of them were as full of joy and love and laughter as any mother and infant one could find anywhere. It was a touch of that nature which makes us all kin. The great elements of human feeling are everywhere the same, in every land and in every breast.

The parakeets here are in great numbers; they are very green, and have very red bills and legs and very red eyes. They are very inquisitive too; immediately one sits down they come about in numbers, and, after as close an inspection as they dare to make they circle round and scream with as much alarm as if one were a new sort of hawk. The little grey squirrels, too, are in great numbers everywhere; they are very funny and pretty, and so tame that we have actually touched them with our sticks while passing them in the streets. They are great thieves too.

I saw three of them, very quietly and with great slyness, creep down into a horse's nose-bag, which was hung on a small tree. I crept up, trying to catch them; but they were all out of the bag in an instant, and immediately put the tree between me and them, and though I could hear them scampering round as I ran round after them, do what I could they were always on the opposite side, and the most I could see of any of them was the occasional tip of a tail.

Wherever we go we have these noble-looking kites. They are all about the hotel now, sitting as thickly in some of the trees as the rooks do at home. Wherever we look we can always see them either soaring above or on the look-out from some trees, or very busy on the ground.

I was much struck yesterday at a little Indian lad who carried the painting materials to the Taj. On my giving him some money for his trouble he first covered his face with his hands, unable to look up undazzled at so lustrous and divine a creation as myself, and then he made several deep 'salaams' nearly to the ground; all being done with the greatest ceremony, and with a servility as humiliating to me to be the object of as it was for him to accord.

Hill's Hotel, Lucknow.
January 17th, 1882.

Our last day in Agra we spent in 'loitering about' and taking a last look at the glorious Taj. In the morning at the hotel we watched a troop of jugglers, who had come to give us a taste of their skill, con-

spicuous amongst them being a mother and her child, a soft-eyed, pretty daughter of Eve of about seventeen, who won more hearts by her soft, pleasing ways and languishing looks, than she startled our eyes with the wonderful feats of her art. Their jugglery is without doubt very wonderful, but it is an art practised from remote ages and handed down from parents to children, so that it becomes an hereditary gift. One trick which struck us the most was the mixing up of three yellow, red, and blue powders, in a little cup of water. When they were all three well mixed, the girl drank the mess off, and then washed it all down with a cup of ordinary drinking water. Presently she blew the three powders from her mouth into separate papers, each dry and unmixed with the others.

Another wonderful thing we saw was a fight between a mongoose and a snake. The mongoose is like a grey ferret (but twice or three times the size); and, in sporting parlance, having 'sparred for an opening' (the snake all the time trying to seize the mongoose with the kindly object of crushing it), it got the snake near the head, which we saw and heard crunched in its mouth. The snake then lay apparently lifeless and bloody on its back, and after a short interval, during which the snake shows no signs of life, the juggler touched it once or twice with a wand, when it soon began to revive, and after a few more passes was as lively as ever!

Many other wonderful things they did, but the girl herself was still the most attractive feature of the

show, her pleasing appearance being only marred by her having the usual blood-red mouth, from chewing the betel-nut, as almost all the people here do. A silver bangle was presented to her and placed on her wrist by one of our friends, who was greatly touched by her charms; but, like her white sisters in the West, she was unsatisfied, and pointed with pleading eyes to her other pretty arm, on which was—nothing! Whether her coaxing led to anything we knew not, for overcome with sadness at so much beauty having so much of unloveliness behind it, we left, seeking the consolation of 'tin gonics.'*

We left Agra at 6.15 last night, reaching Lucknow at 7.30 this morning, and have worked hard to-day in seeing the city, which seems more modern and with less of Indian character about it, than the native portions of the other cities we have seen. The many palaces, courts, and squares here look very white and brilliant in the sun, but there is a superficial, Brummagem look about them which we cannot get over, after having just come from the Taj; but it will always be hallowed in the memories of all by the sufferings and heroism of the small band of our besieged countrymen—and countrywomen too!—who fought the hordes of rebel sepoys, and repelled for weeks and weeks their desperate assaults.

We went to the different points of attack made on the rebel positions by our relieving columns, and saw the places which were so stubbornly fought for, and all of which were saddened by being the spot where fell

* Gin tonics, viz. gin and tonic water.

the bearer of some never-to-be-forgotten name; where blood flowed in streams like water, where rebels were butchered by our frenzied soldiers to the numbers of thousands, fighting to the last man in an enclosure from which escape was impossible. We were led from one spot to another, from one building to another, all in ruins and torn and shattered by shot and shell.

Having just read a detailed account of the relief of Lucknow on the *Ceylon*, it made everything appear very vividly before us. We could picture these courtyards in those terrible times, full of wreck of smashed brickwork, mixed with fragments of bloody clothing, rotting human bodies, and broken weapons. The shouts and yells of our soldiers, who were at their swift work with the bayonet, the sharp shriek, the quivering body, the sweltering heat of the sun on all; the corridors round the courtyard full of maddened sepoys fighting to the death, neither expecting nor wanting mercy, the air thick with stench of putrefying bodies and smoke and dust, the rattling of musketry, the deep patches of thickening crimson blood, the torn bodies with outstretched, stiffened limbs, as if death had come upon them while they were in the act of dancing.

We see a well in which after this struggle hundreds upon hundreds of sepoy bodies were thrown—the rotten, the dead, and the dying, topsy-turvy; but gorged, it couldn't take them all, so the rest were sprinkled over with earth in the corner of the enclosure yonder, their clenched hands and rigid limbs

starting from the thin covering of earth, like charred and gnarled roots of trees.

We go through miles of desolation and shattered buildings, and at last approach the Residency, which was so closely and hotly invested by the mutineers. The buildings here are all marked, as if they had had small-pox, and badly too; in many places the bullet-marks are actually confluent, being in large blotches: and we see the great holes and gaps made by the crashing shells and round-shot through the remnants of riddled and ruined walls.

The little churchyard here is overflowing with the graves of those who fell during those terrible weeks, and amongst them are the graves, too, of many of our countrywomen! We have paid our homage to-day to many graves, and have read, in simply recording words, the names of many whose names will never die. Amongst them those of Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Henry Havelock, and Major Banks. Touchingly simple is the inscription on one tomb—that of Sir Henry Lawrence—'who tried to do his duty.' We also saw the grave of the ever-memorable Hodson—he who killed with his own hand the King of Delhi's sons!

We have seen many native funerals here. One sees a little crowd of these almost naked wretches running along the streets, two of them carrying the corpse, which is shrivelled up to nothing. There is a bright red cloth over it, and the usual flowers. We were told it was being taken to the river. As they run along the streets with it they make the weirdest sounds imaginable, sounds which one can neither call singing,

crying, nor intoning, yet having a great deal of all three about them. We have given up eating fish in India; a nasty idea crossed our minds some time ago, and since then we cannot disassociate them from the incident of the lady's husband and the eels in the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'

HAIR-CUTTING.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS.

Benares.—Pilgrims.—The sacred Ganges.—Buddha.—Mosque of Emperor Aurungzebe.—Pilgrims purging themselves of their Sins.—Indian classic Models.—Burning Ghaut.—Well-to-do Priests.—Practices stopped by our Government.—Temples and Idols.—Fakirs.—Disappointment at Age of Buildings.—Streets.—Brahmin Bulls.—A terrible Fright.—Jackals.—A Martyr.—Monkey Temple.—A further Link for Darwin.

Clarke's Hotel, Benares,
January 19th, 1882.

We arrived here in this sacred city yesterday, after an eleven hours' journey from Lucknow, through a perfectly flat but marvellously fertile country all the way; splendid crops of cereals, mustard, and castor-oil, and large mango trees, being dotted all about the country.

The stations were, as usual, crowded with pilgrims going to various sacred places. It seems to us, that almost the whole passenger traffic is composed of these poor and nearly naked people; a loose cloth thrown over their shoulders, a turban, a cloth about their loins, and the never-absent brass pot for water, called the 'lotah,' seem to comprise the whole of their luggage.

The women have a little more clothing, and, in addition, huge nose-rings and ear-rings, and metal bangles half-way from their wrists to their elbows, not forgetting huge toe-rings and big heavy anklets. They carry their whole wardrobe about with them, the most important feature of which is the number of metal rings and bangles, ear, toe, and nose-rings and anklets. They are a poor, uncivilized, and degraded people, a whole family living together in one small mud room, which constitutes the house, with a bit of ragged thatch on it. The native quarters of the towns are almost always simple rows of mud rooms; but in cities like Jeypore, Agra, and Lucknow, the streets are generally very narrow, far too narrow for vehicles of any sort, and the houses are very high and the rooms like pigeon-boxes.

In the railway stations the natives are treated like flocks of sheep; they are driven into their third-class carriages; they are penned in closely together; and, like sheep, they submit uncomplainingly, always looking as if they expected blows, to which they would bow in their meek and spiritless way, if they were inflicted; but we have never seen one struck. On the other hand, we have never heard one spoken to gently; the never-to-be-mistaken note of kindness we have never heard. It is all very sad! Our people never try to gain their love, nor do they even try to understand them. It is too big and hopeless a task for our insensitive countrymen to tackle, having, as we well know, all their sympathies centred in England. At all the stations, immediately the train stops, we

hear a chorus of voices crying 'Pane, pane' (pronounced 'parnee'), and then we see as many naked, nearly fleshless arms, both of men and women, as can possibly be thrust out of the windows, holding their

A WATER-CARRIER.

little brass pots for water, which a native official fills either from a skin or from a large earthenware jar. Then follows a drinking, rinsing of mouths, and a washing of hands. This goes on at every station. The

third-class fare is less than a farthing per mile—a great boon to these poor pilgrims.

With the rising sun we were away this morning to the Ganges, to see the pilgrims bathing in its most holy waters. This surely must always be one of the great sights of the world! Away we go through the dusty streets and under the dust-laden trees; the few Hindus we see standing about do not seem to feel the sharp air nearly as keenly as we do, though they are practically naked. All nature is being illumined with a soft rosy light.

We soon reach the city, and then see the pilgrims streaming down to the river in thousands; others we meet returning, with dripping hair and looking very cold, with light drapery of the most entrancing colours loosely thrown about them. Many of these we see now going down to the river have no doubt come from homes away in the remotest parts of India. What a strength of faith is here, and how wildly their hearts are now throbbing! for have they not been waiting and longing for this day all their lives, and at last it has come! They have come with others, who every day in crowds keep pouring into this sacred city, to become purified by bathing in its sacred waters. We are told that out of a population of 300,000, half of them are pilgrims, ever shifting!

Benares is said to be the oldest known habitation of man in the world, and time and tradition have sanctified the city in the Hindu mind, down even to its very dust! It has ever been the head-quarters of his religion, even before the great reformer Buddha came amongst them,

660 years before our Christian era, when he found a form of worship, a religion woven up with caste, the most monstrous superstition and grovelling idolatry, all evolved out of the sobbing cries of an early humanity to something external to itself. All this he broke down, destroying caste, setting aside the priesthood, abolishing sacrifice and empty forms, appealing only to man's intellect and conscience, and setting up his great principle of absorption into the Deity instead of the heaven of our own religion. That religion now numbers more followers than any other in the world; but though Benares was its cradle, from which it spread all over India, and then eastward even to Japan, it has been expelled from the land which gave it birth; and Brahminism, with its disgusting practices, has once more resumed its reign.

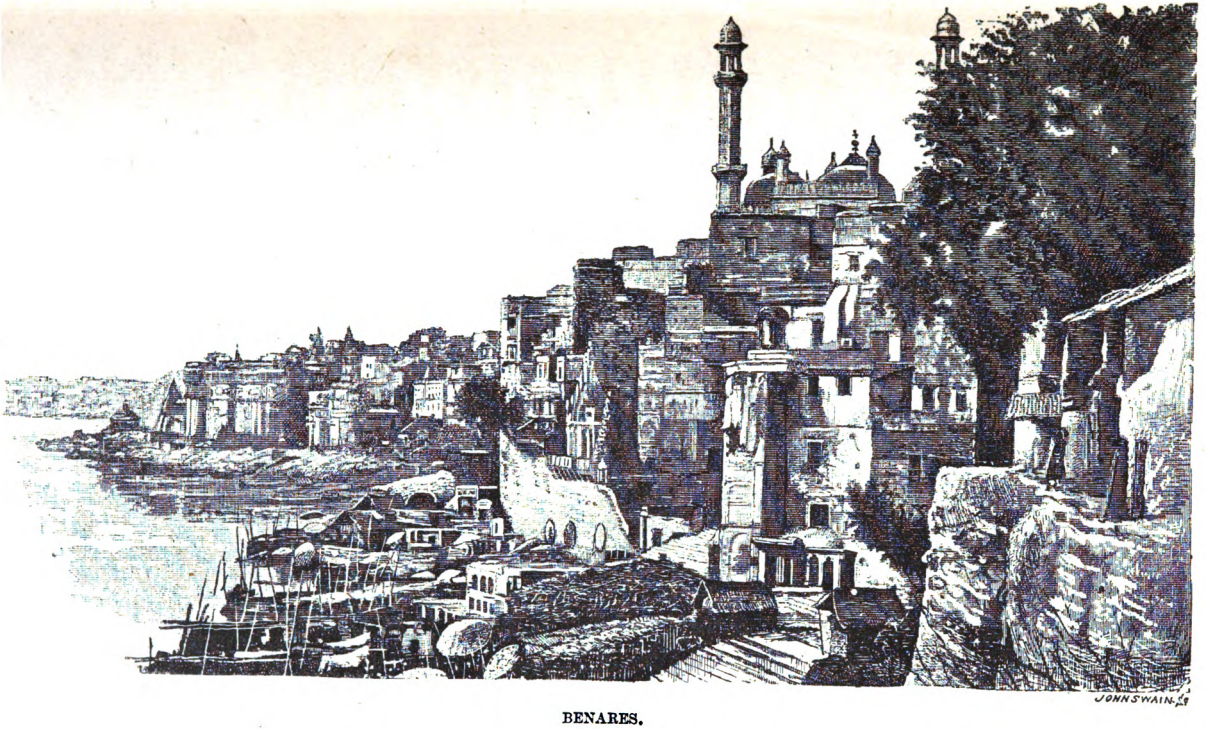
The city is alive with people streaming either from the city or to it. What faces and forms we see, and what different phases of life amongst these crowds! We leave our carriage as we near the river, and then descend the crowded flight of steps along its banks. Our guide tells us to-day is a great festival. We make our way through the dense crowd, not one single man in which evinces the slightest interest in our presence, or appears even to notice us! Here and there some fine-featured girl, who stays our admiration, may perhaps look a second time, but immediately afterwards all interest fades from her eye. What a strange trait this is in the Eastern character. One notices it everywhere.

Arrived at where the steps are washed by the river,

we take boat and are rowed up stream. We see the city stretching along its bank for miles; flights of high steps line the river, and at the top of them rise, heavenward, temples, palaces, and towers in the greatest confusion; and, in its midst, the superb mosque erected by the Emperor Aurungzebe in the seventeenth century, with its two minarets towering into the sky.

The steps down to the river look just like the grand stand on a racecourse; thronged with a crowd of people of all ages, down to even little children, pressing into its waters, as far as they can get. Rich and poor, well, ill, and dying, are either in the water or are waiting their turn on the steps to get into it to wash away their sins, to pray, and to throw in innumerable garlands of little yellow flowers. Every conceivable kind of coloured drapery is here, and in folds as beautiful as if nature herself had with her soft hand arranged it.

The morning sun was now well up, and brilliantly shining over the river (a third of a mile broad), and flooding all we looked on in a golden light. Floating down on the broad bosom of this great river, we gaze bewildered at these multitudes at their devotions, washing and drinking and throwing in their flowers as offerings to the sacred goddess whose water it is. The drapery of the women on the steps is of beautifully toned colours, dyed in simple but lovely hues, and all different. With what eager gluttony we drink in this scene at every pore of our thirsty bodies; what a luxurious feast for everyone who can see, even as a mere animal! but to those who have the gift of



BENARES.

seeing a little more, for those who have searched for light and have felt its dawn, it was a distraction and an orgie! All are bathing and washing, and wet clinging drapery clings like skin to rounded limbs, and figures, occasionally more divine than those one sees in sacred pictures—for these *live and breathe.* We have seen to-day many forms which nearly rival any of the classic models of Europe. Some remain in the water for hours together, and are wrapped in deepest thought and religious contemplation, all seeming most earnest in their devotions. Even the sparkling-eyed little children, like black Cupids, wade into the water and mutter their little prayers in the most solemn way.

We float down almost amongst them. We might be invisible, for we attract no notice; some wandering eye lights on us for an instant, but for no longer!

We pass close to a burning ghaut, where the fire still lies smouldering, having done its work; the ashes of the burnt one have now only to be thrown into the holy river, down which bloated corpses are continually passing. Fancy, if you can, bathing in such water! and when you have done fancying that, imagine the possibility of drinking it, as they actually do! We saw one big body with two grey crows sitting on it going down the stream together, the crows pulling and tearing away at it greedily. No doubt the fish have their fingers in the same pie, so we never touch the latter in any form. Philosophy may scornfully deride us for this, but we have the approval of the soft-eyed maiden, Sentiment.

Here and there, dotted about amongst the crowd on the steps, are immense umbrellas, made of matting and nearly flat; under these are the priests. They look for all the world like fat betting-men under their umbrellas at a racecourse; and they must rake in the money fast, for they seem very busy. It is work which seems to suit them, for they are (like many of their brethren all over the world) very comfortably fat and oily. When the people have finished their devotions in the river, they go to one of these priests, and have painted on their foreheads a small spot of a sticky-looking substance (colour according to caste), for which they have to pay through the nose!

Our Government has put a stop to practices which used formerly to be rife here, practices which were encouraged by the priests, and which had the full approval of their barbarous religion. From all parts of India pilgrims used to come here and drown themselves in the river. They would be tied between two large earthenware pots, and would then wade out into deep water, being kept afloat by the empty jars. These they gradually filled with water, till they sank with them from the gaze of the approving multitude on the banks. Other practices here which have been stopped by us were the burying alive of lepers, and the burning of widows with their dead husbands, or the pleasing alternative of being buried alive! Cases occasionally occur even now of fanatics, from excess of religious zeal, burying themselves alive and procuring without the slightest difficulty the services of

every man, woman, and child in their village to help them to achieve their purpose.

On leaving the boat we walked into a few of the temples (there being nearly five thousand of them in Benares). In these we saw the repulsive-looking idols covered with rice and flowers, and dripping with sacred water, all thrown on by persons coming from the river. The temples were crowded with worshippers, and the floors considerably over the soles of our boots with slush of water, rice, and trampled flowers, and the heat and smell most unpleasant. Little niches in the walls of the streets have each their hideous idols, and they too are deluged with water, rice, and flowers.

Everything here is worshipped, even pebbles from the river, the city's dust, its cows and Brahmin bulls and fakirs! We went to one temple, sacred to the Brahmin bulls, in which were many of huge size, fat, content, and greasy, garlanded with flowers, eating all day long, and having no desire to change their lot, only praying for a long life, not only for themselves, but also for the church which has done so much for them. What a time these bulls must have! We thought we saw the eyelid of one sleek old fellow droop a little as he looked at us; the next moment, thinking we could be trusted, he gave us a most tremendous and unmistakable wink, full of deepest slyness and expressing volumes.

One of the wells to which we went—the Well of Knowledge—the water of which the pilgrims drink, is nearly filled up with flowers which worshippers

have thrown in as offerings. The smell from these rotting and rotten flowers is absolutely choking in its offensiveness, and the slush about it is nearly ankle-deep! All we have seen to-day, excepting from the picturesque point of view, is pitiful and disgusting in the extreme.

We have seen here, as elsewhere in India, many 'fakirs'—our guide calls them 'holy men,' but 'blackguards' in the next breath. They live in poverty, hoping they will be compensated hereafter for their present privations; but it is said they indulge privately in the grossest licentiousness, and that they assume a sanctimonious appearance only to impose on the very credulous, chiefly of the other sex. They go about almost naked, and cover themselves with ashes and paint their bodies. They never wash, and it is said they sometimes adopt attitudes in which they remain for fifty years, besides many other displays of self-penance. One wretch we heard of who had held his arm aloft for years, with hand so rigidly clenched that his finger-nails grew out through the back of his hand!

Benares being one of the oldest, if not the oldest city in the world, we had expected to find here buildings of the very greatest antiquity; but with one exception none of them are older than the beginning of the seventeenth century. We were shown some supposed Buddhist temples, a little distance from the city, and supposed to be older than the Christian era, but they had no interest for us, because nothing reliable is known of them.

They build so badly, their materials being generally bad plaster and little thin, dark-red bricks, that it either crumbles away in three or four hundred years, or is demolished sooner by the destroying hand of man. Besides this, cities change their sites, as the rivers in these endless flats change their course. The present bed of the Ganges is part of the old site of Benares, and we can see where huge masses of architecture have fallen into the river, and where much more is ready to follow.

We spend a long time in the narrow little streets of the city, the houses on both sides towering up eight or ten stories high, and crammed full of little rooms, after the manner of a pigeon-cote. Some of the streets are so narrow as to suggest their likeness to rabbit-runs; no wheeled vehicle could pass down them; even these sacred Brahmin bulls would stick were they to attempt the feat, so they content themselves with wandering about the broader streets, few of which are over six or seven feet wide, with all the dignity of the Grand Moghul, getting out of the way of no one, and receiving a deal of homage and more of room from all, wherever they go.

They are perfectly harmless, except when one ignores their presence, and has one's corns trodden on by a hoof which seems as if it were worked by hydraulic pressure; this will teach anyone manners, and assures them plenty of room on a subsequent occasion, even if one has to flatten one's self against the wall to do it. The lazy old brutes evidently think they 'flatter' anything they tread on;

so do we, and we 'git' accordingly, as they say over the water.

We had a terrible fright here last night, but, happily, are both still alive to tell the tale. Our hotel is a little way out of the town, and in the dead of night we were startled from our sleep by the most piercing shrieks and wailings, apparently close at hand. Simultaneously we called to one another, and simultaneously we gasped out, 'Good heavens! what was that?' Murder or mutiny must be at its bloody work again, and there is nothing between us and it, but a gossamer-like reed blind. Oh for my trusty revolver now! which foolishly I had left at the bottom of a trunk on board, thinking I should not be likely to want it. How I cursed my folly! How I swore I would be strapped to it, if ever the light of another day blessed us! There they are, those piteous shrieks again, and nearer still; doubtless another poor victim going in agony to his long home! What a terrible suspense this is! then came the quickly-following thoughts of how terrible it is to die so young, so far from home! how useless a life, how much better in the future if we were only spared *this* time!

All these thoughts were stopped, as well as my straightening hair, which was by this time nearly erect, by De Bosco turning over, and in a perfect storm of muttering I only caught one word I recognised; it was that which came last, viz., '*Jackals!*' Yes; they were close to the hotel, and from the noise they made I should guess there must have been at least eleventeen thousand of them, for they make a

screaming noise most disproportionate to their size, a noise between that which cats would make were they as big as cows and the shrieks of tortured women. Every ten minutes till dawn did they awaken us in this way, and every ten minutes did De Bosco as regularly make use of language which he never learned on his mother's knee.

We met here a very pleasant Anglo-Indian member of the Church Militant, going on his way rejoicing to England after a very long residence in India. In the course of conversation we said how interesting we had found India, as well as the manners and customs of the natives, their picturesqueness, and so forth, and ending in a rhapsody at the glorious weather. He was now fairly worked up, and looking at us with a face full of the most sublime tenderness and pity, he said in a way which carried conviction with it:

'Live here for only one year, and then come and talk to me of India; the country is only fit for natives and salamanders.'

'But surely,' said we, 'the manners and customs of the people are very interesting and picturesque?'

He simply replied: 'Their manners! they have none; and their customs are beastly;' and he added: 'When I get home I will never allow the word "India" to be mentioned in my house, excepting it be always coupled with that of "pension."'

He posed rather as a martyr, but his jovial face and boisterous spirits seemed absurdly incongruous with the position he had assumed, and we felt he

could have acted more successfully the *rôle* of a Friar Tuck or any Mark Tapley character.

Amongst other strange temples in Benares is the 'Monkey Temple,' a temple dedicated as usual to our old friend 'Siva,' the god of destruction. This temple is a red building, and its architecture most fantastic, with much of nearly full-relief carving about it. It is surrounded, as well as crammed, in every conceivable place and in every conceivable position, with monkeys of all sizes, shapes, colours, lengths of tail, expression of face; general viciousness being deeply intrenched in all their sinful faces.

Before going into the temple, we buy trays full of pop-corn and native sweets of some of the priests who accompany us; but before we could get into the temple the first tray was torn out of the priest's hand by an old sinner who stole up from behind, and in another moment there was a stampede of monkeys to the spot, enabling us to get into the temple and feed a few of the better-behaved ones in comparative peace. In one of the courtyards of the temple we saw one lying dead, and were told that if anyone attempted to touch it he would be torn to pieces by all the others, and that it was only at night that it could be safely removed. One old patriarch came behind De Bosco as we were walking round, and tried to bite his leg in the most vicious way; but his British calf of iron was too massive, broad, and tight, and the old cannibal was literally unable to get a hold of anything excepting trousers, which it bit through. He couldn't understand it! His face showed he was

baffled, and that he had never met a calf like that before; but having well considered the question for about half a minute from all different points of view, he thought he would like to try again, and quietly strolling up with that object, he was received with a kick which helped him the next instant to a distance of twenty-five yards away, high up on a ledge of the roof, from which he kept up a continual chattering at us until we left.

SHAVING.

The weather each day is perfectly glorious, and I have not been bitten once since I left England by mosquito or any other living thing. This is rather extraordinary, for I am awfully punished by gnats and midges at home.

These natives seem to do nearly everything out of doors. We see them in the early morning sitting on their heels 'brushing' their teeth with their bare fingers, and some of them cooking. They also do all their shaving in the streets. In the heat and lazy time of the day, they comb and otherwise examine

each other's heads in much the same way as monkeys do; and doubtless looking for the same things, though they don't seem as clever in catching them as their quicker-fingered ancestors. It seemed to us yet another link in the chain of evidence supporting the Darwinian theory.

CHAPTER VII.

'THE DITCH.

Calcutta.—Great Disappointment at the 'City of Palaces.'—The Maidan.—Botanical Gardens.—The High Court.—Visit to a Hindu Gentleman.—Tyranny of Caste.—Chiefs, Rajas, and Poor.—Happier Future in Store.—Excursion up the River.—More burning Ghauts.—Undignified and hasty Retreat.—Visit to a country House.—Government House.—Investiture of the Nawab of Bahawulpur.—The Ceremonies.—Regret at Inability to visit the Himalayas.—Architecture.—General Remarks.—Picturesqueness.—The Hoogly.

Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta,
January 27, 1882.

We arrived here on the 22nd, after a twenty hours' journey from Benares. The railway station there is three or four miles away from the city, on the opposite side of the river. The morning was again glorious, with a thin mist veiling everything, and foretelling another baking day. We crossed the river by its long narrow bridge of boats, and many a time did we look back upon the sensuous city, half-veiled in the thin rosy mist, rising like a phantom from the broad and dirty river which swirled along at its feet. While crossing the river, we saw several fish as large as porpoises, and rolling about in a similar manner on

the top of the water; their food must be rich and good, for they are fat and lazy. For the last time here we see death in all its swollen hideousness, floating down with the ever busy crows upon it.

We again travelled through a perfectly flat country, but green with crops all the way. At all the stations we were able to get delicious oranges and bananas, which we never tire of. We have offered numberless different things to the natives to eat, and even to the little children, but they all refuse, their religion preventing their accepting anything we have touched, *excepting money*, and the quantity they are willing to take of this more than makes up for everything else they refuse.

For some inscrutable reason, this place is called the 'City of Palaces.' Those who come here, either by land or water, instantly perceive they are the victims of a cruel joke; cruel, because they have to travel 6,000 miles before discovering it. 'Tis hard to be obliged to travel in order to disprove nearly all one has implicity believed since one's earliest childhood, but so it is—and to an extent which is simply astonishing. How this place could have earned an appellation so exceedingly wide of the mark is nothing more nor less than astounding! It must have been either a joke perpetrated in some drunken orgie, or else satire of the most malicious and venomous description; but whichever it was, there will assuredly be a bitter reckoning some day for those who took its true name in vain, viz. 'The Ditch,' as all honest men know it by.

We are getting accustomed to this sort of thing now, and the joke is getting played out, for it has so often occurred before; formerly we used to set our teeth and swear a revenge, but after a score or two of similar instances we became calmer, and now only significantly look at one another with faces full of pity for our erring brethren. Setting out from home full of bubbling joy, we begin to compare books and words with facts, and disappointment after disappointment meets us. The sad truth flashes upon us that in seeing the world as it is, we travel to be 'disillusioned,' and our interest and pleasure are mainly derived from quite unexpected sources. The innate malice of mankind in the shape of books of travel and guide-books has hit us hard enough, goodness knows! but when we find ourselves belonging to the same race which not only tolerates Calcutta being called the 'City of Palaces,' but actually perpetuates the deceit, we feel too simple and childlike to live longer among them, and are even glad that we are so soon to leave and seek a new nationality in a more honest race, possibly that of the heathen Chinee!

If Calcutta is to be called anything but plain Calcutta, let it be 'The Ditch,' in the name of honesty. Its smells are a disgrace to it: they are abominable even in the best portions of the city, and worse in this respect than any of the native towns we have been in. The native portions of the city are far less interesting than any of the other towns we have seen, and the people dirtier, and from their constant contact with

Europeans, they seem to have lost a great deal of their native character, and to have got nothing in its place.

There is nothing to do in the town and nothing to see; no shade anywhere, and an hotel with as much discomfort, bustle and noise as there is in a large railway station. Between the river and the front of the city is a park, almost treeless, called the Maidan: this is the Rotten Row of Calcutta; and here, in crowds of carriages which are driven round in the late afternoon, we see many bonny English girls with the same rosy cheeks they have at home, as well as the blackest of Indians: the wealthier of the latter seem to be successful in outdoing the Europeans in the elegance and size of their equipages, and not only must they sit higher than we do, but their turbaned servants also, who stand behind, towering above those of the English residents.

The Botanical Gardens, a little way down the river, are most extensive, and full of the wonders of a tropical vegetation growing in the most exuberant way. There is here the celebrated banyan-tree, which measures 300 yards, round the tips of its branches.

In the High Court here I found myself at once amongst a number of barrister friends, many of them being Hindús, whom I had known while they were qualifying for the Bar in London. The building is a very fine one, and in the centre having an oblong quadrangle filled with the vivid colours of many tropical plants and bright with sunshine. Never did

the precincts of law look less dingy or more attractive!

I heard many stories of the immense fees raked in by barristers here during those long wrangling suits, which the rich natives seem to revel in so much. In one suit in the country the fees were so enormous and heavy that the lucky barrister had literally to carry away in a cart the sacks of silver rupees with which he was paid.

We were invited to the house of a Hindu gentleman having one of the first practices at the bar here, a house furnished in English style throughout, and standing in a large garden full of palms, roses and other flowers. The drawing-room, which had no doubt been vacated by the ladies of the family in order that we might see it, was precisely like a London one, even down to its open fireplace. It was impossible to see the ladies, for 'caste' insists upon their being shut up and screened from gaze; but though we could not see them, they showed their kindly womanly feeling by making for us with their own hands some most delicious sweetmeats. Nor were we more successful in seeing the wife and children of our friend Mr. Kishori; although at one time it was nearly arranged that we should have an interview, but at the last moment he seemed to quail before the enormity of what he was doing, and it fell through. As an instance of the awful tyranny of caste, he told us he had never even seen his younger brother's wife, though living within a stone's-throw of him, because it was contrary to the Indian custom. He also told us that his aged mother,

left a widow twenty-two years ago, had never been outside her house since; that she had never spoken to any living soul out of it; that she fasts entirely for twenty-four hours, *twice in each month*, not even wetting her lips with water; that she has no enjoyments—sees no one while she lives nor while she dies—never tastes animal food—is not even allowed to wear ornaments! These are a few of the pleasing alternatives to being burned alive on the funeral pyre of her husband.

Indian women are cruelly oppressed from their birth; down-trodden to the position of mere animals by a tyrant custom, the inheritance of a dark past; obedient and even cringing to the stronger animal, for they have had all spirit crushed out of them ever since their country was peopled. Violence they are not subjected to, as many of our English wives are, nor are they kicked about with hob-nailed boots. Brutal savagery is not a sin of the poor Hindu. However bad his other ones may be, he acts up to an Indian proverb, so gentle that other nations might well feel envious of India for possessing it, 'Strike not even with a blossom a wife, however guilty.' We have heard violence as well as other infamies laid to the charge of the chiefs and rajahs, but not to the poor; the former seem to be a great curse upon their country, knowing neither pity nor forbearance, justice nor mercy; who practise openly before their people every depravity, and whose whole lives are an outrage on elementary morals; in their bloated grossness knowing only dishonour, falsehood and superstition, and being ignorant of any other use

their power should be put to than the gratification of their filthy lust.

For the higher class of the people there seems at last to be the dawn of a happier future, for now there are not only societies existing for educating the women, but the children are receiving liberal educations throughout the length and breadth of the land, and are not in all cases—notably in that of Mr. Kishori's children—betrothed in their infancy: one of the curses of the land!

We accompanied our friend Mr. Kishori on an excursion up the river, which is here over half a mile broad, and crowded with shipping and native boats of the most extraordinary shapes imaginable. On our way up we came across a number of women bathing, amongst whom were some old hags, their skin on their shrivelled-up bodies being not in wrinkles, but absolutely in folds.

We stopped at a burning ghaut, a plain open building on the river, in which three bodies were frizzling away. Three other corpses were lying on the ground, having just been brought in; one of a tall, well-nourished Hindu, and having died only one hour before, was consequently still warm! We saw the pyre built up, small wood being first placed on the ground, and over this logs about five feet long, with other logs of about three feet long being laid crosswise. The pyre was built up in this way to about three feet high; the still limp, naked body was then pulled on the top, the legs being bent at the knees and packed with the feet against the thighs, as only a Hindu's legs could be

bent; he was then covered with logs to another two feet.

While we were contemplating these preparations Mr. Kishori, perfectly horrified, turned to us and whispered:

'Fancy, my old mother will be treated like this one of these days! It must be done, but isn't it horrible?'

Immediately after this he thought fit to ask of what these people had died. When he was told, he turned to us with a scared face and gasped out, 'Cholera.' We had immediately seen enough, and our curiosity to see more was fully satisfied. I won't say that any of us left that building with a haste unbecoming the dignity and courage of Britons; I simply state as a fact, that I personally found it more convenient to fall down a long flight of stone steps to our boat than to walk down them. I certainly reached our boat quicker that way than my friends did by walking down in the more usual and dignified way.

The next two miles of our journey up river was pursued in absolute silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. What we had seen was most ghastly, terrible and shocking, and in none but a barbarous country could cremation exist in this form.

When we got away from the city we passed many pleasant-looking houses, with their gardens running down to the river, and full of fine palm-trees and a rich and splendid vegetation; but none of the gardens were kept as they should be, according to our ideas of neatness.

Our destination was the country house of a Hindu gentleman, standing in a large garden full of graceful palms, banana and mango trees. We were brought green but full-grown cocoa-nuts, just gathered from the trees; a native servant pared the thick rind away, and then with a chopper cut away the top of the shell, which was full of beautiful milk as clear as water, and which we found deliciously cool and refreshing.

In the garden we noticed almost all our home-flowers, the names of which the gardener knew, though unable to speak any other English. We were given some very tastefully-arranged bouquets here, and after a pleasant rest drove to the hotel, a distance of six miles, through mud villages and past jute manufactories and through a low, swampy country covered thickly with trees and jungle. In the villages we passed through, we saw much kite-flying going on, a pastime in which both young and old seemed equally eager. A 'feature' which the kites lacked were 'tails.'

In the evening we attended at Government House the ceremony of the investiture of His Highness Rukn-ud-Daula, Nasrat Jang, Hafiz-ul-Mulk, Mukhlis-ud-Daula, Nawab Sadik Muhammad Khan Bahadur, Nawab of Bahawulpur, etc., etc., with the honourable insignia of the First Class of the most exalted Order of the Star of India.

This took place in the throne-room, the Viceroy being clothed in gorgeous apparel on a daïs at the end of the room, which was crowded, excepting a

passage through the suite of rooms up to the daïs, with brilliant dresses and rich uniforms and many native chiefs in a blaze of costume and precious stones, some of which were of enormous size. There were the usual processions of maces and spears, knights and banners, and reverences to the Viceroy. Soon after two junior knights withdrew in order to conduct his Highness the Nawab into the presence of the Viceroy. We then hear the clanging trumpets speaking forth a grand march, and then come more processions of spears and maces, and his Highness makes his appearance under his furled banner, borne by an officer, and looking a most pitiable object of terror; lastly come pages and attendants, and "alarums and excursions." As his Highness approaches the daïs a guard of honour presents arms, and all rise from their seats. His Highness, who can hardly stagger along from either the effects of the enormous turban he wears or something else, which he might have thought necessary to take to sustain him through the trying ordeal, looks very ill at ease; he is conducted trembling to the daïs, where, to make him feel more at home and cooler, he is clothed in the mantle of the Order and a riband and badge. He then endeavours to make a reverence to the Viceroy, who returns the gracious act by investing him with the collar of the Order, and admonishes him in the following words:

'In the name of the Queen and Empress of India, and by her Majesty's command, I hereby invest you with the honourable insignia of the Star of India, of which most exalted Order her Majesty has been

graciously pleased to appoint you to be a Knight Grand Commander.'

He then makes another reverence; his huge turban is rapidly sinking over his face, and there seems to be a general collapse supervening, when in the nick of time he is led to a seat, his banner being unfurled and arms again presented, and his full titles proclaimed aloud by the secretary of the Order.

There were investitures of minor Orders after this, but none of them attended with so much splendid ceremony. At times grotesque mistakes were made, and in backing out of the throne-room there was manifested a great tendency to back amongst the audience and spectators, which naturally gave rise to some commotion. The one great effect of the ceremonial seemed to be the reduction of the chief objects of it to a state of terror pretty nearly bordering on unconsciousness.

At a reception held afterwards, we had ample time to study the magnificent dresses and turbans of some of the natives, many of them laden with enormous and glittering gems, but the bright and beautiful peach-blossom complexions of our ladies outshone all their jewels in loveliness. We had heard that after a short residence here our English girls wither on the stalk, and that the roses leave their cheeks to make way for the pale and sickly lily; but no complexions, either in town or country at home, could have been more radiant and rosy than were a great many we saw here.

We have been sadly disappointed with many things in India, and regret that we have not sufficient time to see the Himalayas from Darjeeling, a sight which everyone says, and which we also believe, is magnificent. From Darjeeling, which is itself several thousand feet up, can be seen the grandest peaks in the world, viz., Kinchinginga, 28,156 feet, and Mount Everest, which is 29,002 feet, *the highest land in the world.*

But after numerous delays, the *Ceylon* leaves tomorrow, and we have consequently been simply killing time, and fretting for the last four or five days, during which time, had we known it, we might have been in the Himalayas.

Generally speaking, India seems to have little between the highest and finest mountains in the world, and the flattest of flat land—all our journeyings being over the latter, which forms almost the entirety of the country. This is one thing we did not know before. Another is the miserable, cringing, shrivelled-up, and poverty-stricken humanity, with its grossly superstitious and childish religion, full of mysticism, and the disgusting forms of idolatry, and the filth and smells connected with it. Another thing —with a few notable exceptions—are the buildings and ruins from which we had expected so much, few of them being as much as 300 years old, though the cities we have been through are the oldest in India. No doubt there are here and there, at wide intervals, old Buddhist temples, and other remains of an antiquity so great that no one can even dare to guess

their chronology; but as events, even a few centuries back, are lost in the obscurity of fable, they must always lack, that which lends to everything so great an interest and enchantment, viz., historical association. The most remarkable feature in connection with their architecture is the impression, which is forced upon one, of the patient labour which has been bestowed on it, and the rich, exquisite and delicate finish which is its result; in this they perhaps outrival even the most perfect productions of Europe. Their elaborate marble lattice-work, carved with astonishing delicacy and beauty, and which forms so prominent a feature in all their great buildings, is, without doubt, unrivalled in the world.

The bright side of the picture is, at this time of the year, a climate for weeks and weeks like an unclouded English summer's day; a sunlight, intense, rich and mellow, and more glorious than the eyes of the Western world have ever looked upon—so different from the pale thin light we get in our chill and foggy clime, which looks more like the moonlight than sunlight! The day, from the first streaks of its tenderest light till the soft night again hushes all to rest, is as a song of praise. Darkness flies before its joyous light to the far-off west, and now the golden path of day is ablaze with glory as He comes again to shower his blessings on thankless man! In orient majesty he sails into the air—no thievish clouds are here to intercept the gifts he scatters on his course; his gold lingers on the smiling waving crops, and they, with all nature, have drunk to their full his ripening breath.

His course is now nigh run, and he floods the landscape with his last and deepest glories, and scatters in his wake the lingering watch-fires in the sky, to check the hastening gloom; and as they wane, the night steals on, and once more all is wrapt in solemn rest.

Then how picturesque, too, is all around us—the entrancing colours of the costumes, the beautiful birds, the flowers, the fruits, the novelty of all nature! Our memory lingers over the snowy masses of the Taj, and other splendid tombs and mosques, seeming to melt away in the tremulous air; the magnificent effects of light and shade, and the pictures constantly forcing themselves upon us, wherever we go—wherever we look—the romantic traditions and the indolent *sensuous* feeling, which enriches everything, and the stamp of a past which still lives in the present, and which overwhelms all in its vastness. All this must convey a deep and lasting impression upon all.

For artists who can paint sunlight and figures, India has a field simply unrivalled; it abounds in mystical and imaginative tradition, and it has never yet been painted!—its picturesqueness consequently is to the people of England as a rolled scroll.

Those who feel the sea's motion need fear nothing for any time from November to April—the Eastern seas may be said to be always calm, generally absolutely unruffled, and the voyage, which is seventeen or eighteen days by Brindisi, is, for the worst of sailors, thoroughly enjoyable. Cloudless skies, soft balmy breezes, a blue and rippling sea, are what one

enjoys, instead of an English winter with an atmosphere of fog and smuts, leaden skies and rain, with an occasional glimpse of a sickly sun, which neither gives us cheerfulness nor warmth.

Our ship is anchored in the middle of the river, opposite the fort, and surrounded by a great deal of shipping and the usual low-lying country. The fogs at night, both on the river and on shore, are very bad, and everything in the morning is dripping wet; even in the hotel it makes our clothes very clammy and uncomfortable to put on. The kites are in great numbers on the ship, having quite taken possession of our rigging; when kitchen-refuse is thrown overboard, there is the greatest activity amongst them, and without in the least stopping themselves in their grand swoop, they carry off their prize from the water in their talons. At night the mosquitoes are most troublesome, many of our pilgrims being sorely (or, to speak more accurately, 'itchingly') bitten by them; they and the jackalls, which seem to scavenger all the towns in India, and whose hideous howling and crying is heard throughout the night even here, in the centre of the city, claim the night as their own.

S.S. *Ceylon*, Mouth of the Hooghly,
Jan. 28, 1882.

We left Calcutta early this morning, and have now reached the mouth of the dirty old river, about 200 miles down. The navigation is very difficult, as the waters are so tortuous and shallow, and the current and channel so swift and changing; consequently it takes

many years before one can become an efficient pilot here, but the prize is worth waiting for, for these Hooghly pilots are most important men, judging from their pay, their swagger and their dress. No doubt they deserve to be well paid, for their work is most anxious, as the same channel can never be relied upon for more than a short time, on account of the sands, which are ever shifting. Lucky is the traveller who can get down this river without having to listen to their history, and without having their lives from their earliest childhood laid bare before him by some one on board.

To-day has been very hot, and we have not been able to have our usual baths, on account of the river-water being filthier, if possible, than the Thames at London Bridge. Some one on board said it looked 'as dry as it was wet,' for it was so thick with dirt. It provided, however, the most enormous prawns for our tiffin-table to-day; many of them must have been from eight to ten inches long. We are told, and repeat it for what it is worth, that at Madras prawns have been caught weighing over 2 lbs. each. The river, soon after leaving Calcutta, becomes gradually wider and wider, till at last the low land, fringed with its palms and other trees, can only just be seen in the hazy distance on either side of the ship. Our pilot is now leaving, and we have a five days' sail before us to Penang.

This is the last that we shall see of India—the home of the sun. As it fades over the water, in the gloom of night, the visions of its glorious mosques and palaces

and tombs, its vast and sensuous past, its bygone glory, its glittering wealth and squalid poverty, pass like phantoms through the memory, and for the last time we recall those appropriate lines:

> 'Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all except their sun is set.'

May it not be so!

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR POSSESSIONS IN FURTHER INDIA.

Voyage to Penang.—Snakes.—Porpoises.—Flying-fish.—How we spend our Time at Sea.—A novel Answer and a good Excuse.—Our first Disagreement on Board.—Unanimity against the obstinate Crowd.—Penang.—First Sight of Junks. — Marvellous Vegetation. — Waterfall. — First Tropical Shower?—An irascible Landlady.—A good Example.—Our Sportsmen.—Down the Straits to Singapore.—Divers.—Mosquitoes.—A 'Dutch Wife.'—A Glorious Victory.—Fish and Fruit Markets.—Chinese Servants.—Malay and Hindu Theatres.—Government House.—Invitation from the Maharajah of Johore.—Jinrickishaws.—Tiffin on Board.—The Maharajah and our Guests.—Leave for Manila.—Introduced to the North-East Monsoon.—Fish Spawn or Seaweed? Entrance to the Bay of Manila.—Unnecessary Precautions. —Red Tapeism.

S.S. *Ceylon*,
Feb. 2, 1882.

WE are now nearing Penang, and as it is just possible to catch a homeward-bound mail, we will send you a few lines. The weather is again the most wonderful thing to have to record. Unruffled tranquillity since leaving Calcutta, calm clear skies, a glorious sun, a gentle breeze, and a feeling of eternal summer about the air. Yesterday, in the evening, it was a little too

hot, being 90° in the cabins, but still it did not feel very oppressive.

You can know nothing of these seas; they are so unlike ours. At this time of the year gentle northerly breezes blow for weeks and weeks as regularly as each day comes round, and the seas are either glassy, or have a little ripple in which a Thames canoe would be perfectly safe. The old ship is consequently without perceptible motion, although gliding along, with all our cabin ports wide open, at about twelve miles an hour; and happiness is hardly the word for the state of bliss one is in—one is at peace with all the world, blesses it, and rolls one's eyes about in gratitude and religious ecstasy. That is as near our state as possible. We can do nothing but wander about, constantly looking at sky and water, and thinking of London slush and fog. It is difficult to read, or even talk, for the attempt to do either destroys one's languid, dreamy consciousness. Occasionally we see old turtles with their heads out of the water quietly dreaming away their lives, and possibly of their eating "fat and greasy" aldermen. We also see snakes, striped ones, lying on the top of the water; porpoises, too, have been playing under our bows and keeping just in front for a mile or two. Flying-fish are always scuttling away from the ship, sometimes getting up in flocks and flying close over the water for four or five hundred yards.

Our day begins about seven, when there is the usual rush for the baths, of which there are five; and though the water is nearly tepid, it is still a great delight. Then breakfast at nine, then smoking and

lolling about till one; then 'tiffin' (called in olden times 'luncheon'), then more lolling and smoking; then watching the splendours of the setting sun, its fading glories, and the approaching night, with all its tenderness and peace. After dinner at six we are again on deck, and cigars are smoked to the music of our band, which is really an excellent one.

We are having a fine old moon up aloft, which infuses everyone, down to even our leather-skinned sailors, with a kind of Billingsgate poetry. All canvas is set, and we are steaming as well, so we have got over a deal of sea in the last five days. After the music is over we have a game at whist, and drink light, big drinks till about twelve. One day glides into another so quickly and pleasantly, that no one seems to care when we arrive at Penang.

We are now rapidly losing the North Star, and as we have been meeting the sun since we left England, we are now almost six hours before you; so when we are retiring to our cabins at twelve, you are thinking about dressing for dinner. The ship is very delightfully empty, and many of us have two cabins, which together are enough for anyone's wants. One or two of the pilgrims don't talk so much as they might do with their fellow-passengers; and an intimate friend of theirs on board being asked by a lady why this was, is said to have replied, 'Well, you see, they are only going as far as San Francisco.'

This, for some time afterwards, was the answer to nearly everything.

'Will you take a little more pine?'

'No, thank you, I haven't time; I'm getting off at 'Frisco.'

We are now passing some islands about five miles away, thickly wooded to the sea, and see the old palms against the sky-line. The sea all the way down here has been a most lovely blue—a whitish sort of blue, not a deep clear one; but here we are getting into shallower water, and the colour is getting a sort of olive-green.

You can't think how glad we were to get away from Calcutta, with its clammy heat and fearful smells.

It has been suggested to leave out Shanghai from our tour, and to spend the four extra days to which we would be entitled in Japan. Before this could be done it was necessary that there should be absolute unanimity amongst the passengers. All but one solitary individual agreed—one it would be thought the last on board to thwart the wishes of the other thirty-five, and as *he* no doubt thought, 'obstinate,' passengers. Grand and important in his isolation, he refused, and it was only after a considerable time that a compromise was arranged by which two of the four days are to be added to our stay in Hongkong, and the remaining two in Japan! The grand opportunity was therefore missed of his taking the ship, passengers and crew for a five days' cruise on his own account, and to a place where few of us wanted to go.

By far the most interesting of Chinese towns is Canton, and that we shall see by running up the river to it from Hongkong. Shanghai is simply a modern European town, with a flat country all round, very

pleasant society, and good shooting in the neighbourhood, and we should have to fight every inch of the way there through a heavy head sea and a cold N.E. wind.

There are many more high islands on our port-beam about five miles off.

Penang, Feb. 4.

We arrived here a little before midnight on the 2nd, and early this morning found our ship anchored in glassy water, in a beautiful harbour, opposite this clean, low-lying town, looking very white in the morning sun, with hazy, pearly hills rising to a height of 2,500 feet behind it. There are many strange-looking ships in the harbour, and one or two Chinese junks, the first we have seen!

How difficult it is in looking towards the town to give an impression of the beautiful tone of colour that one sees, beyond saying that it is 'opalesque.' What language on earth *has* words which will describe any but the rawest and primitive colours? and how powerless one is, except by a combination of vague words, to even suggest the more subtle colours with which Nature clothes all her objects, particularly when distance allows her atmosphere to step in and to veil all with her mystery and poetry! Here sky, water, and land are all in different degrees and strengths of opal colour, with a flash of a warm, creamy white light, where the town is. Alongside our ship is a host of native boats of the rudest make, full of bananas, pomeloes, pine-apples, and other rich-coloured fruits.

Malays and Hindus are in the boats, and they are very naked, and very black, and very quiet and lazy. As soon as we get ashore we find ourselves in a land more tropical than anything we have seen before, more so even than the West Indies.

Penang is a small island close to the mainland, and thickly wooded at the water's edge with cocoa-nut palms; farther on with all sorts of tropical vegetation growing densely and luxuriantly to the top of the island, about 2,500 feet high. It is like a conservatory or a botanical garden on an extravagant scale—a luxuriance of vegetation marvellous. To the tops of the hills is the densest foliage imaginable, palm-trees of almost every different variety, some of them with leaves fully twenty-five feet long. Amongst the now-familiar cocoa-nut palms, bamboo and banana-trees, we notice the traveller's palm, spreading its flat leaves, and looking like a gigantic fan. Flitting about almost everywhere are butterflies as large as small bats, and having a similar flight. The tender little sensitive plant, as well as our hot-house flowers and orchids, are all around us—and an intense tropical sunlight in which we revel. It is the winter here which 'unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,' for flowers are everywhere. We notice in full bloom the ixora, hibiscus, allamanda, lantana, plumbago, eucharis, lilies, and such ferns! Amongst others the Adiantum longissimum, with fronds many feet long.

We are close on the equator now, and life has been gradually getting serious for many for some days back, but I like it. Everything is new, so imagine one's

delight—sky, sea, tropical vegetation, men and women, animal and vegetable life of nearly every kind, new! We drove to a most beautiful waterfall at Penang, through splendid groves of cocoa-nut palms in full bearing. The milk from the cocoa-nuts when green, and before the inside has well formed, is delicious; one cuts through the green rind, and when the inside is reached the milk rushes out like spring water from the earth. There is about a tumbler and a half in each nut. Beneath these groves of cocoa-nut trees are pretty little palm-thatched houses on piles, dotted about here and there, looking very picturesque.

Almost all the trees were new to us, many of them having huge leaves—nutmegs, sago palms, bread-fruit, etc. At the waterfall we had a fine view over the island and the blue hills of the mainland far away over the sea. We noticed many large trees having red flowers of the shape and size of our magnolia, and little birds flitting from flower to flower. It is useless to try to give an idea of the full meaning of a tropical country, beyond saying that one is tremendously impressed with the prodigality, vigour and ascendancy of all growing things.

We are among the heathen Chinee here, they being three to four of the population, the rest being Klings, Malays, and Hindus. The Chinamen's heads are all shaven, except the small spot where the pigtail springs from. They all do their toilet here *in the streets*, as they also do throughout India, showing their human forms divine as nearly unadorned as possible. The

black little cupids seldom have a wardrobe extending beyond a nose-ring.

The sea is still like a sheet of glass, it seems as if it were in a perpetual sleep, and one almost forgets that it is the raging beast we know at home. The heat yesterday was very great, but while we are steaming along at sea, we get as much air as we like, through the cabin port-hole, with the aid of windsails. The sky during our stay has been generally without clouds, but we had a great storm of rain yesterday, though lasting only ten minutes, when it again became clear. As a proof of how it *can* rain here, a resident told us that twenty-six inches of rain often falls in the twenty-four hours!

At one of the hotels, at which we took 'tiffin,' was an enormously stout proprietress of undoubted Dutch creation; with us she was most affable and attentive, but not long since a well-meaning and ingenuous youth took occasion to remark meekly upon the toughness of the beef he was vainly trying to eat, when, without time for either explanation or apology, she boxed his ears well and bundled him out of the hotel neck and crop, amidst a torrent of the most awful language. His hat and stick, in his hurry to get out, he left behind, and when night came on, had to send a native to remove them surreptitiously.

We have to-day a cloudy sky. Neither animal nor vegetable life could exist in places so near the line, but for the dense clouds which a beneficent nature furnishes to keep off the fierce rays of the sun; nothing could exist in this heat unless evaporation proceeded on the

largest scale. The clouds so formed are driven upward by the streams of cooler air rushing in from both sides, condensation then takes place, and rain falls very often, though up to the present time we have seen rain certainly not more than three times since leaving England.

Old Gimlet's wish that his '*too, too*' solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew is realized here, for all flesh must do it with 87° to 90° in the cabins, and 104° often enough in the summer.

In Penang, as throughout India, all the natives 'salaam' to one in passing along the streets, policemen and soldiers all saluting, as they do to officers, so there is some humility in belonging to the superior race. Approaching a crowd to watch a passing sight, a clear lane is made for one, and at a shop all natives retire till one leaves; they are not quite so cringing here, as they were in India, but still they are more than respectful. The Hindus have a small, often a large, spot of paint on their foreheads of different colours, showing the caste to which they belong, and many of the women and girls disfigure themselves very much by paint being smudged over their faces, and bangles, nose, toe, ear and ankle rings *ad lib.*, these being the first necessity of life with them.

We are told there is very good shooting near here; some of our pilgrims knowing this, and wishing to get the cream of it before it was disturbed by anyone else from the ship, quietly made their own arrangements, generally in couples, and started in the early dawn for the ground where the big game was supposed to lie so thickly. We didn't hear the number that met at the

favourite spot, nor the number that were nearly shot by the noted carelessness of one of the guns, a reputation which had been earned in a now far-off land. The day ended happily for man and beast, and nothing was shot this day bigger than a linnet, which, sitting on a bough fifteen yards away, fell to the deadly accuracy and long range of the choke-bore. This was the bag, and though small, was better than having it filled, *and a little to spare*, at one shot, as one of Dickens' great sporting characters came so near accomplishing.

Hôtel de l'Europe, Singapore,
Feb. 7, 1882.

We got in yesterday at 3 p.m., the approach to the harbour being through clusters of low-lying islands covered with all the tropical vegetation we had seen at Penang; the trees not only growing down to the water's edge, but actually growing out of the water for a long distance from the shore; these are the celebrated Mangrove Swamps. Before being anchored at the wharf, three miles from the town, we had the home letters brought us by a man in the pilot boat, and introduced by a friend as, 'Here's a policeman wants you.' The fright was soon got over as we saw the letters, which were the only registered ones sent on board, the bag for the *Ceylon* arriving soon after.

Before our anchorage was selected, up paddled about a dozen little thin and frail canoes, scooped out of a log of wood, with two boys in each clamouring for money, which, when thrown into the water, they dived after and brought up before it had got to the bottom; as quick and clever as seals, and apparently as much at home

in the water. They were in their canoes again in an instant, mastering without the least difficulty the wonderful balance required in getting in, and grinning and dripping with their canoes half-full of water, and asking (as 'Moses' says the girls do when they are kissed) for 'more.' They splashed the water out of their canoes with their feet, which they moved as quickly as if they were beating up eggs with a whisk. We came on to the town in a launch through a fine harbour filled with shipping, Chinese junks and all sorts of curiously-shaped craft and boats. Singapore is not nearly so fine as Penang, being much flatter and not nearly so profusely wooded, and is far too civilized to please us. The town is only separated from the harbour by a fine road running from one end of it to the other. On one side are good houses, hotels, and lawn-tennis grounds, and on the other is the surf beating in, sounding very pleasant and cool; but the latter it isn't, for the temperature of the water is between 82° and 85°, as shown by our last baths on board.

De Bosco is at present trying to kill the mosquitoes, which have got inside his curtains round his bed; he says there are so many inside, that it would be far less trouble to 'shut them in' and sleep on the sofa! They seem to make straight for the curtains, in which they either discover or eat a little hole, through which they then swarm, and, taking up their various positions inside, cheerfully and patiently wait for their victim, The temperature in the room is now (11 p.m.) only 82°, but it is a moist heat which makes it unpleasant. There are several lizards on the walls of the

room: they are harmless little creatures to everything but flies and other insects, which they stalk and pounce upon in the most wonderful way. Last night we had a deluge of rain, and to-day two tremendous tropical showers; it rains here without exception nearly every day, and it is nearly the same climate and temperature the whole year round, and days and nights are of equal length. It is very steamy and hot, making one feel flabby and limp, and not giving one's clothes a chance of drying day or night. Some Frenchman somewhere says, that this tropical heat is so great that clothes of any sort are insupportable. 'I make von bundle of dem, upon which I seat myself, and in a short time they are wringing wet.' In the hotels about these melting regions, what is called a 'Dutch wife' is always provided for one's nightly comfort. Don't be alarmed, it isn't what you are thinking of. My bedfellow and I very soon quarrelled, and, after a short but stormy acquaintance, I remained sole partner of the bed. A 'Dutch wife' is an elongated bolster which one places between one's two ankles and one's wrists for as much coolness as is possible; but if mine had been alive she couldn't have been more worrying. She seemed to be most awfully in the way, and as I could get no peace with her in bed, and as she was rapidly getting me out of it, I thought it better to bring matters to a crisis by a tussle and stand-up fight, which was ended in my favour by a vigorous kick, which sent her bang through the mosquito-curtains to the other side of the room. This was my first, and will be my last, experience of a Dutch

wife. The same thing went on in the other room to the war-cry of 'Bachelorhood or death.' Talking of Dutch wives reminds me that we haven't had any butter since we left Europe. We would give almost the price of a king's ransom for some good brown bread and Devonshire butter. We had once or twice in India butter made from buffalo milk, but didn't care much for it; we could easily do without it, and after the first trial did so. The stuff on the *Ceylon* is like half-melted train oil.

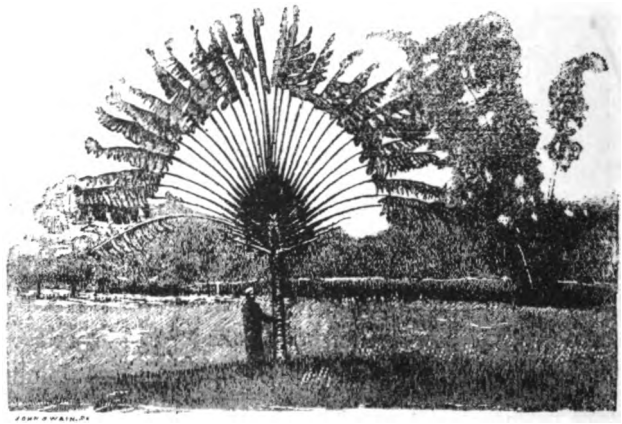
For vegetation, winter and summer are the same; when the leaves think they have been on long enough they fall off; and when fruit takes it into its head to appear and ripen, it does so.

What a privilege to have seen it all! 'The ear is near the eye,' but the difference between hearing and seeing is the difference between being dead and living. The great initial fault of the *Ceylon* is that we are torn away from these splendid places before we have done much more than see their ports, causing as great a feeling of regret in leaving so much unseen, as we derived pleasure from seeing what little we did. We have only time to wonder at and admire the marvellous vegetation. We want to see more, so that we may remember more of such a paradise. Our friends on shore, too, we are not able to see much of; and though we get many invitations, are unable either to accept them, or to offer any hospitality in return. Regrets, short meetings, and long partings pierce us all to the heart, and seem to make up a deal of this life. Pine-apples are grown here in rows,

and from a distance resemble fields of potatoes. Yesterday we inspected the markets, which were very interesting, the fish-market especially so, with all its quaint and many-coloured fish. There were the usual very large prawns, eight or ten inches long, and a thin misshapen fish which looked for all the world like the tin fish at a pantomime at home; another fish, just like an old maid we have in our county, and quite as good-looking in the face; you have seen the fish in the Aquaria at home, nearly round, and about the size and shape of a football. We also saw many cuttle-fish, and little fish like whitebait; immense cockles, some very repulsive-looking king crabs, and some small black ones; a quantity of sea-snails of a most brilliant red colour, and very lively. Nothing new to us in the fruit-market. We are told that neither the mangosteen nor durian are yet ripe; of course we are very much distressed at this, but we have oranges, bananas and pine-apples to console ourselves with. Amongst the vegetables there are many we have never seen before, but recognise a great many, including lettuces, onions, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and the bright scarlet chillies. The oranges all about these regions never change the colour of their skins, which are the same bright green colour, even when perfectly ripe.

The Chinamen, who are far superior to the other brown races here, are quietly elbowing them out of everything; they seem to be ubiquitous. It is so strange to see them at their grub, with their little basins close to their mouths in one hand, and their

chopsticks, which they so daintily and cleverly use, in the other. All the servants in the hotel are Chinamen, and half a dozen of them have come into our rooms this morning on the pretence of doing one thing or another. They are all cast in the same mould, and are consequently exactly alike. We are only able to tell it isn't the same fellow by the slight



THE TRAVELLER'S PALM.

diversity in his dress, and knowing that the same person would not be such a fool as to keep coming in half a dozen times to do what he might have done at once. The Chinaman is spoken of as being the best of servants, and is always addressed 'boy.'

We went to a Malay theatre in the evening, but it was so stupid and incomprehensible to us that we went to another one, a Hindu theatre, which was quite as bad, everything being to us so absolutely

without any meaning, that they appeared to be a pack of lunatics.

We called upon the Governor, Sir F. Weld, who very kindly drove us round all the places of interest in a four-in-hand. Government House is splendidly situated on the top of a high hill, having fine views on all sides. During our drive we saw a mass of flowers: ixora, lantana, euphorbia, hibiscus, plumbago, bleeding-heart, and immense ferns, besides smaller ones of all sorts; pines, and indigo, and vanilla. The hibiscus makes everything ablaze here. Still, we like Penang better, for there is more nature there, and still some of the old virgin forest. We have seen here the Traveller's Palm, the most wonderful of all its species, a sketch of which appears on the previous page. It has the peculiar property of collecting the dew and rain into capacious reservoirs at the base of the leaf, which, when pierced with a knife, releases the water, which spurts out in a clear fountain.

This afternoon we leave for Johore, the Maharajah having most kindly invited the passengers to a banquet, and afterwards to a ball, and to spend the following day there before leaving for Manila. He is always particularly hospitable to English people. His palace is about twenty miles from here, and is the great show-place of the district. He keeps a splendid stud of horses, plays cricket, and has just had the sailor princes from the *Bacchante* for his guests.

S.S. *Ceylon*, off Manila.
Feb. 17, 1882.

We posted letters in Singapore just before we left

on the 8th, and went to the luxury of registering them. We had a great deal of drenching rain while there, which made the heat very moist and clammy, and enervated us all so much that we were quite glad to be away again. At 2.30 on the 8th, we steamed away from Singapore for Johore, and after a very pleasant five hours' run anchored about a hundred yards from the shore, and quite close to the palace. We had the usual crowd of people bustling about the *Ceylon* before leaving, and the business done just as we were moving away was at a most furious rate; prices dropping to about half at the last—jewellery, shells, Malacca canes, etc., going very cheap. We were followed by our old friends, the men and boys of all ages, in their fleet of tiny canoes, about fourteen inches wide, hewn out of trees, diving after the coin thrown in, until we left them all behind. We were close to land all the way to Johore; nothing to be seen but overcrowded vegetation to the water's edge, a clear sky and calm sea—and enough too, for it was very lovely. After dropping anchor, we were landed by the Maharajah's steam launches, and were afterwards received very cordially by him at the entrance to a large reception-room, at the end of a flight of marble steps, over which was hung a full-length and very good portrait of Mr. Gladstone. The entire furnishing of all the rooms we saw was perfectly new, and from England—the walls being hung all round with portraits, generally life-size, of our royal family.

Johore itself is a long straggling place, built on the

margin of the straits. Its houses are almost all built on piles, and are thatched with the palm-leaf. Most of the shopkeepers are Chinese, and there is a large gambling-house opening on to the main street, always full of Chinamen. The Malays we have met up to the present are all most polite, and have the most gentle manners. We saw no murderous creases, nor did we see any of them running 'amuck' and stabbing

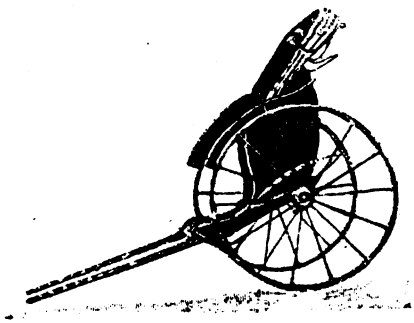
NATIVE HOUSES.

at all they meet, as one is given to understand they so often do.

The Maharajah is a very courtly hospitable man of about fifty, very loyal to our Queen, very generous, and very progressive, and very much liked by all. I was going to say 'the upper ten' of Johore were there to meet us; but there are only eleven or twelve Europeans in Johore altogether, and these were there with about twenty men, members of the Maharajah's family and suite. Our band played during the banquet, which began at 8.30 and ended at 11.30, when we were all 'crowded' with an English dinner,

and the usual good wines. What we most liked in this sumptuous repast was *paté de foies gras*, and afterwards, at dessert, mangosteens. I had seen and tasted my first mangosteen while *en route* for Johore, being whispered into a friend's cabin, and shown in silence, as one would be shown any emotional scene which tells without words its own tale, a basketful of this most delicious and spiritual-looking fruit, about the size of a small orange, with a shiny and deep claret-coloured rind. In the centre of this soft pulpy red skin, which is about half an inch thick, lie, as in a bed of rich red velvet, five segments of a creamy white colour, which fade away in the mouth more like a fragrant odour than anything having substance, leaving, instead of a stone, a kernel like a filbert, and a flavour, the reminiscence of a peach and the finest of melting pears. It is the epitome of all gastronomical delights, meeting in the subtlest harmony upon the palate!—a fragrant fleeting poem. Liking them is no acquired taste. I believe a large supply of this fruit would do people more spiritual good than all the ministers of every known religion in the world are able to do. With a bountiful supply of mangosteens, there would be neither gaols nor clergymen, for there would be no sin of any sort. I had the honour of taking down to dinner one of the half-dozen young ladies in the place, and we were all very glad when the Maharajah rose, and the dancing began; very glad indeed many were, for they danced away to a big billiard-room, still leaving about a dozen ladies to the importunate attentions of more than thirty

insatiable dancing men. After relays of pine-apples, ices and drink, and at a nod from our kindly host, we were dismissed at two to our ship and home, after a cordial hand-shaking, and seeing some of the young ladies in their jinrickishaws (a cross between a tiny hansom cab and a perambulator), with a man to draw it along instead of any other beast! Everyone was of course invited off to the *Ceylon* to tiffin next day, and everyone came! the Maharajah bringing his



JINRICKISHAW.

own viands and servants, to avoid the possibility of eating anything forbidden by his religion, for he is a strict Mahometan. Before leaving, his Highness made a present to every lady on board, and some more presents, which *of course* fell to the lot of the most forward and pushing: not the first instance I have noticed of the Christian precept, 'The first shall be last and the last,' etc., being unintelligible from a purely mundane point of view. After tiffin we had a little dance, and at 2.30 the Maharajah left us, amidst

rounds of cheers, the band playing 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' which he seemed greatly to appreciate. After this we bade adieu to our other guests, amidst cheering, 'Auld lang syne,' and all the other courtesies, which were kept up long after our guests had landed, pocket-handkerchiefs being waved from windows till we could see them no longer. We were all sorry to leave a place where we met with so much kindly hospitality. As Johore faded away, sorrow at leaving it took its place; some felt it more keenly than others, not on account only of the charming maidens left behind, who so softly bade us adieu, but because, as we cleared the land and headed N.E. for Manila, we found ourselves in the teeth of the 'expected' N.E. monsoon, with a nasty head sea, which lasted for five days and nights; and since then a long heavy swell, which turned one person on board nearly inside out, leaving him as flat and lifeless as a piece of rolled-out dough.

We have done almost 10,000 miles by water, and this is the first really unpleasant sea we have had since crossing from Dover to Calais. Since leaving Johore, we have had the same glorious weather overhead, but the air is not nearly so oppressive or moist. The whole five days and nights many were on deck, only going down for washing, dressing and meals; the ports being closed, one's cabin was like an oven, and nothing living could exist long in such a stifling heat. Sleeping on deck is no hardship in this climate, as the thermometer is always—day and night—between 85° and 80°, but feeling nothing like so high. Perfect

nights, starlit and beautiful, and a glowing dawn unchequered by clouds. These clear skies, instead of being monotonous, as the foggy old croakers in England declare they are, become each day an increasing wonder, and are enjoyed with an increasing thankfulness as each new day breaks in its serene splendour. The head wind and sea we had for the first five days after leaving Johore threw us back very much. Some days we only do 140 knots, instead of 250, as we do in fair weather; so by the time we get in, we shall have taken eight days to do the 1,271 miles.

The sole representatives of life off the *Ceylon* since we left Johore have been flying-fish; but we have passed through miles and miles of a reddish substance floating on the top of the water, which was generally supposed to be fish-spawn. But on catching some of it in a glass and examining it under a magnifying glass, it had the appearance of the finest hay seed, and De Bosco pronounced it to be disintegrated or decomposed sea-weed. We have also several times passed sea-weed looking just like the 'Gulf weed.'

There are more impossible things in heaven and earth daily happening than that we shall stay a month or two in the Sandwich Islands. They have always been the dream of our lives, and we have just had the great delight of reading Miss Bird's book on them, as well as what Lady Brassey says of them in her 'Voyage in the *Sunbeam*.' 'If there be an elysium on earth,' we feel it is there!

For the last hour we have been passing high land

on both sides of us, the entrance to the splendid bay of Manila; and for the first time for a week there is something to look at besides flying-fish, of which we have seen great numbers. There are a great number of ships beating in, many of which are English. On our right, twenty miles away, is some very high land, densely wooded; and fringing the top are some enormously high trees, their boles rising to a great height before any branches leave them. About us are a number of Yankee-built clipper ships, taking in cargoes of sugar and hemp. As soon as we come to an anchor we are boarded by the Spanish authorities, whose red-tapeism is of the most aggravating character; they make us declare all the firearms we have on board, and take possession of our ship by putting on board two diminutive soldiers apparently of the human kind, though very much like gorillas in the face, and armed with old muskets. These 'things' are to remain on board till we leave. After the authorities are given wine and cigarettes they become a little thawed, and having satisfied themselves that we have neither come to seize the island, nor spread amongst them any devastating disease, these animated bits of scum in gold lace leave the ship after a grand swagger round, and we are at last allowed to leave for the shore. The two lucky Philippines who are left have a very easy berth of it, for they do absolutely nothing but sleep and snore in our deck chairs, and were certainly never so well fed in their lives.

CHAPTER IX.

A RELIC OF A ONCE GREAT EMPIRE.

Manila.—Hospitality.—Earthquakes.—'Peña.'—A Spanish Race Meeting.—A Row!—Welchers again.—Spanish Ignorance on Racing Matters.—A Quiet Day.—Trip up the River.—Scenery.—Native Boats.—A Cock-fight.—A Disgusting Spectacle.—A Boa Constrictor.—Lizards.—Acquaintance with a Native Caterpillar.—A Paradise for Botanists.—Visit to a Cigar Manufactory.—Fish-weirs.—Plain Evidence of Earthquakes.—A Convenient Instrument.—Government of Manila.

S.S. *Ceylon*, Manila,
Feb. 20, 1882.

We have had a most enjoyable, jolly time here, and are very sorry to leave so soon. The two great national phenomena are the hospitality of the English and the earthquakes. I place the phenomenon of their hospitality first, because although there have been forty-two distinct shocks of earthquake in the last three months, their hospitality is absolutely unbounded, and their generosity, from its excess, has become a positive sin. They err on the side of too freely giving, and they have not the benefit of a clergyman on the island to tell them of their sin! Going amongst them was like going amongst one's own family after a long

absence. They made us free of their club; they gave us tiffins, dinners, and cigars *ad nauseam*. River trips, steam launches at our disposal, photographs of the place, a box at the opera, which we couldn't take away, and some boxes of cigars which we were forced to accept, and which we did take away, besides a great deal of valuable business time; and lastly a wonderfully worked hat of fibre. It was a continual battle with them who should have us, and who should do the most for us.

Manila is the capital of Luzon, an island of 60,000 square miles, belonging to Spain, and the town as seen from our ship is on a very low-lying plain, backed by blue mountains about ten miles away, with a muddy river running through its centre. The streets are good, with clean new-looking houses, a great many of which have to be rebuilt every few years on account of the earthquakes; and guess if you can what all the houses have instead of glass for their little lattice-windows—a flake of transparent shell—mother-of-pearl, which breaks the glare outside, and sheds a soft opal light through the house—so there is poetry in the world still! Another nice idea is a gauze-like fabric which they make from the fibre of the pine-apple, and which is called peña—pronounced 'peenia.' They make very beautiful dresses and pocket-handkerchiefs from it. We bought several of the former, and De Bosco many other things, including a tiny pocket-handkerchief, for which alone he gave over £9. Don't think the dresses cost us a proportionately large price, though the finest ones here cost considerably

over £100. The men of Manila wear jackets of peña, through which you can see their dusky skins as plainly as if they were only clothed in simple righteousness.

The races were going on at the time we got there, so we bustled off the ship, and three of us crammed into a little two-wheeled vehicle, about half the size of a small dogcart, and drawn by a little rat of a pony. At home this trap wouldn't have got credit for carrying one of us, but we managed to get there without accident of any kind.

We went into the enclosure, and on the grand stand, where we found ourselves amongst Spanish and English and a crowd of the better class of the natives, who seem to be a cross between the Malays and Japanese. Whenever in the East we speak of English you must read Scotch, for they are as twenty to one of us. Throw a stick out of the window, and you'll hit at least six Scotchmen.

The native ladies were dressed in very brilliant-coloured silks and satins and peña shawls. Nearly all of the old mothers of families on the grand stand were smoking big cheroots! Many of the Spanish ladies were very nice-looking, and also the half-castes, called 'Mestizos,' their head-decorations being, I think, the prettiest of any I have anywhere seen.

The racing was carried on by Manila horses, small, thick-set little fellows, as game as bantam-cocks; and the company present was a most enthusiastic one, especially outside the enclosure, where were numerous

free fights amongst the Chinese, in which their women also took a prominent part. Such a row! Umbrellas clattering on each other's heads, pig-tails flying about like streamers, followed by a heap of Chinamen on the ground, in which the principal objects seen were legs and arms, umbrellas, pig-tails, slippers and shoes, all working at a most furious rate. All this was about a dollar bet! They are the biggest gamblers and cheats possible, but this was only the old threadbare home race-course incident of the 'welcher' again. The brotherhood of blackguards is all over the world. There is 'no one so utterly desolate but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own,' even if one has to find it among the Chinese.

Great dissatisfaction was expressed by our countrymen here at the utter ignorance of racing matters displayed by the Spanish people; they are most jealous, too, of any English interference. Neither age nor sex makes the slightest difference, all untried horses being handicapped the same a month before the race is run, and this in defiance of the protests of those who know anything about such matters. The result was a procession, no two horses being together, and the race won in a canter by one of the new horses, as was well known would be the case.

After a very pleasant afternoon, and many loving cups of champagne, we dined with some of our newly-made acquaintances at the delightful club here, where we had an excellent dinner, and at about midnight were sent back to our ship with visions of enormous Manila cigars and much champagne. The next day we spent

in the same way, 'only more so.' The pace was too great, and next day being Sunday, and there being more than one 'Maniller' on board, we all determined to spend a very quiet day, which we commenced well by a trip up the muddy little river in a steam launch, to the house of our hospitable acting consul, Mr. Honey. All the way there was the richest of verdure on the banks, and at the sides of the sluggish river were masses of slender round rushes, which looked precisely similar to the dark green waving ones we have in parts of the Thames. Here and there feathery bamboos shoot up from the bank in a thick clump of light graceful stems, and spreading aloft into a cloud of willowy-like foliage, throw a grateful shade on the water; and banana trees with their huge leaves, half hiding the native huts, which are built on piles four or five feet high, and which seemingly are made of nothing but palm-leaves, their sides and high slanting roofs being thickly covered with them. We pass a great many native boats, simply hewn out of trees, and only just broad enough to sit in, though of great length, which the natives propel with their paddles at a very fair pace. It is impossible to upset them on account of an outrigged bamboo pole, which runs the length of the boat, and about a foot from it, on the top of the water. At the end of the boat is a bamboo covering, under which one has to crawl and sit, miserably cramped up, like a trussed fowl, until the destination is reached.

Feeling keenly the want of intellectual and elevating enjoyment, we took a carriage after tiffin in the blazing

tropical sun and along dusty roads, to see the Sunday afternoon pastime of the natives, cock-fighting. Whenever the dust gave us a few yards' view, we were almost certain to see a native with his fighting-cock under his arm. The birds we saw did not strike us as being very well bred, but what was deficient in this respect was more than counterbalanced by the education these misguided creatures have received from their owners, who for months previous to a match train them to what is either victory or death. It is a most disgusting institution, for apart from its cruelty, it is only a means to gambling.

There are many fighting-rings in Manila; the one we were taken to had formerly been used for bull-fights, and is a building capable of containing several thousand spectators. When we entered, there were probably three or four thousand excited gamblers, all most intent on the proceedings, women as well as men, and all smoking. We were at once conducted to what may be termed the 'saddling-ground,' a platform raised in the old arena for the use of the 'select.' Chairs being provided for us in the front, we waited a few minutes for the next match. The din in the settling of bets on the one just concluded, together with the great heat and smell from this excited crowd, was most revolting: the noise was like that of several Derby betting-rings, combined with cock-crowing ten times noisier than that of the noisiest poultry-show. Two birds with their owners are now selected from some hundreds to make up the next fight, and are brought to the platform. The details of

the way in which these poor birds are goaded to fighting is too disgusting to mention. In this case, as in most others, those who *made* the battles were *not* the ones to fight them. The fighting was as bad as bad could be, but still not so disgusting as the goading process beforehand. When the cocks were worked up to fighting pitch, the sheaths were removed from the swords attached to their spurs. This was the signal that the match was to be fought and for the spectators to make their bets, which was loudly and quickly done. At the same time the proprietor of the ring and master of the ceremonies, a wealthy Chinaman, removes the cap from one of the men, which was necessary in order to distinguish him from his opponent, for the owners and their birds are so much alike, that were this not done much confusion would arise in the settlement of the bets. The combatants are now placed opposite each other, in quite the orthodox way, their lance-like swords keeping back the crowd, who exhibit the greatest dread of them. The fight commences, the birds rising in the air and striking with lightning-speed; one comes down heavily to the ground and turns to run, but only for a few steps—he has received his death-blow, and soon expires. We remained for about half an hour after this, and must have seen half a dozen of these slaughters, one only varying from the rest from the fact of the cock refusing to fight and running away, costing his backers their bets, who then mobbed the wretched bird, and in their rage plucked it alive. We had seen more than we wanted, and were

glad to get into the open air. Outside, we saw several of the dead gladiators plucked and exposed for sale; we examined one, which had received a thrust completely through its breast-bone, a terrible stab, which must have caused instant death. After one more dinner at the club, we finished the evening at the opera; and afterwards drove to our ship's boat in the calm, clear starlit night, seeing a number of beautiful fire-flies on our way. At the quay, one of our party, supporting himself by a friendly post, recoiled from it with a cry of 'By Jove, there's a snake on this post!' and there, sure enough, coiled round the top, was a huge boa-constrictor as thick as one's arm and at least fifteen feet long, when we afterwards saw it dead and stretched out. They are quite harmless, and are allowed to live in the houses, where they catch the rats between the ceilings and floors; only now and again some bloodthirsty old reprobate taking a child, which, however, ceases to be missed soon after the occurrence. One of the boas, caught not long since up the country, measured, we were told in all seriousness, thirty-five feet long, and it is now being exhibited alive. The sea here is alive with snakes, thousands swimming round the ship as she lies at anchor; one, a brown-striped fellow about four feet long, we caught with a line.

A curiosity in the fauna of the country is a flying lizard, and also another huge one which grows to seven feet long. We saw neither, but I made the acquaintance of a harmless-looking little hairy cater-

pillar which crawled over my neck, causing an itching and smarting which lasted four or five days.

ONE OF THE ABORIGINES.

We are very sorry we are not able to see the interior of the island, which we hear on all sides is very

fine, as well as some of the aborigines, who are decidedly very ugly; a sketch of one of whom appears on the previous page.

In many parts there is a dense primeval forest, piled up in masses of suffocating vegetation and monster trees; there is also capital sporting, and the island abounds in objects of natural history and rare plants of the orchid species. There is no crack nor crevice in these East Indian Islands which has not been carefully searched by orchid-hunters and students of natural history; the most painstaking and insatiable of all explorers, Mr. Wallace, alone bringing back in good condition to this country no less than 125,660 specimens of natural history, all collected in six years in the East Indian Archipelago. De Bosco was greatly tempted to buy three sticks of Phalænopsis Schilleriana and other sorts having terrible sounding names, which a native was carrying, and for which he only asked four dollars, though worth ten times that at home; but fearing they never could survive their long journey on the *Ceylon*, De Bosco very wisely resisted buying them.

We visited a Government cigar manufactory, giving work to nearly 5,000 women. It was a most curious sight to see these women and girls packed closely together at long low tables, all hard at work making cigars, with their variously-coloured and superfluous garments hanging on the walls. We afterwards saw them all file out at their dinner-hour, each one having her dress searched for stolen tobacco by a number of old women stationed for that purpose near

the archway. Among the many hundreds of girls who filed past us, not one pretty one, according to European ideas of beauty, did we see. The Government monopoly of cigar-manufacture ceases this year, from which the greatest good to all people concerned is expected.

We noticed here, as well as at Penang, what are called fish-weirs or mazes, huge wooden enclosures into which the fish swim, and out of which they don't. They extend for miles away from land, and look from a distance like the commencement of big harbour works.

Every ten yards in Manila bears evidence of earthquakes. The houses are constructed so as to give to them, and to bend and sway about to a considerable extent; but notwithstanding this, cracked walls, roofless houses, heaps of rubbish where houses once stood, are seen everywhere. The club has been very much shaken about, and the walls cracked in all directions, having precisely the appearance of 'crackle china.'

The inhabitants have not even yet begun to put up a great number of buildings which were completely crumpled up during the last severe shock. They are always on the look-out for earthquakes, and as there have been forty-two distinct shocks in the last three months, they are not disappointed for any great length of time. We saw at a friend's house a delicate instrument for tracing the vibrations of the earth, on a plate of sand, and which at the outset of a shock, sets an electric bell going, enabling all to clear out and contemplate the degree of destruction which ensues at a safe distance. What a jolly exciting place

to live in! and how full of interest life there must always be! Clocks and all ornaments, wardrobes, heavy furniture of all sorts, have to be screwed to the

THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

wall to prevent them flying about the room, and if not crushing you, breaking themselves. We feel considerably hurt at our friends not having treated us to

at least a small shock (the only possible kindness and attention they have overlooked), and I fear we shall leave without experiencing this new sensation. During the more severe epidemics of earthquakes, the people camp out in the streets. On the preceding page is a rough sketch of the Cathedral tower, which, having withstood the shocks of centuries, succumbed to the last one.

The Spanish administration of Manila they say is disgraceful, and the Governor nothing more nor less than a robber. Our friends here will not even let us post our letters, for fear that they should be destroyed for the sake of the stamps.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAND OF THE CELESTIALS.

(AN ENGLISH CITY.)

Arrival at Hongkong.—Disagreeable Passage.—Great Change of Climate. — Chinese Dexterity. — 'Happy Valley.' — Cemetery. — Race-course. — 'Pidgen English.'—Leave for Canton.—A True Incident.—'John,' and the letter 'r.'—Sampans.—Crackers.—Joss-papers.—Baby Rowers.

Hongkong,
March 1, 1882.

WE arrived here on the 24th of February at 8 a.m., after a most miserable, cold and stormy voyage of over three days, which is officially reported as follows: 'The British steamer *Ceylon* reports encountered heavy N.E. monsoon, with high sea throughout.' This sea is said to be nearly the worst sea in the world, and the voyage from Manila one of the most trying one can undergo. We had a great deal of crockery broken, as well as many bottles in the surgery; the loss of the former we felt a good deal, but the latter only evoked a smile as they crashed down; and though they did their worst by making an atrocious smell through the ship, we were content so long as they could do no

further harm. The waves all the way over were of a beautiful and deep blue colour, and very grand, but the rolling was most aggravating, though only one person on board was ill—myself. In Manila the weather was excessively hot, the lightest possible clothing being only just bearable; but one day after leaving there were ulsters on deck, a cold north-easter blowing, and a thermometer nearly 25° lower. As we neared the coast of China in the early morning, we saw the junks in great numbers tossing about on the crisp, dark-blue waves, and some nine or ten miles away in the distance rose the untimbered hills, looking soft, rosy and filmy in the morning sun.

Near the land we found the weather again delightful, and since our arrival we have had hot sunny days and cool nights, so we are now out of all the great heat until we get to the Sandwich Islands. Hongkong looks a charming place from the ship, a clean, white, well-built town, situated on the side of a steep hill of 1,800 feet, and having a perfectly sheltered and fine harbour. On all sides are hills, appearing from the ship to be covered with only coarse grass, but with plantations of small fir-trees about the town. There is a great deal of shipping in the harbour, and thousands of junks and 'sampans.' The *Ceylon* was surrounded by a great many of the latter as soon as we anchored, selling all sorts of things, the chief feature being pretty little birds in very delicately made wooden cages, many of which were bought at a dollar apiece. The decks, too, were immediately crowded with Chinamen, and all was bustle, so we made for the shore as

soon as possible, and were soon seated in those extraordinary institutions, 'jinrickishaws,' to see the town. Fancy the novel and humiliating feeling of being drawn about by a man in the shafts of a light little vehicle, something between a perambulator and a hansom cab! Yet these, and the chairs slung on long bamboo poles in which one is carried, are the only means of locomotion here, besides one's legs.

In the afternoon we went in our 'jinrickishaws' to the races, which, very fortunately for us, were going on at the time in the 'Happy Valley.' We spent here a very pleasant and interesting afternoon, wandering amongst the native pig-tailed crowd opposite the grand stand, and seeing them all either gambling as if their lives depended on it, or cooking and eating the most indescribable messes. We noticed many trays full of little shiny, brown balls, looking very sticky and nasty, and not appearing more appetizing to us on account of their composition being unknown. Amongst the crowd were many rings of Chinamen playing with extraordinary dexterity a game of shuttlecock, using instead of a battledore the side of their heels, and sending the shuttlecock high into the air to one another. One serious-looking old Celestial was particularly clever at it, allowing the shuttlecock to fall behind him, and nearly reach the ground before he would raise his foot, when with a sharp kick he sent it flying high into the air to the other side of the ring.

The 'Happy Valley' is most beautiful. Surrounded on three sides by hills planted with fir-trees,

and on the other by the blue waters of the harbour; and the racecourse is as pretty as any we have ever seen. The cemetery, too, on the side of the fir-planted hill overlooking the course, is the most peaceful-looking and lovely spot imaginable; a beautiful garden laid out in terraces, winding paths, and full of flowering shrubs and trees; but alas! with so many tablets, monuments, and sad inscriptions on them as to make even one's short visit there a rather melancholy one.

We had on this day our first taste of 'Pidgen English.' It is in this extraordinary tongue of hybrid growth that commercial and domestic transactions are almost exclusively carried on; the merchant buys his tea or silk in 'Pidgen English,' orders his dinner, bullies his boy, and communicates with his servants in the same tongue. We were accompanied by a friend, a resident, to the business house of his partner, whom we wished to see, and the following dialogue took place between our friend and the Chinaman in attendance, who, though he is seventy years old, is still called 'boy:'

'Boy, taipan have got—no have got?'

'Yes, no got.'

'What side go?'

'No have talkee; my thinkee go Misser Lobat Semithy that house.'

'Oh, Mr. Robert Smith's! Go topside my room, catchee chitbook. Show one piecee coolie chop-chop take chit go pay taipan, and must wantee coolie man —man bring answer. Savey?'

'Savey.'

'Then you show Ah Sun, compradore, my too muchee chin-chin he come this side.'

Translation of the above dialogue:

'Boy, is the head of the house within, or not?'

'He is not within.'

'Where has he gone?'

'He did not say; I think he has gone to Mr. Robert Smith's.'

'Oh, Mr. Robert Smith's! Go to my room upstairs and fetch my chitbook. Tell a coolie to take this note as quickly as he can to the chief, and wait for an answer. Do you understand?'

'I understand.'

'Then tell Ah Sun, the compradore, I shall be much obliged if he will come to me.'

The coolie then hurries away, and does not return till the chitbook has been signed by the 'taipan' in token of receipt of the note or chit.

At eight o'clock the morning after we arrived we left by the *Ychang* for Canton, there being little to detain one in Hongkong (besides its pleasant and hospitable society) with Canton so near, it being only seventy or eighty miles up the Pearl river. This steamer and the one we came back in, the *Powan*, are splendid saloon steamers on the American pattern and system, the officers are most agreeable, and the cuisine simply perfect! A first-class hotel could not exceed them in comfort. Canton is only seven hours

up the river — we wished it had been seventy instead — the scenery all the way up the broad river was unique, though we thought not very fine, for it is generally speaking very flat, with low-lying cultivated fields stretching for miles on either side, and with blue hills rising in the distance.

We pass a great many junks with huge mat sails, many of which seem to drift about in the most listless and objectless way, while others are propelled by two enormous oars, having six men to each. All the junks are mounted with cannon, and doubtless many, if not all, of them are pirates when the opportunity occurs. These steamers have been fired at and boarded, and our own is fully prepared for all emergencies in this line, there being ranged in stands in the saloon twenty or thirty Winchester repeating rifles, which are loaded, the captain told us, 'invariably on leaving port;' these are intended not only against outside attack, but also to be used against the Chinamen with whom these steamers are crowded between decks, in the event of their rising.

The following is a slightly abbreviated account of one of these piratical outrages which happened a few years ago to Mr. Walter William Munday, on this river:

'I embarked on board the *Spark*, on the 22nd of August, to proceed on business to Macao. We left Canton at half-past seven in the morning, and were due at Macao between four and five the same afternoon. The *Spark* is a paddle-wheeled steamer, the lower deck being confined exclusively to Chinese passengers, and having a winding staircase near the stern

leading to the quarter-deck, which was for Europeans. There were a great many native passengers, but I had the misfortune to be the only European. The crew consisted of about twenty men, Chinese and Portuguese half-casts. The captain, poor Brady, was an American, and although an utter stranger to him previous to our journey, it has seldom been my good fortune to have a nicer or more amiable companion.

'We had a capital run to Whampoa, where we arrived at about nine o'clock, and breakfasted. The Canton steamer to Hongkong, and the return steamer from Hongkong, ought to have passed us soon after leaving Whampoa, but from some reason they were delayed, and did not pass us till after twelve o'clock, which obliged the pirates to put off their attack. The river here, where the outrage was perpetrated, is about one mile across.

'So far the trip had been most delightful; nothing had occurred to awaken any suspicion. I was still as wedded to the humdrum existence and safety of English life as if I were but taking a trip in the British Channel, and so little thinking of any peril, that I dozed over my cigar and book under the awning, forward. I must have slept here some time, as I certainly awoke with a start; it may have been a noise, it may have been instinct of danger which roused me. Which it really was I am unable to tell; but I immediately perceived a man rushing up the gangway towards me with a knife in his hand and a gash across his forehead. Surprised and only half-awake, my first thought was that he was a madman, and I rushed out to pro-

cure help to seize him. In attempting, however, to do so, I was met by two other men, who attacked me with knives. Quickly seeing my mistake, I rushed past them and ran on in search of weapons, endeavouring to find out what it all meant, and to see if any resistance was being made. I now strove to reach the passengers' gangway to see what the Chinese were doing. In attempting this I had to run the gauntlet of several of the pirates, who wounded me in many places. Two of them here seized me, tearing my watch off, and were going to cut my fingers off for my rings, when, by a desperate effort, I managed to break loose from them. It was then that I saw the Chinese passengers sitting below, looking as unconcerned as possible.

'I then rushed to the stern, where I saw the poor purser holding on by his hands to the side of the ship, preparing to jump overboard, and a pirate cutting at him. Here also the chief mate was battling most courageously with one arm, while with the other he attempted to loosen a buoy. I tried to join him, but my wounds were beginning to tell on my strength, and numbers easily drove me off. With no hope left I endeavoured to retrace my steps, but was immediately attacked by two or three fresh arrivals. I here managed to get within striking distance of one, whom I succeeded in knocking down; but the success cost me dear, as his companions wounded me at the same moment desperately in the left side. How they let me retire I cannot imagine; how I was able is equally difficult for me to explain.

'But I was again attacked by two others, armed with capstan-bars, who successively knocked me down with these weapons. I rolled out of their way, and for a time was left in peace. I staggered to the wheel-house, but had to support myself on an umbrella which I picked up. I was now almost insensible, and leaned against the window. On looking down into the captain's cabin, I saw poor Brady lying stretched out on the floor, with his little dog staring mournfully into his face.

'This sign of fidelity consoled me somewhat, even then, and indeed my sole wish now was centred in the hope of my being able to last long enough to get some chance of revenge by the arrival of assistance. After leaning here for ten or fifteen minutes, I fell on the deck from exhaustion and loss of blood.

'A few minutes after this the pirates, who had been plundering the ship, returned on deck, battened down the hatchways, and proceeded to count their booty close by me. They continually passed over me, stepping on and kicking me. On receiving my wound in the side, I, luckily for myself, had sufficient presence of mind to shove my handkerchief and fingers into the aperture to staunch the blood. The pirates, either imagining I was trying to conceal something, or in brutal sport, tore my hand several times from the wound. The agony I thus endured I can never forget. How I prayed for unconsciousness! One of them motioned me to throw myself overboard, and even pretended to do it, lifting me up in his arms. Another, whom I imagined to be the chief, as he swaggered about in my hat, with a revolver and cutlass

at his belt, brandishing his sword, pretended to draw it across my throat several times, to the evident delight of all his comrades. For what reason he did not carry his performance into practice I cannot possibly conceive.

'I was lying on the deck for six hours with these fellows close to me, but not for one instant did I lose consciousness. A junk then came alongside, when the steamer was stopped for the first time. The plunder was transferred to the junk, and they all hastened on board her after spiking and breaking the helm. Immediately after their leaving, the crew came on deck, and, rigging a helm in the stern, commenced working the ship. A Chinese merchant, procuring assistance, carried me to the saloon, placed me on a sofa, and covered me with a table-cloth to keep the cold from my wounds.

'All on board were so overcome that they had to be kept at their work by a copious supply of brandy.

'We were delayed some time in Macao harbour before we were allowed to land, a regiment of soldiers being drawn up to receive us on the quay, and no Chinaman was allowed to leave before he was searched and his name and address were taken. When I recall the whole event, it seems like a hideous dream. It is only when I look at the proofs on my body of its horrible reality that I awake to a full sense of all my danger, and a feeling of thankfulness for my miraculous escape drives every other thought away.'

* * * * * *

The 'boys' who wait upon us during dinner have

one very amusing feature which is common to all Chinamen; it is their inability to pronounce the letter 'r.' One of the dishes in one of the most excellent and well-served dinners we have had so far round the world is 'shrimp curry,' and this the poor fellows can't pronounce; they do their 'level best,' but it is an effort which only emphasizes their failure, for it always comes out the same, viz., 'shlimp cully.' Another splendid 'cully' we had was 'flog cully,' a favourite dish of the captain's. This was handed round as 'lice-bud cully' (rice-bird curry) by the captain's orders, for he said no one would touch it if it were handed round undisguised in its true name.

About half-way up to Canton we pass some enormous granite rocks 300 feet high, and having all the appearance of gigantic boulders, also some forts which we knocked to pieces prior to our occupation of Canton. We took them from the rear. The Chinamen said it was not fair, as they were only intended to be attacked from the front. Soon after this we pass a great number of junks, and the 'sampans' (small covered-in boats) are seen in hundreds; at Canton they are in tens of thousands, over 300,000 people living in them. We hear that many never leave their boats till they die, and that children are born, grow up, and become grandfathers on them, and that these three generations live together on board; so you may fancy how they are packed.

These boats are continually letting off crackers in thousands, so you may possibly imagine the scene.

AT CANTON.

It is the commencement of the Chinese new year, and these are their propitiations to the evil spirits. They let off their batteries of them at all hours of the day and night; in the dead of night, just under the stern of our steamer, a salvo goes off which makes one nearly jump out of one's skin with fright! This is answered by another boat, and then, in noise, a perfect naval war begins. Another noise that we have all night is that made by the watchmen, who beat alternately a gong and a drum with a hard stick. This is to let the evil-disposed, as far as five miles away, know when they are coming; in fact, there is no hour during night or day when there is any quiet or peace.

These little boats are covered at the stern with oblong pieces of deep yellow sacred paper, with splodges of gold on them, called 'joss-papers.' These papers are supposed to have a poultice-like quality of drawing the evil spirits out of their boats. In the papers are little slits, through which the evil spirits are supposed to escape! As we get into Canton one confused forest of bamboo masts, ropes, flags, and boats becomes visible, incessantly moving, and everywhere is bustle and noise. There are large junks out in the river with their mat sails, each with a dozen or fifteen old cannon very prominently displayed over their decks; but the dense mass of boats that we see are the sampans, worked by the women and girls. You see mothers working their oars with little babies bound straddle-legged across their backs asleep, their little heads nearly wagging off. They manage their boats wonderfully, and notwithstanding the mass of

them and the strong current running, collisions seldom occur. The entire family lives on board, and even little children about four years old help to row. When we were alongside the wharf we landed, and got into chairs slung on two long bamboo poles, carried by three men, and found ourselves at once in the maze of the city and among its million and a half of inhabitants.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAND OF THE CELESTIALS (*continued*).
(A NATIVE CITY.)

Narrow Alleys.—Shops.—Appearance and Dress of Natives.—Frightful Odours.—Gambling.—A Chinese Garden.—Native Employments.—Outside the City Walls.—The Prison.—Execution Ground.—Chinese Characteristics.—Examination Hall.—Sharp Attack of Curio Malady.—Water-clock.—Temple of the Five Hundred Wise Men.—The Heathen Chinee and the Missionary.—The Biter Bit.—'Susan,' her Dress, Boat, and Power of Conversation.—The Flower Boats.—An Opium Den.—A Chopstick Dinner.—Our *Menu*.—Typhoons and their Effect.—Back to Hong-kong.—Duck-boats and Ducks—'Rough' on the last one.—Leave for Japan.

WHAT we see in this most wonderful of cities, must surely be the greatest astonishment in our lives! The city is a purely Chinese one; no European to be seen, no English-speaking person among its dense throngs of people, and nothing European even exposed for sale, except a few boxes of Swedish matches and some empty beer-bottles. To give you an idea of the city is next to impossible; but if I can sketch one street, or rather alley, it will be enough, for all are the same, and equally astonishing down to the

minutest detail. The alleys are so narrow, that no wheeled vehicle can go along them, and the only way of getting about, except by walking, is by chair; and these are so rarely used that in a long day through these narrow alleys and their countless multitudes of people we only met one or two of them.

The long curb-like granite-stones of the pavement are like glass, polished by the ceaseless traffic of the naked feet that trot over them. The feeling of confinement, the oppression, and *fearful smells*, are nearly overpowering. The scene everywhere is as busy as an ant-hill; and our coolies, not content with their burdens, jog along either continually shouting to warn the crowd to clear a way for us, or grunt the unpleasing and monotonous tune of *hun, ha.*

The open shops on either side of us are narrow, squeezed up, and full of people, all at their various occupations. Women we very seldom see, for they are confined to the houses, and are quite excluded from general society.

Every shop has its niche in the wall with its little idol inside, and a brass joss-pot with sticks of incense continually burning. We can't see what the houses are built of, for they are literally covered with stained wood, signs, and hieroglyphics, and varnished like a dark Japanese tray. The streets or alleys are crammed full of Chinamen hurrying past, each one looking as serious as if his life depended upon the particular work in hand: all with long pigtails, and their heads shaven, excepting at the back where the tail springs from. Some wear blue cotton frocks down to below their

knees, having a very dirty and greasy appearance, arising from the rooted aversion of their proprietors to cold water; others have bare backs, while the richer people wear silk. Our coolies have their pigtails coiled up looking like chignons.

Now another awful smell meets us, which makes us hold our breath to suffocation-point. They are so frequent, that it makes one feel quite faint. What

JOHN.

must they be during the hotter weather? and yet they say there is no fever! Beggars there are many of in these crowded ways, and they are importunate beyond all conception; there are also many lepers. Here comes an old Chinaman with the hugest imaginable spectacles, not with invisible rims, but good wholesome stout ones of tortoise-shell, half an inch wide; these soon become so common as to cease to create wonder.

Looking for a moment from the surging crowd, as

far as the eye can reach down the narrow way are seen thousands of hanging signs, each little shop having four, varying in size from five to ten feet long, and about a foot broad. These are occasionally of different colours, but almost always red, with Chinese writing on them. Sometimes they are golden with red letters. These signs hang down to about eight feet of the pavement. The effect is most extraordinary; besides these signs, all of which hang across the street, each shop has three large lanterns, one large round one in the centre, and one on either side, between four to five feet long. These seem to be made of transparent paper and fine bamboo, and varnished over, as is everything else. There were also innumerable lanterns in the shape of fish, or rather caricatures of them, two and three feet long.

The overhanging roofs of the houses almost meet at the top, and where they do not, rush-matting is thrown across to keep out the sunlight, and prevent the choice odours from escaping and being wasted on the desert air. There seems to be an immense amount of cooking and eating going on. We are continually passing eating-shops, raw and cooked meat all hanging up together. Roast ducks and geese; numberless dried rats, owls, and snakes; roast pigs cut down the middle, simply into two pieces, and looking very brown and tempting; liver, gullets, tails, besides other most untempting food. These shops are often opposite one another, making it quite a matter of difficulty to prevent rubbing against the meat on one side or the other as we are carried along. Dreadful smells abound.

There are a great number of fish-shops; big carp up to five and six pounds, and what look to me like chub gasping in low flat tubs, in water barely covering them; others lying on stalls split in two, with their clean white flesh smeared all over in blood: this latter is to evidence their freshness, and is invariably done here. I see also a curious mottled fish, like a stumpy eel, of which they seem very fond; in fact, everything that can be eaten—everything but stones, iron, wood, and such things—is eaten. The vegetables are quite as strange as everything else that meets the eye; and though none are like ours, one can now and again detect their equivalent. Wherever there is space for it there is gambling going on. We watched for some time a little boy, certainly not '*more than seven,*' risking his money on the hazard of the die. We noticed, too, that he won nearly every time. They will toss double or quits for anything—for an old dried rat, or a slithery-looking lot of white stuff, I hope made of flour, but I fear not. I didn't see any cats or dogs hanging up; and on inquiring of our guide the reason, was told that they are not killed during the New-Year festivities. We meet people with their little open baskets with a few slices of raw carp, and little heaps of different vegetables—a little dinner fit to go into a doll's house, and an appropriate one for such a people.

Everything without exception is as strange as the Chinaman is himself, nothing bearing hardly more than a semblance to our home equivalent. Their fires give out no smoke; their cooking is done in the

open. Things are so strange, one expects to see 'fire frore, and cold perform the effect of fire.' Where we use black, they use white, and so with nearly all things; everything being the very opposite to what it is with us. Things seem upside down, and you doubt whether you are not dreaming as you are carried along. They are just the same now as they were 5,000 years ago, and the children seem to know as little, and as much, and to be as independent as the men.

We went into a garden where are hundreds of trees dwarfed and trained into all manner of shapes—men and women, ships, boots, bird-cages, dogs, etc. In tanks we saw many gold-fish, which they have succeeded in breeding with five tails apiece. They tame wild-ducks, teal, and geese, and make them breed, and train cormorants to do their fishing for them. Crackers are now going off, banging all over the place; these, and a sort of bagpipe music, are nearly deafening.

We pass down a long street, the shops being full of jade-stone, prized so much by Chinese of all ranks. It is very costly even here; each shop having jewellery in this doubtfully pretty stone, representing a large amount of money. We also see them cutting the stone, and millers grinding their corn, as they used to do a thousand years ago; silk-weavers, opium-smoking houses, and head-shaving places, *ad lib.* Wherever we go we have a crowd following us—a good-tempered and harmless people they seem, who always return our 'chin-chin' salutation with great good humour.

We have now got to the old city walls, very broad and high, having a good road at the top, with a capital view over the city, which is a vast plain of roofs, with here and there a tall, narrow, fire-proof house—generally a pawnbroker's—rising high above the rest. All along the roofs of the houses are rows of big earthenware jars full of water, to be used in case of fire. Here we see an old pig—a pug-dog sort of pig—with nineteen little ones. What a treat it is to breathe freely again the fresh air, and see the open sky! But our time is very valuable; so after a little quiet and rest, we again dive down to our chairs and the narrow alleys, and to a reeking mortality, and off we go to the prison.

More stifling smells, more filth, and we find ourselves peering between thick wooden bars into a dim dungeon, where are about a dozen poor dirty wretches with their heads thrust through planks of wood about three feet square, called 'cangues.' With these on they can get *no* rest, are not able to lie down, nor can they feed themselves. They are entirely dependent on charity for their food, which often enough they don't get, and we hear that many die of starvation. We are surrounded by people holding out their hands and demanding money—whether they are warders or prisoners we cannot tell—getting between us and the door, which they closed; so we have to push our way through them, and are very glad when we get out. If a prisoner escapes, another member of his family is imprisoned until he is found.

We are followed by a mob to where the instruments of torture are. These are mostly lying idle during the

New-Year festivities. Serious crimes nearly always meet with death. The more ordinary punishments are the bastinado, blows on the face with thick leathern soles, iron-cages where the prisoner must remain in a crouching attitude, with big iron balls fastened to the feet. One man is waiting to have his head cut off, and apparently he doesn't care a button.

From here we go to the execution-ground, and instead of its being shunned, defiled as it is by the atrocities committed there, within its walls is a gambling-shed in full swing surrounded by crowds of people. It is a common potter's yard, with pottery lying drying all over it. Up against a wall is a rude cross upon which they crucify; and near it, on the ground, is the blood of some poor wretch who had his head cut off a few days ago. The body is returned to his family, the head being kept in a jar against the wall. There are many similar jars, and big tubs, full of heads. We looked into one to see if it was a true bill, and found it was—a very true one. I don't think ordinary executions concern anyone (excepting the people immediately interested), for they are so common, and life is so abundant. It is only when some death out of the common is being perpetrated upon some poor victim, that the people think it worth looking at. A fellow crucified, and cut into four pieces while alive, is barely sensational; but three months ago, a woman who was guilty of what our divorce-courts take cognizance of, was, after a short imprisonment, flogged to death in the streets. This, I suppose, would

be sensational enough, though their pity is never moved. Cruelty, falsehood, trickery, vice, and mutual distrust seem to be their chief national characteristics.

From the execution-ground we went to the great examination-place, where examinations are held every third year to qualify for their Civil Service. Ten acres of land, covered with rows of brick boxes, like sentry-boxes, a small oil-lamp, seat, and bed are provided, and the candidate has to remain there for three days and nights, writing upon subjects given him, after he has got into his box! No chance of cribbing here. If he tries it, off goes his head. Out of 10,600 who competed on the last occasion, only 82 passed!

Most of the *Ceylon* pilgrims who went to Canton were attacked by the curio malady in its most virulent form; and to see the spoils of the day exhibited in the evening was most laughable—one giving in one shop three dollars for what in another was bought for one.

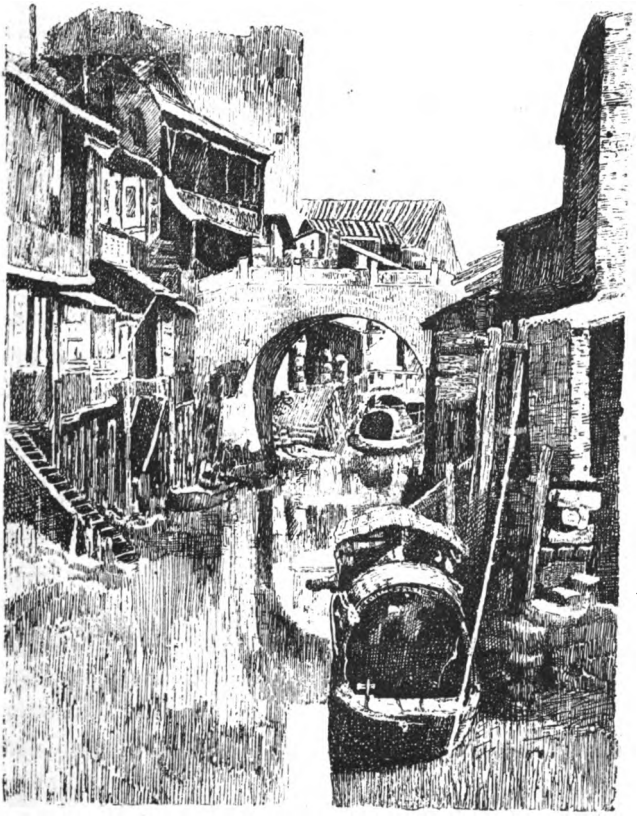
We spent the other two days we had in looking through the shops, in sketching, and seeing the great water-clock of Canton; nothing more ingenious in this than water dropping through a succession of tubs into one at the bottom, the depth of water in the latter showing the time.

These Chinamen are a great fraud, and they stand unrivalled in the world in every branch of the art of cheating, and their abhorrent disregard of truth would stagger even Ananias himself. The only thing that the 'Western devils,' as they call Europeans, can make better than themselves are clocks, or rather

watches, for I fancy they are satisfied with their one water-clock. Nothing else can we make as well as they, and they don't want even our watches; they say they can do without them now as well as they did 5,000 years ago. They want neither our watches, clocks, nor railways; only 'get out, and leave us alone,' is what they say. They claim to have invented the compass and the art of printing; and gunpowder, they say, they discovered and used long before it was known of in Europe. Besides this, they think that they are quite at the head of the musical world, though to us their music is destitute of both science and system, taste and refinement, but this can also be said of the native music we have everywhere heard throughout the East—no semblance of an air which one can detect, and no beginning and no ending in their song.

We saw their best temples, but they are all the same, and we are dreadfully tired of them. There is one temple which they call the Temple of the Five Hundred Wise Men—500 life-size gilt images of ordinary men, one of them being the embodiment of the principle of Holloway's pills, which medicine they think worthy of such an apotheosis. Each of these idols is supposed to have some special influence with the Good and the Evil One. We also went through the Temple of Horrors, showing the punishments in store for malefactors. Casts of figures, coloured to the life, being boiled alive in a tub of scalding oil, others between planks being sawn in two lengthwise; all a ghastly piece of realism—bah! it's all disgusting and horrible.

We heard here a story of a zealous young American missionary, who gave a silver dollar to every convert he made to Christianity. One day he had great suc-



CANAL STREET (CANTON).

cess, making no fewer than seventeen converts. On the arrival of another would-be 'proselyte,' he discovered he had been the victim of the intriguing

heathen, and that it had all along been the same man, who had presented himself in different garbs.

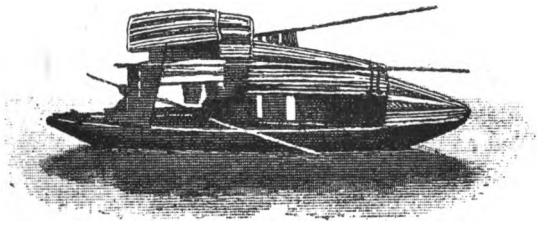
Amongst many of their curious ways we noticed a boy sitting at the side of a house opposite to a tub-ful of some liquid which he caused to slowly circulate by striking the tub every second or two with the side of his foot. We thought this rather a roundabout way of effecting his purpose, but we were not sure of it, for in Canton one may be excused for having doubts on the simplest problems of life. Life is here a nightmare in which all is upside-down, and where everything is done exactly as it should not be done.

Pagodas there are many of. We went up a five-storied one from which we had a good view over the hills and far away towards Pekin. The thousands of little mounds we see on the sides of the hills are their graves, which are never molested.

The walls of the houses near the river are covered from top to bottom with orange and red coloured advertisements, quite outdoing any attempts at mural decoration of the same kind at home.

One night, after dinner, 'Susan,' our guide, took us down the river in her sampan to the Flower-boats, but before proceeding, Susan must be introduced, for she is a great character. Like all other women who live upon the river she enjoys the opprobrious epithet of 'water-hen,' for they are all looked upon with contempt by the shore people. Her dress is an indigo-blue cotton blouse and wide trousers, reaching to a little below the knees; her feet and legs are bare; her hair, which is hard, shiny and smooth, is fashioned

after the likeness of an ordinary teapot, with a good stout handle to it, warranted neither to break nor come off. She is ubiquitous; she is also short and dumpy in stature, and besides being very plain-featured, with fat, red cheeks, she has one eye like a poached egg, the other being small and sparkling with great humour. She has her own boat, in which she lives, her little cabin in it being quite neat with photographs, tinsel and other trumpery. She sculls along her boat with one oar most dexterously, talking to one very volubly all the while and as familiarly and



SUSAN'S BOAT.

reely as if she were an old and intimate friend of the same sex. At night, her duties of guide she doesn't consider at an end till she has seen one into bed on the steamer, where she talks over the events of the day and the programme for the morrow in sentences of the most fantastic construction—words mutilated to such an extent as to be only just on the boundary-line of a word one has heard before, and nothing at all but a shapeless sound!

She is quite an untutored child of nature; and lacking both tact and the statesmanlike quality of conceal-

ing her thoughts by language, she obstinately insisted that a light-hearted, frolicsome lad from the *Ceylon* was *inebriated*, constantly saying to him, 'My thinkee you tipsee;' boisterous spirits being so little understood by these solemn people!

Well, away we went to the Flower-boats—viz. pleasure-boats—which are large, well-lighted house-boats, and prettily decorated. These are all together, making quite a floating street, enabling one to walk from one to the other and observe the people at their diversions. Girls with their cheeks and lips painted a brilliant pink—no timidity or half-measures here, for it was well splodged on—blackened eyebrows, and their hair done as Susan's was, in the teapot style. They do it up once a fortnight, and sleep with pillows of wood so modelled as to prevent the artistic design from being damaged. I don't know a bit whether we were intruding or not, but the gay Lotharios who were with them inside gladly allowed us to see all that was going on, and we had much laughing and fun together.

The girls were constantly rouging and pencilling their eyebrows and admiring themselves in little looking-glasses, and between the intervals of their discordant singing, they smoked big-bowled pipes with the tiniest pinch of tobacco in them.

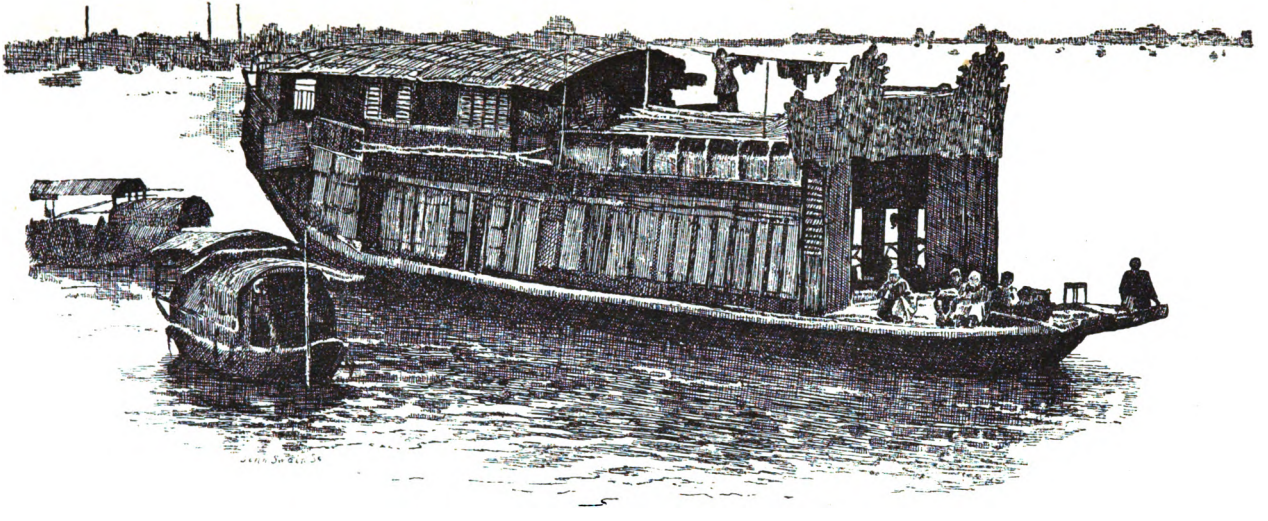
Yes, I too am an opium-smoker! the rubicon being passed on this occasion—one of my newly-made Celestial friends prepared my first smoke for me as follows: He first took the pipe, which has a stem about the thickness of a flute, the bowl being a little way from the end. He then put a piece of wire like a

knitting-needle into a little cup containing the treacly-looking opium, till he had as much on it as would half cover a threepenny-piece; he then twirled it round over the flame of a little lamp till it began to bubble and frizzle. He now placed it on the flat-topped bowl of the pipe, which had a hole in its centre about the size of a pin's head, and the needle on being withdrawn left a little hole through the piece of opium, now the size of a pea, for the heat has hardened it. He now held it over the flame while I drew several long whiffs, only six, and it was exhausted. I now expected the trance state to supervene, but, as it came not, I had another pipe; but 'still I was not happy,' so I laid myself down, as all opium-smokers do, with my head on a cushion, and took my third and last pipe—the largest of all. I was now confident I should soon be a spirit floating through unknown worlds in transcendent bliss; but I was doomed to disappointment, *as usual,* and after being weary of waiting for what I felt would never come, I abandoned the cherished hope, absolutely unable to detect even the slightest effect, either pleasant or otherwise; though the little taste there was, was not unpleasant.

One of these Flower-boats was a restaurant, so we adjourned to it and had a Chinese dinner. We commenced the repast by eating the seeds of the water-melon; after that we went to a little side-table on which were candied ginger and water-melon, and bamboo-shoots and the other candied things we have at home—one or two candied vegetables and sugar-cane, all on tiny little porcelain dishes. From there we

went to the dinner-table, on which were twenty-five little porcelain basins full of some unknown messes. In front of us were tiny little bowls containing wine made from rice called 'Samshu,' and soy to be used as sauce when required. One of our party, soon after we had begun, drank the sauce by mistake, and left the table soon after, *hors de combat.* We were also armed with chop-sticks and a little china bowl not bigger than a tea-cup. We were supposed to help ourselves *ad libitum* from all the little dishes in the centre of the table, digging into them with our chop-sticks. I saw very little even of tasting, no eating—we all 'passed.' Everything that came to the table was cut into tiny square pieces, *now* beyond all recognition, whatever it once was. *Every dish I tasted had a taste I had never tasted before.* After eagerly looking over all the dishes for something I recognised, I at last discovered some prawns in a sort of gravy. With my chop-sticks I made for a long time unavailing efforts to secure one; but at last I got a little into the way of using them, and secured my prize: couldn't eat it—some unknown pungent taste instead of our delicate prawn. I hadn't the courage to taste more than a few of these dishes.

There were dishes that looked like cocks-combs cut into squares, but I afterwards heard they were something even worse. There was a dish of boiled conch, also cut into small squares; black-fish, green eggs (very old ones), pork and ducks' gizzards, little bits of boned fowl on a slithery green-looking weed, and bits of liver, and many other fearful things. After our eyes had had their fill of these delicacies, many



A FLOWER-BOAT.

courses were brought on in succession, and very few being removed, so that at the end of the dinner we had, I should say, close on forty of these little bowls on the table. Tea without milk or sugar was served after nearly every course. There was neither bread nor salt nor pepper. About the middle of the dinner we had birds'-nest soup, and it had one great advantage over the other things—it was almost without flavour of any sort; a thin, watery, whitish soup, with strings of a gelatinous substance in it, a little like vermicelli. It is thought a great luxury, and is consequently very expensive. We had neither cat nor dog nor rat. I don't know why we hadn't the latter; the two former were enjoying a close time during these happy days of festivities. Everything we tasted was abominable; but these fellows like everything, preferring of course the things that to us are most distasteful. What they do with the ordinary parts that we eat of animals is an enigma; we never even saw them. The viscera of animals, rats and mice, monkeys and snakes, sea-slugs, silk-worms, etc., unhatched ducks and chickens, we have often seen exposed for sale. Sir John Bowring says that they seem to like food in its early stages of putrefaction: rotten eggs are by no means condemned to perdition, and fish is more acceptable when it has a strong fragrance and flavour to give to their rice. They take neither milk, cream nor butter. Had we had more time we should have had a better dinner, and I was very anxious to have seen a great dish of theirs, viz. 'tipsy shrimps.' These are brought on in a little china bowl into which wine has

been poured a short time before. When the cover is removed the shrimps jump out of the basin, and an experienced Chinaman catches them with his chop-sticks before they reach the table, and then eats them.

The following *menu* is considered a little better than an ordinary Chinese dinner of the better class. I give the courses in their order:

1. Sea-slugs;
2. Stewed pork and bamboo shoots;
3. Bird's-nest soup;
4. Black-fish;
5. Hashed dog;
6. Stewed black cat;
7. Fried rat;
8. Macaroni soup;
9. Salt-fish;
10. Salted eggs;
11. Pork minced so small as to represent bread-crumbs;
12. Basin of rice;
13. Melon-seeds;
14. Betel-nuts wrapped up in green leaves;
15. Tipsy-shrimps;
16. Soups of various kinds—and so it goes on for over thirty courses.

Canton has been subjected to typhoons as terrific in their effects as the severest earthquakes. We were shown the ravages caused by one which had burst upon it like a thunder-clap a short time previously, and which was soon over. A streak of wind only a few yards wide had torn through everything with the force of lightning; trees would be half stripped of leaves and branches, the other half untouched; others would be torn up by the roots and hurled along like a battering-ram. We saw heavy curb-stones, each weighing from two to three hundred-weight, which had been blown several yards from their positions. Houses along its narrow course were literally levelled to the ground, while others were only unroofed. The rush of wind is so terrific in its

strength that it seems impossible that any masonry can withstand it. Even wrought iron lamp-posts are bent double and twisted into the most extraordinary shapes, while all vegetation is instantly withered.

We left Canton at 5 p.m. on the 28th February. On our way down, just at sundown we saw a large drove of ducks going to their home in an old junk on the river. There must have been two or three hundred of them. At a well-understood whistle from their master on board they waddle, waddle, waddle, and race as hard as they can, all in one solid mass, each striving to be first, *at all events not to be the last.* We saw them pushing and struggling with all their might to get in. It was no use; one was bound to be '*the last in,*' and this one got a good sound whacking with a whip. This is done all over the place. However far they may be from their home, directly they hear the whistle, a perfect rush and stampede follows, and the last poor bird is nearly beaten to death. We hear these ducks are all hatched artificially and brought up by hand, and that they are only let out of the junks for a short time to feed on the slime and slugs with which the muddy banks of the river and the adjoining fields are so rich.

We were back again in Hongkong on the first of this month, and spent the rest of our time in visiting and shopping, and being carried in chairs, by four men, to the top of the mountain above the town, where we saw great quantities of azalea growing wild and in bloom, and from which we had a splendid view of the town and harbour. On our way home, we

noticed a method (as far as we are aware, peculiar to the Chinese) of transplanting large trees. The trunks and boughs are wrapped round thickly with straw, which being kept constantly wet, nourishes the tree until new roots of sufficient strength are formed.

Hongkong, with great consideration and kindness, made the pilgrims free of the club, a kindness we all very much appreciated.

We were to have left on the 2nd of March at 2 p.m., but were delayed by fog until daybreak on the 3rd.

We have seen many opium-dens—an indescribable though sickly odour pervades them all. The room is devoid of furniture, the walls being surrounded with wooden benches, three feet from the floor, and covered with fine matting, on which lie many forms, sleeping the sleep of bliss which is bought at the terrible price of a slow death and a soddened miserable life. When the pipe is prepared as I described before, Johnny lights it and inhales long and deep, till his eyes begin to close, and the state of stupefaction comes creeping over him; his pipe now drops from his clutch, and he is far away in realms of ecstasy and peace.

HEADS OF IDOLS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN. NAGASAKI. KOBÉ. KIOTO.

Dirty Weather.—Change of Temperature.—Nagasaki.—First View of Japan.—Contrast with China.—Japanese Customs and Characteristics.—Dandies.—A neat and wonderful Cultivation.—Our Coolies and their Prayers.—Japanese Streets, Shops, and Dress.—A Comparison not in our Favour.—Coaling.—Inland Sea.—Kobé.—Public Baths.—Journey by Rail to Kioto. — Scenery.—The 'Western Capital.' — Buddhist Temple.—Japanese Art.—Visit to the Theatre. — 'Saki.'—Actors and their Attendants.—Street Scene during a Fire.—Our Hotel.—Inconveniences of Shifting Walls.

Nagasaki, Japan,
March 11, 1882.
8 hr. 40 min. in front of our home time.

SINCE we left Hongkong at daybreak on the 3rd, we have had the most vile weather imaginable. A very cold north-easter against us all the way, with high seas, cloudy, stormy skies, and for two days a gale in our teeth, and not once a glimpse of the sun. Since the *Ceylon* left Southampton, nearly five months ago, she has persistently had either head-winds, or else no wind at all, with exceptions amounting altogether to at most one week!

We have all had more than enough of the China Seas. Directly we left, the change of temperature was so great that thick winter-clothing had to be resorted to—all sitting about on deck being at an end—awnings down, and muffled up, shivering forms, with blue noses, hurrying along the deck in the pinching cold for exercise and warmth. For two days on our way up north, we kept in sight of the Chinese coast, resembling very much the west coast of Scotland, and seeing a great many coasting-junks beating about. Since then we have been fighting our way up here, and making the slowest progress possible through the head-seas and strong winds. One evening our steering-gear broke, and we rolled about terribly and helplessly in the trough of the sea during the hour it was being patched up. The waves were no doubt splendid from an æsthetic point of view, but they were entirely unappreciated. I felt dismally we could have better studied their varying forms and colours from the shore, but the *feeling* for these things was gone, though unfortunately only in one sense; and 'Gush' and his inseparable twin-brother 'Comfort' having fled the ship, the huge waves and hollows raced wildly past, more felt than seen. One of our sails blew away, and the same person was ill again, nearly all the way.

What the sailors call 'Cape hens' have kept us company for some days, quartering our wake for food; flying without once flapping their wings, and in graceful motions like those of a finished skater. They have immensely long and thin wings of nearly the

same width throughout. They never seem to tire, for they follow us night and day.

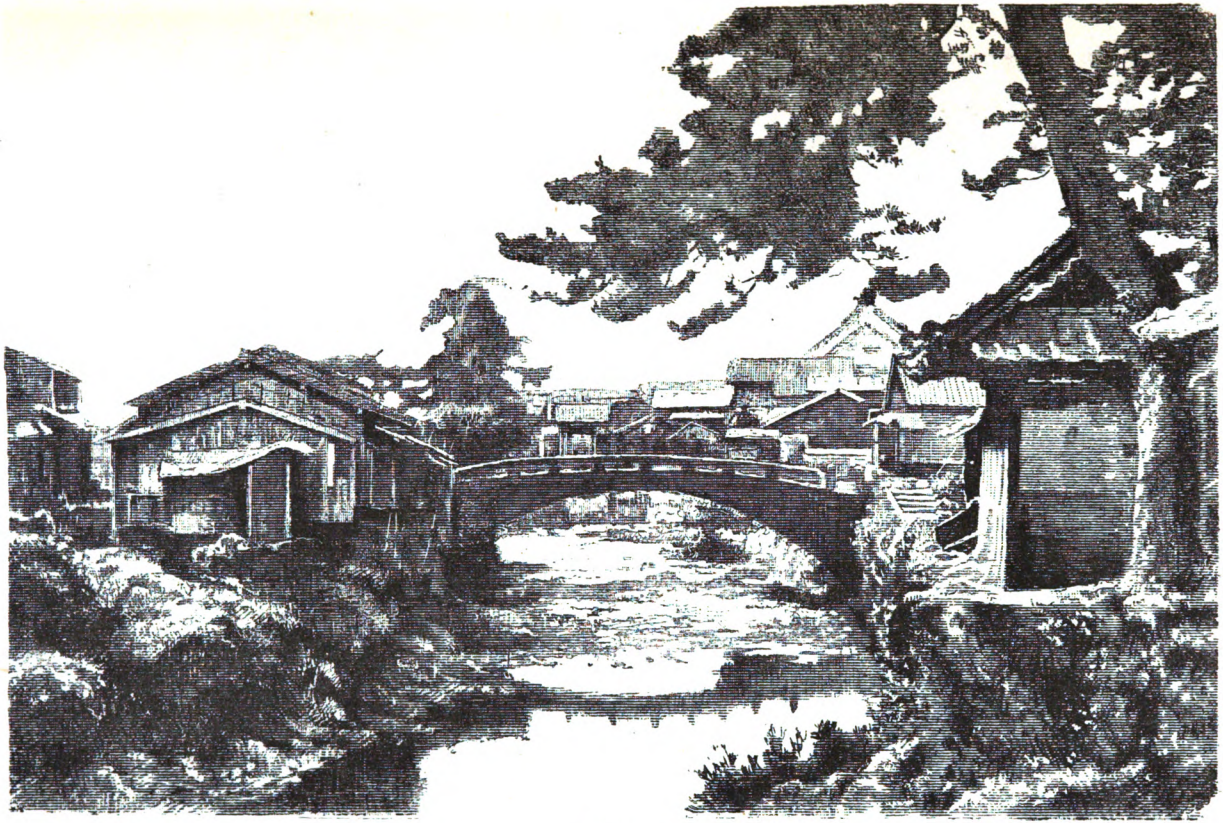
When we awoke on the morning of the 10th, we were in calm lovely weather, with a soft and warm sun shining, and the coast of Japan well within sight. It was a great delight to us all after the previous unpleasant and stormy week. Soon we were steaming between high hills, wooded or cultivated to the water, and with pretty islands dotted here and there about the coast. It struck us as being not unlike Dartmouth, but it is generally likened to a Norway fiord. The view of the town as we lay at anchor, as in a lake, was very pretty. Soft blue hills were on all sides of us, rising from the sparkling water, a genial sun, and an air light and invigorating as possible. There were many ships in the harbour as well as junks, a few of the former, which were being built entirely by the Japanese, being on the stocks. Everything here seems to be going ahead at a great pace; it being an important place of call for steamers for the purpose of coaling with the cheap and nasty native coal from Jakashima.

It is difficult to account for the feeling, but after China it felt quite like nearing home again, our getting to Japan. Had we to return to-morrow, we should feel we had been fully compensated had we seen nothing else. Everything here is so *quaint, picturesque,* and *pleasing*—no filth like there was in China. A clear bright air, clean quaint little streets, which are all pavement, little houses of wood, of one story high, and a happy, light-hearted, and more than

friendly people. They are most cordial and polite; not taught, but bred so by nature. If Buckle's 'food, climate, and aspect of nature' theory is right (as I suppose it is), the three are here in their most valuable combination, for the result is a happy, light-hearted, and kite-flying people. They eat chiefly rice, indulge little in 'hot and rebellious liquors,' and are without those physical infirmities which so many of our race suffer from; not only those self-made ones, but also those kind legacies bequeathed by a glorious 'three-bottle' ancestry. They are happy as children, and are far superior in physique to the Chinamen, the girls being very nice, amiable, and attractive, with fair skins, rosy cheeks, good figures, pretty faces, and fine teeth, though one very nasty and disgusting custom is that in which engaged and married women indulge, of making their teeth black as jet, which makes them look most repulsive. It is a most interesting country for everyone, naturally, socially, politically, and historically.

On landing we were immediately surrounded by jinrickishaws on all sides, and the way the men pull them about is as wonderful as is their endurance. The European costumes were most odd-looking. I fancy all who can afford to wear them do; and a young swell here swaggers about in a seal-skin cap, a dress-coat, and a pair of light trousers, and any amount of what is called 'cuff.'

The town is without imposing buildings of any kind; but its cleanliness and general appearance are most pleasing, as well as the daintiness, smallness, and



NAGASAKI.

quaintness of everything. The population is about 80,000. So far as is possible, every inch of the hills surrounding the town is cultivated like a garden, neatness and order prevailing everywhere. The hills are terraced out with the big stones got from the soil, making them into steps or terraces; from a distance they look as straight and regular as if they had been ruled out with a measure.

To-day we walked to the top of the highest of these hills, through terraces of cultivated land, cut up into little plots, most of them being only a few yards square, and covered with different crops and vegetables, upon which the little Japanese were occasionally hard at work. The path was so steep, that it was mostly cut into irregular steps; and at intervals along it were little one-storied houses of wood, and standing in their doorways to look at us as we passed were the quaint little mothers with their black almond-shaped eyes, and their little children, all merry, bright, and gladsome, as is everything about them in this happy, beautiful-looking spot. In one sense these people are doubtless as poor as 'church mice,' but they seem to to be as rich as Crœsus in that which constitutes life's real wealth. Farther up the hill, and beyond its cultivation, we passed through quantities of wild camellia shrubs, rhododendrons, and long yellow rank grass.

Our jinrickishaw men accompanied us up the hill, half-way up which is a little wooden temple, to the door of which they went, and clapped their hands as loudly as they could to awaken the god and call his attention to them. They then threw some money into

a large wooden receptacle, like a pig-trough, which stood before the idol, muttered a very short prayer bowed several times very low, then rang a bell, which hung above them, to awaken the god, lest he should have gone to sleep in the meanwhile, and forgotten who it was that was to be accredited with the offering, after which they followed us, merrier, if possible, than before.

From the top of the hill we had a fine view of the harbour and town, and over a sea, white like molten silver, with scattered islands nestling in its peaceful bosom, and inland, over a mountainous and beautifully pine-timbered country.

The crispness and freshness of the air are most exhilarating. On descending, we wander through the little streets with their quaint little wooden houses and shops all open to the street, and having instead of windows thin sliding-screens made of lightest wood, paper being substituted for glass. The primal ingenuousness and simplicity of everything we see is delightful; and we shall ever remember Nagasaki with acutest pleasure as being our first introduction to it all. A large proportion of the shops are curio shops, full of beautiful lacquer-work, bronzes, and Japanese ware. In other shops we see pheasants of many different varieties and colours, with tails fully five feet long, also many sorts of gaudy-coloured ducks. They are celebrated here for their fine working in tortoise-shell, and a great many little models of both jinrickishaws and sampans made from it find their way on board. The streets are full of

A STREET IN NAGASAKI.

these good-natured people, and though it is their early spring, the men, whose occupations are active, wear very little clothing—generally only a short blue-cotton frock, with large white hieroglyphics encircled with a white ring on the back, and very tightly fitting trousers of the same material. Head-dress of any kind seems to be rare, but the men occasionally wear a blue handkerchief on their heads, which they tie under the chin. Our jinrickishaw men are almost naked, their legs being entirely so. Little girls and boys, the latter with shaved heads, toddle about the streets with infants of nearly the same age strapped, or rather wrapped, to their backs. The more elderly girls and women—bless them!—seem nicely-made little things, and many of the younger ones are very pretty. Though they smile most winningly upon us and welcome us with their black, sleepy-looking eyes, we pass on; for we act up to a Japanese proverb which says, 'Beware of beautiful women as you would of red pepper.'

A remarkable trait in their character, that one cannot help noticing, is that all seem so kind and loving to one another! A little dot of a child came near being knocked over by one of our jinrickishaws, which was being pulled so fast that it was with the greatest difficulty it could be stopped without knocking the little fellow down. Our coolie patted him on the head as tenderly as if he had been his own child, and without the shadow of an angry look at the trouble to which he had been put. It was impossible to help comparing him with one of our too often

brutal cabmen or carters at home, who with an oath and a slash of the whip would have sent the little fellow away screaming; and yet this is the country to which English and American missionaries come to teach them our civilization and what we are in the West—how good we are—how gentle—how loving, clean and sober—how exalted are our methods of life—how high our aims! Is it not wiser to teach men how to *live* before teaching them how to *die?* The latter plan has been tried long enough; and of its fallacy the records of the world are unhappily by this time full enough!

It would be far more pertinent, and less *im*pertinent, were they to send missionaries from Japan to England and America, to teach us what is the grand potent which makes them so happy, so sober, so clean, and so kind and loving to one another. When one thinks of our East End and the stupendous depths of degradation to which whole masses of our people at our very doors have sunk, and whose deplorable condition, both spiritually and bodily, so loudly calls for help, it seems at least odd that missionaries should be sent to a people who seem to need it far less than the multitudes of our people at home. Until our *own* festering sores are cured, should not every missionary be recalled, and every farthing of the money which now leaves England for missionary purposes be applied to wipe out our own deep national disgrace?

Our coaling here was done from lighters, several hundred hands of both sexes being employed; and being closely arranged in two lines on a 'way' from

the ship to the lighter, a never-ceasing stream of the smallest baskets, full and empty, passed up and down. In this way 700 tons of Japanese coal were quickly got on board. At their dinner-hour in the afternoon they all knocked off work, and fell to upon boiled rice in boxes which seemed to hold nearly as much as their coal-baskets. Many curios were bought here by our pilgrims, many heavy packing-cases coming on board a little before our departure for Hiogo and Kobé in the Inland Sea; the former being the native, the latter the European town, and adjoining one another.

Kobé (Hiogo), Japan,
March 14, 1882.

On Sunday the 12th, at 2 a.m., we left Nagasaki for this town, the most important one in the Inland Sea, and one of those which were unwillingly thrown open to commerce by the Japanese in 1863. Our passage this day, skirting the northern coast, was a very rough one, until we entered the world-renowned Inland Sea, where we anchored for the greater part of the night, so timing our departure in the early morning that we should pass through the finest scenery during the daylight. The only thing that marred our enjoyment in this beautiful lake-like sea was the intense cold. We are in early spring here, and the snow still lies deep on the tops of the mountains, which rise abruptly from the coast. It is difficult to understand how it could be so cold when we are so far South—being now in about the same latitude as Madeira.

We should have been here two months later to see the Inland Sea at its best, when a splendour of foliage and vegetation would have made it a paradise; as it was, parts of it were superb. The sea, a winding one of 500 miles long, is in many places thickly studded with islands; the channels are consequently frequently very intricate, and the currents swirl through them like a mill-race, making the navigation very dangerous. Islands and shore are covered with pine-trees and brushwood; and here and there greenest sward and cultivated land slope in fine lines to the water's edge. In every sheltered bay villages lie snugly; and junks, marvellous in their elaborate construction, and fleets of fishing boats, add great life to the beauty of the scene. At the loveliest part of this sea are snow-capped mountains, rising ruggedly from the coast to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet; and splendid were the rosy lights and pearly shadows of evening upon them as we steamed too fastly by. Many times to-day we could have thrown a stone across the water, while at others the sea opened out to a width of twenty or thirty miles. More beautiful waters than these for yachting it would be impossible to find.

When we awoke this morning we found ourselves anchored a short distance from the town; and on reaching the deck, were gladdened by a perfectly calm and heavenly morning, a warm sun and blue sky. The water is like an opal mirror, and beyond lies the town, with hills behind it of a delicate purple colour.

On landing we drove through the town in jinricki-

shaws, there being no horses anywhere, all the work being done apparently by men. Curio, basket and other shops full of beautiful things are innumerable; fish-shops, too, are common, in which we notice a great many dried brown trout from five to six pounds each, which come from the large lake of Biwa, above Kioto.

We paid here a flying visit to the public baths, which are great institutions throughout the country; for the people are by inclination, as well as by their religion, most scrupulously clean. The bath was about ten feet square, the water very hot, and reaching to about their chests when standing in it. In this bath these simple happy Japanese people of both sexes were bathing together, without a scrap of clothing on them, and with all the innocence of simple animals. Apparently they know not what 'indelicacy' means; for while we were taking this hurried glance, a graceful nymph of about sixteen summers left the water, and actually stood beside us smiling. Did she blush and run away? No. Did we? Yes.

The veil that was wanting there, must be drawn here. It was a strange sight, filling us with many reflections. The occupants of the bath greeted us with smiles, and they were evidently pleased and flattered at our having paid them a visit. How incongruous such things are in a land where they have now the greatest of all civilizers, viz., railways and telegraphs!

March 15, 1882.

The great places of interest near Hiogo are the

native towns of Kioto, Nara, and Osaka. To see them we were obliged to procure special passports through our consul, stating the objects of our travel, for they are beyond our treaty limits. Having procured them, we start with a native guide for Kioto, about fifty miles distant, on an English made small-gauge railway; all the rolling-stock and locomotives are English, but the railway is worked entirely by Japanese officials.

The entire distance to Kioto, the rail runs along a plain of an average width of about eight miles, between low and seemingly uncultivated mountains, covered here with patches of dark pine-trees of a bluish tint, and there with warm-coloured granite rocks. This plain is cultivated the whole way with the most scrupulous attention and care, and is in appearance like one of our market-gardens at home. The land is splendidly irrigated, as is the case everywhere here. The rivers and streams which run through these plains bring down a vast amount of sand and other solid matter from the mountains, which in course of time would choke their beds and cause them to overflow. To prevent this they are banked up, causing them to run at a considerably higher level than the land through which they pass, making them look like railway embankments.

Does one not see in this the aiding hand of Providence, and how man, in endeavouring to keep nature from aggressing, has unconsciously discovered a most powerful ally?

The land is partitioned into small level plots, and

being below the level of the streams, they can be irrigated to heart's content, the most abundant crops in spring and autumn being the result. There are neither hedges nor fences, nor is there any grass-land. Sheep we never see, the grass in Japan not suiting them, and oxen, which are chiefly reared and fattened for European use, are all stall-fed; the quiet-looking landscape is consequently without those flocks which give so great a charm to our home pastoral scenes.

The natives are now at work on crops all vividly green and corresponding to those of our summer; these will be harvested while it is yet spring, for the heat comes quickly and with great and increasing strides; when they are cleared, the semi-tropical crops, such as rice, take their place, and are in their turn gathered in the autumn. There are no roads for purely agricultural purposes, only narrow, well-worn foot-paths; and we very rarely see any beasts of burden except 'man,' who carries or drags all produce, and who also serves as post-horses in pulling the jinrickishaws.

In the neighbourhood of all the villages are large camellia trees and acres of smaller ones, all in full blossom.

The morning is keen and frosty, and the country wears a wintry aspect—all trees but the evergreens being leafless; but the many camellia trees, the tall, feathery bamboos and pines, which we see, prevent the landscape from looking naked. As the early sun scatters its grateful warmth and light over the landscape, our home skylarks rise with song into the

air. These and a few old crows are the only birds we see.

There were a great many natives travelling, all the stations along our route being full of them. At 9 a.m. we reached Kioto, the 'Western Capital,' which boasts a population of 225,000 of the happiest race on earth! Kioto being the terminus, there was a large crowd filling the station, which was further augmented by the 'output' of our train; so it took us some little time before we could extricate ourselves from the throng and get outside the station. Here we took jinrickishaws (the hire of each being about three shillings for the DAY!), and went through the little streets of the town, buying a number of beautiful articles from the many curio-shops we passed, and being utterly bewildered by all the countless objects which arrest the attention on every side.

We have visited to-day several Buddhist temples, and amongst them that of Nishi-Hon-gwan-ji, said to be the largest in Japan; at all events the finest we have yet seen. The architecture of all is substantially the same in character: built almost entirely of wood, unpainted and unvarnished, with great beams and cross-beams, with much nearly full-relief carving, and very large, exaggerated, overhanging roofs, turned up at the edges; the general effect of the whole being a rather pronounced grey colour. There must be very large trees in the country, for some of these beams are of immense size.

Before we enter the sacred precincts we have to take off our boots, and cold as ice to the feet is the

fine white rush matting. The decoration inside is so rich, the light so subdued, and the now dull ground on which the beautiful and simple designs are painted gives so splendid a richness and luminousness to the interior, that one feels like an incongruous figure in an otherwise splendid picture. Of course storks, peacocks, chrysanthemums, delicate sprays of bamboo, with its sharp, willow-like leaves, plum and other blossoms and fruits, are all exquisitely worked, and in execution are perfect.

The more important designs here, and the large paintings on the panels of the various rooms, are by far the finest work we have yet seen in the country, it being the work of a higher order, of an art more serious and thoughtful than that one usually sees, which has so much of caricature and of the grotesque in it. For love and earnestness shown in their work, in depth, richness of tone and colour, and in the patient completion of detail—always graceful—this work may not unreasonably be said to approximate to even that of the Venetian school. Their facts of form are wonderful, and only to be attained by a long, simple-hearted, and reverent study of nature. It is far removed from being merely imitative work, for it has become, as all work *must* become when humbly and lovingly carried out, idealized and suggestive! The most disappointing feature is their painting of the human form, which, so far as we have yet observed, seems to lack all knowledge of correct drawing and anatomy, though it is always rich in vigorous but exaggerated action.

Inside the temple, kneeling opposite to the idol of Buddha, was a long row of priests intoning at an immense pace, all keeping perfect time and making a noise exactly like the monotonous, sing-song tune that forces itself so unpleasantly upon one's ears in the clatter of an express railway train.

Within the curtilage of this temple are the curious little ponds, islands, bridges and winding paths that one sees so constantly in their pictures, mapped out like a park in miniature, on the scale of about a yard to the mile.

Leaving here, we are again hurried through the streets in our jinrickishaws. We see more temples, and also their local industrial and art exhibitions—an institution which we notice in all their towns. The temptations of the curio-shops are too strong for us to withstand; and we frequently stop to admire the splendid bronzes, lacquer-work, porcelain and inlaid metal-work, of which my friend of course buys more than any two men could carry. The beauty of the innumerable things in these shops is amazing—their bronzes are enough to craze one—and the true ring of a beautiful and deep art runs through nearly everything; but a simple sprig of cherry, peach, or plum blossom—a spray of the delicate bamboo most exquisitely graceful and perfect in finish—are the chief and most charming characteristics of their happy ornamentation.

After a very hard day we get back, tired to death, to the hotel, which is just outside the town, on a beautifully wooded mountain. The old city lies

THE MAIN STREET IN KIOTO.

beneath us in the valley, and the pine-clad hills on both sides of it are very beautiful in the thin rising mists of evening.

After dinner, consisting of soup, trout, fillet of beef, tea and extras, we go to the theatre, which is a large, dimly-lighted, barn-like place, the whole floor of which is partitioned off into squares of about four feet—like a chess-board. For a few cents we procure one of these rush matted squares; the thin wooden board between it and the next being not quite a foot high. Sandals, clogs, and other 'trotter gear,' are left outside the theatre in long rows. We ask ourselves whether it is possible for any single pair to find again its right owner? All sit on the fine rush-matted floor, but, as we are 'foreign barbarians,' they bring us broken down stools, and also accommodate us with a charcoal fire in a large open bronze vessel.

The floor is so crowded with people that we find it very difficult to prevent rubbing shoulders with the young and pretty sleepy-eyed Japanese girls in the next boxes, who are constantly using tiny handglasses to see whether their elaborately-got-up faces and hair are in perfect trim, and who are incessantly touching up their lips, eyebrows and lashes with red and black paint. Of qualities such as modesty, womanly reserve or shyness, we have not yet been able to discover one solitary instance; but kindness, politeness, gentleness and pleasing graceful manners, we notice everywhere—rowdyism and vulgarity, such as we understand them among our lower orders, are unknown! All the little divisions are full of these easy-going, happy

people; the girls as well as the others smoking their tiny little pipes, and many drinking a spirit, made from rice, called 'saki,' from bowls not much larger than a thimble. The piece we saw began two days before, and we were told by our guide that it would be finished in about six weeks! The play begins each morning at seven, and goes on till five in the afternoon, when there is an interval of an hour, commencing again at six, and going on again till midnight. There are naturally relays of actors to do all this, numbering in all from sixty to seventy.

We were unable to make head or tail of what was going on—indeed it was impossible to believe that anyone could—but notwithstanding this, we were very much amused at some parts of the performance, which we were well able to understand and appreciate. For instance, the prompter was on the stage making himself small behind the players, reading their parts for them, they repeating after him. The lighting, too, was decidedly unique; each actor having his own attendant, whose business it was to follow his master about on all fours, with a lighted candle at the end of a stick, like a long fishing-rod. This corresponded to the limelight which is sometimes thrown upon our actors. The clever way in which they manipulated themselves along the stage, and always managed to keep their actor well illuminated, secured to them the greatest approbation we could bestow on any part of the performance.

On our way to the theatre, we saw the glare of a fire in the distance (a by no means uncommon

occurrence in these wooden towns), and the streets through which we passed were swarming with people

A NATIVE.

with paper lanterns, all running most excitedly to it. The whole scene was alive with men and dancing

lights, shouting and bustle. In the middle of a knot of men was carried a small oblong box with a pump in it—this was doubtless meant for a fire-engine; then more men with buckets rushed by, then another baby pump—lanterns dancing about everywhere! The fire was too far away to tempt us to see it closer. It turned out to be not serious, for on our return from the theatre all was quiet.

Our hotel is tolerably comfortable, considering it is built of wood, and as lightly and thinly as a fiddle. The sides of the rooms are merely a number of the thinnest movable wooden slides, which one can push aside with one's little finger, and walk into one's neighbours' rooms, or other people walk into yours, which is more unpleasant. Three friends invaded mine from sides which I had imagined perfectly secure—this state of things induces a creepy-crawly feeling: for if one cannot find something immovable to put one's back against, where would be the courage of even the strongest? Besides the thinness of the partitions admitting of conversations being carried on with friends three or four rooms away, the hotel seems to be like a colossal double bass in its acoustic properties, and a whisper or a creaking bed can be heard in the furthest part of the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

Endurance of Jinrickishaw Coolies.—Their Short Lives.—The Japanese 'Big Paul.'—Scenery on the Road to Nara.—Tea-house.—'Tiffin.'—Dai-Butzu.—A Primitive Hostelry.—Japanese Servants.—Dinner.—Cuttle-fish.—Native Candles.—Curios.—Midnight Visits.—Our Ablutions.—The Road to Osaka.—Unbidden Guests.—A Remedy.—Fish.—A Bicycle.—Osaka, the Venice of Japan.—The Mint.—The Castle.—The Fast Young Man of Japan.—Back to the *Ceylon*.—Curio Dealers and their Failings.

March 16, 1882.

THIS morning at eight we started in jinrickishaws for the ancient city of Nara (thirty miles distant), and if by chance the eye of an athlete happens to light upon these lines, let him mark them. I had two little Japanese coolies for my team, the more bulky De Bosco, three; but besides ourselves to pull, they had our heavy ulsters, rugs, and weighty Gladstone-bags. One of my men was in the shafts, the other in front, tandem-like; and they accomplished the thirty miles, including stoppages, with the greatest ease in just under the six hours, and the next day ran with us another thirty miles from Nara to Osaka in the

same time, pulling up a great deal fresher than we did at the end of both journeys! They run the whole way, uphill and down, excepting when really steep; and they seemed to regard it as a slur upon their strength when we occasionally insisted on getting out and walking up the hills.

Their bare legs, which one has ample time to study during these long rides, are in muscular development perfectly astonishing, and not to be matched out of Japan. They wear only thin rush soles on their naked feet, and have but very scant clothing; they are short, sturdy, but splendidly made young fellows, who, however, pay a very dear price for their fine but ephemeral physique, for they die very young from heart, lung, and other chest diseases. They are very jolly fellows, and while running, keep up a nearly incessant talking and laughing. Their lives are so short that we hear the Government is considering the whole question, with a view of stopping not only this institution, which has been in existence for about twenty-five years, but also the larger one of men doing what, elsewhere in the world, is performed by beasts of burden. It is in the ordinary course of business of these men to do, day after day—if they are lucky enough to get the job—fifty miles in ten hours! The fare for each jinrickishaw and two men for the sixty miles, and with which they were more than satisfied, was a sum equal to about 15s. of our English money! Before we started on our journey, we visited the biggest bell in Japan, weighing over seventy-four tons; it is hung so low in the little open temple on

the hillside above our hotel, that one can barely walk under it.

Our route lies through one of the richest of all the tea districts in Japan. In places, this plant even makes the hedges at the side of the road! From our jinricki-shaws, it looks precisely like a privet bush, and the plants are generally about two feet high. We notice our common wild maidenhair fern between the stones of the walls, and pear and other fruit-trees trained on bamboo-poles, with vegetables growing underneath; every inch of ground being utilized. The plum-trees are in full blossom. Farther on, we go through splendid bamboo plantations, about thirty feet high, which at a distance look very much like our fir woods in spring, when they are clothed in fresh and tender green. These plantations are a source of great revenue to their proprietors, for as a nation the Japanese would collapse without the bamboo; they not only make nearly everything they require from it, but even go to the length of eating its young shoots! This latter the Chinese also do. Leaving these plantations, we go through plains highly cultivated and vividly green with new vegetables; the old paddy-fields looking like our stubble-fields. The only birds we see are again a few sky-larks, singing just as they do at home, and now and then a solitary old crow. This absence of birds is very striking. We expected to see a great many storks and cranes, for they play so prominent a part in Japanese art, but we have seen none.

At 10.30 a.m. we enter a little village, and stop for three minutes at a tea-house (which answers to our village

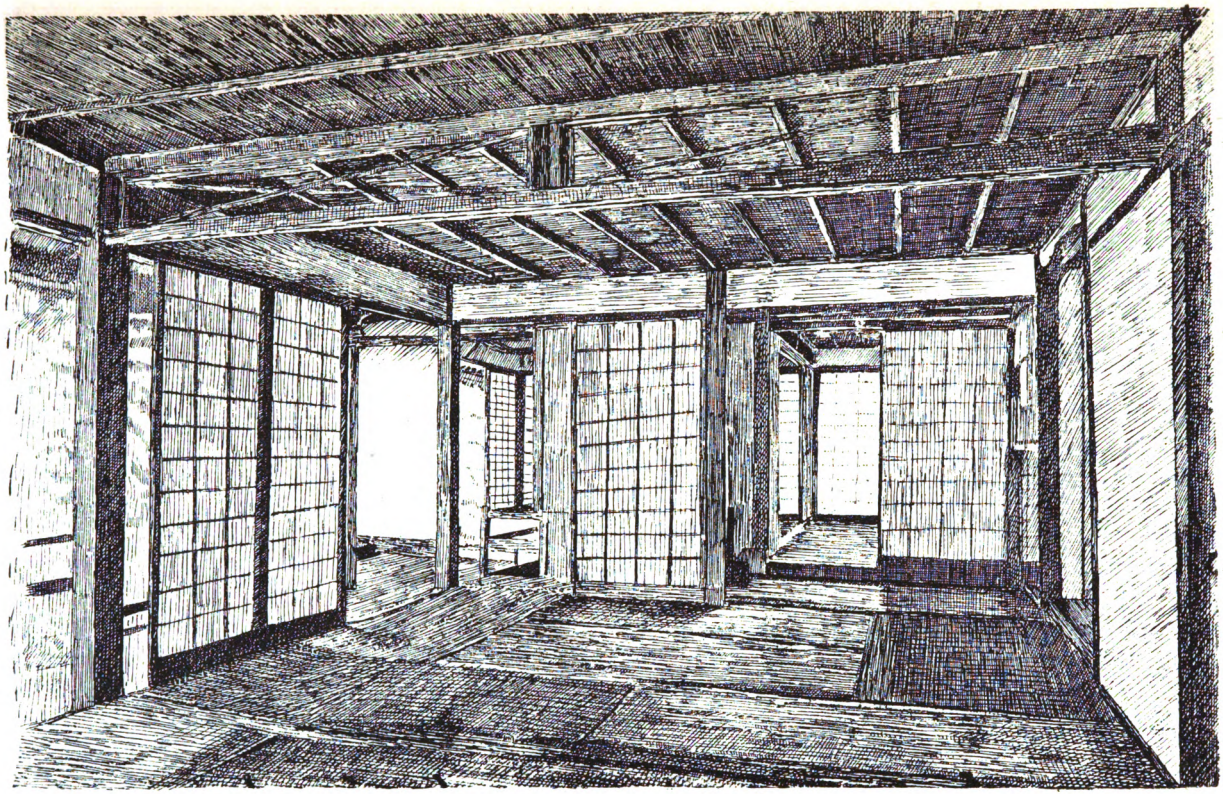
inn). Here we have the tiniest cups of tea brought us, of course without either milk or sugar. The women who hand it to us are as proud of showing their jet-black teeth as our girls at home are of concealing their wedding-rings! Leaving here, we pass for a long way through old rice-fields, and from the stubble they would appear to be planted close together in little bunches or clumps of about twenty, each clump being about a foot from the other. These paddy-fields are all as flat as a billiard-table, and are about an inch under water. We are going through a plain, about eight miles across, with beautiful blue and pine-clad mountains on both sides. At 11.30 we stop in a village for 'tiffin.' We were obliged to bring our own provisions, for no meat nor other European food is to be got till we reach Osaka. This is our second stoppage. The irreproachably clean house in which we are, has neither chairs, tables, nor other furniture; so we have to sit on the matting, so spotlessly clean that custom and etiquette compel us to take off our boots. We have paper napkins given us, and tea again in the usual little bowls. The children, who everywhere flock to gaze wonderingly upon us, look generally very unhealthy, with scabby heads and faces, and pocket-handkerchiefs (of the largest possible size) are *invariably* most sadly required. Why do not some of our philanthropic societies provide them? After 'tiffin,' we pass through the same scenery, till we get to the historic and ancient capital of Nara, with its 21,000 inhabitants; through the streets of which we are taken with a great dash by our coolies, for their work for the

A VILLAGE STREET.

day is now nearly over. Before we go to our hotel or tea-house, which stands on the side of the hill overlooking the city, we pay a visit to the temple near it, the sanctuary of the greatest brazen image in the world—the Dai Butzu or the Great Buddha—which is fifty-three feet high, and weighs over 1,000,000 pounds. The temple and its surrounding buildings are built almost entirely of wood; and though the temple was destroyed some centuries since, in some of the terrible civil wars of that time, the other buildings escaped, and stand now as they were ten centuries ago. The colossal image has been unfortunate enough on more than one occasion to lose its head, and suffer other damage from fire, but it has always been reinstated, and is now as it always has been and will be, the wonder of all observers! After remaining here some time, we walked through the local exhibition adjoining it, being much pleased with the specimens of native manufacture we saw. These exhibitions must do much towards stimulating the natives to a more competitive spirit.

After our long journey, and the labours of the preceding days, we are not a little glad of the prospect of a comfortable hotel and a good rest; but on arriving at the *hotel*, it turns out to be only a thin framework house of wood, with sliding screens of thinnest wood and paper for walls. Of course there is no upper story—there never is! The furnishing of the place could certainly have cost but little; nor can it be said to be in accordance with our ideas of comfort. There are no chairs, nor tables; neither

beds, washstands, chests of drawers, basins, nor looking-glasses encumbered the rooms; the only movable things besides the shifting walls of the establishment being a small sprig of almond blossom, and the jar in which it rests, and the beautifully white matting on the floor, which one can see stretching along in one unbroken sheet through the house. The decoration of the rooms, too, is quite in keeping with the absence of furniture, commencing, as well as ending, with a scrawl of plum-blossom on some of its unvarnished cedar-coloured panels. *Voilà tout!* We were escorted to these rooms (being led by the hand) by two, not blushing nor even modest, damsels, with jet-black teeth; while they try on our 'ulsters,' and examine our rugs, nearly laughing their ribs out all the while, we enjoy from our rooms the tender beauty of the view, across a wooded and lovely valley, far beneath us, and stretching away to low mountains in the distance. After a little rest, and the invariable little cups of tea, we go through a grove of cryptomerias—a kind of cypress—the largest trees we have ever seen, and as far as we can remember from photographs, being very much like the immense pines of California. Many of them are more than ten feet in diameter, and shoot fifty or sixty feet into the air before the first limbs leave them. From these hang gigantic wistarias, coiling through the air like enormous serpents, half as thick as one's body. Under these huge trees grow dark-leaved camellias and other evergreens; and we go, along the pretty winding paths until we come to, *of course*, a temple. Surrounding it, and almost sup-



A FURNISHED ROOM.

porting one another, they are so close together, are thousands of grey, stone lanterns five or six feet high, extending for a considerable distance from the temple down the different paths through the wood, their effect against the dark green camellias and other evergreens being most weird and ghostlike.

The hillside, on which is our little tea-house, is very liberally covered with large pine-trees and long dead grass, and here and there amongst it we see sacred deer, belonging to the temple, and quite tame. At sundown we repair to our little sanctuary, whence we look upon the last of the day, our spirits sinking with the sun, for we have before us the prospect of a cheerless, comfortless night, the only thing to remind us of home, and taking away a little from the feeling of isolation, being some pheasants crowing all about us—not quite the same as our pheasants crow, but still quite near enough to it to proclaim at once their identity.

Our black-teethed beauties now bring in tallow candles with hollow paper wicks, which want snuffing *badly* every two minutes, and a tin of water into which to put the snuffs. We now slide on two whole sides of the room, and await the cooking of some steaks we brought with us from Kioto. A table and what go for chairs have been procured somewhere, as well as paper napkins. Our own knives and forks, mustard, salt, and pepper, furnish the table. Our first dish is an uneatable, salt, and high-smelling fish, and after some cuttle-fish, which we both partake of (and I have no doubt lie when we say we like it—I candidly

admit I do, *for one!*), of course we have the usual little bowls of tea brought on, but we 'pass,' and drink our own brandy and water, which is good enough. We are attended to by one of the young women, who very much likes our diet, and who helps herself to our dinner, depositing with the most innocent grace her leavings on our respective plates while we are still eating from them. All this time, and at regular intervals of two minutes, our dips are snuffed, making, of course, a most shocking smell. These candles considerately give us timely notice of their wanting snuffing by becoming dimmer and dimmer till at last they threaten to go out altogether, their light at the best of times being only equal to that of one of our wax vestas. After dinner a curio-dealer brings up from the town a large number of little ornaments (inlaid work in bronze) which used to embellish the sword-handles and scabbards of the Daimios, or provincial princes, and all of which my friend buys for a few pounds.

March 17, 1882.

After the curio-dealer left last night, there was nothing to do excepting to go to bed and endeavour to escape the forlorn and cheerless situation by sleep. Our lowly beds were now brought in and laid upon the floor—being naught but thin straw mattresses, with thick quilts to take the place of sheets and blankets. We heard a great deal of tittering going on outside, and doubtless a large number of people were enjoying something very much; but as we guessed we were the subject of their mirth, we did not feel further

interested, and being exceedingly tired, I fell almost immediately asleep, not moving once till morning. My friend told me that ladies and gentlemen of the country came constantly into our rooms during the night—he supposed from curiosity—and that he

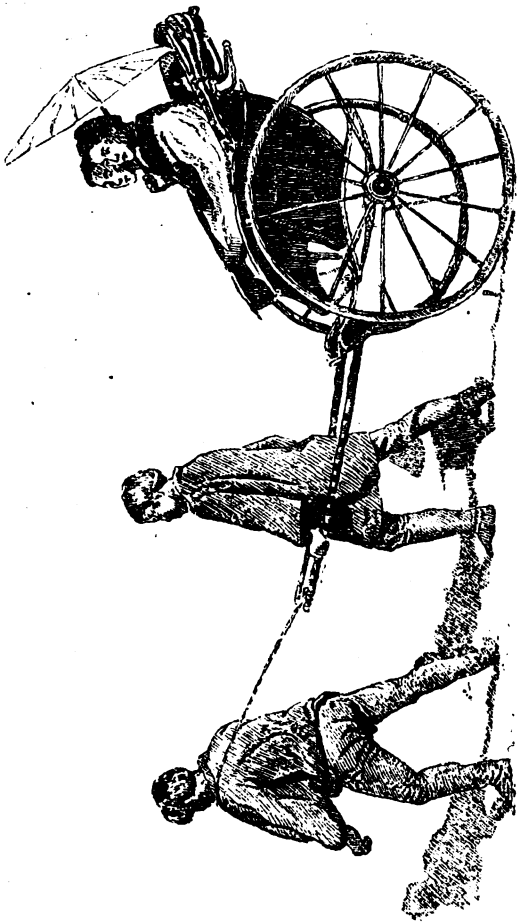
A DAIMIO.

was not able to sleep much in consequence. Early in the morning, after a wash in the open air, both at one small bowl, with the luxury of a paper towel apiece, and a light breakfast of rice, flavoured with about two pounds of steak, we inspect our 'horses,' now at their breakfast, consisting of about four

breakfast-cups of plain boiled rice, a small piece of fish, and some boiled vegetable looking like spinach. Our wonder is that it is only on this that they are going to pull us another thirty miles to Osaka! Just now one of De Bosco's team had his heel rather badly cut in 'skylarking' with his friends, and a conference is held between them as to whether he should start—a doubt which is soon settled in the affirmative, for he does start, and in the chorus of talking and laughing that ensues no doubt forgets his hurt. They are as 'fresh as paint,' and off we go, about 7.30, through pines of immense size, groves of camellia, giant camphor-wood, and other trees unknown to us. There are a few tame deer about the road; the air is deliciously crisp and light, and the day is again most beautiful.

We drive through one end of the town, and soon find ourselves in the open country again, and going along a high embankment, evidently having something to do with irrigation. We continue along the same plain as yesterday, with the same blue hills and paddy-fields on either side of us, which here are two or three inches deep in water. We meet a good many Japanese along the road in jinrickishaws, some with Osaka-made umbrellas, after the pattern of one of our 'old gamps,' which make them feel immense swells; but more have the large flat paper ones, which are far prettier, and not so absurdly out of place. On both sides neatness and order prevail in the fields, the patches adjoining one another and being marked out like a market garden. Growing here we chiefly

notice turnips, beans, and corn. The land is ploughed by oxen on the plains, and by men on the steeps of the



YOUNG LADIES TRAVELLING.

hills, to the very last foot capable of cultivation. All the land belongs to the Crown, and unless the farmer

cultivate it with the greatest care and attention, it is taken from him.

We now pass through a little village, many shops being full of dried trout and salmon—the fish and 'old-curiosity shops' seeming to share the business between them.

How long will these fellows go on without a stop? They have now been running up and down hill and along the 'straight' for an hour and three-quarters, without a single rest. Soon after this we get to another village, and at last stop at a tea-house (1 hour 50 minutes from the start). After a short rest, some sips of tea, and a little fun with the pretty girls, who seem to be always present in these houses, we are off again, and soon are winding amongst hills. Here some very long-tailed pheasants fly across the road in front of us. Tea is growing close up to the road, a bushy and compact little plant, about two feet high, and farther up the hills, and to their extreme tops, trees like the Scotch fir. By-the-bye, is it generally known that the tea-plant is a kind of camellia?

Our next stop is at 11.5 in another village, where we are to take our 'tiffin,' and where we get more unasked-for smiles from the young ladies, who show as much delight in seeing us as if it were the end of all their earthly desires! We have great fun with them, while amidst great laughter they help us to unpack, as well as to demolish our 'tiffin.' They seem to appreciate cold teal and tongue very much, even more than we like, for the supply is not unlimited, and we are very hungry; but we have our revenge, for they don't like

'mustard' *much.* It is an uncommon event, nowadays, to see the effects of a dose of this, administered for the first time in her life to an almond-eyed beauty of sixteen or seventeen. (Advice to travellers.—Don't try this experiment till you have finished your meal!) While we are at our lunch, some fishmongers come in with basketfuls of fish, slung at the ends of a springy pole (the way they carry so much both in Japan and China). The most odd-looking fish amongst them is a black lumpy fellow, with a deal of brilliant colour about his gills; the other fish seem to be red (sea) bream, gurnards, grey mullet, squids, and enormous cockles.

During the time we have been inspecting the fish, a crowd has collected round us, and regard us with all the curiosity of dumb animals. If these people have changed from what they were centuries ago, what must they have been then? This is an ever-recurring thought, as we pass through the villages, and notice the primitive natures and customs of the people.

Directly we arrived at this tea-house, our men went to a well in the courtyard, and washed and 'groomed' themselves just as if they had been horses, and only taking, by way of refreshment, a little tea.

After cordial salutations, and many 'sionaras'* to the young ladies, we leave; and after passing across a fine river in a ferry, and going through very similar scenery to what we have seen so much of to-day, we reach the outskirts of the important city of Osaka. We rub our eyes before we are able to believe

* Farewells.

them, but it is nevertheless true—a native positively on an old 'bone-shaker' bicycle! the only one we have seen in the country. During these two days we have only seen one *real* horse, and it was one that should have been instantly stuffed, for it took us some time before we recognised its species, on account of its having short hind-legs like a hyæna, and a long shaggy mane like that of a lion. In the villages we have come through, and occasionally in hand-carts along the roads, we have seen boxes with 'Devoe's brilliant oil for Japan' printed on them in large letters; this being the only evidence of a world beyond Japan. For the last hour we have been having a strong wind against us, which, with a soft sandy road, makes it very hard for our men, one of whom has now to cast off a worn-out shoe, and perform the rest of the journey with one of his feet naked. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, they deposit us at our hotel at 1.30 p.m., just six hours after leaving Nara, apparently little fatigued with their exertions.

Osaka is the second city in Japan, and boasts a population of 270,000. There are more of those *bêtes noires* to the weary traveller in the shape of temples to be seen. As long ago as when we were in India we laid down a rule that we would only see *one* temple in each city to which we went. Sometimes we relaxed this rule, and then we found that we had generally wasted the entire day in seeing either them or tombs! As soon as either of the words 'temple' or 'tomb' is now uttered, we immediately feel so done up and tired that we both fall down in the road, as if

shot, and instantly go to sleep. But notwithstanding this we consented, at the most earnest wish of our guide, 'to do' one in Osaka, and we walked through it at the rate of 'five miles an hour easy,' *without* the aid of Mr. Walkenphast. After a moment's rest we go to the Mint, which used to be at Hongkong, and which was bought from us by the Japanese. It is an immense establishment, and seems capable of coining all the money the world wants, and certainly more than poor little Japan will ever require. Little boy soldiers with Snider rifles guarded its gates, and after presenting passports and visiting-cards we were admitted. English officials at first used to be here, but the Japanese having learned from them all that they could teach, they now do without them.

Leaving here, we go to the old castle with its deep moats and noble walls, constructed of stones of immense size, some being perfectly colossal—great blocks of granite ten yards long by five yards high! On our way we see little knots of girls, either toddling along with their peculiar shuffling gait, or else standing about the streets, the sun-born blood glowing in their inviting cheeks, and who fascinate us with their smiles. They are dressed in their quaintly pretty way, with short waists and big sashes tied behind, as big as a small pillow, their invariably black hair brushed on to the top of the head and stiffened with gum, and with two long pins as long as skewers stuck through. The men are busy, and being neither picturesque nor pleasing like the women, are not noticed.

Osaka (at the head of a bay in the Inland Sea) is

called the Venice of Japan, on account of its many canals and bridges, it being built on no fewer than thirteen rivers. We had to present passports and visiting-cards again before we could get into the castle, where there are more boy soldiers. They are quite lilliputian.

We dined at a Japanese hotel, carried on with great

A YOUNG BLOOD AT HOME.

pretensions in the English style. As English is the Court language here, the *menu* was of course in English, but the cooking was very much Japanese. Fancy being in any part of the world where England is everything, and where she is imitated even down to her cookery! Young bloods of the town swagger in, and it was the funniest thing in the world to hear them order their dinner in English, raising their

voices in order to let us hear 'Soupe, chick*en*, cotelets,' and so on. They then go round the room and admire a modern and disgusting French clock, and some English racing-prints hanging on the walls, as well as the ugly English wall-paper. Fancy in this country, where Kioto and modern Satsuma ware (as beautiful as our cream Wedgwood) are both as cheap as dirt, they should take the trouble to get over from England our commonest, ugliest, and cheapest dinner-service, with a blue stripe round the edge! It made one shudder.

Even in the country, common and offensively red woollen blankets have found their way, which, when cold, the men who are degraded enough to touch them throw over their shoulders. These have come, no doubt, from Manchester; and similar things, redolent of lowest English taste, which one would be ashamed to let even a savage see, are ruining these artistic people at the most furious rate!

Well, to return to our young *roués*. They sipped their 'Bass beer' (their extravagance not running to wine), and handled their English knives and forks—though one must admit they went into their mouths indiscriminately—as if they had been accustomed to them from their infancy. And these are the young men who would probably feed with chop-sticks out of the common bowl at home, and be content to sit on the floor to do it. Human nature seems to be substantially the same thing here as elsewhere!

We caught the 8 p.m. train back to Hiogo and Kobé, reaching the ship at 9.30, astonished and

immensely pleased with all we had seen during our short trip into the interior of Japan.

We heard that some big purchases had been made here by some of our pilgrims, lacquer-work cabinets and curios, representing a great deal of money, coming

A YOUNG DANDY.

on board, we fear but a poor equivalent for what was given for them.

March 18, 1882.

Mr. Hughes, the leading merchant of Hiogo, and to whom we were fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction, took us round the town and into some of the curio-shops where our *Ceylon* friends had been. Cabinets which he had been offered, before the *Ceylon*

arrived, they now asked twice and three times the price for. Some Satsuma china De Bosco bought he was first asked 270 dollars for; but on his offering 150 and Mr. Hughes telling the people we were leaving immediately in the *Ceylon*, the offer was reluctantly, and with a much-injured air, accepted.

Mr. Hughes further told us it would take many weeks before they would recover their senses, and trade again as reasonable beings. After the *Wanderer* had been there, they were just the same, and a mere boy, the guide of a well-known and lavish Liverpool gentleman, was paid nearly a thousand dollars' commission from the different shops at which his master had made his purchases.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.—YOKOHAMA.

First View of Fusi Yama.—Letter Race round the World.—Tokio (Yeddo).—Temple of Shiba.—Along the 'Tokaido' to Kamakura.—Dai Butzu.—*Immortality* for 2s. 8d.—Along the Shore of the Pacific.—Enormous Crabs and Octopi.—Manner of expressing Pleasure and Esteem.—Opinions on Japanese Character.—Do Bosco's Confessions.—Japanese Toilet.—Nature *versus* Art.—The Revenue.—Evils of Western Civilization.—A National Religion 'Wanted!'—Criticisms on Art.—Its Past and Probable Future.

S.S. *Ceylon*, Yokohama,
March 20, 1882.

9 hr. 18 m. earlier than home time.

We left Kobé at 1 a.m. yesterday, and having had a fair wind, we have come along very well, arriving to-day soon after noon. All yesterday was very rough, and the same person was again ill, all the day. This morning, however, was calm and beautiful, and we have had a glorious, but all too short a steam up the bay. The great isolated mountain of Fusi Yama (a magnificent extinct volcano of over 12,000 feet high) has been a most impressive sight for a long time, and for hours before any other land was visible, its snow-covered

FUSI YAMA.

peak towered refulgent in the morning sun, above the piled-up masses of morning mist which veiled its base. Excepting for the regularity of its lines it would have been thought a cloud by all who saw it now for the first time; for it seemed to belong to the white and unsubstantial mist which, like a wall, rose along the distance of the ocean. It is in the shape of a cone, perfectly regular, with a flat top; and there being no high land near it, one can understand how deeply it must force itself into the native mind, and consequently into native art, thus becoming a great natural object of veneration and worship to all.

The harbour here is crowded with shipping of all sorts, from the grand ocean-going steamers across the Pacific to San Francisco, and those going to England by the Suez Canal, down to junks and other innumerable native crafts and boats. From our ship, Yokohama, with the exception of being whiter and cleaner, looks like any ordinary English port. A long line of white houses, hotels, and the club, extend along the shore; and away on the left, on a hill called 'The Bluff' (the only rising-ground near), are many pleasant-looking residences belonging to the Europeans.

Last week we sent letters '*viâ* Brindisi;' and these we are sending '*viâ* America,' in order to see which will win in their great race home in opposite directions round the world.*

Yokohama is far more Europeanized than any other

* These letters, oddly, were delivered in London *the same day*, about five weeks afterwards! the route through America being thus a week quicker than that through the East.

seaport town in Japan we have seen; and the streets and people show strongly the effects of the European contact in having lost, in great measure, their interesting and charming quaintness. Life seems far more active here; and the unrestful ways of our civilization and keen business habits have infected these careless, sleepy people beyond what one could have imagined possible.

Friends here have most kindly procured us the run of the club during our stay; and for the next few nights we are to enjoy good English beds, a luxury which we have not known for nearly four months.

Yokohama,
March 21, 1882.

Poets may sing of 'beds of roses,' but we wouldn't have changed ours of last night for them. It seemed a positive sin to go to sleep in them, for they were such a luxury while consciousness remained. Imagine, therefore, our self-denial in catching the eight o'clock train this morning for Tokio (formerly Yeddo), the capital of the empire, and only an hour's journey from Yokohama.

On arriving there, jinrickishaws took us round the town, about one-eighth of which is occupied by rivers, canals, and the moat of the castle. We went through our one temple here—the Temple of Shiba—where we saw the tombs of many of the Tycoons, and much fine carving, as well as gold lacquer-work: the same thing we have done fifty times before, and stale now, whether they are Tycoon's tombs or any other 'coon's' tombs. It was a bitterly cold day, and having to take off our

boots before entering the temple, we got very chilled, and our feet like ice; consequently we felt more than ever inclined to leave this and every other heathen temple alone and for ever.

We went through the exhibition and different curio-shops, and saw the castle and its moat nearly covered with last year's lotus leaves, and flowers still on the water. It is this sacred flower out of which, according to the Buddhist cosmogony, blossomed the world. In the open water swam hundreds of wild-fowl, apparently quite tame, for no one molests them.

It turned in the afternoon to heavy rain, so we were glad to get an early train back. By way of shelter from the rain our jinrickishaw men, who took us home, put on long bristling rush capes, giving them very much the appearance of porcupines, and on their heads large rain-proof 'mushroom' hats. After a capital dinner at the club and a pleasant, cosy evening, we went to our more cosy couches, tired of a cheerless and rainy day.

Yokohama,
March 23, 1882.

Yesterday was very stormy, with heavy rain, upsetting all our arrangements for the day, and preventing our leaving the club till the afternoon, when, the weather clearing, we went to the Bluff, where we enjoyed the neither exciting nor novel treat of hearing our band play, being compensated, however, by meeting some delightful Yokohama friends. It turned out deliciously fine and warm, and the air was full of strange sounds which came from the innumerable

kites the people were flying, which, besides being large and oblong in shape, made incessantly a great twanging noise, like a very loud Jew's harp.

To-day we had a very interesting morning at the pottery and Cloisonné manufactories. There, as everywhere else, the workmen all sat at their work on the clean matted floor, with a pot of burning charcoal immediately under their noses. I don't know whether it kills them, but I think it should do so, and some proof in support of this is, that they all seem very weakly and puny.

The rest of this day we spent in making purchases, in studying the primitive manners of the people, and in the evening dining with English ladies — the greatest pleasure the world has to give to travellers in a far-off land, though not a little tinged with pain to those who, not being enabled to enjoy a closer tie, have to content themselves with looking 'into happiness through another man's eyes.'

March 24, 1882.

At 8 a.m. this morning we went for a fifteen-miles drive from Yokohama to Kamakura, in order to see the Dai Butzu, the great bronze image of Buddha.

We had a carriage and pair, and drove for nearly all the way along the main road of Japan, called the 'Tokaido,' which was as soft, but not nearly so level, as a newly ploughed-up field—a road made of rich virgin soil, and with holes so deep in it that they ceased to be ruts, and became pits, and requiring a great deal of care to steer clear of them.

We stopped two or three times for tea on the road, and were subjected to the same (may I say 'pleasing'?) familiarities by the various young ladies, as we had experienced everywhere else. One stroked my beautifully clean-shaven chin, while the conscious Adonis chawtled and blushed again. The fair nymph, pointing to her shaven eyebrows, laughed at her ingenuity in having discovered that we had the same method of embellishing our faces.

At tiffin, at Kartasi, we had the pleasure of being waited on by four other pretty damsels, whose only troubles were that they could not do enough for us. How they polished off our grub! How the tongue, chicken, lobster, beef, and a whole loaf disappeared before their fond attentions! They were so charming that I couldn't get my friend away from the place; and I regret very much to have to state that his last act here was to invite the entire establishment to accompany him; but on a reproving smile from me, he saw the momentary error into which he had fallen, and immediately desisted.

From here our journey was a very pretty one, leading us between hills, pitched about as one sees them in Devonshire, but covered with pines and long bamboo-grass, six feet high. In the valleys, between the hills, were rich crops; and from the ditches and hedgerows camellia-trees and bushes were growing in splendid profusion. Most of the roads about here are very pretty, being skirted with grand old pines, their weird branches meeting across the road. They are occasionally, but very rarely, to be seen growing in

the same fantastic way at home. They are very picturesque; and their general contour and anatomy must have entered deeply into the soul of the Japanese artists, for their shapes epitomize so much of their work.

Dai Butzu, this splendidly modelled brazen image, though not quite so large as his *confrère* at Nara, is in finish and expression far superior. It sits upon its haunches out in the open country; and was built by a great bronze-caster, at the desire of the Shogun Yoritomo, in the year 1252. The length of the face is eight and a half feet, the circumference of the thumb three and a half, while its whole height is fifty feet. A subscription is being raised for the purpose of building a temple over it; but we refused to contribute because we liked the figure far better as it is—in the open air and amongst trees in a beautifully wooded and peaceful valley. For one paltry Yen (about 2s. 8d.) we could have had our names inscribed by the priests on long 'tallies,' and placed on a hoarding, the size of a house-side, to hang amongst those of hundreds of our fellow-men; but though the temptation was great of so easily purchasing 'immortality' for our *names*, we were able to resist it. Near the figure were two great ugly idols—janitors—twelve feet high, which (like many others we have seen) were covered all over with little pellets of white paper, which the natives have spat on them. The higher the wet pellet sticks on the idol, the luckier will be the man who makes the shot, and the longer lived. Though the rest of the body was covered with these

DAI BUTZU.

pellets, there were very few on the head. Our first shot, fired by my friend, was a 'bull,' landing and

sticking fast on his nether lip, to the great astonishment of our guide, elevation and direction both being perfect. My first round was high to the right, going over his head; the second shot, being only an outer, taking effect on his 'chest.'

Leaving Dai Butzu, we went through Kamakura, the site of another ancient capital of Japan, which is near the sea. Here were half a dozen fine Buddhist temples in perfect condition, which we did *not* trouble. After leaving them, our road led us along the untrodden shore of the vast Pacific.

The surf here was very fine, huge oily rollers breaking in great splendour and noise two hundred yards from the shore. The sea beyond was quite calm, there being no wind. We noticed a great many wild fowl, just beyond the breakers, and on the sandy beach much sea-weed, apparently of the same sorts that we find on our home shores; there were also shells, but not worth picking up, as none were perfect. We walked opposite to the island of Inoshima (a small pine and temple-covered island, a quarter of a mile away from the mainland), and watched the men in their queer-looking boats, fishing beyond the surf in the glassy ocean. We afterwards saw some of their catches, amongst which were many red-fleshed fish, like small porpoises, but finer and more delicate in form; also coarse-scaled brown fish, like bream in shape, but very much larger—as well as the homely mackerel. We had to hurry away, for it was getting late, and we were many miles from home. All about the villages and in the lanes wild camellias flourished in a blaze

of splendid red flowers. At Kamakura, where they were in the greatest numbers, the trees were often fifty feet high, and we saw little children gathering the blossoms in armfuls from the hedges, just as our children at home pick the may in spring. Later on in the year, the flowers literally carpet the soil in the greatest variety and splendour, for nature has lavished them upon this country more prodigally than upon any other on earth.

While we were in Yokohama we worked hard to see some of the enormous crabs of which we had been given the most awe-inspiring accounts long before we got to Japan, but we were fated to be unfortunate. Not even a skeleton of one was to be seen in Yokohama, though we could have seen one in the museum at Tokio, had we known of its existence, while we were there. The largest actually seen by our friend Mr. D——, of Yokohama, measured over seventeen feet from tip to tip of its claws. This is not a very large one for them, for we heard that they have been caught considerably over twenty feet from one extremity to the other; and story-books and legends make great capital out of their bloodthirstiness, as well as that of the octopus, which assumes gigantic size; and is said sometimes to pull down boatfuls of panic-stricken fishermen. Mr. D——, a resident at Yokohama, who joined the *Ceylon* there, told us that he himself had seen an octopus which could with difficulty be got into a hogshead-barrel (I don't mean through the bung-hole, but when one end was knocked out).

One of the most curious of all the ways of these strange people is that of the men, who, when addressed, always bow very low several times, and wash their hands vigorously with invisible soap, making all the time the most extraordinary noise with their mouths, by opening their lips wide apart, and drawing in their breath through their teeth. This is expressive of deep pleasure and esteem. The first time we heard these strange noises we were much alarmed, thinking the poor man was ill, and going to die almost immediately; but afterwards it became so common, as well as 'catching,' that we not only found ourselves constantly imitating them, but also noticed many others of the pilgrims doing the same thing.

One of the old residents here told us much about the inner character of the people, for whom he had (in common with all those who know them well) a far from exalted opinion. Naturally the ideas one receives during a short sojourn amongst them can be but the merest 'surface' impressions; and we are quite aware that a longer stay amongst them would undoubtedly make us alter our opinions in many respects. From our friends here we always hear the same story, viz., that their greatest sins are licentiousness and untruthfulness; the latter is with them *no* sin, the former only *after* marriage. There is no word for 'virtue' in their language. There is no romance, nor love, nor courtship, as we understand them; the women are almost invariably so frail, and so *obedient*, that no winning is necessary. 'Tis enough for the swain to say, 'You shall be my wife;' and

like happy slaves they obey, much obliged for any notice and kindness. Of the wild throb of being wooed, or of the ecstatic glory of being won, they consequently know nothing; neither have the men ever experienced the rapture of the murmuring assent, told in tearful, broken accents by their loved ones (which De Bosco tells me is so delightful). Both men and women have gentle and affectionate natures, and are very kind to animals, as well as to one another, but they have very little feeling. The suffering of another they can contemplate without emotion, like our philosophers at home; and no sight which would horrify us moves them at all. In manners every woman is a lady, and every man a gentleman. They are like children—they lie like them, too; but every sin, like those committed by a child, seems to have a deal of innocence in it. They don't lie with the same amount of sin as our people do, for, lying being no sin with them, it seems innocent to do it. It becomes a way of expressing ideas; and people talk and lie to one another like fiends, each knowing that the other is doing it. In business they do the same, and they are entirely without honour. It is like a game of chess—the same old moves on the board, which are well known to all—for lying is a national pastime in which all are expert. They are also without sincerity, and personal gain overrides everything. Shyness and shame are unknown in the land; and though it ought constantly to be met with, no 'blush of maiden shame' has ever yet been seen. There being no shame, there is little secrecy of any sort. In hot weather

men and women go about the country unclothed, with the exception of a large straw hat on the head; and girls powder and paint openly, sitting in the street with their powder, rouge and cosmetics, and decorate themselves at a little hand-glass of smallest dimensions, talking all the time to the passers-by. Their lips they dye a brilliant crimson, and too often powder, beyond all reason, their pretty chubby little cheeks, and make their eyebrows darker and more defined with a black and sticky-looking substance. The majority of the young women, however, neglect powder and such things, and then they are often very fascinating, for they have dainty, charming, and winning little ways. Their hands and feet are invariably small, and their necks and shoulders generally beautifully modelled, so the eye often revels in rare delights.

We are told on all sides that our most popular books on the country are most untrustworthy. Not only that of a celebrated naval constructor, but also that of a talented authoress who is said to have derived her ideas largely through missionary sources, and to be gifted with an eye which sees everything in glowing, prismatic hues, and with a mind which has the fatal gift of a great and euphonious power of expression, too often riding triumphant over so petty a detail as *accuracy*.

The revenue of Japan amounts to only about £7,000,000, two-thirds being derived from the land, all of which belongs to the Government. The other taxes are less than two shillings per head of the

entire population! This poverty accounts for many shortcomings which do not affect the tourist, besides the bad roads we have so often travelled upon, and which must shock everyone's sensibilities considerably. A great deal is expended upon the army and navy, which might with more propriety be applied to remedy this and other failings; but in this neglect they are only following in the steps of civilized Europe.

Talking of their navy, we hear that though they have many creditable ships, the Chinese are far more powerful, and have gone ahead of them in the many other reforms which both countries have alike instituted, but which have been effected by the Chinese, if not secretly, at all events without the same amount of 'fuss.'

As a proof of the impetuosity with which the Japanese have swallowed Western civilization in its entirety, the Government, not long ago, appointed a commission to inquire into and report upon its different creeds, with the view of their adoption of one as a 'State religion' in the place of 'Buddhism,' which they have long tolerated only as a makeshift. What religion they will choose is as yet undecided, though they tell us in the boldest way that as 'Mercy is the mirror of the Creator,' they could not tolerate, even as a makeshift, ours, which, they say, amongst other tenets shocking to their senses, is so malignant in its cruelty as to consign all unbelievers in it to eternal punishment. In the meantime they are happy, and in some respects better than the average of other nations, without really believing in any religion at all.

The happy evidences everywhere met with of a deep and widespread art-instinct in the country have been to us one of the most pleasant incidents of our visit. We cannot, however, restrain the ever-recurring thought, that the 'simple truth, miscalled simplicity,' of their art-impulses is fast becoming tainted by the impatient demand the world manifests for all it produces, as well as that never-ceasing craving for novelty, which acts so detrimentally upon true art. The effects of this upon a simple people like the Japanese must be especially disastrous.

The future is being darkly foreshadowed even now in the production of a large amount of trash, which is gratefully and reverently swallowed by the world; work which lacks the Alpha and Omega of the best Japanese art, for it is without that refinement of execution and finish, which patient loving toil and endless unfettered time alone can give.

The finest examples we saw of their painting were those in the temples at Kiôto, and though we are far from asserting that they have not much in the country which is better, these seemed to us to have many qualities, from a decorative point of view, of the highest excellence. If they ever possessed gradations of light and shade, there were certainly none observable now; but for rich harmonies of fine colour, and intense luminosity, they would hang creditably with many of the pictures of the old masters, so many of which, too, have lost all the light and shade they once had, and now remain merely works of decoration.

Of the lighter pictorial work which we have seen in such abundance in all the towns, it may be said to be purely 'decorative,' and viewed from even a Japanese standpoint very 'conventional.' It is almost always of the same character, being generally very grotesque, and having little in it that fails to excite a smile in the observer—a not very noble end of art! Their composition is quaint and fantastic, the only law, or even method, that they seem to follow, being that it should be so.

One cannot help analyzing the *reason* of their pictures being so much liked; for what is there to admire in them apart from the splendid harmony and tenderness of colour (which is of a temper and quality unknown to any other nation of the earth), a great facility of execution, and a happy suggestive incompleteness which kindles and leads the imagination? Stripped of these great charms, what is there in their painting, or rather what is there *not* in it? There certainly is *not* correct drawing, except in all those things which may be placed in the category of 'still life'; there certainly is *not* even the attempt to get nature's light and shade! There is *not* any perspective, and there is *not* correct composition, according to European ideas, methods, or teaching. In their painting of the human figure there is invariably the most contented, sportive disregard both of truth of drawing and anatomy; but in the place of these there is an exuberance of the most playful and grotesque action. Is it not this quality which is responsible for the high place they occupy in the world's estimation?

For does not the human mind, in a sneaking, half-ashamed way, revel in quaintnesses, and abandon itself to the fascinations of that which is droll and strange?

Their lacquer and bronze-work, their inlaying in metal, their porcelain and other work, is a constant source of delight, sometimes verging on distraction; but the really finest of these are now very rarely met with in the shops, so keen and close has been the search for them.

The effect of European tuition, or even their present close contact without the tuition, will in time, we believe, be to destroy the spirit and identity of the old art, for as the art of a nation is the expression of its people, so when the Japanese cease to be the simple race they now are, will their art lose its old features, and become an impure, bastard art, levelled down to the vulgarity of the common world, and the requirements of commerce, the sole ethics of which are the unelevating ones of 'demand and supply.'

CHAPTER XV.

HARA-KIRI.

Description of Hara-Kiri. — Account by an Eye-witness. — General Remarks.

As the most meagre notice of Japan would be incomplete without a few words on perhaps the most remarkable of all customs upon earth, viz. *Hara-Kiri*, or the practice of suicide by disembowelling, we give the following abbreviated description of it, with its attending ceremonies, for which we are indebted to Mr. Mitford's excellent little work, entitled 'Tales of Old Japan.' His own somewhat minute account is taken from a rare Japanese manuscript.

Hara-Kiri is of great antiquity, being first instituted as far back as the fourteenth century. It is a ceremony accompanied with great formalities, adopted by the Samurai or military class, who, having committed some crime, which does not deprive them of the privileges of their rank, either at the command of their superiors, or of their own free will, put themselves to death. The etiquette observed on these occasions is very strict and punctilious; public censors, who must

be men who have distinguished themselves in the art of war, being appointed as witnesses, to see that everything is carried out according to rule.

In old days this ceremony used to be performed in a temple or shrine, which in some cases was hired for the occasion; but in modern times it generally takes place in the palace or garden of the Daimio, or territorial noble to whose charge the condemned man is entrusted, the former being used for the higher ranks —Daimios and other retainers of the Shogun—the latter for officers of lower rank.

In modern times, too, it is the more usual practice to cut off the criminal's head as he is reaching forward to take the dirk which is offered him, without even attempting to disembowel himself, but formerly a man used actually to rip himself up, without any attendants or witnesses. Even now, if the criminal urgently requests to be allowed to disembowel himself, his wish may, according to circumstances, be granted; but in that case great care is taken to lose no time in striking off the head after he has given himself the stab.

There are three rules for the time of cutting off the head: the first, when the dirk is laid on the tray; the second, when the victim looks at the left side of his belly before inserting the dirk; the third is when he inserts it.

It is thought very disgraceful for a Japanese nobleman to look upon death by *Hara-Kiri* as a pollution to his palace. For example, in the beginning of the eighteenth century seventeen of the retainers of a certain Daimio, having performed *Hara-Kiri* in the

garden of a palace in Yedo, the people of the palace called upon the priests to come and purify it. The lord of the palace hearing this, ordered the garden to be left as it was, thinking that no place could be polluted by the blood of a Samurai who had died by his own hand.

This act was highly commended by the people. In all the necessary details, as regards the arrangement of the place of execution, the witnesses are consulted; and it is considered a great breach of decorum if any of the retainers of the prince, to whose care the prisoner is consigned for execution, make any mistakes in the proper rites to be observed.

In modern times the place of *Hara-Kiri* is eighteen feet square, the condemned man being in the centre, in most cases facing the witnesses, who are seated twelve to eighteen feet from him. If the execution takes place in the palace, a white cotton cloth or quilt is laid down on the matting, covered over with two red rugs sewn together; two white paper screens are also provided, behind which are concealed the dirk on a tray, a bucket for the head when cut of, an incense-burner, a pail of water, and a basin. If the execution has to be performed in the garden, the same arrangements are made; and a white curtain (white being used in Japan and China for mourning) is erected, enclosing a place of the requisite dimensions. If it takes place in the night-time, the necessary candles—one at each corner—are provided, excessive illumination being indecorous.

On a man being condemned by the Government to

disembowel himself, the censors appointed to see that all necessary arrangements are carried out present themselves to the prince to whose care the prisoner is entrusted; and who, on receiving them, asks if he ought to attend in person, and whether the relatives wish to receive the remains of the condemned. They are then shown the preparations made by the prince; and the prisoner is informed that all is ready. He changes his dress, and, accompanied by his 'seconds,' three in number—chief, assistant, and inferior—is escorted to the place of execution. After the chief censor has read the sentence, he immediately leaves the palace; and the prisoner, having again changed his clothes, is presented by the assisting 'second' with a dirk (nine and a half inches long) on a tray; and, on the victim leaning forward to take this, his head is struck off by the chief 'second.' The third, or inferior 'second,' then lifts the head by the top-knot, places it on some thick paper containing a bag of rice, bran, and ashes, laid on the palm of his hand, and carries it to the censor for identification. If the head be bald, it is carried round on a stiletto, stuck through the left ear.

When a common man is executed, he is bound with cords, and so made to take his place; but a Samurai wears his dress of ceremony, is presented with a dagger, and dies in the manner described above. After the identification of the head, the prince is thanked for the trouble to which he has been put. Incense is brought out, the corpse hidden by a white screen, and the witnesses leave.

The sword used on these occasions should be that of the criminal; from whom the second should ask it in some such terms as the following: 'As I am to have the honour of acting as your second, I would fain borrow your sword for the occasion. It may be some consolation to you to perish by your own sword, with which you are so familiar;' or else one should be borrowed from his lord; but in no case should the second use his own.

Mr. Mitford also describes an execution by *Hara-Kiri*, which he was sent officially to witness:

'The condemned man was Taki Zenzaburô, an officer of the Bizen, who gave the order to fire upon the foreign settlement at Hiogo, in the month of February, 1868. Up to that time no foreigner had witnessed such an execution, which was rather looked upon as a traveller's fable.

'The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night in the Temple of Seifukugi, the headquarters of the Satsuma troops at Hiogo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations, making seven in all.

'We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshiu. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we overheard in the streets, and from the crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public.

'The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight. It was crowded with soldiers,

standing about in knots round large fires, which threw a dim flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gable-ends of the sacred building. We were shown into an inner room, where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed. In the next room to us were the high Japanese officers.

'After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, the provisional Governor of Hiogo came in, took down our names, and informed us that seven sheriffs, or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese, two on behalf of the Mikado, two from each of the two infantry regiments at Hiogo, and a representative from the criminal's clan. We were then asked if we desired to put any questions to the prisoner, to which we replied in the negative.

'A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed.

'It was an imposing scene. A large hall, with a high roof, supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles, placed at regular intervals, gave out a dim mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their

places on the left of the raised floor; the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present. After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburô, a stalwart man, thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall, attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar hempen-cloth wings which are worn on great occasions, accompanied by a *Kaishaku* and three officers.

'The word *Kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman. In many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned; the relation between them being rather that of principal and second, than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *Kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburô, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

'With the *Kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburô advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them; then drawing near to the foreigners, they saluted us in the same way, perhaps with even more deference. In each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated himself in Japanese fashion* on the

* That is, with his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until death.

felt carpet, with his back to the high altar, the *Kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side.

'One of the three attendant officers then came forward, bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine and a half inches in length, with a point and edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of him.

'After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburô, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no other sign of either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:

'"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobé, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself; and I beg you, who are present, to do me the honour of witnessing the act."

'Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, remaining naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself falling backwards; for a noble Japanese should die falling forwards. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately. For a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time; and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the

left-hand side, he drew the dirk slowly across to the right side, and, turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards.

'During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk, he leaned forward, and stretched out his neck. An expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *Kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air—there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall—with one blow the head had been severed from the body. A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood throbbing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man.

'It was horrible. The *Kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword with a piece of paper, which he had ready for the purpose, and retired from the raised floor; and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

'The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and, crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburô had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple.'

* * * * * *

There are many stories on record of extraordinary determination being displayed in the *Hara-Kiri*. One

of a young fellow, only twenty years old, who, not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, slashed himself thrice horizontally, and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat, until the dirk protruded on the other side, with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

In the year 1869 a motion was brought forward in the Japanese Parliament advocating the abolition of the practice of *Hara-Kiri.* Two hundred members out of a house of two hundred and nine voted *against* the motion, which was supported by only three speakers, six members not voting on either side. In this debate the *Hara-Kiri* was called 'the very shrine of the Japanese national spirit, and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle;' 'a great ornament to the empire;' 'a pillar of the constitution;' 'a valuable institution, tending to the honour of the nobles, and based on a compassionate feeling towards the official caste;' 'a pillar of religion, and a spur to virtue.' It is a significant fact that the proposer of this motion, who on more than one occasion rendered himself conspicuous by his advocacy of Western civilization, was murdered not long after this debate took place.

The punctilious and ceremonious character of the Japanese people seems in some way to explain the existence of this extraordinary practice of *Hara-Kiri;* for among nations not possessing so high a code of honour it could not find a place.

Heroism, chivalry, and devotion, *must* exist in a land where a certain prince being compelled to perform *Hara-Kiri* upon himself, for cutting at another with his sword who had insulted him, *forty-seven* of his retainers, after years of patient waiting and watching, in order to achieve their purpose without possibility of failure, attacked the house of the insulting nobleman and killed him, immediately afterwards performing *Hara-Kiri* on themselves, thus anticipating what they knew they would be ordered to do by the State, but perfectly satisfied in having avenged their dead lord. This is a piece of heroism and devotion hardly to be matched in the world; and even now the Japanese pay these faithful servants almost divine honours.

Although this happened at the beginning of the eighteenth century, as recently as 1868 a man, after praying before the tombs of the *forty-seven*, performed *Hara-Kiri*, considering it the most honourable place wherein to put an end to his existence.

The practice certainly shows heroic disdain of death, considerable courage, and strict discipline to the customs of the country. For a man to execute himself for having done that which outraged his country's laws, shows, that whatever may have been his moral guilt or justification, he never meant to try and shirk the legal consequences of his act. This is almost ennobling guilt! Would that our own malefactors could see it in the same light; and by following the practice of these simple people, do unto themselves (in private) what they so generously did unto others!

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE PACIFIC.—OUR VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Good-bye to Japan.—A Sou-sou wester.—We lose an old Friend.—From East to West.—Three Sundays in Nine Days!—Portuguese Men-of-war.—Capture of Two Cape-hens, not 'Capons.'—Loss of the Screw of our Log.—Sandwich Islands visible.—Arrival at Honolulu.

March 25, 1882.

A BRIGHT soft and lovely morning this, our last one in the land of the Rising Sun. How it pains us to leave! Our visit has been little but a fleeting glimpse of a sunbeam happiness, unknown to any other people as it is to these. The sun seems to shine brighter, while all nature is overflowing with a greater happiness, as the knowledge comes upon us that the last hour when we shall leave this land of lightest joy draws so near! We are all under its seductive spell, and some are even deserting the ship, resistless against the conquering fascinations of the country! It pierces all to the heart to have to leave so soon places so full of enchantment; but our tour is little else than a yachting one—a skurry round the world, and seemingly nearly always on the sea.

We made our last purchases this morning, and at noon went on board with friends. There was the usual busy crowd to get rid of before we started for the other hemisphere. Natives with all sorts of things to sell; from swords and daggers, to vases, cabinets, dwarf trees, etc. It was most amusing to see how cheap *now* everything was; all going for an old song. At 2 p.m.

SIONARA!

the screw began to go round, and we were once more off; this time on the longest voyage of our tour.

It was a lovely afternoon, with bright sun and a calm and glassy sea. Fusi Yama, fifty miles away, was more like the soft memory of a mountain than a reality, with its coat of pinky coloured snow softly standing out against the empyrean blue.

Twelve miles down the bay, a few visitors who had lunched on board left in a steam launch; and soon after, the last of Eastern lands faded away, and we headed for Honolulu (distant 3,500 miles) and the lands of the 'new world,' across the wastes of the great Pacific.

Our first night at sea passed uneventfully in peace, but the morrow broke stormily, with a strong wind from the S.S.W., which increased to a gale with heavy sea before noon. At 4 p.m. our maintopsail (320 yards of canvas) split into shivers, most of it being blown right away. We were on deck at the time, with 'toshes' on, watching the huge seas roar past us and then the gulfs voiding along in their wake; veritable hills and valleys, as if water were imitating a rolling landscape. For a moment it looks as if some mountain sea which races to us would sweep us away like a chip. For a moment it peers high above our bulwarks, the next and it has died away under our counter, surging forward in a seething, hissing mass of white foam. We were obliged to hang on to the bulwarks, for she rolled most unmercifully. Soon after this we nearly had a boat carried away by a heavy sea. There was little dinner for anyone to-night, *and none for me;* a big sea had washed it all out of the galley; and ducks and fowls, cutlets, potatoes, beans, etc., mixed with sea water, soup, sauces and gravy, were swimming about the deck. Later on the sea became worse, and at midnight the gale reached its height. At 1 a.m. a heavy sea struck us, and with a wrench and a crash, which is felt throughout the ship, our useful little

steam launch is gone. All the afternoon and evening the water was pouring down the galley stairs amidships, and flooding the main deck. While I was well enough, I was baling out the water from my cabin, where it was three or four inches deep, with a dust-pan! Though there was no danger, it was a miserable night. Seas smashing against us, making the whole ship shiver, shake and creak from stem to stern; water washing about the deck below, and everything more or less wet in the cabins; a great heat, for we were under hatches, rolling heavily, and broken crockery and glass shivering down at intervals through the ship; a combination of heat and fearful noises (as well as a great discomfort) not to be likened to anything earthly. Luckily, this gale was in our favour, and we made a fair run in the twenty-four hours. The first-officer and a middy were nearly washed overboard; the latter, it is said, owing his life entirely to the good tailoring of the captain's coat-tails. And so this is the dreamy, languid summer sea—the rest eternal of all the oceans! Bah! would that the sentimental drivellers had been here! it would soon have taken all the gush out of them!

March 27th.

Few got much sleep last night; this morning at day-break the gale had gone, leaving only a strong breeze and a fast-declining sea; our little windows are not now so constantly as they were under the huge waves, which for the time plunged our cabins in nearly total darkness. To-day on deck has been spent in clearing away the remnants of the old topsail and in getting up another in its place.

Sunday, April 2nd, 1882.

Since last Tuesday we have had bright sunny days, fine nights and light winds, and the vast wastes of this mighty ocean have been gently swelling and receding, as if reposing after its exertions of last Sunday. Our days have been lazily spent in reading and loafing; one day being enlivened by seeing whales spouting in the distance. Yesterday we had numbers of the beautiful little 'bo's'n' birds flying about the ship; they are quite white, a little larger than pigeons, and have for tails apparently only one long brilliant red feather. Our old friends the Cape-hens are continually following us day and night; they are very tame, and have the most easy, graceful, and elegant flight, circling round and round the ship without the least apparent effort.

At 4 p.m. we were on the meridian (180° longitude), and about 1,400 miles from Honolulu, exactly twelve hours in front of home time; so we have entered the 'far west' and are now 'homeward bound.' Were we not to alter our calendar, we should, by the time we get back to England, be a whole day in advance. For example, your 1st of June would be our 2nd; so we shall have had one more sunrise and sunset than you; in fact, have lived a day longer. This is in consequence of our going *east* round the world and meeting the sun all the time. Were we to go *west* round the world, we should be racing the sun, and then have to erase a day. To-morrow is consequently a *dies non* not to be found in the calendar, and, out of respect to our pilgrim parson, we are making it another Sunday!

Of course the above explanation is only written for the dear children.

The second April the 2nd—the second Sunday.

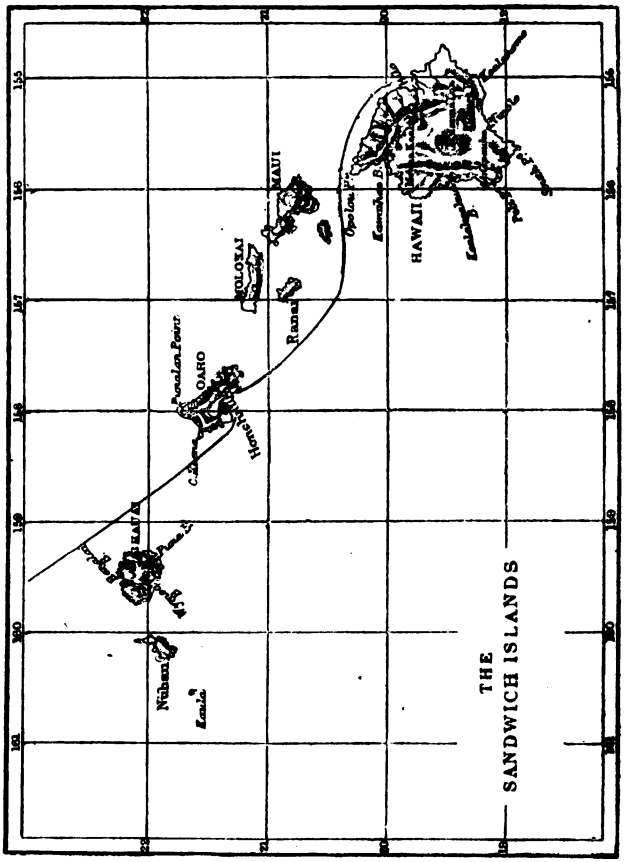
We shall have had three Sundays in nine days! This morning, like yesterday, is again perfect—a hot, lazy day, with a calm, bright sea. We are now eleven and a half hours behind your time, and every mile we travel diminishes the difference there is between us in time.

We have been sailing for a long time through whole fleets of Portuguese men-of-war, which are a species of nautilus, as well as through sea-weed, on which we discovered numerous little crabs. The former sail about the ocean, quite independently, with their own little sails, which consist of a membrane spread between two of their arms, their other six arms or legs being thrown out for rowing or steering purposes. A number of these curious little things were caught in a landing-net from one of the ports, giving us ample opportunity of examining them.

April 4th, Tuesday.

To-day the persistent efforts of our indefatigable sportsman were rewarded by two Cape-hens, which he caught with hooks baited with pieces of fat pork, attached to a long running line. Being hooked by the bill, they gave fair play in the air before they consented to come on deck, when for the first time we became aware of their immense size. One measured 7 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of its wings (which have four joints, including the shoulder-joint), the other measured 7 feet 6 inches. After examining

them they were let go on deck, every part of which they inspected with the most approving air, waddling along, escorted by a large number of our pilgrims.



Being unable to rise from the deck unassisted, on account of the great length of their wings, they were aided to roam again in their glorious freedom

over the unused wastes of this boundless ocean, which would seem to be their own domain; for though we have been eleven days at sea, we have seen nothing but them and the 'bo's'n' birds, besides a few fish.

We have had our patent brass log, which is about a foot long and trails after us, measuring the number of miles we go, bitten off, it is supposed, by a shark. Its revolving at great rapidity in the water, as well as shining, would no doubt entice a shark as readily as an ordinary spoon-bait does our fish at home. The rope was severed where it was doubled, just above the brass swivel, and as if cut with a knife.

The weather is again getting very warm, the temperature in the cabins being over 80°, and we have been having splendid moonlight nights, with a calm sea, and one or two fine sunsets—though the sad confession must be made with regard to the latter, that though we expected them to have unfolded to us many new splendours and glories in the glowing climes through which we have passed, those we have seen have been undeniably very disappointing, and certainly not so fine as those about our home coasts.

The finest sunsets, as well as the most unhomelike in their character, were those we saw in the Indian seas; the others we could see anywhere.

April 8th.

Great excitement on board this morning, for the Sandwich Islands are in sight! At 8 a.m. Oahu, pronounced 'Warhoo,' is distinctly visible about thirty miles off. How we have longed and longed for this

day, the realized dream of all our dreamings! Right away in the distance, there it is, looking just like any other land, not better, and not worse. We can't see that we are in another world *yet;* we can't see that it is a bright blossom in a summer sea *yet,* nor even 'like a water-lily on the swelling ocean'! What we can see is the surf breaking pure and white on the far-off shore. We can see the straggling town, at the foot of high, green hills, with a beautiful blue sea between us; and 'Diamond Head,' a dead crater, with its crest cut sharp off, rising on our right from the sea. Soon afterwards we can make out churches and missionary houses; and now a small boat makes its way to us, and soon after comes alongside, and a pilot, a veritable old Captain Cook, boards us and showers down an armful of welcome newspapers for hungry and devouring minds. In a short time we have passed the coral-reefs outside, and are in smooth water close to the town of Honolulu at 4 p.m. Our fifteen days' voyage is now over, during which we have not seen a sail, nor any sign of humanity since we left Japan.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS — HONOLULU — THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE MISSIONARY.

Another Fraud exposed.—Great Disappointment.—Conflicting Opinions on the Islands.—West of Ireland *versus* the Sandwich Islands.—The Town, its Streets and Houses.—The Vegetation.—Visit to a Whaler.—A Fruitless Search after Shells and Coral.—The View from the Punch Bowl.—The Pali.—Missionary Laws.—Present Native Population compared with that of former years.—Programme of Honolulu Amusements.—Dinner at the Hotel.—The Fruit, etc.—Our New Passengers.—The King's Band.

> **'Naught so good but strain'd from that fair use,**
> **Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:**
> **Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.'**

Honolulu, April 12th, 1882.
10 hr. 32 min. behind our home time.

DISAPPOINTMENT and disgust are weak words with which to express our feelings after having first *read* of and then having *seen* this overrated and priest-ridden spot. After fifteen days at sea, one can easily understand that almost any land would be welcomed with delight, and any beauties that it might possess would be magnified—perhaps a little pardonably. But notwithstanding this, the cruel blow has been felt keenly by all on board. It is so plain a matter that all are of

the same mind, and amongst the masses of ordinarily cultivated tourists it is equally impossible there could be any substantial diversity of opinion. I am not prepared to say that if one had read nothing of these islands one would have been so much disappointed; but it seems that the further away the land is, the greater is the rubbish written about it, for there is the less fear of exposure. On board we hear none but very uncomplimentary remarks on what the most generally-read book-writers have said of Honolulu, but especially of Miss Bird and her poetically-written but misleading book. As a description of what is as plain as the sun at noonday (out of England) it is unrecognisable, and, as an old resident in Honolulu told us, 'has had the effect of making everyone coming here extremely disappointed with everything excepting the glorious climate.'*

To Miss Bird it may be a 'bright blossom in a summer sea,' or 'a dream world, pure and lovely, where balmy zephyrs stir the dreamy blue.' It may be all that has been written of it by the other writers, to *them*. It may be the most beautiful spot they have seen on earth—if so, one can understand their effusion. It seems to be a sad necessity that nearly all of the very few people who possess even a spark of poetry

* This gentleman, who has resided here for thirteen years, writes to me as follows: 'I have only heard one opinion expressed amongst the residents of the islands respecting Miss Bird's book, and that is—that it is ridiculously overdrawn and exaggerated; in fact, it is so full of misrepresentations that the oldest inhabitant does not recognise his own home from her description of it.'

in their composition should turn on 'full steam ahead,' and go into rhapsodies of ecstacy at everything that moves them; and the world is obliged to put up with the burden of their song, and travellers have to become '*disillusioned.*' Moreover, these sentimentalists are almost invariably wanting in the faculties of both *comparison* and *memory.* If these people have not seen anything really grand—if they have not seen the glories of the tropics near the Equator, nor the majestic splendours of the 'last of earth'—the Himalayas—they dream over anything, from a pretty woodland scene down to a lily or an old pot, swamping all in a flood of 'high-falutin' effusion: if they *have* seen these supremest glories of earth, they very conveniently forget them—at the moment.

If big words are used for little things, what is there left for the mighty ones which are worthy of them? Over and above this, in the case of the 'sentimental lady authoress,' ''Tis always the last suitor that wins the woman's hand'; so they are always more or less in a state of gush, without much caring what it is that calls it forth. This is the only explanation that is to be given of what has caused the greatest pain and disappointment to, I think, everyone on board throughout our tour. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

Even 'Mark Twain' seems to have been not a little infected by the common malady; for he speaks of the 'tranced luxury to sit in the perfumed air and forget that there was any world but these enchanted islands,' on which are 'trees that cast a shadow like a thundercloud.'

The whole tone of Miss Bird's book is such as to give every ordinary reader the idea that these islands belong rather to another and heavenly sphere than to this world of woe. If she, or others like her, wish to dream over seas of sparkling and transparent blue, as well as coast scenery, finer than anything *we* have yet seen in the world, let them go, not 10,000 miles for it, but only to Achil, on the west coast of Ireland, and let them gush there, for it is worthy of it; and there let them rejoice—weather only permitting—'in a dream world pure and lovely, where balmy zephyrs stir the dreamy blue, where the sea is a brilliant transparent green near the shore, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy spray dashing against the reef, and farther out the dead blue water of the deep sea.' They will see more than this in Achil: they will see a strand, such as there is not in the Sandwich Islands, of nearly white and sparkling silver sand, hard to the feet, bordered by water clear as the sky, and coloured as the rainbow, where each lazy roller has robbed the jewels of their colours; and in living flashes which are born and die in a glittering instant, rise heavenwards in a cloud of spray, and then ripple to our feet in their liquid song of joy.* It is *here* that colour is seen in its brilliancy, as well as mantling cliffs, which tower in cathedral columns to the sky. One can say all this fearlessly, and in truth as well, of Achil; but let us leave the painful subject.

After the Pali, we hear that the sights of the island are exhausted. The town itself is decidedly disap-

* By the Editor.

pointing, being characterless beyond the unmistakable evidences of an overwhelming priestcraft. Churches, chapels, homes and meeting-houses, libraries, schools and colleges galore! The town is laid in squares, after the American fashion; and the houses are built of wood. The streets are straight and dusty, and at night a few melancholy-looking oil-lamps accentuate their darkness. A few native police patrols, oppressed as is everything else by the unnatural atmosphere of a too great paternal care, drag themselves wearily along the deserted and dreary streets. On the walls are large and flaming advertisements of hot-cross buns of superior quality! The only redeeming features in this missionary Utopia are the beautiful gardens and the rich vegetation, though the latter is much spoilt by being thickly coated with dust. There are few trees excepting in and about the town; but the palms are fine and in great variety, as well as the pepper, guava and tamarind trees. Red and white oleanders, many of them 25 feet high, in full flower, as well as tuberose, hibiscus, bougainvillea and jasmines, are in nearly all the gardens. The lantana in places forms the hedges! and phlox, canna, asclepias, euphorbia, roses, and a host of other flowers, are also common.

About a quarter of a mile from our ship is an old whaler about to start for a nine months' cruise in the Arctic seas. Three of us took advantage of the opportunity of looking over her, and taking a boat, we pulled alongside. On getting on board we found most of the deck taken up with vats and other necessary but

cumbersome equipments of their trade. How little do the ladies think of the dangers these men have to go through; the watchful nights they have to pass; the patience they have to practise, before they can be supplied with the flexible bone which they use with such striking effect! From what we were told by one of the terribly rough diamonds on board, every whaler goes out for five years, but the crews are relieved every nine months. A good catch may be worth from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars: but one vessel, some time since, managed to secure a cargo worth 180,000 dollars (or £36,000!). On the foretop there is a look-out place, called the crow's-nest, surrounded with strong canvas, where a man is always stationed for sighting any whale which may be incautiously spouting or amusing himself within a range of ten miles or so. When the whale is seen, a long, very narrow, low boat is lowered, provided with harpoons, hatchets, narrow deep spades with very sharp edges for digging into the blubber, tubs of rope, each containing about 640 yards, and a very heavy, short, breech-loading gun. The harpoon is a wooden pole, at one end of which is a short barbed spear, fixed like a bayonet to a brass barrel containing a cartridge with a heavy bullet. When the harpoon is thrown and strikes the whale, the cartridge is ignited and the bullet ploughs through the unresisting flesh. On partially recovering from this shock, the wounded whale bolts with the harpoon fast in him, taking out at a tremendous pace the rope, which is fastened to a ring at the end of the boat.

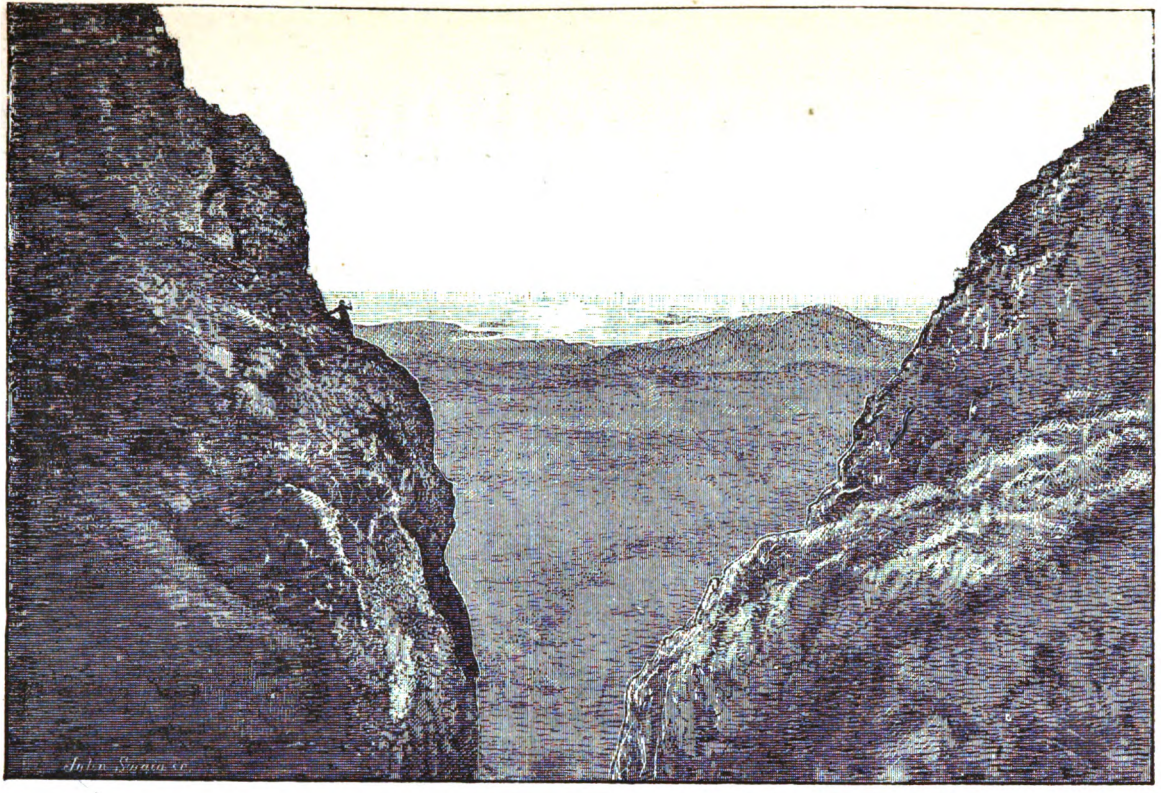
When the whale has made its great rush, it is again approached, and a shell containing gunpowder and pieces of old iron is fired into it by the short breech-loading blunderbuss, and explodes inside him. This gun is so heavy, and is loaded with so great a charge, that, no matter however practised, big or strong the man may be who fires it, he is almost always knocked over by the recoil. When the whale is dead, it is hauled alongside, firmly secured by ropes and chains, and the men cut into him with their sharp spades, take out the blubber, sometimes three to four feet in thickness, boil it, and stow away the oil in casks and barrels in the hold. The man who explained all this to us, told his story in the most pathetic way, with his eyes seemingly fixed on some scene he had passed through, and which he now described. He told us of the terribly hard life it was; the privations and cold they had to endure, and how the officers took almost all the profits for themselves. Sharks will occasionally attack the whale when lying alongside the ship, biting out of him huge pieces, sometimes two feet square, but will take no notice of the men who are standing on the whale and digging out the blubber. We were told that whales have been caught 75 feet long, but that was a stroke of good-luck rarely met with!

After leaving the 'whaler,' we walked along the shore towards Diamond Head to pick up shells and coral. We had refrained from buying specimens in Singapore where they are both cheap and plentiful, for had we not read that we could get them so much better in the Sandwich Islands? Though it was low-water, and we

examined the shore carefully up and down till the rising tide drove us away, not one single shell could we find, and no vestige of coral! In the pools left by the sea we saw some very strange and prettily-marked little fish, but very little more seaweed than one could find in the middle of Regent Street.

In the afternoon we sat for a long time on the top of a crater called the Punch-Bowl, overlooking the town and bay. We compared what we saw with what we have at home, and the nearest approach to it, we thought, was Barmouth, though Barmouth is undeniably far more lovely. That was the general effect. On critically analyzing the landscape, we could detect the difference in the vegetation about the town beneath us, and could make out palms of various sorts, and other trees having a dark-green foliage, but what we saw was in its general effect not to be compared to much in our Channel Islands, nor to many places on our own coasts. We could hardly bring ourselves to believe, after all we had read of it, that we were actually sitting looking at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, nearly 10,000 miles from home!

On Monday, 10th, we walked from Honolulu to the Pali, a pass, rugged and mountainous, ending abruptly in a precipice 1,100 feet high, and celebrated in the history of the island for being the place where, many years ago, a whole army was driven pell-mell over the cliff and destroyed. The bones of these unfortunates are said to be still 'bleaching' there. On our way to it after leaving the town, we ascended gradually a pass for four or five miles, in general similar appearance to that



THE PALI.

of Llanberis, but fringed deeply with patches of deep grass and ferns, and here and there with trees of a short, stunted growth—a thicket, the top of which was an even, undulating cloth of tangled foliage. But for this it might have been a poor imitation of Llanberis at home!

The view at the top of the pass was very fine, and we could see the shores of the island on both sides, margined by the ocean—a deep and peaceful blue. What we have yet seen of the vegetation cannot for a moment be compared with that of Ceylon, Penang, or Singapore; and as for *wild flowers*, though they are always beautiful, we do not see them growing in anything like the profusion we were told to expect.

The hotel here is a ghastly place, and everything is so much under missionary law, that on returning to it on Sunday, parched with thirst after a long walk, one's entreaties for even a bottle of lemonade, or 'tonic water,' was answered by, 'Very sorry, sir; the bar doesn't open till 5 p.m.' And this though we were staying in the hotel!

Some years ago a resident English gentleman, the father-in-law of our informant, was heavily fined for committing the heinous sin of carrying on a Sunday a pitcher of water from the well to his own house! Natives are forbidden even to ride on Sundays (probably because both sexes are so passionately fond of the amusement). To carry even a parcel, to travel, or to indulge in any manner of amusement on Sunday, is also forbidden. A licence to sell spirits costs 1,000 dollars, which is forfeited, as well as a fine of 500 dollars imposed, for supplying a native with any intoxicating

drink. These laws are as stringently enforced as the missionaries, with all their influence and endeavours, can effect. Laws directed against immorality are also very strict; but, notwithstanding them, one is told that 'the moral character of the natives is *not* superior to that of other *islanders*.' Of this there is not the slightest doubt. With the boon of all this spiritual and moral care, how is it that the population has so enormously decreased? What are the other forces at work which have wrought this, and with which the missionaries have been, and still are, unable to cope? When Captain Cook discovered these islands, he estimated the number of natives at 400,000. In 1823 the American missionaries calculated them at 140,000; the census of 1832 showed the population to be 130,313, while that of 1878 puts it at 44,088. The islanders say the blood of their race has become poisoned by a foreign and evil civilization.

The jocund pen of 'Mark Twain' has written of the happy state of these natives as they were 'before the missionaries braved a thousand privations to come and make them permanently miserable by telling them how beautiful and how blissful a place heaven is, and how nearly impossible it is to get there; and showed the poor native how dreary a place perdition is, and what unnecessarily liberal facilities there are for going to it; showed them also what rapture it is to work all day long for fifty cents to buy food for next day with, as compared with fishing for pastime, and lolling in the shade through eternal summer, and eating of the bounty that nobody but Nature laboured to provide.

How sad it is to think of the multitudes who have gone to their graves in this beautiful island, and never knew there was a hell!'

The fifteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark is the great scriptural authority for missions; and though it has not been necessary in this instance to secure a footing for Christianity by the sword, nor to support it by cruel and bloody persecutions, its advent into the islands is strangely coincident with a state of things which is obvious to all—which cannot be hidden, and which shocks one to the quick: the same sins are seen here, which seem invariably to accompany the civilizers, wherever they go. On the other hand, the natives have been taught *not* to eat one another, to read, write, wear rudimentary clothes, and, the most of them, to talk English, or rather American.

I take up an old paper at random from amongst many others. It is an old copy of *The Friend* of Honolulu, dated June, 1879, and see the following attractive programme of amusements for the first part of the month of June—possibly unsurpassed in the world for riotous and abandoned diversion.

June 1.—Sabbath Evening, the Rev. Dr. Hyde preaches Annual Foreign Missionary Sermon, in Fort Street.

June 3.—Meetings open of H. E. Association at Kawaiaho church.

Annual meeting of Women's Board of Missions.

June 4.—Examination of Miss Bingham's Boarding School.

June 5.—At 5 p.m., Missionary tea-party at parlours of Fort Street church.

June 6.—Examination North Pacific Theological School, 9 a.m.

Fair at Miss Bingham's schoolroom, for the support of the school, at 5 o'clock p.m.

June 7.—Sabbath School celebration. Procession marches from Kaumakapili to Kawaiaho.

June 8.—Home Missionary Sermon at Fort Street in the evening, by Rev. S. C. Damon. In the morning, the Rev. E. T. Doane preaches at the Bethel.

At 2 p.m., organization of Chinese Church at the Lyceum.

At 3.30, communion of churches at Kaumakapili.

June 9.—Adjournment of H. E. A.

June 10.—Sailing of *Morning Star* (a mission ship).

June 12, 13, and 16.—Examination of Oahu College.

Contemplate the state of these poor natives at the end of this fortnight's orgie—this whirl of riot and dissipation. Is it not enough to account for the alarming decrease in the population? To what else can it be due? hunted up and down, as they incessantly are, by packs of their ever-vigilant foes, what can they do but *die*—even the very toughest of them? What ordinary flesh and blood could survive it? We all wonder what becomes of their bodies, for we never see their graves. Do they shrivel up and dissipate themselves into their calm summer air, or do they rush in frantic despair to where 'the balmy zephyrs stir the dreamy blue;' and in a fit of delirium drown themselves in their lazy murmuring ocean, seeking elsewhere a rest which they have been unable to get in the land of their forefathers?

The census of 1878 shows the astounding fact, that for the six years previous, their now small population has been *decreasing* at the rate of nearly thirteen a week! Surely it is the imperative duty of every country which has not utterly lost all feelings of

humanity to rescue at once what remain of these unfortunate islanders, and take them to other climes (if such still exist in the world), where their tormentors are *not*, and where they may end their remaining days in peace, tended by loving sympathizing hands, with all their wants gratified, and, unhunted and unbadgered, try to forget their cruel past.

Yesterday we walked about the town, saw the Palace, and Queen Emma's Hospital, and dined at the hotel, which, though very pretentious and having cost a large sum in building, is certainly the worst and most uncomfortable one we have been in during our tour. The dinner was poor; the fruit—so much lauded, and to which all of us looked forward with so much zest on our voyage from Japan—very disappointing. The oranges are large and good, bananas and mangoes only fairly so, and the strawberries exceedingly small and tasteless, and the beautiful fresh asparagus, which is to be had here 'all the year round,' is taken from hermetically sealed tins, coming from America: they can also be found 'growing' in the same way in the 'Seven Dials' in London. Of the other vegetables enumerated below, I can only say that in the first hotel on the Island we were not able to get any of them. This is what we find to be the *fact:* the following is what we were told we should find, in the work to which I have so often alluded: 'In patches of surpassing neatness there were strawberries, which are ripe here all the year, peas, carrots, turnips, asparagus, lettuce, and celery.' Let us pass from the painful subject.

These 'unfortunate' natives are rather fine and well-shaped people; and the women, who strike us as being superior to the men in physique, though not lovely, are far from being ugly. They are the same race as the New Zealanders; and though nearly 4,000 miles distant from one another, their language is so much the same that they can understand one another without difficulty.

As an instance of the powerful physique of the women, a story is told of a man and woman, who, being washed out of their canoe, attempted to reach the shore by swimming. A strong current, however, carried them out to sea, and they were obliged to strike out for an island some forty-two miles distant. About half-way to it, the brave woman, finding her companion incapable of swimming farther, owing to a severe wound in his head, supported him for the rest of the way, and eventually brought him safely to shore. Her heroism, however, was unrewarded, for on arrival the poor man was found to be dead.

The dress of the women is one solitary long garment, flowing loosely to their feet, not taken in at the waist; in fact, I am told, like a lady's night-dress. The men as well as the women wear garlands of flowers, called 'leis.' Those we saw were compact strings of flowers resembling very much our marigolds, and without a particle of green about them. The men only wear a shirt and trousers; and as it is always summer and the sky usually cloudless, they would doubtless rather be even without these coverings.

The mean temperature of the coldest month during

the five years ending 1877, was 62° Fahrenheit, and that of the hottest month 81° Fahrenheit.

We are thankful to say we are to leave this afternoon for Hilo, the 'paradise' of the island of Hawaii—pronounced 'Harwhai'—distant 240 miles, where, after a ride of thirty miles, we shall see the volcano of Kilauea, the largest living one on earth. It is said

NATIVE WOMEN.

to be the most awful sight in the world; but we *now* believe nothing till we see it for ourselves.

Our common little sparrow is even here, on these islands, over 2,000 miles from any mainland! We have seen it in every country we have visited. Every climate seems to suit it, as well as every food.

We are taking on sixteen new passengers here. The King's band of thirty performers comes to the ship to play to us. It is composed entirely of natives, led by

a German (late of one of the Berlin Grenadier regiments); and amongst much good music that they play we again hear the strains of the now familiar 'Toujours Fidèle,' excellently rendered.

A crowd of new faces is on board, and all are garlanded and wreathed in beautiful flowers. There are some very bitter partings here: a young bride and her husband leaving with us, her brother and sisters being in a perfect agony of distress on the quay.

As we steam away into the blue, in the quiet of a lustrous sundown, a salute of fourteen guns is fired from the parade-ground; and for the first and only time we see the King, who waves his handkerchief to us from his boat-house.

We are taking to San Francisco two steerage passengers, belonging to the crew of the *Norval*, a ship which was blown up by an explosion of coal-gas in the bay of California. Of the four boats which put off from her, one has never been heard of, and another was abandoned, the men in her being received in the other two. Getting into the north-east trades, after knocking about for fourteen days over a distance of more than 2,000 miles, they landed in Hilo, for which they made, and none the worse for their perilous journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—HILO.

The Leper Settlement.—Hawaii.—An Extinct Crater.—The way Hilo was saved from Destruction.—The Eruptions of 1859 and 1868.—Our Start for the Crater of Kilauea.—The Road to the Half-way House.—A Tropical Forest.—A *really* Civilized Native.—Difficulties on the Road to the Volcano-House.—A long and anxious Ride in the Dark.—Our welcome Arrival.

April 13, 1882.

DURING last night we passed the leper settlement of Molokai, an island inhabited only by those who are tainted with the awful disease. The Government has been obliged to adopt the painfully necessary measure of banishing them there in the endeavour to stamp out the disease. The island is a living grave, where all (save one noble young priest, who has given up the world and his life in order to minister to them) are waiting, weary of their hateful lives, till the repulsive and incurable disease at last gives them the longed-for release. At the present time there are said to be about 700 of these poor creatures on this plague-defiled spot—from little children on whom the loathsome disease has only just laid its hideous clutch, to the shapeless masses of festering flesh in which hardly a semblance of humanity is now discernible. This is

the black blot on 'these Eden isles,' the 'canker of a calm world;' and those who care to read between the lines may easily know to what the curse is due, and what is the prevailing sin of the people.

This morning is calm and lovely. At daybreak we pass the island of Maui, and soon after coast along that of Hawaii. The coast is a fine one, with steep black cliffs rising 300 to 400 feet from the blue and sparkling ocean, riven here and there in deep precipitous 'gulches,' which can be traced a long way inland, and which were not unlikely wrenched open by the contraction of the island in cooling. From the edge of the cliffs the broad land rises gently, as far as one can see, softly clad in brightest, richest, and most vivid verdure, for sunshine and showers alternate here in quick succession. Much of the vivid green we see is that of the sugar-cane, which is grown in vast fields.

It is one of those loveliest of mornings, when restless clouds gleaming like silver, in the bright sun-light, sweep over the upper lands—a bridal morn, trembling in a silver light which gives its pearly note to all the landscape. Streams in number thunder over the cliffs into the sea, and dotted here and there on the sloping land are white houses and many native churches. Soon afterwards the coast line lowers, and at its least interesting part lies the little town of Hilo, about a mile from which we anchor at 3 p.m. Thirty miles away we can plainly see the snow-topped mountains of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, each of them nearly 14,000 feet high—their tender blues and those

of the nearer distance losing themselves in a chain of colour, which, increasing at every link in an intensity of green, ends at the beach in a fringe of palms and other trees.

Hilo looks a dead-alive little town on a beach of *black* disintegrated lava (*not* white coral, as Mrs. Brassey describes it), with little white houses, surrounded by gardens, and half-buried in trees. Of course there are a great many native churches; their proportion to the number of houses I am afraid to mention, for fear of being outside the mark, but from our ship they appear to be about one to every ten!

As soon as we were able, we landed, in order to make the necessary preparations for seeing the great volcano of Kilauea, which is over thirty miles up country, along a terrible road of lava boulders. Before returning to the ship, we walked through a mass of high fern and grass to the top of an extinct crater over the town, called 'Green Hill,' which now, with many other craters near, form the most splendid natural ferneries one can imagine; any one of them making a finer show than the combined efforts of all the nurserymen at home could make with all the skill and appliances of their art.

On our way we noticed much of the pretty asclepias as well as large quantities of the lantana, the latter growing in great exuberance, and forming in places a bushy hedge of twelve feet high. From here we had a fine view of the bay; and inland, within half a mile of us, we saw the winding stream of lava, looking like a grey flood of broken, piled-up ice, and which in

September last threatened the little town of Hilo with destruction. It came down from Mauna Loa in a winding, seething flow, nearly fifty miles long, in places miles broad, and hundreds of feet deep; and, as you may suppose, threw them into intense excitement in Hilo, where all preparations had been made for an immediate and strategic evacuation. For some weeks the inhabitants tried to turn the course of the sluggish flow, by constructing earthworks, and digging trenches; the missionaries (after doing their packing up) giving them much substantial aid — all that they were capable of — by praying nearly continuously for three weeks. Still the flow came crawling on, nearer and nearer, and threatening to engulf everything. The natives, believing in the powers of their beloved Princess Ruth, a lady of immense bulk and weight, managed to get her, by means of first a cart and then a litter, to the crater, where she remained for some days praying, and sacrificing live pigs, goats, chickens, bottles of gin, etc. to Pélé, the goddess of these unquenchable fires, for all of which things this divinity is said to evince a strong liking, and all of which the fair Princess herself pushed over the edge of the cliffs into the overflowing sea of molten lava beneath. And this a Christian country too!

It was a nasty pill for the missionaries to have to remain passive to this exhibition of heathen superstition; but what followed was more unpleasant, for Pélé, evidently appeased by the offerings made her, stopped the eruption just before the flow engulfed the little town, and Hilo was saved, and again breathed freely

These islands are all volcanic, every step one takes furnishing abundant signs of their Plutonic origin, and much that one sees and treads upon being of no very distant creation; but the frequent showers and soft climate clothe the thin coating of soil, with which the sterile lava becomes covered, with a vegetation that lives and thrives exuberantly. Earthquakes and eruptions on a painfully large scale seem to come upon them every few years. In 1859 there was a great eruption of Mauna Loa, which continued for two months; the winding current of lava coming from it being fifty miles long, from one to five miles broad, and from ten to hundreds of feet thick. It took eight days to reach the coast, when it poured like a cascade over the cliffs into the sea, and filled up a large and deep bay. In 1868 there was another great eruption, attended by earthquakes; one of the latter causing a huge sea-wave, which, after doing great damage to Hilo and the neighbouring country, and engulfing a great many human beings, sped across the Pacific, and even made itself felt on the Californian coast, over 2,000 miles away.

At 6 a.m. the next day (the 14th), we breakfasted, and were soon after at Mr. Spencer's house, where a troop of horses were waiting ready saddled for the twenty of us (including three courageous ladies) who intended making the journey to the crater. Most of us picked out the horses we liked best at the time—all of them hardy-looking little animals, and bred on the island. On board there had been doubts and anxieties whether we should find a sufficient number

of horses for all who wished to make the journey; but our fears turned out to be idle, for as nearly all the natives keep horses to do their carrying (there being no roads admitting of vehicles of any description), the supply was practically unlimited.

The natives are all splendid equestrians; the women, who ride astride, being especially so, and 'witching the world with noble horsemanship.' They all laugh at the comparatively poor figure we cut on horseback, as well as at the long time 'foreigners' take to accomplish the thirty and a half miles to the crater. It is difficult, however, to go beyond a walk, for the track, almost the entire distance, is an extremely rough one.

We had ordered pack-horses to take up provisions, and, as the whole truth must be told, a large supply of liquid; for we hear there is likely to be nothing that we can either eat or drink at the shanty euphuistically called the Half-way House, which is fourteen miles on the track, or even at the Crater House itself.

A cruel fate singled me out by placing me on a very fast horse. The first mile and more was through the suburbs of the little town, past sugar-cane plantations and a sugar manufactory; and along this part of the road we galloped hard—I showing the way—most unwillingly, but I had no voice in the matter. My seat and safety from the stampede of horses behind me I owe to the vice-like way in which my poor horse's ribs were squeezed, as well as to the high pommel of my Mexican saddle, to which I held on with frenzied tenacity. When my efforts had nigh exhausted me, the road happily became very bad, and the pace

sobered down into a steady walk, which after that moment was hardly once broken till we reached our goal, the Crater House.

Four miles from the town the track plunges into a dense forest, thick with richest ferns, some of colossal proportions, and undergrowth which would lift a lover of botany into the seventh heaven. Here is the glory of the tropics! The tree ferns are most superb and wonderful, arching ten feet over our heads as we ride beneath them. Some of their fronds must be fully twenty feet long! The creepers, too, festooning the trees, and dancing from one to another, nearly choke out the light and air, and hart's-tongue ferns, with fronds over eight feet long, grow in clusters high up in the trees, like mistletoe. We have to proceed in Indian file, and for the three miles we ride through this entrancing scene we are absorbed in wonder at the beauties surrounding us; but all is so dense a network of vegetation that one can see but a little way into its tangled masses.

It is yet the early morning, and all is bathed in heavy dew; the ferns which brush our knees as we ride along are all begemmed with drops glittering like diamonds where the sunlight happens to break through upon them. How soul-satisfying is such a sight! How the eye delights in and feasts upon this triumphant and refreshing verdure! Silent under the heavy dew—its natural gloom made deeper and more mysterious by the patches of flashing light which, struggling through the piled-up masses of foliage, call to glittering life the myriad prisms on some gigantic

leaf. How still and unbroken a peace is here! How profound is its rest! And how full of life and growth is every living thing!

In some of the more open spots we pass under guava trees, with ripe fruit hanging from their branches; cocoa-nut palms, crested with drooping leaves and fruit; screw pines, banana and peach trees, besides many others having a very marked individuality, but unknown to us.

The path is barely two feet broad, and is very hard to travel along—up one moment, down the next, with very poor footing for the horses; for it is of a fine-surfaced lava, called by the natives 'pahoehoe,' and by the white men 'satin rock.'

We now leave the delightful depths and grateful shade of the forest, and emerge into the open country, and into a blazing sunlight, the noontide air of a perpetual summer. Ferns of a kind unknown to us, but answering to our 'bracken,' cover the land deeply, with here and there stunted trees having red-tufted flowers, and an occasional cocoa-nut palm. Many little wild-flowers beautified our path; but the most superb of all was an immense begonia bush, of thirty or forty feet in circumference, completely clad in an unbroken mass of the most delicate pink and frosted-looking flowers—a sight none of us will ever forget. About fourteen miles from Hilo we reached the little Half-way House, where we found nothing to be had but shockingly dirty water, dry biscuits and tea. Here our straggling party once more assembled, and having off-saddled and picketed our horses, awaited

the arrival of pack-horses with the provisions. These, however, came along so slowly that 1.30 p.m. arrived, and still there was nothing to be seen of them; so all but De Bosco, H. and I saddled up, and started off tired and hungry for the Crater House, rather than run the risk of being caught by the darkness. We were obliged to wait, for De Bosco's horse had cast a shoe, and the guides, who had extra ones, were of course in any other place than where they were wanted to be, and were far behind. At 2 p.m., almost hidden by boxes and packages, the pack-horses arrived, when a box was immediately prized open, and the thirst of three panting pilgrims temporarily assuaged. It was now that we discovered that the native keeping the shanty had all the necessary materials for shoeing, but the artless savage refused to move in the matter without first being paid a dollar. This little difficulty, which was of course one of his own creation, might have been disposed of three hours previously; and then by this time we should have been approaching the Crater House, instead of having the prospect of a seventeen-mile ride along an unknown track, and most of it in the dark. It was only one more instance showing the effects of a dawning civilization.

At 3.45 we started, carrying in our arms and pockets as many bottles as we were able, for the other thirsty souls ahead, as it was impossible for the pack-horses to arrive at the Crater House, where we knew there was nothing, before midnight. We passed through the same bush-covered country, where large quantities of stag's-horn moss threaded the ground;

afterwards making our way amongst bushes having a small white flower, like the orange blossom. As long as we had light, the road was comparatively easy to find; but when darkness came on, we had to leave all to our horses. There was no moon, and it soon became so very dark, that at times we could barely see the sky-line; when the scrub was high, it was impossible to see even our horses' ears! So we did the only thing we could, viz., gave them their heads, and trusted to their sagacity to get us out of the fix. Luckily the track was through dense brushwood, so we could not well stray off it. One moment we were scrambling over rocks, the next it seemed as if we were going down some bottomless pit; but our horses were never once in error, and seemed thoroughly to understand the sliding, in which way we accomplished so much of our journey.

After travelling for what seemed to us to be quite fifteen miles, we were still in utter darkness as to our whereabouts. No landmarks of any sort; no signs of any volcano, and no reflection of fire in the clouded sky; no life, no sound of any kind. And what puzzled us more than anything else was that we were still amongst the same stunted trees and ferns, and on the same hard lava path, instead of being on a dreary open waste of loose, crumbling lava, as we expected to have been long before this. After a council of war, during which an empty claret bottle is thrown away, we push on again, always scrambling up, sliding or slipping down invisible blocks of lava, the termination of which, so far as we are able to see or know to the contrary,

may be some yawning precipice. As we were riding in Indian file, we were often separated in the darkness, and could only tell each other's whereabouts by constant shouting; the cries and their answers seeming sometimes to come from the clouds, sometimes from below. Three miles of this, and the country suddenly changes! We lose the trees and immediately get into fog, which with each step becomes denser. No signs in the sky yet, no signs of life, nothing to be seen nor heard. We now began to feel confident that we had lost ourselves, and that we should have to sleep out in the forest. Another anxious quarter of an hour, and at last, shortly before ten o'clock, a bright glare flashes through the fog in front of us, and we suddenly find ourselves at the haven of refuge—the Crater House! We were very nearly missing it, owing to the fog; and had we done so, in less than thirty yards we should have tumbled headlong over a precipice into the old crater, 600 feet below, and thus have paid a more precipitate and lasting visit to it than we cared to do. Our advent was hailed with wild delight, not only on account of the whisky and sherry we had brought with us, but also for the information that the pack-horses, with the rest of the provender, would probably arrive in a couple of hours. The drawing of corks, the gurgling bottles, the pervading bouquet of that precious dew collected from the mountains in our chill grey northern home, gathered for a brief moment round us, and it was gone; but never was the grateful stimulant more needed, and never was it more appreciated.

The sleeping accommodation was swamped ten times

over, but my friend managed to secure a sofa in the passage, while I was lucky enough to share a bed with a friendly pilgrim. Some tried to sleep on the floor, others on boxes or chairs in front of a wooden fire, whose unwelcome smoke insisted, with dogged pertinacity, in coming into the room instead of going up the chimney.

The Yankee in charge of the Crater House was in a shameful state of half-delirium from drink, and it was with difficulty that the first comers could persuade him to allow them to enter the house. When they had done so, he played with them in the most insolent manner, telling them to take off their hats, and some to sit here, others there. He said that he 'guessed he was running' this house—that he was boss, and that anyone who didn't do as he told them, 'should git straight out and go to some other hotel, *if* he could find one.' The next moment he would adopt a most polite tone, and say that everything he could do for them he would, '*but* not a thing should anyone get in *his* house.' After a deal of 'ramping and gassing around' he quieted down, and by the time we arrived all these little difficulties had been arranged. When at last we had chosen our respective sleeping-places, completely worn out with fatigue, Roebeck, the crater guide, announced that the fog had cleared off, and that he was now willing to take a party down to the crater. Seven or eight volunteers responded, and started with lanterns and long poles shortly before midnight, returning about 2 a.m., when their discovery of the provisions rendered useless any further attempt at sleep.

A perfect volley of corks and the clinking of glasses drove away the soft nurse from drowsy eyes and aching limbs, and soon even the most weary was wide awake and 'profaning hard.'

A second party was now formed, which started about 4 a.m., returning about two hours after. Altogether, the night was a tangible vision of what one might expect to see in Purgatory—a weird and fine *motif* for Doré. Outside, a dark night lit up by blood-red vapour rising from the lake of fire away in the distance beneath us; inside, a bedlam of doubtful spirits having their last stirrup-cup before getting the order to proceed on their journey, and everyone, even would-be sleepers, full of excitement, and, though sadly needing it, unable to get more than the shortest snatches of sleep. Thus was the night spent.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—HILO II.

View from the Volcano House.—Our Landlord at Breakfast.—Our poor Pack Animals.—Departure of all the Pilgrims but six.—Our Plans.—An Enjoyable Dinner.—Start for the Crater.—What we saw there.—The Return to Hilo.—Our Party separates.—Adventures of two of them.—Leave for San Francisco.—The New World in sight.—Adieu to the *Ceylon*.

At last came the bright, sunny morning. When we rose, we saw, for the first time, the steam rising from cracks in the ground, all about the house; and rose-bushes, like the Banksia, but much larger, in full bloom, growing up to the very edge of the fissures through which the sulphurous steam was rushing so viciously. Fifteen miles distant on our right were the snow-covered ridges of Mauna Loa, with a crater six miles in circumference, looking as beautiful as any other mountain in the soft morning sun. A faint wreath of vapour clung to its huge side like a tiny cloud. It might now seem almost a calumny to speak of that peaceful, rosy-looking mass as encasing horrors beyond all powers of utterance. Ten thousand feet above us are its quenchless, eternal fires, the terror of every living

thing, the forge and workshop of the earth itself. We all regret that we have not time to ascend it, for though it involves camping out for a night, somewhere near the summit, and enduring the intense cold of so great an altitude, as well as the difficulty of respiration, its crater is a sight which takes possession of one's entire being—so stupefying, and so awful is it said to be. Fifty yards in front of the Crater House, in the middle of a rolling plain of green shrubs, grass, and ferns, is a huge caldron, nine miles in circumference, looking as if the support of the earth had been suddenly withdrawn there, and the immense area had instantly fallen 600 feet, at which distance below us is a sea of congealed lava, in the midst of which, two miles away, lies the lake of fire—the ever restless Kilauea. It is indeed a wondrous prospect. Looking down upon it reminded one of a charred and burnt-up moor, with the smoke still curling up from its centre. The general level of this immense bed of lava beneath us was a few years ago nearly twice as low as it is now; but it is not the occasional flow of lava over its surface that has so raised its level. It is some awful force below which at times pushes it up, and which alters its height as well as the ever varying ugliness of its vast face.

We take this short glimpse before going in to breakfast—to food that was nearly choking in its repulsiveness. One weary pilgrim, strolling in listlessly and sitting down with his hat on, is addressed by the landlord (who is only in his shirt and trousers) in slow, measured tones, with every word emphasized, as follows:

'Remove that shadow from your brow.' (Silence.) 'Will you remove that shadow from your brow?'

Pilgrim: 'Not until you ask politely; say *please*.'

Landlord: 'Please remove that shadow from your brow.'

Pilgrim: 'Certainly.' The offending 'shadow' is then removed, and harmony once more prevails.

I have nearly forgotten to mention that notwithstanding the immense labours of the pack animals in getting up last night, they were only allowed a short rest before re-commencing their downward journey. This piece of cruelty was rendered necessary by the old missionary law, which prohibits any travelling on the Sabbath!

After breakfast all began their ride back to Hilo (excepting a Mr. and Mrs. W., a young lady, my friend, H., and myself), each of them having had the privilege of paying £2 for the most miserable night's lodging and fare that ever fell to the lot of any of us—the insolence of the drunken Yankee being thrown in 'gratis.'

Our plan of operations was as follows: As the *Ceylon* was not to leave till the next day at 5 p.m., we purposed dining at 3 p.m., and then stroll down to the crater at 4, so as to see it during the daylight, as well as at dusk, and after returning to the Crater House, to retire as soon as possible, in order to get a good rest before 3.30 a.m. the next day, when we were to rise in order to start at daybreak for Hilo, where we hoped to arrive about a couple of hours before the *Ceylon* was timed to leave.

We passed the morning very lazily, for we were still much exhausted from stiffness and want of sleep. We walked amongst clustering rose-bushes, the tender, lovely flowers growing almost over the narrow fissures through which gushed the hellish blast. What incongruity is here!—the most lovely and the most terrible from Nature's workshop side by side! Fragile flowers, and terrible eternal fires! Butterflies, too, are flitting about, and in the straggling trees are surely nightingales singing, and with the same trilling water-note that we hear in the woods of dear old England. Unfortunately they were some little distance away, inaccessible to us, and not a glimpse could we catch of one, so we are not able to state positively whether it was our feathered King of Song.

We came upon some sulphur-banks close by, which were emitting a scalding steam and stench; and we afterwards spent the remaining time till dinner in resting, and gazing over the great pit beneath us, to where the steam was rising from the seething lake of incandescent lava two miles away. At 3 p.m. we sat down with our guide to a dinner of wild mutton and turkey, which he had shot the day before, and both of which were terribly grand in their toughness. If ever the cutting power of a steam circular saw was wanted, it was on this occasion. Ordinary knives were useless against the coils and layers of ligaments, cartilage, and gristle, which took the place of the meat usually found on animals eaten by man. When my fearless companion at last detached a flake, it actually began to curl up before our very eyes like a wood-shaving on his plate!

How it brought the old school-days back to us, and awakened the slumbering recollections of the slabs of india-rubber we used to chew, till they became soft enough to make air-bubbles, the snapping of which were so fruitful a source of impositions and woe! Besides these luxuries of mutton and turkey, we had Poi (a caladium root, which is as largely eaten by the natives here as potatoes are in Ireland), bread, and tinned Australian beef. We left the table hungry, with tired jaws and aching limbs, but nevertheless with fast-beating hearts, for our never-to-be-forgotten visit to the crater. Only thirty yards from the house we began winding down the side of the precipice; 600 very steep steps down, through small straggling trees and ferns, we reached the plain of old lava. We have come down by apparently the only possible way, for on all other sides of this huge caldron—which, as I said before, is nine miles round—its walls rise from 300 to 600 feet high, sheer, like a cliff, the only vegetation about them being where we descended, and where there seemed to have been a partial 'slip.'

This plain of hard lava we are just stepping on is the overflow of 1868. It has pushed on in its sluggish course till its rolling masses have become hardened in giant convolutions, which even at their edge are twenty feet deep; but we have soon struggled up, and make our way across it to its centre.

Our guide tells us that much of this was melted and reformed last year. From many of the fissures and cracks which traverse it like a network on all sides, sulphurous steam is incessantly hissing, and we push

on appalled at the awful wilderness of terror around us, as well as at the mighty force which causes it. The lava is knotted and twisted in great black masses, like a surging sea of pitch, vomited up in low hills here, sucked down in valleys there. Its surface is black, shiny, brittle, and very porous. Parts of it are in form exactly like wire-rope in regular coils, while others are glassy and in thin flakes, which crackle under the feet. In some places where it appears to be solid it is only a thin crust, rendering great caution necessary to prevent falling through—were this to happen, goodness only knows where one would be when one stopped! One or two of our fellow-pilgrims last night broke through it, burning their boots, but suffering no further injury beyond some slight cuts sustained in their frantic endeavours to regain their footing, and extricate themselves from their warm position.

For the first half-mile, tender fragile little ferns, not unlike our oak fern, have taken possession of the black, cindrous cracks—the doomed heralds of a vegetation which may at any moment be engulfed in floods of annihilating fire. Another mile, the lava getting all the while hotter and hotter to the feet, and we arrive at the edge of the living crater. It is a lake, 1,800 feet long by about 1,300 feet broad, with perpendicular walls all round of an average height of about 50 feet. We are standing at the edge of the cliff overlooking the molten lava just below us. When we first saw it, the whole surface of the vast lake had the appearance of frosted silver, except at its extreme edges,

where awful-looking furnaces were bursting out in a subdued and fitful roar. After waiting a few moments, the guide told us it would begin to break up; and hardly had he uttered the words, than one of the furnaces began to extend its area. A dazzling orange-coloured crack appeared a few yards outside it in the frozen-looking surface of the lake, and gradually extended itself all round the glowing patch. Almost immediately afterwards the whole surface of the lake became riven with fiery cracks, shooting hither and thither across it, and, as ice breaks up, immense sheets of the surface rolled away, a bubbling wave, into the incandescent, flameless, and smokeless sea. Innumerable fountains of red lava now spluttered up in gory drops to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and fell back lazily into the raging flood of fire. The whole of the lake was now in wild commotion, and waves of fire sped across it, lashing its cliffs in reddest spray. Though the wind blew from us, the heat was at times terrific, and we were obliged to shade our faces from it as well as we could with our hands. Even then it was difficult to look upon this awful scene for more than a few seconds at a time.

Suddenly we noticed with horror the whole lake sinking. With a swirl the bubbling fiery torrent rushed through the side of the cliff on which we stood, till the vast surface of the lake must have fallen three or four feet. Millions of tons of molten lava were being drained off somewhere; but who dare say *where?* With more than interest, if not with alarm, we looked to see whether it was overflowing the immense

caldron in which we stood, cutting off our escape; but no such cruel chance befell us. We all stood speechless at this stupefying sight of nature; for in those terrible moments even 'thought was not.' What we had seen was all the work of a few minutes, but no one moment of the time, nor any of its crowding incidents, will ever be erased, or become even dimmed, in the memories of those who witnessed the scene; for of all the experiences of life this surely must remain the most thrilling.

After the lake had thus discharged itself, it relapsed into a quieter mood; and the sea of living lava deadened from a dazzling orange colour into the frozen appearance upon which we first gazed. As the lava, where we stood, was very unpleasantly hot for the feet, after a last long look into this awful place of hell, we turned unreluctantly away, wonder-struck, humbled and silent, none remembering the trouble, stiffness, and manifold discomforts we had suffered in this twenty minutes' transportation to the flaming portals of the realms of Persephone. Of everything that we had looked upon since we left the smiling verdure-clad world above, with its roses, nightingales, and eternal summer, there was nothing with which we were familiar, but that joy of every living thing, the crowning glory of the world—a calm evening sky. There was nothing else here that had aught to do with any place but hell—nothing that could be called beautiful—at all events to a sinner—though everything was terrible and awful, beyond all power of speech. We were nothing loth to change the place of woe for

the beautiful world above it, and get back again to the ferns, and trees, and grass, and things we knew, and to rejoice in the scenes of common life.

On our way back over the lava we picked up little tresses of the glassy fibres called Pélé's hair—a soft yellow-silken substance, which is spun by the wind from the rising and falling drops of lava. After a toilsome journey we reached the Crater House thoroughly tired. How our more than plucky ladies were equal to all their exertions I am unable to understand; for the stiff pull up the cliff, just before we got 'home' again, seemed interminable, and almost like crawling up a house-side, it was so steep.

After bowls of the best milk we have had since leaving home, we went to bed, and the next morning rose at 3.30 greatly refreshed. At four we breakfasted, and at a quarter to five, just when the "rosy hand of morn had unbarred the gates of light,' we were once more in our saddles, and bound for Hilo. For nearly a mile my friend and I were able to gallop, but after this the entire distance had to be walked or rather scrambled over. We were now more than ever astonished at what we had been able to achieve in the dark in going up; and it was really a wonder that we didn't meet with some serious accident among many of the break-neck places and holes we had passed over. Nothing of any interest happened till we got to the Half-way House at 9.30, excepting that we met a missionary, and saw a few wild ducks, and a bird which looked to us like the double, or solitary snipe. Here, after a frugal repast, the three lagging behind again

caught us. At a little after ten we were all on the track again—the young lady, my friend, and I, being in front.

A short time after this we lost sight of Mr. and Mrs. W., and H.; and the rest of our journey was performed without incident, excepting to climb a guava tree in the forest to pick its fruit, but which, when gathered, was not worth eating. Mr. W. caught us up here, and said that his wife and H. were following behind.

We arrived at the beach at a little after three p.m. and found our cutter waiting for us; the *Ceylon* ready to start and blowing off steam. We waited half an hour for the late ones; but there being no signs of them, Mr. W. jumped on a horse and rode back as hard as he could, while I took a carriage two miles along the road (this being as far as it could be dragged) to give Mrs. W. a help down, for we knew she must be very tired. It was now five p.m., the hour fixed for the *Ceylon* to leave, and still there were no signs of our friends. Half-an-hour after this Mr. W. came galloping back to where I was waiting, saying he could see nothing of them. It was then arranged that he should ride on until he found them; and that I should walk back to the *Ceylon* and report, and that the carriage should wait where it was till they appeared. Two other townsmen on horses now kindly joined Mr. W., and away they all went in search. After riding till dark Mr. W. was unable to go farther, so he returned in great distress to the town to organize a thorough search. The town and our passengers by this time (eight p.m.) were in a state of consternation.

Provisions were got ready, and parties despatched along the only two paths possible for them to have taken. At ten p.m. a rumour reached the town, through a country policeman, that a white man and woman were seen on the road, going towards the village of Puna, fifty miles away! Another half-hour of painful suspense, and a native gallops into the town with a piece of paper, scribbled upon. An anxious crowd presses close to hear the news. After a moment's delay further anxiety is removed, by Mr. W. announcing, 'All safe; returned to Half-way House; lost the way; send provisions and money.'

Fresh horses were at once despatched; and at midnight we returned to the *Ceylon* thoroughly knocked up with anxiety and fatigue. At eight a.m. the next morning (the 17th) the lost ones arrived on board; Mrs. W. of course very much fatigued, but H. apparently none the worse for his exertions.

For the following account of their adventures, we are indebted to our friend H. himself, who takes up the narrative from the Half-way House:

'Mr. and Mrs. W. and I were the last to start, as the three others had gone on. I followed the advanced guard, leaving Mrs. W. and her husband to bring up the rear. After riding two miles, and finding I could not overtake the party in front, I waited till the rear guard came up. To prevent any delay that might arise in the payment for the horses on arriving at Hilo, it was now suggested that Mr. W., who was well mounted, should ride on and leave me behind to escort his wife, whose gallant steed put up his back (a sore

one) against going faster than the slowest of walks. Mr. W. accordingly rode on, leaving us to follow. Little did any of us think what was to be the consequence of this unfortunate proposal!

'I did not recognise the path we were on, but we followed the marks of horses' hoofs till we got into a bullock-track, swampy, rocky, and full of deep holes and pits. I now felt certain we had not come this way before, but still that we were following the others, as there were fresh marks, showing that several horses had recently passed, and we had seen no branch road. Two miles or so of this bullock-track (which I afterwards found out is called the Tea Swamp) brought us to a forest, at the edge of which was a small hut, to which I hastened in the hope of finding some one of whom I could inquire the way; but it was empty and deserted.

'Here a consultation was held as to what was to be done, for we were ignorant of our whereabouts, every step seeming to take us farther away from Hilo Bay, which we thought we could see in the far distance on our right. Still the fresh hoof-marks and the absence of any other path made us determine to proceed.

'The way through the wood was very narrow, and at times very difficult to traverse, owing to the lava rocks over which our horses had to scramble, and it was sometimes only with the greatest persuasion that we could get them to move at all; so on we jogged, still keeping the hoof-marks in sight.

'The farther we went the more anxious we became, especially when we thought of the *Ceylon* leaving at

five o'clock. But at last, joy! we came to a clearing in the forest, and seeing some rising ground in front, I scrambled up, hoping to get a view of the sea. Great was my disgust to find only a forest-clad mountain in front, and naught but tropical trees and plants all around us, as far as I could see.

'Our anxiety now greatly increased, and I could see by the face of my companion that she, too, did not exactly see where the joke came in.

'Another hurried council of war was held to consider the advisability of retracing our steps to make certain of our way, for by going on, we knew not whither, it seemed more than probable that we should be obliged to sleep in the forest. As well as we could judge, we were going as fast as we could into the interior of the island, and away from the sea. I had been noticing for some time past that Mrs. W.'s horse was showing unmistakable signs of collapse; so, not knowing what might happen, I determined to spare mine as much as possible, for her use in case hers should break down. I therefore dismounted, and dragged it after me. Thus we wearily proceeded for a few more miles, every moment increasing my anxiety and the lady's fears.

'At last I took what I considered to be the wisest course, and turned back in order to make certain of some rest for Mrs. W., after her great exertions. Accordingly, Mrs. W. having mounted my horse, and I, with hers in tow, right-about turned and steered for the Half-way House in somewhat better spirits, which however again drooped when we thought of the possi-

bility of the *Ceylon* having left without us. Our steeds now exhibited evident signs of an inclination to lie down. Shall I ever forget that journey back? The remembrance of that aged white horse, which I had almost literally to pull after me over that awful road—of our thirst-parched throats—of my anxiety for my companion; these stirring memories could never fade from my mind, not were I "to live three lives of mortal men."

'Always dragging the old elephant after me, we at last arrived at the little wooden shanty at the edge of the forest. I again searched for water, but found none. Here I wrote and pinned to a tree a note, telling anyone who chanced to pass in search of us that as both of our horses were exhausted, and we were uncertain of the way, we were returning to the Half-way House. Darkness was rapidly coming on, so we tried to press on faster, but in vain. About two miles from the Half-way House we fortunately came across an English-speaking native on his way home, who promised for three dollars (he was afterwards paid five for his services) to take a note to a gentleman in Hilo, in which we asked him to let the captain of the *Ceylon* know where we were, and to send us provisions and fresh horses. This letter despatched, we both felt more at ease, especially as we met two boys and a man here, who, taking us to their hut, gave us cups of dirty water, which I eagerly drank; and dirty as it was, it was to me like a magical nectar.

'The darkness increasing, we hired a boy to show us the way and lead the horses, Mrs. W. being obliged to

dismount owing to one of the straps of the girth having broken. Three times one of the horses broke loose from the boy and managed to get rid of his saddle. At last we arrived at the Half-way House, and sank into two chairs, exhausted and almost speechless. After drinking sundry cups of coffee and eating the remains of our lunch, we retired to our rooms, first giving orders to the astonished natives that if any message was sent we should be immediately called. Sleep was impossible from anxiety and mosquitoes. But at 1.5 a.m. two men with lanterns tapped at my window, and informed me that they had brought a fresh horse for the lady, and that we were to come on at once, as the *Ceylon* would sail directly on our arrival. We started off in drizzling rain, with the two guides with lanterns and Mr. Jordan, a gentleman from Hilo, who, hearing that we were missing, had most kindly promised the captain not to return without us. He brought us a small flask of brandy mixed with beaten-up eggs, which proved most acceptable.

'About 7.30 a.m. we arrived at the outskirts of Hilo, where we were met by the gentleman whose son was acting as our guide, and who, after giving us some refreshment at his cottage, drove us into the town. Here we met several of the passengers, and Mr. W., who was overjoyed to see his wife again, safe and sound. Our greatest thanks are due to all who took such trouble about us: to the captain, officers, and passengers of the *Ceylon*, who had organized the search-parties, as well as to Mr. Jordan, to whom are we especially grateful for all his kindness. It turned out that

we had gone on the wrong road up to the forest, the path through it being the right one, although neither of us recognised it, and that when the approaching darkness caused us to turn back we were within four miles of Hilo. Altogether, from the time of leaving the Volcano-House to our arrival in Hilo, we had been twenty-three hours in the saddle. Mrs. W. overcame her fatigue in a day or two. Every credit is due to her for her great pluck and endurance, and I sincerely hope that she will get as well out of any other difficulties she may have to encounter through life.'

'All's well that ends well;' so let's say good-bye to Hilo, and our kind friends there."

* * * * * *

With the exception of the sight of the volcano, and the ride through the forest, everyone has been sadly disappointed with these islands. 'The enchanted regions of eternal summer and perpetual calm;' 'these pearls of the Pacific,' surrounded by their 'oily, breezeless seas;' 'this dream-world, pure and lovely,' which all have looked forward to with so much pleasure, is still unrealized! It still belongs to the realms of dreams. The white coral shores, the dreamy sea of blue, the amphibious natives and their surf-riding, the groves of palms stretching along the shore, the air laden with the scent of flowers, the rich sunlight and fruits in sickly profusion—where are they all? Echo answers, 'NOWHERE!' Yet all these will still belong to the Sandwich Islands of our fancy, but *not* to the Sandwich Islands of our realization. I prefer the old dream, for it seems far more real, and

of course is far more beautiful than the miserable reality. It is almost of a piece with everything we have seen since we left home. In thinking over the countries we have passed through, the first image which invariably presents itself is *still* the old one which first fascinated one's child-soul and with which one has grown up to manhood; and it is painful, in looking back, to find that nothing comes near the beauty of the old vision. The last hope I had, that *one* place in the world would come up to my imagination, has now gone. The vegetation of the tropics, the Taj, Kilauea, and Canton, are the only things which have very much moved me; the two former are beautiful beyond the power of words to describe, but Kilauea and Canton may be linked together as two of the most startling sights in the world, both of which must be seen in order to appreciate their full horrors.

S.S. *Ceylon*, April 20, 1882.
Three days out.

Immediately after the lost pilgrims arrived on board we started for San Francisco. Since we left we have had bright skies, a brilliant sun, strong winds and high seas, and life on board has been unusually quiet; a great stillness, stiffness, indolence, soreness, and a marked disinclination to sit down, has reigned amongst those who visited the crater, besides much poorliness from drinking the bad water on shore.

The plucky Mrs. W. appeared yesterday afternoon on deck, having nearly recovered from her great fatigue. The wind has now dropped, and things as

well as pilgrims begin to assume their old appearance. All of us who are leaving the *Ceylon* at San Francisco are commencing to pack, and a greater accent is given to the ordinary humdrum nature of ship-life, from the knowledge that we shall so soon be leaving our friends and the old ship.

April 25th.

Since the 20th we have had very calm weather, but an immense swell. This morning a large full-rigged ship passed about five miles from us—the first ship we have sighted at sea since leaving Japan. Last night we rolled about in a fearful way. It is said there must have been a heavy gale somewhere north of us. The waves are immense, being about a hundred yards apart — glassy and without a ripple, for the air is absolutely breezeless! It is almost impossible to sit about the deck, and to keep in one's berth at night is also a matter of the greatest difficulty. To-night is most glorious, with a clear starlit sky, and a soft radiant moon.

April 26th, 1882.

This is our last day on the *Ceylon*. The immense waves have almost gone, and the morning is lovely, with a freshening breeze. At noon we are under full sail, with a spanking beam-wind. The ship is now rattling along quicker than at any time since leaving Southampton. We are doing over thirteen knots an hour, and it is said we shall be in at six p.m.

At two p.m. the Faronell rocks are in sight, and soon after the mainland of America. Hurrah! Who can regard that land unmoved?—none on board, judging from the number of 'break-downs' that are

being danced by different pilgrims on the quarter-deck. The sea changes its colour from a deep blue to a dirty green. We pass numberless ships outward bound, and see a great many sea-birds. We are now approaching the celebrated 'Golden Gates.' A pilot cutter bears down upon us, and, as she sails under our quarter, an irrepressible young pilgrim, eager for the most important news from England, is heard shouting, 'Which has won the boat-race, Oxford or Cambridge?' The poor inquirer's mangled remains were then thrown overboard, the marlin-spikes returned to their places, and taking on board our pilot, we are soon after bowling along through the 'Golden Gates.' Numbers of sea-lions are lying on the rocks to our right, and one we saw immediately under our bows. Black geese fly close over the water in long lines. We are now over the dangerous bar, and stemming the swirling currents of two large rivers. Hills are on all sides of us, and we are now in the grand harbour, and San Francisco, the Queen of the Pacific, the magic city of the far West, is behind the group of hills yonder on the right. We are now in, anchored half a mile from the docks and a forest of masts. Two huge sacks of letters have just been delivered on board, and an excited and surging crowd, with outstretched arms and eager faces, forgetful of all but self, presses in for the home letters. On these occasions people are nearly uncontrollable—even our respected parson. The feeling is deep almost as very life; and when it dies out of us, will not the last evidence of the cloven hoof have disappeared from our erring species?

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW WORLD—CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco.—Its Peculiarities.—The Chinese.—Our First Meal on Shore.—The Palace Hotel.—Our Breakfast.—Start for the Yosemite Valley.—Railway Travelling.—The Stage.—Villainous Roads.—A Flower Region.—Gold Mining.—Mariposa.—Revolver Carrying.—Impudent Girls.—Indians.—Snow.—Pine Forests.—Cones.—'Clarke's Hotel.'—Monster Trees.—Fires in the Forest.—The Yosemite Valley.

The Palace Hotel, San Francisco,
April 27th, 1882.

We landed this morning in the New World, this great land of the future; the home of the free—and easy. How incommunicable are one's feelings on reaching its shores and meeting a new race with new habits of life, speaking a language not entirely different from our own 'insular dialect!' seeing this fine but shamefully paved city, with its restless, cosmopolitan population of enterprising men; a city having a society possibly as high as any, but also one so low that there is no apt word for it. Yes, we have already heard slang, cursing, and blasphemy to a prodigious extent, and worked into ordinary conversation just to make it sound well, and give a sentence a pretty and artistic turn. We have seen chewing and spitting and other coarseness,

besides a selfishness which elbows one into the gutter and rides rough-shod over everything. How different from the manners of courtly Japan! In one respect the city has been maligned, viz., in the amount of shooting said to be always going on in its streets! From what we had been given to understand, we had made up our minds to begin shooting at something or some one directly we landed, so as not to appear peculiar; but we saw at once it was unnecessary, and we reached the hotel safely without exchanging a shot with anyone, or even being winged by a single errant bullet.

It is indeed a curious community: pushing, reckless, self-reliant, enterprising and intensely selfish to a degree unknown in the Old World. It is not merely from the fact that it is naked here, that it is so conspicuous; for clothe or cloak it as they will, it would still win, hands-down, in a canter amongst any other communities in the world eligible to compete! They have one aim; that is money—nothing but money! They have one god; which is self—nothing but self! The higher society of San Francisco looks on with anxiety at this vigorous and new phase of life, and what is to be its outcome, for they are in the midst of it. If there is no better society in the world than that of Higher California, there is certainly none so bad as its worst. Against this the police of San Francisco are powerless; and gangs of lawless ruffians, often even boys and girls, have been known to enter shops, and, just as the thought seizes them at the instant, either shoot the proprietor dead in order to get what money

there may be in the till, or else put a revolver to his head and blow out his brains if he attempt to interfere with them.

These enterprising boys and girls are called 'Hoodlums,' and are said to number about 600, living in gangs in different parts of the city. It sounds incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that San Francisco, with all its enormous wealth, has not yet been able to master them!

The Chinese here, who number nearly 50,000, have their own quarter in the city. They seem to be everywhere. We saw them even in the Sandwich Islands, where they have secured a firm footing. They are able to make a living anywhere, and where other people would starve. Their wants are few; they are a thrifty, quiet, hard-working and inoffensive race, and yet they are intensely unpopular. They refuse our civilization; they scorn everything but our money. They are a race incapable of being altered; and though all other people lose in great measure their individuality and become merged when living amongst other races, the Chinaman abroad is now, as he ever was and will be, the same, and shows no sign of having been penetrated by a single foreign institution.

For three weeks before we reached the 'Golden City,' we had to content ourselves with the most wretched fare, for the bounty of the Sandwich Islands only provided our ship's larder with food which made sitting down to table something distinctly less than a pleasure. One may therefore easily guess how impatient we all were to get to the world-renowned

hotels here. Some rushed off to Baldwin's, others to the Palace Hotel, one of the sights of the world, for it is the largest hotel in it! It was not here, however, that we had *our* first meal. When we reached the shore we were taken to a restaurant, where we devoured like two starved schoolboys—it was our deliberate choice amongst all the bounties of the earth—rolls of fresh bread and pats of fresh butter, in a way which made everyone near put down their knives and forks and look on in blank amazement for the sequel. They did not know that those poor wretches they were watching had not tasted that simple, delicious fare for nearly five months! When we tired a little of this, our simple tastes urged us to oysters, fresh salmon from the Sacramento river (at 2d. per lb.), and asparagus which had never looked on tin; as well as a bottle of excellent Californian Hock. Only those whose simple tastes (like ours) had been long ungratified, could enjoy a meal as we did that one. It is indeed a land of plenty, where provisions —nay, luxuries!—may be had almost for the asking.

Our hotel, the most commanding edifice in San Francisco, is said to cover 95,000 square feet, and naturally cost a fabulous sum in building. It contains nearly 800 *suites* of apartments, all extravagantly furnished, and provided with every luxury that money, lavishly squandered, can purchase. And how little a way money goes here, excepting for food! For instance, one has a glass of ale at the hotel bar—the charge is one shilling! One then strolls into the hair-dresser's, and has one's hair cut, and the charge is four shillings!—only four shillings! Everything

is on a scale of showy magnificence and luxury. The *salle à manger* is quite bewildering—it is so large. The bills of fare are the same. Here is one—that of the first breakfast we had:

PALACE HOTEL.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.

English Breakfast. Green and Japan Tea. Chocolate. Coffee.
With Cream.

Bread.

French Rolls. Vienna Rolls. Muffins. Graham Rolls.
Corn Bread. Boston Brown Bread. Graham Bread.

Wheaten Grits. Oat Meal. Fried and Boiled Hominy.

Boston Cream Toast. Milk, Buttered and Dry Toast.

Wheat Cakes. Rice Cakes. Indian Cakes. Waffles.
Honey. Maple Syrup.

Broiled.

Beefsteak, Plain, with Tomato Sauce or Onions.
Mutton Chops, Plain, Breaded, or Tomato Sauce. Veal Cutlets, Plain or Breaded.
Lamb Chops. Calves' Liver and Bacon.
Salt Mackerel. Kidneys. Smoked Salmon.
Tenderloin of Pork.

Broiled or Fried.

Ham and Eggs. Fresh Fish. Fish Balls.
Sausages. Pig's Feet.
Apples and Pork. Tripe.
Sole. Smelts.

Fried Clams.

Oysters, Stewed and Fried.

Corned Beef Hash. Stewed Kidneys. Salt Codfish, Shaker Fashion.
Stewed Tripe. Frizzled Beef. Radishes.

Potatoes.

Baked. Fried. Lyonnaise, and Stewed with Cream.

Eggs.

Fried. Scrambled. Boiled. Poached. Shirred.
Omelet, Plain, with Tomatoes, Onions, Kidneys, or Ham.

Cold Meats.

Roast Beef. Corned Beef. Ham. Lamb. Beef Tongue. Dried Beef.

HOURS FOR MEALS:

Breakfast, 6 to 12; Lunch, 12 to 2; Dinner, 6 to 8; Tea, 8 to 9; Supper, 9 to 12.
For Nurses and Children: Breakfast, 7 to 10; Lunch, 12 to 2; Dinner, 5 to 6.30.

Dishes ordered, not on the Bill of Fare, will be charged extra.

Everything in this city of keen business-men seems to be at high-pressure point, and to have a forced and unnatural growth. In its population there does not seem to be one fool. Even the nigger-lad—the caretaker of the hats during our *table d'hôte*—imports into his modest calling an amount of show and cunning sleight-of-hand which seems in keeping with all about him. Amongst the hundreds of hats he takes charge of, he has never yet made a mistake in returning each one to its owner; and this without checks or other means of identification — relying solely on his memory.

As one leaves the *salle*, he picks out the hat he is in search of, brushes it, makes it turn two or three somersaults in the air, with all the graceful finish of a conjurer, catches it by the back of the brim, throws himself into an artistic pose, and presents it with a bow and a smile.

Though our voyage in the *Ceylon* came to an end here, the ties which bound us to her were not entirely severed; for many of the old cheery faces were still about us. It seems, therefore, only natural that these notes of our tour, while we were with her, should be supplemented by a short account of a visit we paid to the Yosemite Valley, which Americans affirm is 'the last of earth.' But this it must be; for as it is the finest *they* have, the rest follows.

The Yosemite Valley is about 230 miles from San Francisco; the last 100 miles of the journey being over terribly bad roads in a stage carriage—the most perfect engine of torture ever constructed (at all

events, for which one has to pay before getting inside). It perfectly carries out the designer's malicious intention of preventing an occupant from seeing anything of the country through which he is passing. It has narrow fixed seats—so close together, that the excruciating pain suffered in one's contortions to get into one, was Elysium to the general agony and despair one felt when it was secured. Then one's misery was complete. Iron bars on all sides support an immovable roof, which comes down just low enough all round the stage to enable one to see just seven yards and a half from the wheels, but no farther. Most of our time inside is taken up in trying to prevent our heads from being violently jolted against these bars, which lie in wait for them on all sides. Escape from them is next to impossible, even with the most vigilant, and a poor friendless and tender orphan like myself was utterly unable to avoid them. But to proceed.

On April the 28th, we left San Francisco at four p.m., by rail, for Merced; this being our first introduction to American railways, and their many strange and interesting features. Amongst the most striking are the long, easy-going Pullman cars, and the curiously funnelled engines with large bells, instead of the whistles which ours have at home. Then the universal cry at the stations here is 'All aboard!' which is the equivalent of our 'Any more going on?' Then there is the extraordinary familiarity of one's fellow-passengers, and their delightful pastime of emptying their mouths of tobacco-juice at the shortest

intervals. Then the diamond-ringed conductors who take one's ticket, thrusting a check into the band of one's hat in exchange, and who have gone on to the next person before the sedate and dignified Londoner, aghast at their temerity, has had time to expostulate at the outrage. Then the advertisements along the line! At every commanding point of vantage—on walls, posts, railings, rocks—in fact, everywhere, so that the eye cannot escape them, so obtrusively well situated are they—appear advertisements, in large white letters, of medicines for curing every known disease, besides others which acquaint one with all sorts of useful information; such as that '*Fig Bitters is all the go for love!*' and that such and such a shop is '*darned cheap*,' and '*wants you bad.*' Advertisements of the 'Rising-Sun Stove-Polish' are seen throughout the length and breadth of the land! In one corner of the car is a magic box, from which come newspapers, maple wax, cigars, and a hundred other things, which one is pestered to buy. It takes hours before all its wonders have been revealed. At the entrance of the car, prominently displayed, is a notice, worded as follows:

'Passengers are hereby warned against playing games of chance with strangers; or betting on three-card monte, strap, or other games.

'YOU WILL SURELY BE ROBBED IF YOU DO!'

At one of the stations, *en route*, we joined in the general scramble for places at the dinner-table, where we noticed, in its most extravagant growth, the custom, which seems to be a universal one, of throwing

all the courses of an entire *table d'hôte* before one at the same time; and all of which one is expected to get through in a few minutes—fish, beef-steaks, fried clams, sausages, fowls, pig's feet, vegetables, sweets, tripe, and dessert being piled up on little dishes all round one, and completely covering the table. The waiters enjoy the name of 'Hash Chuckers;' and as they do nothing further which merits the name of waiting, the designation is not an inappropriate one.

At 10.30 we arrive at Merced; having passed all the way along rolling plains and slopes of land, entirely covered with waving grain and occasional vineyards. Here we sleep; and the next morning (the 29th), after a hurried breakfast, we are all eagerly waiting for the stage, of the horrors of which we are yet in blissful ignorance. Soon it appears. 'Surely they cannot mean to cram eight people into that thing!' 'Why, it's only big enough for four!' 'An old rabbit-hutch like that, too!' Such are a few of the expletives with which its appearance is greeted. But it has to be done, and we manage to squeeze into it, all feeling more or less like 'trussed fowls.' We soon ascertain, from the groans given out on all sides, that the jolting will be tremendous; but our driver, with a complacent chuckle, remarks that the road here is 'as hard and smooth as a dollar,' compared with what we shall find it further on. So an immediate halt is called; and, much to our regret, my friend, whose spine still feels the effects of his ride to the Crater in the Sandwich Islands, determines to abandon the trip on ac-

count of the intense pain every jolt causes him. He walks back to Merced, and his wisdom we soon applaud; for the rolling and plunging of our machine becomes most agonizing. For five hours we drive over treeless plains, covered with very short, thin grass, and little wild flowers; and see a great many owls, and ground-squirrels, which sit at the edge of their holes, popping into them in the most magical way when we approach too near them. All day long we have a sweltering sun beating down upon us through a clear and cloudless sky. We are just in the nick of time to see the country in its fullest beauty; for the prodigal spring drapes everything in freshest verdure. And when at last we leave the plains, and get amongst the hills, wild flowers of every hue and beauty burst forth in joy on every side. All now revels in a spendthrift youth which in a few weeks will become a withered and parched old age. Let the relentless sun scorch his fiercest—all his heat is welcomed; and in its short lease of freshness the fertile earth seems to defy the warning voice of Nature, and to stay her silent step. The hills we are now upon rise quickly. Beautiful shrubs and bushes, clothed with glowing flowers, are all around us; the latter, as well as those which carpet the soil, completely outdo the vivid foliage in the struggle for their glorious supremacy. Mounting as we continually do, small pines begin to appear; and higher up the mountains they belt the scant-covered rock in nearly unbroken forests, looking a light hazy purple in the quiet noonday air. The scene is now one of great beauty;

sky, mountains, and vegetation all appearing absolutely pure in colour. Still the wild flowers are the most striking of all we see.

We stop for tiffin at the little mining village of Hornitos, and afterwards push on through a country like an English private park in spring. On all sides are soft grassy knolls and slopes of land, trim with daintiest flowers, and more than generously sprinkled with shrubs and bushes, all which have caught the breath of spring, and are giving it back in fragrant masses of white blossom.

We pass by gold-workings close to the road, the bottoms of all the gulches and watercourses having been well overhauled, and now looking like ditches in the red soil. What secrets this wonderful earth has revealed, and still has to reveal! Secrets secure against all, till an ordinance higher than earth's decrees their being made known to man. Here were the nuggets laid when chaos ceased and the great reign of law commenced its sway. They were 'the direct means employed by God to effect the rapid colonization of these fair, but then distant and unpeopled lands; and having served their beneficent purpose, they were so designed as no longer to disturb the value of the precious metal, now almost universally used as the standard of exchange between nations and individuals.'*

As we drive along, we notice that every tree of any size has its bark completely honey-combed with holes, and that each hole has an acorn neatly placed in it.

* 'Notes of a Tour in America,' by H. Hussey Vivian, M.P.

This we ascertain is done by the woodpeckers. Having been carefully placed in the early summer in these holes, by the time the winter arrives the acorns get little grubs in them, which become the woodpeckers' winter food. The thieving old jays of course try to get their fingers in the pie, which naturally leads to continual fighting. We see great numbers of quail, and now and then a huge turkey-buzzard soaring aloft in the calm air. We have also seen a few jack-rabbits. These are the animals Mark Twain charges with having bigger ears than any animal alive, excepting a jack-ass. Their ears are certainly enormous, and they also have all the speed with which Mark Twain accredits them.

At six p.m. we reach Mariposa distant forty-two miles from Merced. It is a pretty, peaceful-looking little village, in what might be a Swiss valley. It is difficult to believe it has always been one of the worst places in California for lawlessness and murder; but such is the case. Even the schoolboys carry revolvers, and we hear they have also been known to use them against their masters, just *pour encourager les autres.* They must be spirited and manly boys these, and no doubt become men of 'light and leading' when they grow up and come to the full maturity of their manhood. In a bar opposite to our hotel, four men have lately been shot; the brains of the last one being still on the wall which they spattered. So trifling a matter as one person's brains they don't think it worth while to clean away: so they wait until there is a crop of them. We are told everyone carries his revolver,

and this makes us particularly civil to all. Behind the bar at which we were inspecting the making-up of a cock-tail 'for a friend,' there were five Colt's revolvers, ready loaded; and hanging over a billiard-table in the same room, I copied the following:

They are a playful people, and their different types of character have an immense range, and the most opposite and incongruous are met with side by side. While we were at dinner to-night in the miserable little hotel in which we found ourselves, one of my companions, in his suavest and most winning tones, meekly asked one of the young women who were waiting upon us for a bottle of beer. He might just as well have asked for a pint of prussic acid. Her look of horror at the request could not have been greater. She first scowled upon him, apparently for daring to address her, and then said:

'Don't you think we are ordinary waitresses. We are only here to help.'

'May I have a bottle of beer, please?'

'This isn't a whisky-shop.'

'I didn't say it was. May I be permitted to have a bottle of beer?'

After a consultation in the corner of the room

between the young women, one comes forward, and says most angrily:

'Guess you can.'

'May I have some bread, please?'

'Yes, but don't you think we are ordinary waitresses.'

Continual sparring like this when anything was wanted, and our being every time reminded, before it was done, that we were not to think they were ordinary waitresses, did not conduce to make our stay here a very pleasant one.

April 30th, Sunday.

We leave at seven, and soon after we drive past more gold-mines, and then a miners' village. The day is again, to a denizen of our fog country, absolutely perfect, for it is cloudless, and without wind. The ground is a perfect carpet, woven by lovely wild-flowers in masses of varying and dazzling colour. In glory and splendour nothing in England can approach it. As we drive along, the ground in one place is blue with patches of nemophila; in another yellow, from the tender little sulphur-coloured platystemon. Now we pass scarlet pinks, bluebells and lupins, and now, flowers which are very much like our cyclamen. Dwarf buttercups, the eschscholtzia, arnica, and little white star-shaped flowers, besides many others unknown to me, cover the earth on all sides. The nemophila pushes all before it, growing in large patches, even to the middle of the road. It is a vast region of flower-glory such as we have never before seen. We pass many clumps of the poisonous oak. Our driver says that if taken in the

hand, it is liable to produce obstinate sores all over the body. He then tells us how Jim this and Doctor that, as they passed along, thoughtlessly plucked off leaves, as everyone in the world does, and how they were laid up for weeks in consequence.

Besides the trunks of the trees being honey-combed as I have described, amongst the branches of nearly all of them is mistletoe: those trees it likes, it nearly smothers; some it has killed altogether. The roads all the way are simply villainous, and the jolting tremendous. We have been ascending more or less all day, and now the pines begin to assume a larger size. We see patches of white among the trees on a ridge in front of us, and speculation is keen as to whether it is snow. One of my companions, who speculates that it is not, has to pay. At 12.30 we tiffin at 'Cold Springs,' a little wayside house in a beautiful valley, shut in by lofty mountains, where large quantities of New Town pippins and other apples are grown. It is here that we see Indians, for the first time, and most repulsive-looking creatures they are, with broad flat faces, and long black hair hanging to their shoulders, as straight and coarse as a horse's tail. We are told they are the Digger Indians, and that they subsist on roots, some edible portion of the pine-cone, grasshoppers and other such simple diet.

After tiffin we start on foot, for we have to cross a pass 6,500 feet high, but now only about 2,000 feet above us. Half-way to the top we come upon deep patches of fast-melting snow amongst the giant pines. It is most welcome, for the exercise and great heat are

very parching. All the flowers have now gone, and the mountains are covered with leviathan trees. We are at last well into the great pine forests of California. Most of these pines are deeply covered with brilliant light-green stag's-horn moss, even to their topmost branches. These shaggy monsters against a sombre background, your mind's eye may be able to picture in all their impressiveness, but by words it is utterly incommunicable. Lying about the soft spikelet-covered earth are cones of immense size—some I measured seventeen inches long! At the top of the pass the snow lies five or six feet deep. On descending we go along the sides of the gorges, with roaring torrents rushing wildly beneath us; and were it not for the immense trees which are everywhere about us, we might be in Switzerland. Half-way down we meet an Indian with a Winchester rifle, and about fifty yards behind, labouring after him, is his 'squaw'—an ugly couple one would rather not meet alone.

Another ten minutes and we get to 'Clark's' (twenty-six miles from Mariposa). It is a splendid hotel in a more splendid valley, with a sparkling trout river running through it, and surrounded by forest-covered mountains. In the evening trappers come about the bar, with skins of bears, wolves and foxes, and we listen to their fascinating talk, while the liquid poetry of Milwaukee ale gurgles to the dear tune of 2s. per pint.

May 1st, 1882.

After a breakfast of trout, we start at six a.m. for the Yosemite Valley (twenty-six miles). It is another

heaven-born day. As soon as we leave the valley we are again amongst the patches of snow, and winding along the sides of gorges which make one hold one's breath, for there is less than a foot of road between our wheels and a sheer fall of a couple of thousand feet. The slightest mistake on the part of our cautious driver, and after a crash and a thud, 'the rest is silence.' Now and then carriages have gone over, but never in the worst places, and I believe no lives have ever been lost.

A very considerable proportion of the pines in these enormous forests bear evidences of fire, some being simply standing pillars of shiny charcoal to their tops; others have died a natural death, and remain huge white skeleton columns, grand and mysterious in their decay. Other monsters, nearly 100 yards in length, have fallen, and lie alongside the road. The driver tells me these fires are caused by the Indians in smoking out squirrels from their holes in the ground, generally at the foot of some tree, and then allowing the fire to burn on. We see many of these squirrels. They are grey, and very prettily marked, and much larger than any we have at home. Our driver points out to us in the snow what he says are tracks of wolves. He also curdles our blood by showing us the spot where he has often seen an old grizzly bear cross the road in front of him. Our cheeks may blanch, we may draw closer to one another, we may even fortify ourselves with a bottle of beer, but—we are not afraid.

If it be possible to average the distance between

the pines, I should estimate it at about ten yards. I speak advisedly when I say that these monsters are frequently 300 feet in height, and from seven to ten feet in diameter. So you may fancy what humanity looks like beneath them, and how one's whole being—both mind and body—is dwarfed and crushed by their humbling ascendency and stately grandeur. My two friends are quite nauseating, they look so contemptible. Following with the eye these great shafts, which rise and rise in unerring line, struggling to the far-off light above, one gets glimpses of the tranquil sky—the light of heaven which breaks softly through these giant pines, and sheds a light like that of dawn upon the world beneath.

We have ridden very little to-day in the stage. The entrancing delight of walking in freedom in these forests is too great; and we have left the miserable thing crawling along the gorge behind us.

We bound over the cone-strewn ground, so exhilarating is the air. The largest cones we see are those of the sugar-pine. They hang in bunches of two and three, like tassels, from the extremities of the branches. It must not be thought that these pines are the Wellingtonia gigantea—the leviathan pines of California—that one has heard so much about. These we shall see anon, when we return. These we now see are the ordinary sorts, many of which we have also at home; but here they have long since grown out of all knowledge, excepting to a trained eye. The largest of them are the sugar-pine and the

Douglas (the pitch-pine), both growing to about the same enormous height.

We are in a tree-world, where Nature's heart throbs fast—where the pictures, music, and art of God surround one in all their sublimity and awe. That you could be here to *see!* for words are useless to give more than the faintest impression of what this forest-grandeur means, and of the feelings it inspires.

The delicious scent and fragrance, too, add yet another enchantment to the grand concord and harmony which this great forest-region breathes forth.

We are constantly passing through an air laden with scent of richest incense, coming from the old pines. After a short struggle, my companions—two innocent joyous lads—are lying dead on the track for saying the 'smell' is more like that of arnica!

Just as I have ripped off their scalps, preparatory to an examination of their abnormally formed brains, I hear in the distance the rumbling old stage. Quick as thought their bodies are rolled to the edge of the precipice; another instant, and I see them bounding through space in frightful leaps, striking the out-jutting crags in their awful descent. Now they have gone, all but their scalps, which I carefully stow away in my sandwich-box. (If fair and loving taper fingers ever wish to twine those auburn locks again, please apply to the editor—personally.)

After nine hours of walking and riding, during which we have only done twenty miles, a considerable portion of this distance being through deep drifts of

snow, we attain an altitude of about 7,000 feet; and suddenly in front of us, about 3,000 feet below, the Yosemite Valley appears in all its unspeakable splendour—a huge trough, sunk deep in the mountains.

A few minutes afterwards we stop at Inspiration Point. We know it is Inspiration Point, for our considerate American cousins have had it painted up for us on a board, in large letters. From here we can see nearly the entire valley. It would seem more correct to call it a chasm; for masses of nearly white granite, nearly 4,000 feet, tower above it almost precipitously on all sides. It is only six miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width; but it looks much less than this, owing to the precipices which hem it in on all sides.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Our Descent into the Valley.—The Bridal Veil.—The River of Mercy.—The Three Brothers.—The Yosemite Fall.—Cloud's Rest.—The Half Dome.—Mirror Lake.—Union Point.—Heartless Desertion.—His Last Ascent.—The Big Trees.—Through the Forest again.—The Grizzly Giant.—The Father of the Forest.—Through the Snow.—Moonlight in the Forest.—American Jealousy.—We leave for Madeira.—Indians.—San Francisco again.—The Climate.

Our descent into this wonderful valley is by a road which zig-zags down the face of a nearly perpendicular cliff. On the right our eyes are attracted to the Bridal Veil—a beautiful fall of 940 feet. On the mist which floats from it in filmy sheets is a brilliant rainbow. The falling water looks like a gauze veil which is constantly overlapping itself in its descent, and as the spray is blown for long distances by even the softest zephyrs, its poetic name seems a fitting one. We have now descended into the valley, the base or floor of which is perfectly level, almost up to the precipices which enclose it. There is little *débris*, for the rock above is like adamant. The scene is perfect. On all sides, mountains of a toned white granite, capped with snow, rise one above another.

The whiteness of the rock is as a discoloured white marble. The effect is startling, and cold, and what artists call 'thin.' Immense pines, shrubs, and other trees grow wherever it is possible on the heights, and often in seemingly impossible places. Where there is no green there is the smooth white rock. Almost all we have come to see now passes quickly before us, like a panorama. Through the centre of the valley runs the crystal 'River of Mercy,' made up from the stupendous waterfalls, which tumble on all sides over the precipices with an echoing noise like peals and crashes of thunder. Nearly opposite to the 'Bridal Veil,' and on the other side of the valley, is 'El Capitan,' an almost vertical, smooth-faced, seamless slab of creamy-coloured granite, 3,300 feet high, and nearly a mile in length! Now we approach the 'Cathedral Spires,' great isolated blocks or needles of granite of immense height. Now is seen a splendid triad of rocks, the 'Three Brothers,' rising one above the other, the highest being almost 4,000 feet high. Opposite these is the 'Sentinel,' towering more than 3,000 feet above us. In fact, wherever we turn, wherever we look, we are wonder-struck. All si within so small a compass, and there is so much to see, that our eyes get weary, and there is no rest for them, excepting by keeping them on the ground, or shutting them altogether.

Immediately opposite our hotel (Cook's 'Yosemite Valley Hotel') is the world-famed Yosemite Fall. It is said to surpass every other fall in the world for height and volume of water combined. It is a river of

considerable size which crests the mountain yonder, and pours itself over its ledge into the valley, half a mile beneath, filling it with its echoing thunders. Its fall is twice broken before reaching the bottom, first at a distance of 1,600 feet from the top, the next fall being one of 534 feet. It is full of soft majesty and beauty. Its volumes of water fall with the most exquisite grace and gentleness, seeming to descend so lazily, but this appearance of course is due only to the distance we are from it. The wall of granite over which it falls is smooth, vertical, and of a soft creamy white colour. At the foot of the valley the fall loses itself behind graceful trees and shrubs, which look like the willows and alders at home. In the immediate foreground runs the silver river, amongst meadows flashing in flowers and soft green pasturage.

There are many other superb falls, many of which the short time at our disposal will only allow us to glance at. The mountains on all sides are grand and very striking; the highest of them, called 'Cloud's Rest,' is at the head of the valley, and attains an altitude of 10,190 feet. The mountain, however, that instantly arrests the wandering eye, on account of its extraordinary formation, is the Half Dome, 5,000 feet above the valley. It looks as if it had been cut in two down its centre, from crown to base, and as if one side had toppled headlong into some world beneath, for little *débris* is to be seen in the valley. It doubtless was sculptured like this when the valley itself was formed—when the supports of the rocky world here gave way, and fell a

mile below the level of the adjacent country, laying bare the ribs and buttresses of this white granite region.

Tuesday, May 2nd.

Our only entire day in the valley. Before breakfast we went to the 'Mirror Lake,' at the farther end of the valley. It is a superbly lovely spot, where the still waters of the lake sleep among the fringing trees under the stupendous and overhanging Half Dome on the one side, and a massive white mountain, called the Washington Column, on the other. In the early morning the waters of this lake are so still, that every detail is mirrored as clearly as if it were the object itself. Pine-trees on a distant part of Mount Watkin, which is lit up by the early sun, are said to be reflected no longer upside down, but right way up! Our informant explains the phenomenon in the most lucid way. He says the surface of the lake is so bright, and the reflection so clear, that it reflects the reflection back, which is then again reflected. After this game at battledore and shuttlecock, the weary reflection is at last allowed to rest, and it eventually appears right way up in the lake. We smiled, and he was wrath, for he thought we wished to cast a slur on the beautiful lake's placid waters. To our own minds we could easily account for the appearance. The trees that were reflected were tall thin pines, a long distance away, and looked simply like golden shafts of light on the mountain-side, dashed in with splendid effect and poetic mystery by the subtle hand of the morning sun. They had now so little of the conventional

shape of the pine, that were one so disposed, one might with very little effort image them upside down.

THE 'HALF DOME' FROM GLACIER POINT.

After this we were shown the likenesses in the mountain rock of birds and beasts, and lovers too, and

many other things, including even clothes hanging on a line! In fact, we 'did it' in the orthodox manner, as all tourists have to do.

We are amongst the very first this year to visit the valley, the snow having only just been cleared from the passes. We consequently have the entire place to ourselves, which adds an unspeakable charm to our visit. A little later, and there will be swarms of hungry sight-seers from all parts of America. We can guess what it would be like then. Everyone in the valley is a guide and blood-sucker in one disguise or another, and we hear that in the season, visitors are almost ordered off to the different places of interest. American tourists like to travel all together, and to be 'personally conducted;' Britishers naturally like exactly the reverse.

After breakfast we climbed the gorge to Union Point, from which altitude we had fine views, not only of the valley, which now lay at a great depth immediately below us, but also across the tossed-up peaks and snowy wastes of the Sierra Nevada, till sight could see no farther, and they were lost in the 'ethereal nothingness' of the distance. The snow above this was very deep, and its slopes very steep. My two companions, both fearless Alpine climbers, went up another 1,000 feet to Glacier Point. I did not, for we had no guide, and there was no vestige of a track, and I doubted many things—my head being one of them. Nearly every step we sank in the snow to our thighs, while a yawning precipice at the edge of the shelving snow invited us into its recoiling depths. I

remained in the spot where my friends deserted me exactly one hour and twenty minutes, without daring

'WHERE MY FRIENDS DESERTED ME.'

to move more than was involved in getting out my sketch-book and sketching the locality. I did this

because I felt sure that if ever I reached the valley again, excepting as pulp, this should be my last experience of mountain climbing.*

Wednesday, May 3rd.

This morning at 6.30 we started back again for Clark's hotel, this time with a carriage-and-six, for we had to get there in time to see the Big Trees in the same day. They are eight miles from the hotel. We left the valley with the greatest regret, and many times and longingly did we look back to it, before a turn in the mountain hid it from us. We have now to work hard to get back to San Francisco by noon on Friday, when the *Ceylon* is to sail, and with her my companions in this delightful trip to the Yosemite Valley. The jolting, plunging, and rolling of our vehicle are highly exciting, and we all have to cling for very life to prevent ourselves from being flung out of the torturous machine. At one p.m. we reach Clark's, and after a little tiffin, start for the Big Trees—the Wellingtonia gigantea. For three miles we again submit to be driven, but we crawl so slowly up the hills, that we walk the rest of the way, and soon leave the stage far behind. Once more we are in the snow, and walking under the enormous pines. After a very brisk walk of between four and five miles, we are at an altitude of 6,500 feet, and suddenly come upon one of the monsters. It is only a small one of from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, but totally different from any tree we have yet seen. Amongst the dark barks of the other trees it is as light as cinnamon; its foliage

* The determination I then made I intend steadfastly to keep.

is thin and disappointing, and its boughs are of very little length compared with its immense height, for it towers into the air a huge tapering monument. A little farther along and we see their yellow barks amongst the other trees in steadily increasing numbers. Five minutes after this we are in the 'South Grove,' when we are confronted by the 'Grizzly Giant,' a stupendous monster, thirty-three feet in diameter, and over 100 feet in circumference. It lifts its giant crest 325 feet into the air, within five feet of the height of the clock-tower at Westminster, and only a foot or two lower than St. Paul's. This enormous column shoots up eighty feet before the first limb leaves it, which in itself would be a large tree anywhere in England, for it is variously stated at from six to eight feet in diameter. As far as the 'Grizzly Giant' there is a carriage road cut through the snow, but not beyond, so we are obliged to make the best of our way through it to the larger grove, which is about a mile farther on. It is very hard walking through the snow, in which we often sink up to our thighs. In this grove we are surrounded by these veteran monarchs of the tree-world in all their stateliness and grandeur. Straight as an arrow they rear aloft their shaggy tops far into the azure sky, the largest living creations on earth, and probably the oldest! Born upwards of 4,000 years ago of a cone barely an inch long, they have now reached their present mighty development. Were I minded, instead of 4,000 years, I might say over 5,000, for a prostrate tree having that number of counted rings lies in the grove!

The largest tree in California is the 'Father of the Forest,' a veteran that now lies low in the Calaveras Grove. Its length is 430 feet—that is, over 100 feet higher than St. Paul's—and the first limb which leaves its prodigious trunk is 208 feet from the roots! Such monsters are beyond the grasp of the mind to understand, for even in its wildest flights it has never dared to dream of them. They are, as Niagara is, when seen for the first time, incomprehensible. We wander round these monsters, like atomies, over the deep and untrodden snow, and collect specimens of their cones, which are hardly larger than a hen's egg! The ravages of fire, the evidences of man's despoiling hand, are everywhere visible; and many of these splendid trees have literally had caverns burnt into them, laying bare a depth of cinnamon-coloured bark more than eighteen inches thick.

We have now to turn our faces homewards, and retrace our steps through the snow, for it is past six, and we have scarce an hour of daylight left, and far to go. We see where the sun is dyeing the tree-tops far above us in a rich yellow glow, below which all is steeped in gloom. The twilight comes apace, but it tarries not. As darkness spreads over the pine-clad heights and dales of the great forest region, a full moon steals above the far-off ridge and sheds her light in solemn glory over the silent world—silent, now, as if nothing lived on earth! Its light seldom falls across our path, but we see its sleepy beams above, falling in softest patches amongst the same giant trunks and limbs it has bathed in silver light for forty

centuries, before the forest was desecrated by any human foot. Nothing in Nature's solemn course could be more impressive and enchanting than was this walk through the forest. I do not know whether it is so with my friends, but I have derived more pleasure from the forests even than from the Yosemite Valley itself, and, could I not see both, I would rather see the former again than the latter. One word more about the Big Trees. They were accidentally discovered by a trapper in 1850. An English botanist gave them the name of *Wellingtonia gigantea*, and this aroused American jealousy. It was attempted to show that the tree was of the same genus as the red wood, or *Sequoia sempervirens*, and the Americans still call it by that name. One writer* makes the following remarks on this subject: 'It is to the happy accident of the generic agreement of the big tree with the red-wood, that we owe it that we are not now obliged to call the largest and most interesting tree of America after an English military hero. Had it been an English botanist of the highest eminence, the dose would not have been so unpalatable.'

Australia claims the glory of holding the highest in the world of all living trees. In Victoria a specimen of *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, or almond-leaf gum, has recently been discovered, which has been found to measure the enormous height of 430 feet (the exact size of the fallen monster in the Calaveras Grove).

Thursday, May 4th.

At 6.30 this morning we left for Madera (sixty-five

* J. D. Whitney, State Geologist of California.

miles distant), in a crowded stage carriage. For the first ten miles we drive through the forest. We pass an Indian wigwam, removed a little from the road, and see the meat in long strips drying over the log-fire, the smoke from which is wreathing through the still air to the pine-fretted canopy above. As we are now making our way down to the plains, we go at a slashing pace, and soon leave the forests and the snow behind us, again going through the same kind of scenery as that we passed through on our way from Merced. Flowers—nothing but new-born flowers and leaves—bright sunlight, rounded domes and dales of velvet herbage, rocks and glistening streams! Again we pass by gold-workings, and a generous landlord, at whose shanty we stop to change horses, presents me with specimens of quartz in which are veins of the rich frosty-looking metal. We see great numbers of quail during our drive, as well as a fox. The road is dusty, and the day hot. Our carriage is very full, and the jolting still excruciating. We pass several times under a wooden aqueduct in the shape of the letter V. It is in this way that they float down all their timber (which they call 'lumber') from the mountains. This particular viaduct is over sixty miles long. At seven p.m. we reach Madera, having changed horses three times *en route*. The hotel is so crowded with intending visitors to the valley, that we have to sleep in a Pullman railway car, on the line. The beds that are made up for us are so comfortable that this is far from being a hardship. At five a.m. we are once more off to San Francisco, which we reach at

one p.m., and at the Palace Hotel I rejoin my friend, who during his week of quiet has quite recovered from the effects of his ride to the volcano.

We have had another almost cloudless week, and without a drop of rain! That we could have a climate like this in England! Cloudless days, yet not so hot as a hot summer's day at home, and always cool nights. In winter it is phenomenal when there is ice. The mean temperature of January, the coldest month, is 58° Fahr. One always knows what the weather will be, without the aid of barometers. If it be winter, one knows it will rain; and if it be either spring, summer, or autumn, one knows it will be cloudless. How distressing it is to consider what our climate is after this. Putting all the rain together that we have had since we left home nearly six months ago, it would certainly not amount to three days in the aggregate. If our bad weather can be called a 'climate,' how relentless it is in its cruelty! Cyclones and an occasional earthquake are all we require to break its melancholy monotony, and give us the worst features of every other climate, without any of their blessed ones. Longing—pining for the glorious sunlight, even our summer gives us but fleeting and sickly glimpses of it, and it is soon hidden from us by the impenetrable gloom that shrouds again our land, which is its heritage. Here nearly everything can be grown in perfection, and flowers and fruits abound, even the semi-tropical ones! There are now as many as 100,000 acres under vineculture. This is said to be the coming industry of the land, and one which will bring a second flood of wealth to 'Golden California.'

CONCLUSION.

On Saturday afternoon, May 6th, we left San Francisco for Niagara (distant 2,940 miles). For the greater part of the first day the scenery is very impressive, the railroad passing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, winding along the brinks of splendid gorges and pine-covered mountains. For miles we pass through snow-sheds, which are wooden tunnels to keep the line free from drifting snow and avalanches. What we see for the next three days is an easily told story. We are surrounded by alkali plains and desert mountains, terribly forbidding and monotonous in appearance. About every hour we pass a station of some sort, at which the train may stop in order to water the engine. Amongst many curious and astonishing names, we note that one of these stations is called 'You Bet.' Humanity accosts us in the shape of poor Indians who beg for food—now and then a white man—even an errant Chinaman may be seen about them. This is the only life we see on these oceans of desolation and sterility. No, not altogether sterility, for here and there, the more to accentuate the lifeless, deathful horror of the scene, are patches of sage-brush—a dry and scrubby-looking shrub about eighteen inches high.

Stones and rocks, searching dust and alkali, which covers the wastes like sprinkled salt, make up the rest. In the distance, beyond the mirage, rise wastes again—of rugged mountains, without a trace of vegetation on them. At frequent intervals along the line we see the staring skeletons of cows, and now and then the remains of some emigrant waggon, which vividly suggests the terrible sufferings of the early emigrants to the Far West.

In the neighbourhood of Ogden, in the Mormon Territory, we pass through cultivated land. It is here that we see the Great Salt Lake, which is ninety miles long by forty-five miles broad, with a background of desert mountains, ragged in outline, rising beyond it. Since we left, we have mostly been at an altitude of over 7,000 feet; but this is not our highest point, for when we pass through Sherman on the Rocky Mountains, we are at an altitude of 8,242 feet. After this we descend rapidly, and travel through boundless plains of short thin grass, past prairie dog cities, and the never-absent skeletons of cattle, through Omaha and Burlington, where we cross the Mississippi. After a few hours in the wonderful phœnix city of Chicago, the only break in six days and nights' continual railway travelling, we arrive at Niagara. Here we spend a delightful five days in watching and gazing upon the varying splendours of the falls under the changing lights of day. No book-writer—no one can exaggerate here, for their stupendous magnificence is beyond all words.

'Six days and nights on the railroad' has an un-

pleasant sound, but the travelling in itself is not fatiguing, and the beds are comfortable. The only wearisome feature is the distressingly monotonous scenery through which we pass. It is overwhelming in its vastness and want of interest. Travelling by Ontario, down the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, then to Saratoga and along the banks of the glorious Hudson to New York, where we spend a few days, we are once more on the waters, this time on one of the splendid fleet of the White Star line, the *Republic.*

The ninth morning after leaving New York, after a tranquil and otherwise delightful voyage, we hurry on deck to see land—a faint film of blue, ethereal-looking as the sky itself, rises beyond the breezy waste of waters. Away in the distance we see the ragged outline, the lower land melting into a belt of mist. It is like the first sight of land elsewhere in the world, and it might be Japan, or even the Sandwich Islands, for aught the eye knows to the contrary. But if doubt there is as to what land it is, the swelling heart has settled it instantly. It knows that the black cliffs which now rise boldly over the dancing waves belong to the unhappy Erin, and that its own home is near.

We now see ships beating up Channel, and—no longer frail catamarans, sampans, nor clumsy junks, manned by men of sable skin, or pig-tailed Chinamen—but fleets of stout-built fishing-smacks, with rich brown sails, and crews of hardy, fearless, weather-beaten men of Britain—frank, honest, and free as the

rough air they breathe. As one of these crunches through the water just under our quarter, we see the fish flashing at the bottom of the boat in silver heaps.

How different all this from the languid waters of the East, and its breezeless seas! The dream of the East is dreamed again. The long reign of the sun, the peaceful starlit nights, the lithe naked forms of swarthy betel-chewing natives, with their blood-red mouths, the silent, stately palms with their fruit-laden crests, the sensuousness—the indolence of all nature. The vision comes now like a phantom out of a vanished world, and one almost doubts whether what has passed before us is not all a dream.

Outside Queenstown harbour, a tender ranges alongside, and mails and a few passengers are landed. Here the severed links of home begin to re-unite, for I see an old friend's cheery face, and feel his hand's warm grasp. Again we are on our way to Liverpool, and next morning, as we lay off its bar, a graceful yacht—growing from a mere speck on the horizon—steams towards us, and soon we are on board, and being carried off to the beautiful little harbour in Wales.

Our long journey is now over. The dear old home-faces are once more about us, and welcoming friends, who seem to resent it as a personal affront that they are able to recognise us, and that we are 'not altered a bit.' There is an unconcealed disgust that we have returned with unmatted beards and

unbronzed faces; and apparent astonishment that we have not turned black, blue, green, or some other startling colour during our long and happy journey together of 28,000 miles.

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD AND LONDON.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

From	*To*	*Nautical Miles.*	*Land Miles.*
London	Venice	...	960
Venice	Alexandria	1220	
Alexandria	Cairo	...	131
Cairo	Suez	...	148
Suez	Bombay	3021	
Bombay	Calcutta	...	1400
Viâ Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, and Benares ...		...	1400
Calcutta	Penang	1184	
Penang	Singapore	417	
Singapore	Johore	45	
Johore	Manila	1271	
Manila	Hongkong	637	
Hongkong	Canton	75	
Hongkong	Nagasaki	1096	
Nagasaki	Kobé	390	
Kobé	Yokohama	365	
Yokohama	Honolulu	3500	
Honolulu	Hilo	210	
Hilo	San Francisco ...	2250	
San Francisco ...	Yosemite Valley ...	...	200
San Francisco ...	Niagara	...	2940
Niagara	New York	...	700
Viâ Montreal and Saratoga... ...		...	
New York	Liverpool	3050	
Total Nautical Miles ...		18,731	or 21,541
Total Land Miles ...		...	6,479
Grand Total of Land Miles ...			28,020